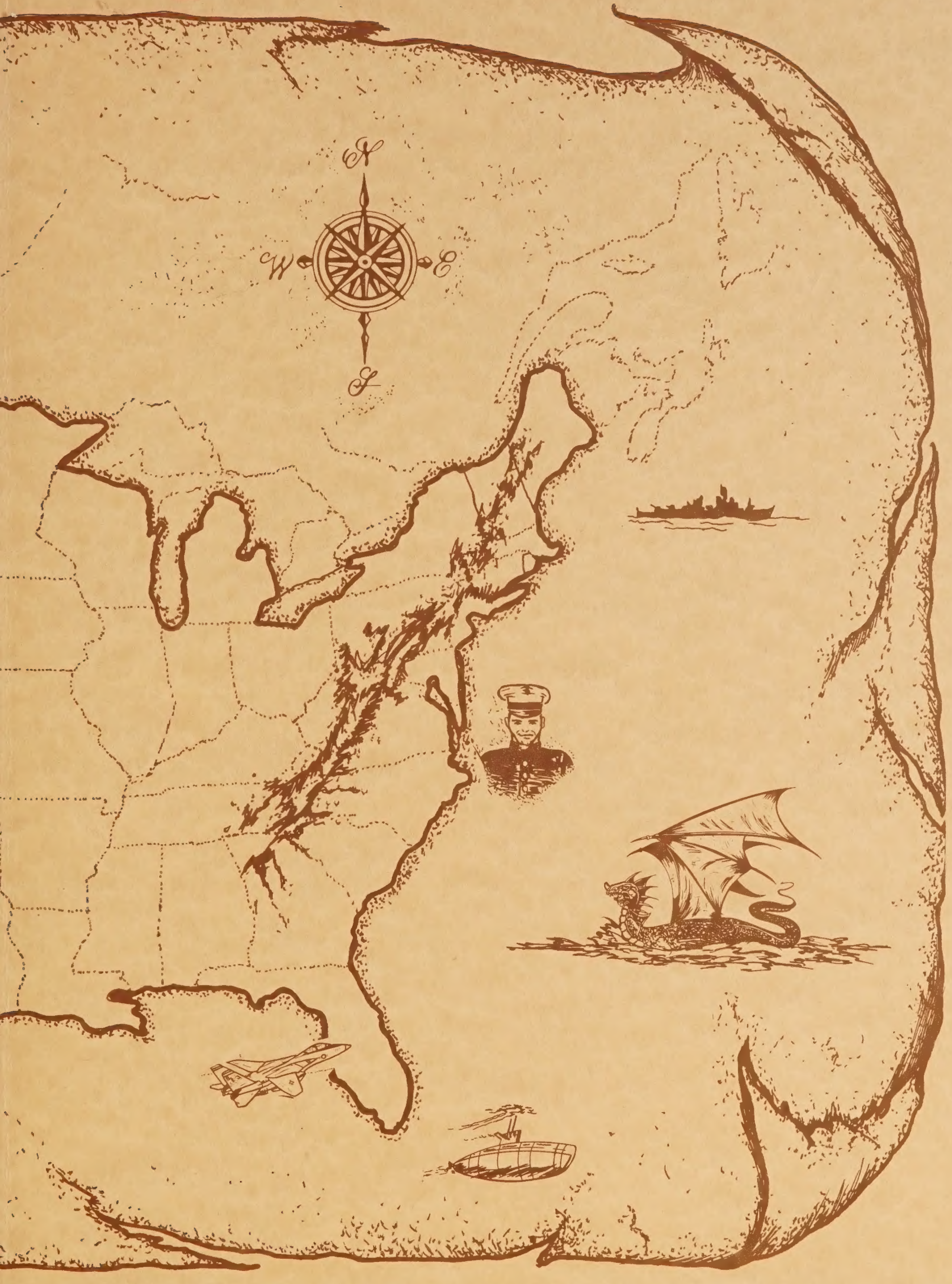
Lucky Bag

1984


N
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Archives, U. S. Naval Academy

IF YOU can keep your head when all about you
Others are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

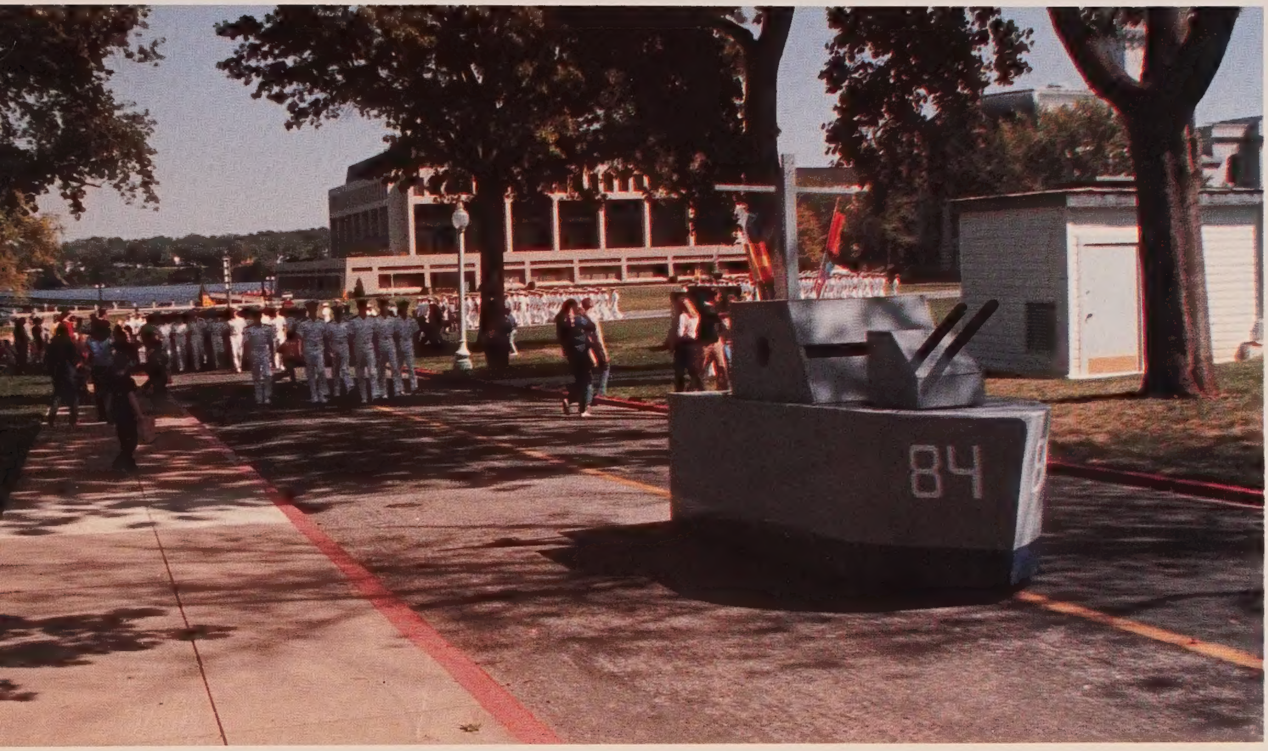
If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings — Nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

— Rudyard Kipling C. 1918

THE
1984 LUCKY BAG



PRESENTED BY THE
CLASS OF 1984
TO THE
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Charles W. Cox II
Editor-in-Chief

David H. Ruedi
Associate Editor

Ronald S. Hollenbeck
Business Manager

EX SCIENTIA TRIDENS

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Mission Of The U.S. Naval Academy

To prepare midshipmen morally, mentally, and physically to become professional officers in the naval service.

Mother "B"

Bancroft Hall, the home for the Brigade of Midshipmen. It is the largest co-ed dormitory in the world containing over one thousand rooms and over four miles of hallways. In addition, Mother "B" contains all the needed facilities including a dining room to feed over four thousand people at one seating, stores and shops for personal needs, recreation rooms, and chapels for various religions. Bancroft Hall is always filled with activity-plebes "chopping" and sounding off, mids visiting other mids, midshipmen going to and returning from classes; except for the mandatory three hour study period five days a week when all midshipmen concentrate on their studies. Mother "B" is a home away from home for over 4,500 midshipmen.

D
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28
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33
9
NAVY

US
NA 24

"The Goat Is Old And Gnarly"

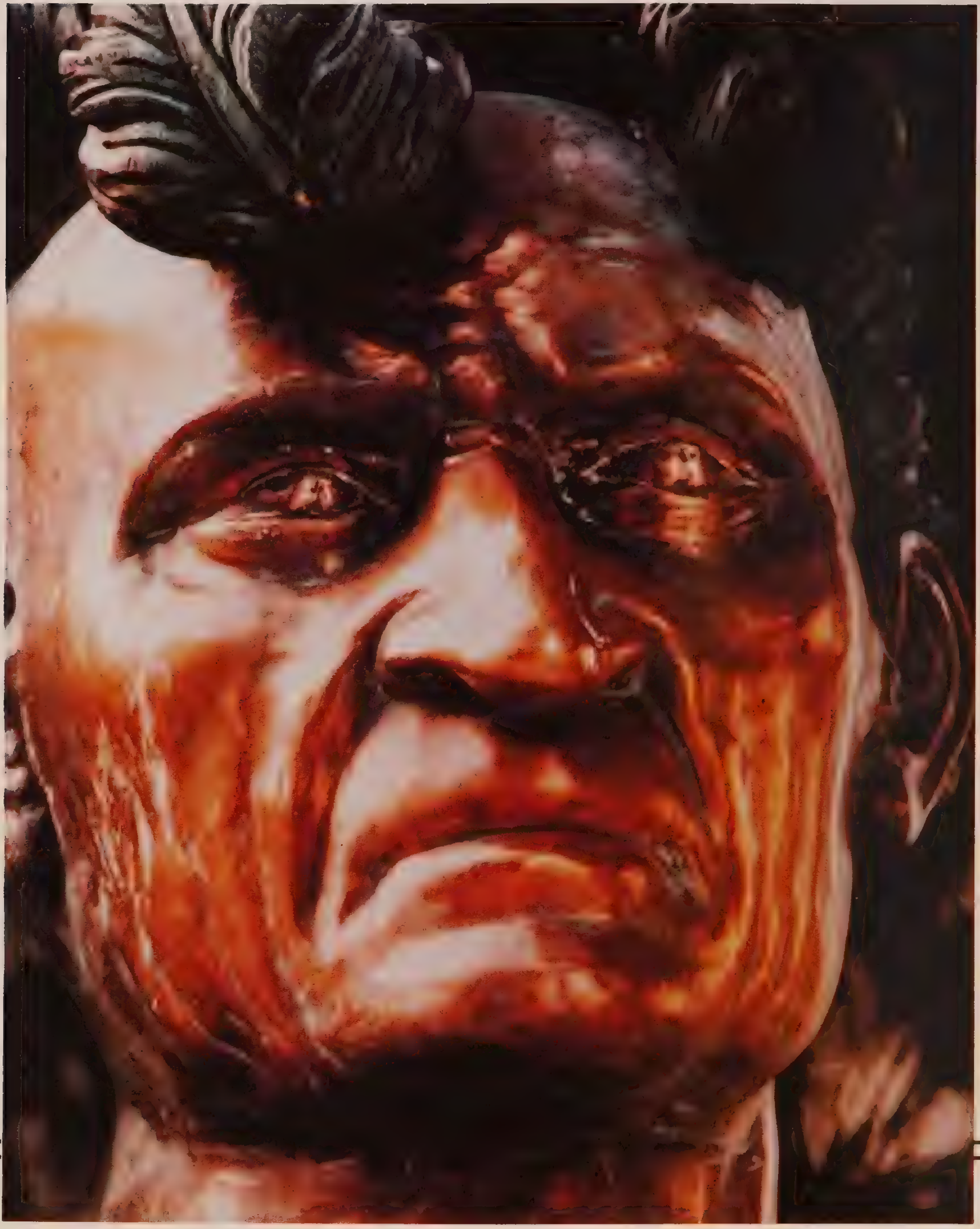
The goat is old and gnarly
  and he's never been to school,
But he can take the bacon
  From the worn out Army mule;
He's had no education
  But He's brimmin' full o' fight;
And Bill will feed on
  Army mule tonight!

Army, Army, call the doctor,
Army, Army, call the doctor,
Army, Army, call the doctor,
You're all in, down, and . . .
  whoa! Any oats today, lady?
    No!?! Brace Up!
Army, Army, Call the doctor,
  You're all in, down and out!

Go Navy - Beat Army

GO NAVY
GO NAVY
GO

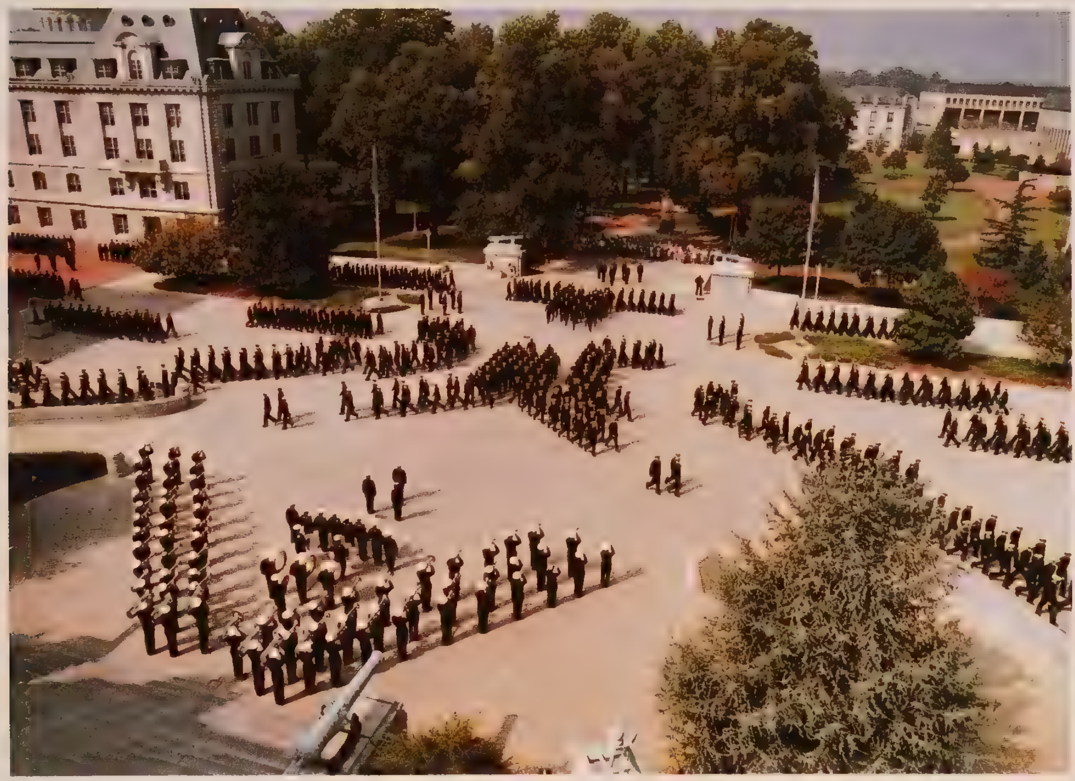
Tecumseh - The God of 2.0



Tecumseh, the legendary god of 2.0, is by far the most famous statue at USNA and the god after whom T-court was named. During finals, midshipmen bombard Tecumseh with pennies to insure at least a passing grade on the ensuing test. Tecumseh is painted every year on the following occasions; Induction Day, Plebe Parents Weekend, Army week, home football games, and for the final thirty-six days prior to graduation.

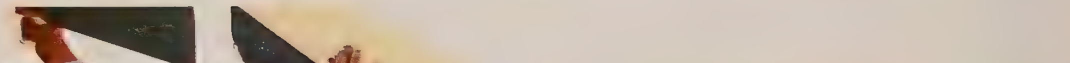
Formations

The Brigade has three formations every day with the exception of Sunday when only two are held. Noon and evening formations are held outside whenever it is not raining and the temperature is above 56° F, while morning quarters formation is always inside at 0730. Two battalions form in Tecumseh Court while the other four battalions form on the other terraces surrounding Bancraft Hall. Outside formations last approximately fifteen minutes and conclude with the Brigade marching into Bancroft Hall to the music of the Drum and Bugle Corps.



Formal

Parades



ISLANDS
GUADALCANAL
NEW GEORGIA
BOUGAINVILLE

Spirit!

The Midshipmen

ACAD

The Chapel

Chain Of Command

President of the United States

Secretary of Defense

Secretary of the Navy

Chief of Naval Operations

Superintendent of the Naval Academy

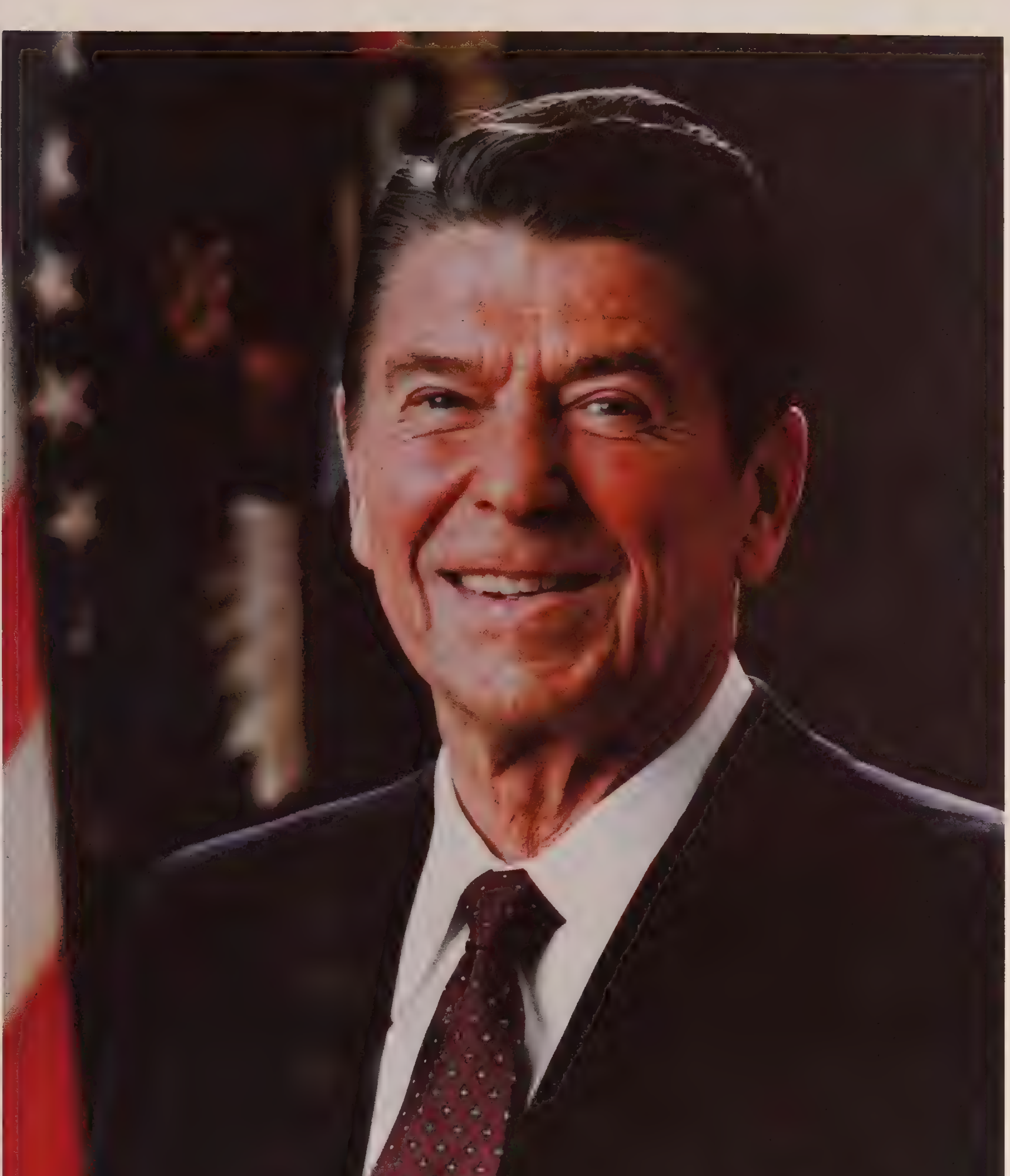
Commandant of Midshipmen

Battalion Officer

Company Officer

Brigade of Midshipmen

Commander In Chief



Ronald W. Reagan

Secretary Of Defense

Honorable Casper W. Weinberger

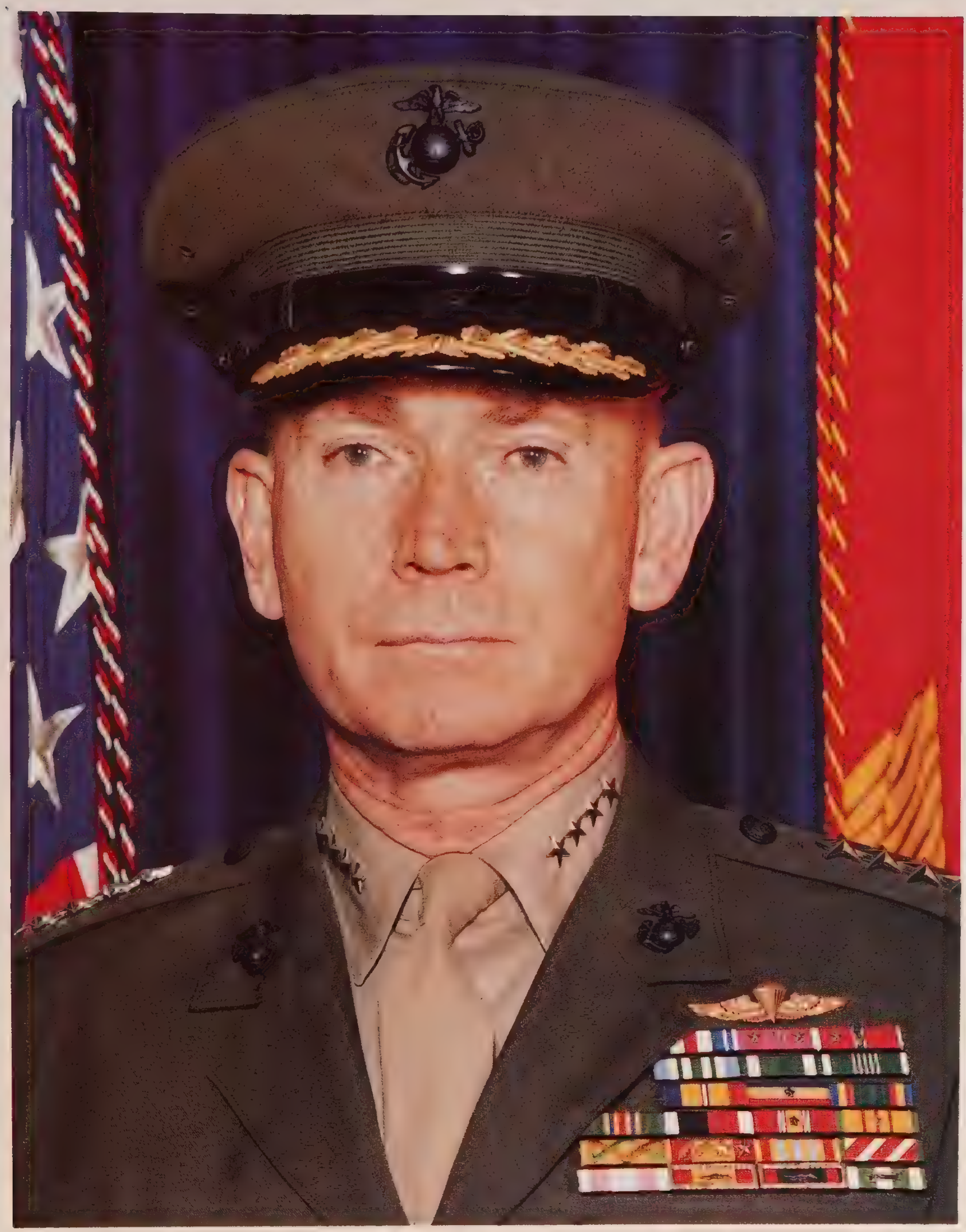
Secretary Of The Navy

Honorable John F. Lehman

Chief Of Naval Operations

Admiral James F. Watkins

Commandant Of The Marine Corps



General Paul X. Kelley

Superintendent of the Naval Academy

RADM Charles R. Larson, USN

52
80
NAVY
33
14
21
1
4
3
DOWN 1 TO GO 10 BALL ON 44
N

Commandant of

COMO Leon A. Edney, USN

Midshipmen

COMO Leslie N. Palmer, USN

Military Organization

SUPERINTENDENT
RADM C. R. LARSON, USN

COMMANDER
COMMO L. A. EDNEY, USN
COMMO L. N. PALMER, USN

DEPUTY COMMANDANT
CAPT J. A. MARSHALL, USN

SUPPLY

CAPT ERICKSON, USN
CDR J. G. NEEB, USN

ADMINISTRATION

LCDR R. R. FOOTE, USN
LCDR T. [illegible] LEDVINA, USN
MAJ D. K. STOREY USMC
LT F. B. HORNE, USN
LT E. A. ULISSEY, USN
LT R. E. CELLON, USN
LT C. M. DECKER, USN
LT J. H. MOWER, USN
ENS R. D. HARRIS, USN
Mrs. N. PARSONS

OPERATIONS

CDR J. L. BYRNES, USN
CDR A. E. BECK, USN
LCDR S. T. DARLING, USN
LT G. BLACK, USN
LT S. P. GATES, USN
LT C. W. JONES, USN
LT T. E. METCALF, USN
Mr. J. TALLEY
Mrs. R. B. BAYSINGER

MEDICAL

CAPT JACKMAN, MC, USN
CAPT D. TAYLOR, USN

CHAPLAIN

CAPT J. J. GLYNN, CHC, USN
CDR J. L. FITZGERALD, CHC, USN
CDR L. H. ELLIS, CHC, USN
LCDR E. D. STANFIELD, CHC, USN
LCDR C. T. BROWN, CHC, USN
LCDR G. W. PUCCIARRELI, CHC, USN
LCDR SCHAUMBERGER, CHC, USN
LCDR E. T. GOMULKA, CHC, USN

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

CDR E. K. CALDWELL USN
CDR D. E. CHURCH, USN
AssocProf J. M. GEHRDES

Academic Organization

USIS

CAPT W. B. GARRETT, USN
PROF R. D. LITTLE
PROF J. D. YARBRO
PROF R. L. RAU

MATH AND SCIENCE

CAPT R. L. REASONOVER, USN
CDR W. L. LUPTON, USN
CDR W. H. RIVERA, USN
PROF F. I. DAVIS
CDR J. P. SIMPSON III, USN
PROF F. L. MILLER

ACADEMIC DEAN

DR. B. M. DAVIDSON

ENGLISH AND HISTORY

COL C. E. McDANIEL, USMC
PROF D. O. TOMLINSON
PROF P. W. WARKIN

PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT

CAPT F. R. WHALEN, USN
CDR J. B. DELL, USN
CDR M. E. MOFFAT, USN
LCDR GG. L. SMITH, USN

ENGINEERING AND WEAPONS

CAPT J. F. COLLINS, USN
CDR W. L. McCRACKEN, USN
LCOL G. D. PETERSON, USAF
AssocProf J. H. SMITH
PROF R. BHATTACHARYYA
PROF C. F. OLSEN

The Brigade Of Midshipmen

Brigade Staff

M/CAPT John Morrow, Brigade Cdr; M/CDR Anne Gillies, Deputy Brigade Cdr; M/CDR Bruce Lipphardt, Operations; N/LCDR Edward Wilson, Administrative; M/LCDR Jeffrey Giangiuli, Adjutant; M/LCDR Mark Sakaniwa, Supply; M/LT Dean Miller, 1st Lt.; M/LT Glen Schultz, Operations Assistant; M/LT Matthew McKelvey, Operations Assistant; M/LT Steven Berninger, Drill Officer; M/LT Stephen Chachula, Parade Judge; M/LT Timothy Pence, MIS Liaison.

M/CAPT Jeffrey Bartkoski, Brigade Cdrj M/CDR Kristine Holderred, Deputy Brigade Cdrj M/CDR John Lerchbacker, Operations; M/LCDR Robert Oakenell, Administrative; M/LCDR John Reape, Adjutant; M/LCDR Timothy Daseler, Supply; M/LT James Collins, 1st LT; M/LT Steven Beringer, Drill Officer; M/LT Stephen Chachula, Parade Judge; M/LT Timothy Pence, MIS Liaison.

First Regimental Staff

M/CDR William Guerrero, Cdr; M/LCDR Randal Gustafson, Sub-Cdr; M/LT David Lihani, Operations; M/LT Mark McDowell, Administrative; M/LT David Stevens, Adjutant M/LT Peter Dallman, Supply.

M/CDR Joseph Moulton, Cdr; M/LCDR David Aumuller, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Scott Woessner, Operations; M/LT Mark Brodowicz, Administrative; M/LT Patrick Kolbas, Adjutant; M/LT Janet Giron, Supply.

First Battalion

Capt Turner

Ms. F. Walker

Staffs

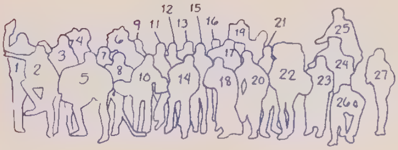
M/LCDR Lance Carr, Cdr; M/LT Raymond Clark, Sub-Cdr; M/LT David Stender, Operations; M/LTJG Thomas Goaley, Adjutant; M/LTjg Douglas Cassidy, Supply; M/LCDR James Dorbin, Administrative.

M/LCDR John Herron, Cdr; M/LT Steven Bibeau, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Priscilla Futcher, Operations; M/LTjg Todd Lutton, Adjutant; M/LTjg Byron Bond, Supply; M/LTjg Czina DiNicolo, Administrative

Lt. John E. Cahoon, Jr.

FALL STAFF

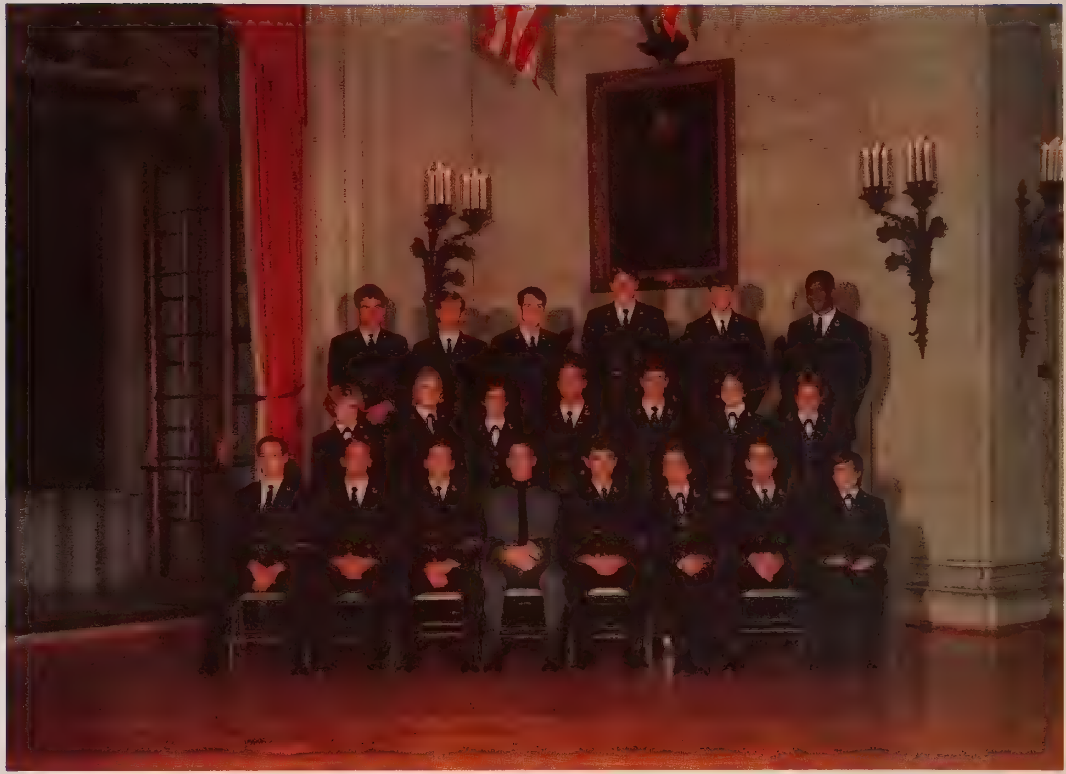
Co. Cdr.	M/LT Michael Mueller
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg John Cable
Admin.	M/ENS Charles Fish



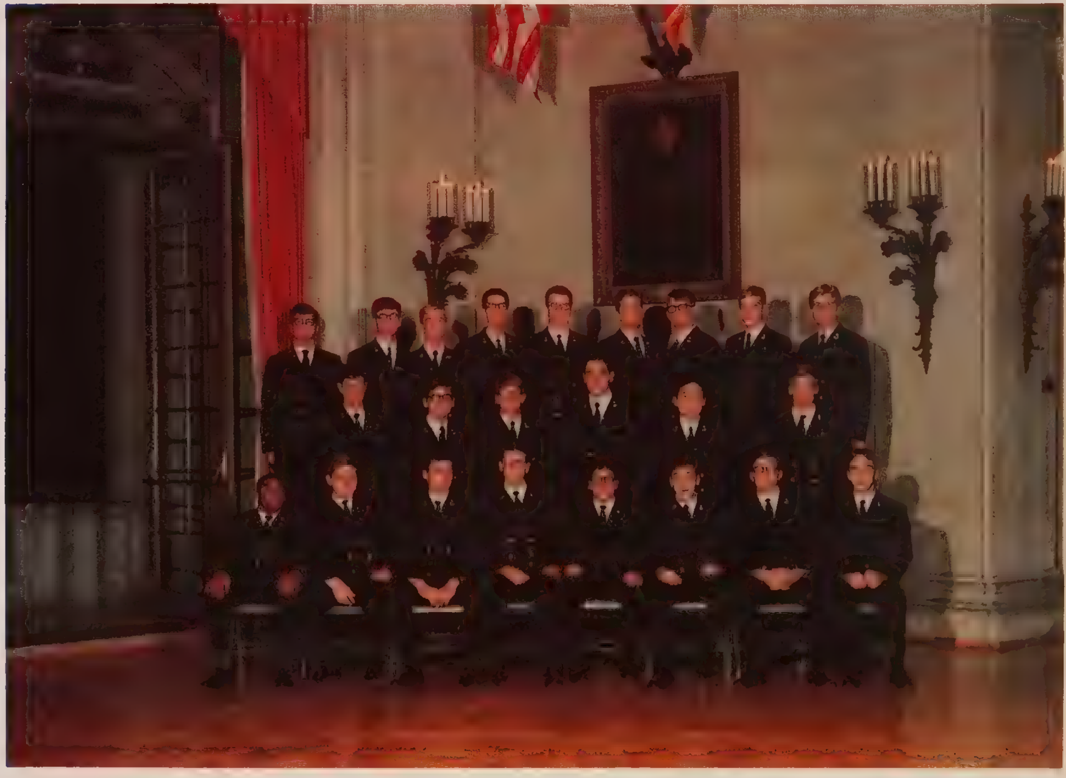
1 Beese, Larry
2 McGivney, Michael
3 Noreika, Scott
4 Ratcliff, Blake
5 Cable, John
6 Kizzee, Carlos
7 Larson, Norvan
8 McDowell, Mark
9 Hollingsworth, Al
10 Selas, David
11 Gallotta, Andrew
12 Karnbach, C.
13 Ondrey, Larry
14 Romero, Glenn
15 Vann, James
16 Carr, Lance
17 Bibeau, Steven
18 Buckley, Patrick
19 Fish, Charles
20 Holtkamp, Louis
21 Johnson, Richard
22 Hamm, James
23 Chen, Clement
24 Burke, Kevin
25 Bertolett, Craig
26 Konicki, Joseph
27 Mueller, Michael

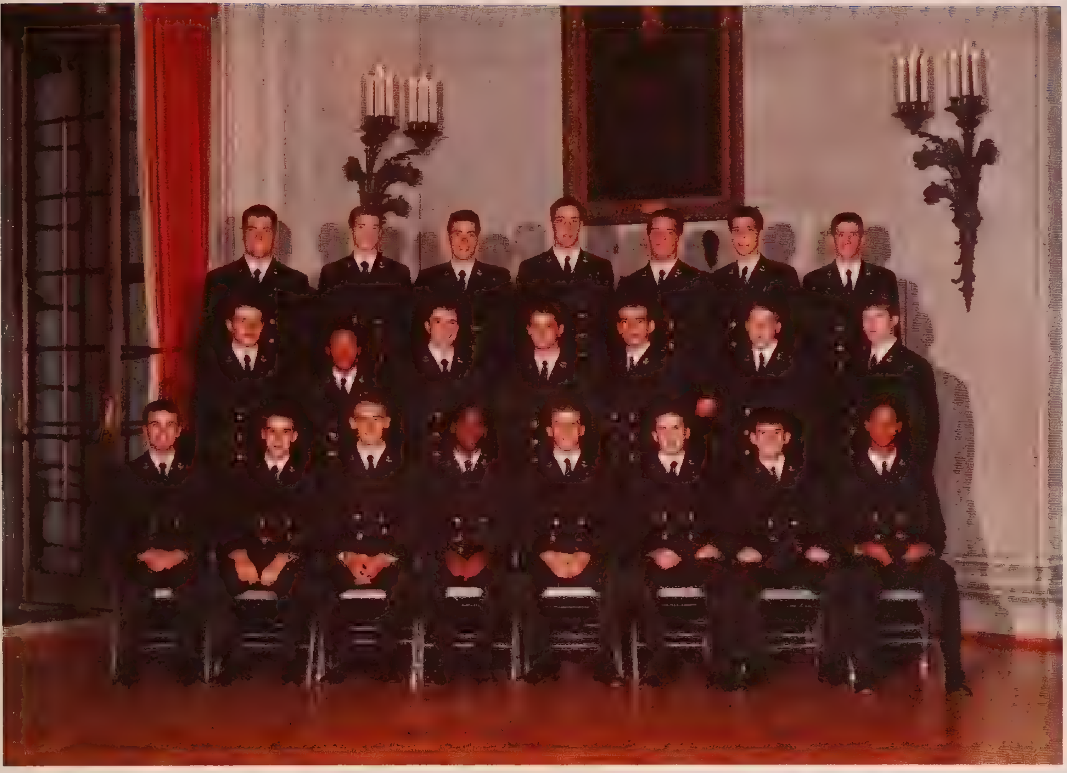
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Kevin Burke
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Craig Bertolett
Admin. M/ENS Michael Mueller

1st Row:
1 Beadles, Joseph
2 Hahn, David
3 Sims, John
4 Bruch
5 Marr, Jerome
6 Maraoui, A.
7 McDonough, Mark
8 Owen, Teresa
2nd Row:
9 Fain, Ellen
10 Bartosik, Angela
11 Henry, Jennifer
12 Sterrett, Arthur
13 Reid, Randall
14 Salza, Theresa
15 Coetzee, Althea
3rd Row:
16 Tilghaman, Richard
17 Stewart, Ray
18 Coblentz, William
19 Stevenson, Steven
20 Lenixox, James
21 Daniel, Jeffrey
Not Pictured
22 Beckler, Eric
23 Bryant, Micheal
24 Cozad, Kyle
25 Digges, Edward
26 Dunning, Mana
27 Duran, John
28 Evans, James
29 Hemkley, Alan
3 Holte, Carl
31 Krebs, Eric



1st Row:
1 Thames, Joseph
2 Burgue, Daniel
3 Redmond, Dennis
4 LaDouchedr, Todd
5 Bruner, Eric
6 DiCampi, James
7 Miller, Glenn
8 Coddington, Dean
2nd Row:
9 Adams, Timothy
10 Bader, Robert
11 Pagach, Kenneth
12 Tuzzolo, Paul
13 Le, Linh
14 Altera, Allan
3rd Row:
15 Becker, Douglas
16 Buronne, (Sep)
17 Wolstenholme, J.
18 Riley, Brian
19 Dimicelli, Daniel
20 Hamel, James
21 Owen, Peter
22 Meyer, Paul
23 Walker, Larry
Not Pictured
24 Adkins, James
25 Bellistri, J. M.
26 Daniels, Steven L.
27 Delberba, Brian
28 Farrell, Eric
29 Hatala, James
30 Hoffman, Pat
31 Kramer, Timothy
32 Lirette, Andrew
33 Niemiera, Micheal
34 Ordich, Scott
35 Raines, Alfred
36 Weir, David
37 Wells, Royce
38 Wolf, Randall





Front Row:
McCarthy, B.
Rayner, T.
Herndon, D.
Littlejohn, S.
Gianone, S.
Shuttleworth, B.
Bolat, J. P.
Bond, P.
Middle Row:
Parker, G.
Henry, P.
Watson, J.
Horrisberger, P.
Morales, J.
Wulff, Z.
Jewell, J.
Back Row:
Mills, T.
Ubelacker, K.
Beaton, R.
Smith, R.
Peden, K.
Wirries, J.
Vertel, J.

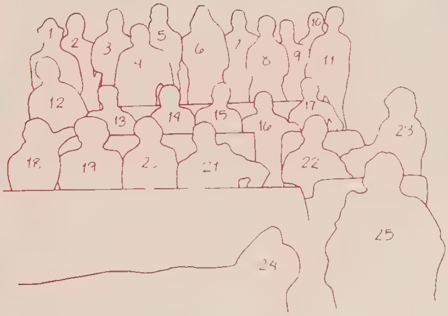
2
EASY COME,
EASY GO.

LCDR Bruce Sonn

FALL STAFF

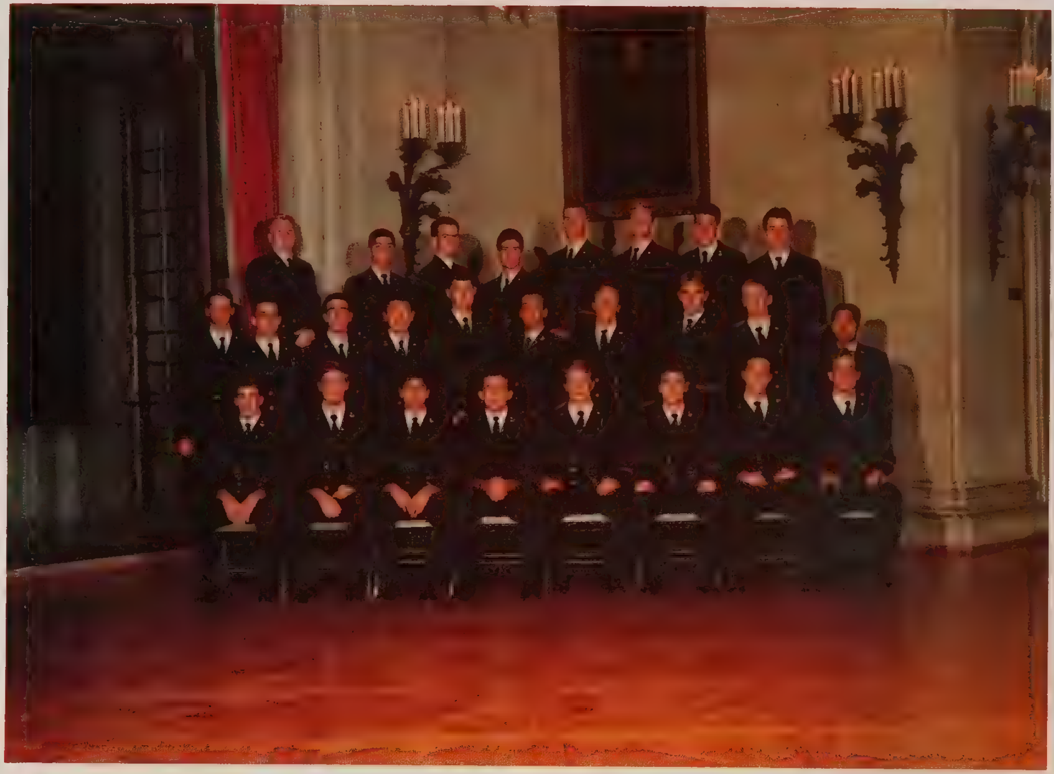
Co. Cdr.	M/LT Harold Hoffmann
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Amy Thomas
Admin.	M/ENS Brian Jones

SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT James Brennan
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Jeffery Amerine
Admin. M/ENS Susan Borden

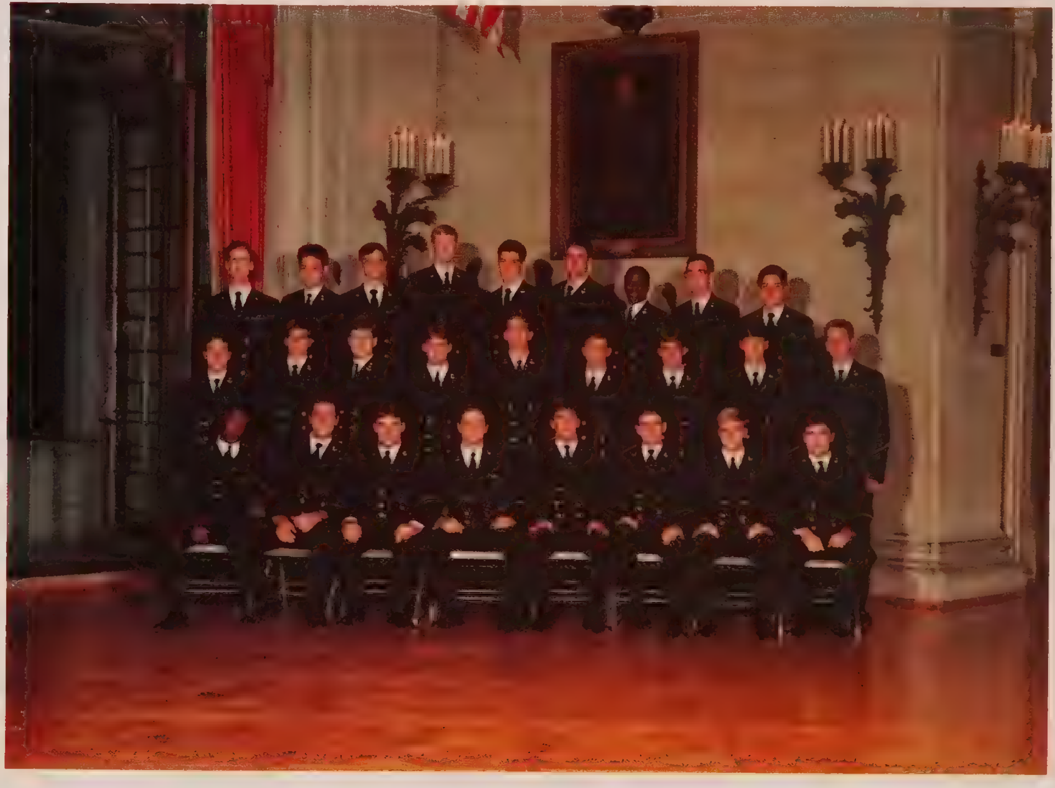


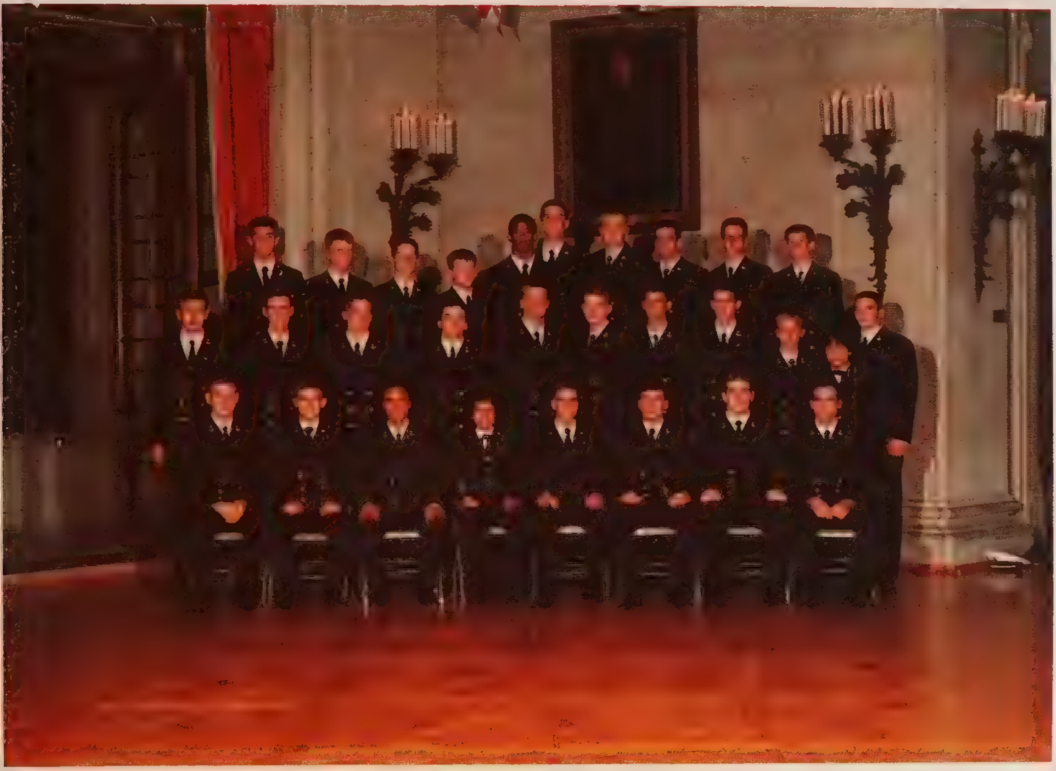
1 Andersen, Kevin
2 Stender, David
3 Eldredge, Daniel
4 Yu, Michael
5 Oswald, Peter
6 Pagel, Rick
7 Hoffmann, Harold
8 Amerine, Jeffery
9 Brennan, James
10 Brannigan, Peter
11 Woessner, Scott
12 Wharton, Jason
13 Weigold, John
14 Schumacher, Linda
15 Jones, Brian
16 Goff, Timothy
17 Desens, Mark
18 Standard, Kari
19 Dinicolo, Gina
20 Eaves, Kathy
21 Schmidt, Dean
22 Lancaster, George
23 Thomas, Amy
24 Swift, Charles
25 Borden, Susan

Row 1:
1 Stout, Daniel
2 Heida, Jeffrey
3 Valentine, Joseph
4 Lowery, C. M.
5 Szymanski, T. G.
6 Mlincsek, John
7 Portnoy, Ralph
8 Kent, Gary
Row 2:
9 Altman, Bern
10 Weiss, David
11 George, Thomas
12 Lange, George
13 Duma, Scott
14 Orlando, Anthony
15 Butterfield, A.
16 Stem, Jack
17 Randle, David
18 Prudencio, H. S.
Row 3:
19 Jenkins, Paul
20 Puglisi, John
21 Schulz, William
22 Tranchina, M. S.
23 Olson, Gregg
24 Hartman, Richard
25 Broberg, Brian
26 Bailey, David
NOT PICTURED:
27 Oneil, David

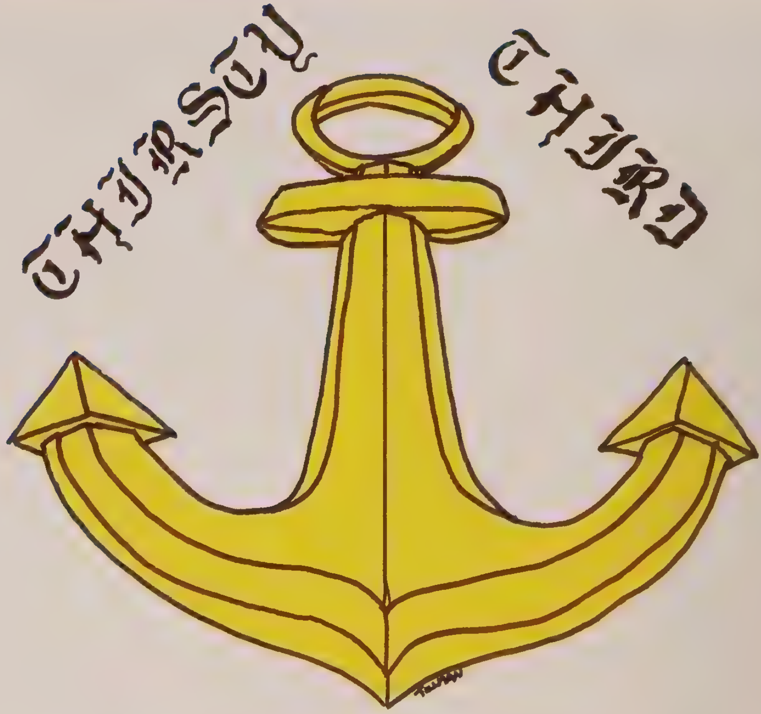


Row 1:
1 Jordan, Anthony
2 Ciccolella, C.
3 Johnson, Eric
4 Barbon, Richard
5 Wood, Lawrence
6 Deeming, Shaun
7 Cowan, Edward
8 Flinter, William
Row 2:
9 Kennington, Bruce
10 Stancil, Anthony
11 Frick, Stephen
12 Baldino, James
13 Perkins, Glenn
14 Sciortino, David
15 Sanchez, Anthony
16 Carwin, Stephen
17 Dolan, Matthew
Row 3:
19 Ball, John
20 Boyer, Eric
21 Jackson, Peter
22 Allen, Douglas
23 Scheufele, Peter
24 Moore, Robert
25 McDonald, J. L.
26 Muench, Carl
27 Kadowaki, Jay
NOT PICTURED:
28 Killion, Michael
29 Martinuzzi, Eric
30 Vanderpyl, Alan





Row 1:
1 *Ballister, S. C.*
2 *Okuinghttons, C. O.*
3 *Cables, Loreto*
4 *LaForge, Michaele*
5 *Taliaferro, T. A.*
6 *Stanton, Roger*
7 *Little, Charles*
8 *Fisher, James*
Row 2:
9 *McCloy, Darin*
10 *Baker, Robert*
11 *Seibert, Joseph*
12 *Hogan, James*
13 *Matz, Thomas*
14 *Houck, James*
15 *Nagy, Stephen*
16 *Brown, Marshall*
17 *Kushner, James*
18 *Llaneta, Veronica*
19 *Major, David*
Row 3:
20 *Haley, Brian*
21 *Ramsey, Paul*
22 *Tomaiko, Thomas*
23 *Mangan, Michael*
24 *Fuller, John*
25 *Stanford, Scott*
26 *Liebert, Carl*
27 *Boyer, Scott*
28 *Hamilton, Mark*
29 *Hill Gregory*
NOT PICTURED:
30 *Culbertson, J.*
31 *Dour, Letitia*
32 *Horner, Brigitte*
33 *Hurley, Patrick*


THIRSTY THIRD

Lt. Earl M. Connally

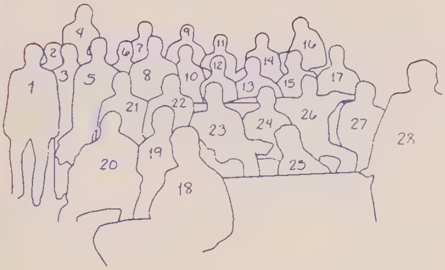
FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT John Nowell
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Thomas Gehan
Admin.	M/ENS Patrick Walsh

THREE

SPRING STAFF

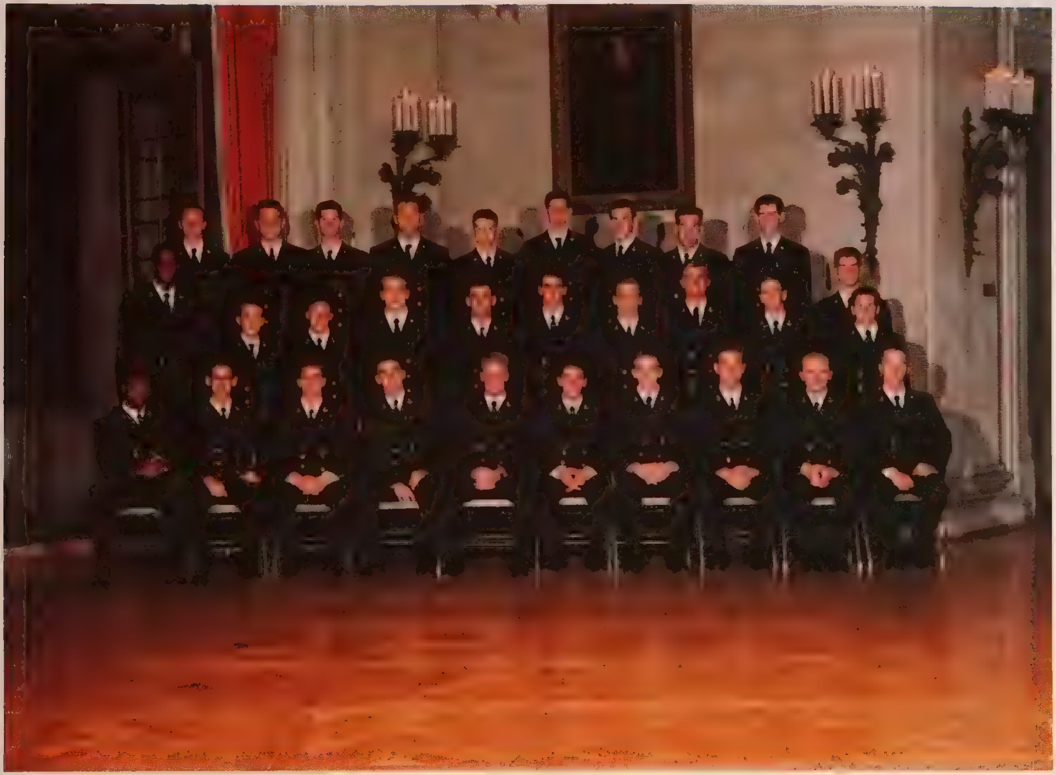
Co. Cdr.	*M/LT Gregory Pease*
Sub. Cdr.	*M/LTjg Bret Muilenburg*
Admin.	*M/ENS Gary Watson*



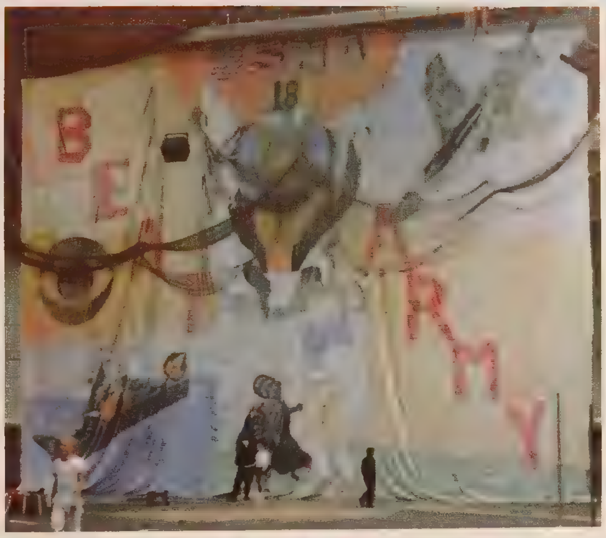
1 Donnelly, Charles
2 Fusto, John
3 Olivier, Patrick
4 Wilson, Michael
5 Muilenburg, Bret
6 Murphy, Michael
7 Schultz, Glen
8 Jennings, Kevin
9 Hile, Michael
10 Walsh, Patrick
11 Gehan, Thomas
12 Byron, Bond
13 Turner, Francois
14 Viloa, Rafael
15 Clark, Raymond
16 McGarrity, Robert
17 Rabun, Patrick
18 Casimes, A.
19 Richmond, Clay
20 Smith, David
21 Mosher, Terry
22 Pease, Gregory
23 Watson, Gary
24 Pease, Michael
25 Forney, David
26 Nowell, John
27 Stamos, John
28 Fairley, Maurice
Not Pictured:
Beach, Robert
McBride, Richard

Row 1:
1 Novak, Francis
2 White, Robert
3 Mendoza, Eugenio
4 Debonis, Steven
5 Cheney, George
6 Horan, Dale
7 Fazzio, Michael
8 Berg, Timothy
Row 2:
9 Williams, John
10 Gilday, Michael
11 Baquer, Jeffrey
12 Waterman, Mark
13 Poindexter, Mark
14 Vancleave, John
15 Mills, Charlie
16 McEnroe, Martin
17 Bellus, Andrew
Row 3:
18 Seigenthaler, D.
19 Wileman, Robin
20 Thompson, Bruce
21 Cade, Steven
22 Phelps, Peter
23 Puliatti, Rene
24 Merriman, Richard
25 Hickey, C.
Not Pictured:
Devine, Floyd
Goodman, Robert
Holzrichter, Daniel

Row 1:
1 Hosack, Lisa
2 Mann, Nancy
3 Round, Robert
4 Gabion, Leonard
5 Taylor, Derek
6 Tokoro, Reid
7 Prout, Nancy
8 Dykhoff, Nancy
Row 2:
9 Stevenson, Robert
10 Sutherlin, Thomas
11 Sizemore, Charles
12 Larratt, Douglas
13 Diverde, Michael
14 Ward, Jay
15 Shaw, Roberta
16 Yamamoto, Takashi
Row 3:
18 Bass, Elizabeth
19 Pilon, Matthew
20 Dahl, Jeffrey
22 Kruse, Richard
23 Fournier, Johann
25 Miller, Todd
26 Gray, Robert
Not Pictured:
Ballister, Daniel
Mansueti, John
Miles, Glen
Roach, David
Ryan, James



Row 1:
1 Smith, Morris
2 Pignataro, Robert
3 Holden, Jerry
4 Gotay, Orlando
5 Coleman, Robert
6 Burgos, Brian
7 Burkett, Paul
8 Nelson, Ralph
9 Roten, Stewart
10 Willcockson, J.
Row 2:
11 Manhertz, Carey
12 Shepherd, Robert
13 Maxfield, Thomas
14 Otto, Steven
15 Merriam, C.
16 MacFarland, R.
17 Allison, Todd
18 Baker, James
19 Walsh, William
20 Prass, Ronald
Row 3:
21 Keller, Douglas
22 Cassidy, Charles
23 Pray, Andrew
24 Gephart, Gregory
25 Humm, Brian
26 Belcher, Mark
27 Peters, Stephen
28 Plohetski, John
29 Horan, Matthew
30 Ganahl, George
Not Pictured:
Alley, James
Benson, Harry
Douglass, Robert
Ruden, David
Smith, David
Sopko, Michael



Lt. Robert F. Holman

FALL STAFF

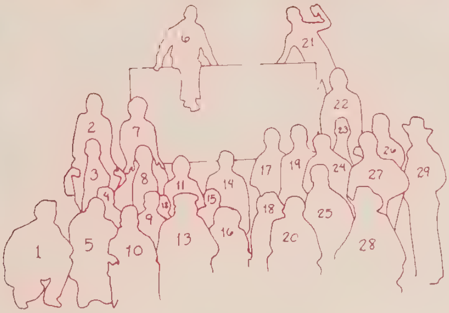
Co. Cdr. M/LT Gary Debode
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Lorenzo Hiponia
Admin. M/ENS Jeffrey Conklin

FOUR

Leaving
City of
Annapolis

SPRING STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT Robert Syring
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Mark Thompson
Admin.	M/ENS Beverly Baker


1
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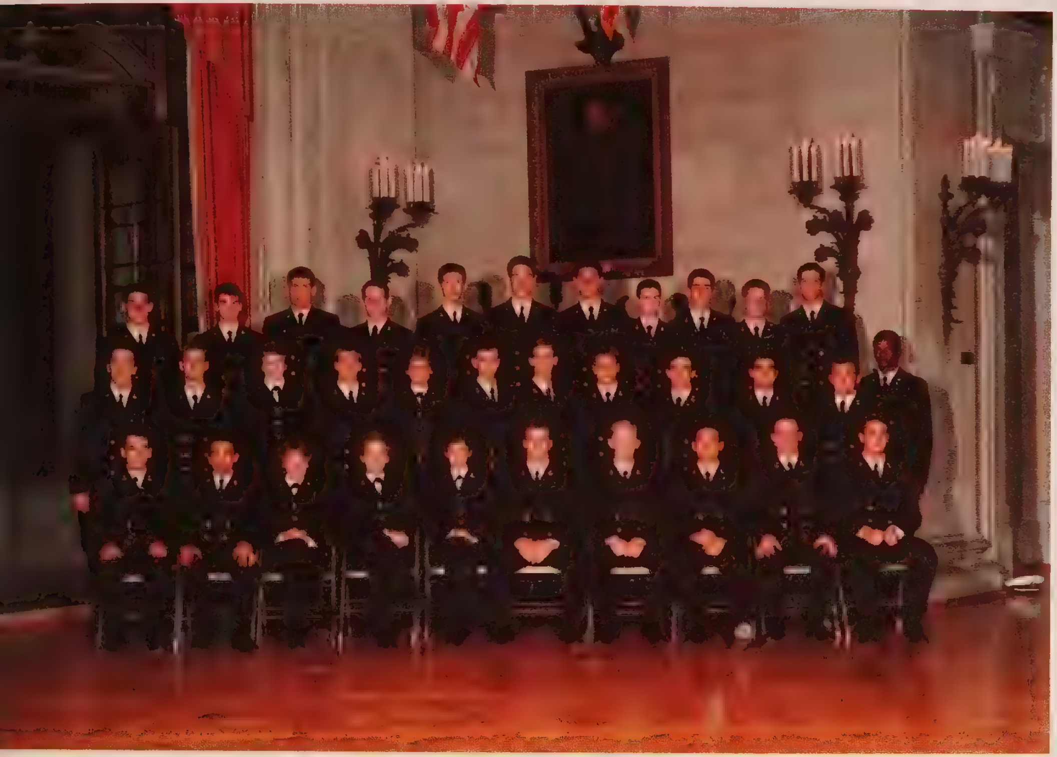
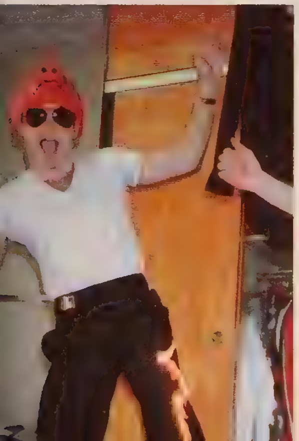
1 Quigley, Timothy
2 Holderied, K.
3 Conklin, Jeffery
4 Murphy, Brian
5 Mitchell, Douglas
6 Mortensen, Thomas
7 Christopherson, R.
8 Mooney, James
9 Schmode, David
10 Hiponia, Lorenzo
11 Pfeiffer, Sharon
12 Rabuse, Robert
13 Griffin, Scott
14 Debode, Gary
15 Ransom, Thomas
16 Baker, Beverly
17 Thompson, Mark
18 Eppers, Cynthia
19 Westerbeke, John
20 Oh, Se-Hun
21 Zevotek, Dale
22 Futcher, P. A.
23 Blum, Kevin
24 Thompson, Jeffrey
25 Fellowes, John
26 Eves, Matthew
27 Stubbs, Thomas
28 Syring, Robert
29 Dorbin, James
NOT PICTURED:
Flaggs, Moreatha
Wall Victoria

Row 1:
1 Cameron, Richard
2 Preddy, Joseph
3 Beygo, Cem
4 Klooster, Michael
5 Goffus, Thomas
6 Ballard, Gordon
7 Bourbeau, Thomas
8 Hauman, Mark
Row 2:
9 Dibono, Daniel
10 Sun, Dean
11 Pimple, David
12 Phillips, Michael
13 Spear, William
14 Grenier, Shawn
15 Selvy, Ronald
16 Berger, Michael
17 Loeblein, James
18 Gomez, Louis
Row 3:
19 Kowalewski, J. A.
20 Hoppa, Robert
21 Mata, Silvester
22 Kyser, James
23 Hanson, Joel
24 Grill, Jeffrey
25 Stout, Theodore
NOT PICTURED:
Cuthbert, Douglas
Dean, Edwin
Kintzel, Stephen
Rhodes, Douglas
Switzer, Larry

Row 1:
1 Szymanski, S. B.
2 Cruz, Norman
3 Boyd, Michael
4 Dansey, Rick
5 Mixson, Steven
6 Tatera, James
7 Butler, Peter
8 Bledsoe, Matthew
9 Herreros, F.
10 Tabb, Robert
Row 2:
11 Vangeli, Arthur
12 Lunde, Mark
13 Moynihan, Dennis
14 Campbell, James
15 Lecarl, Glenn
16 Mores, Walter
17 Bowen, Stephen
18 Fernandez, George
19 Powers, Mark
20 Brilleslyper, M.
21 Eyres, Donald
Row 3:
22 Ramos, C. C.
23 Wilson, James
24 Galambos, James
25 Wright, Grover
26 Trancini, Joseph
27 Whitaker, Kylor
28 McQueen, Eric
29 Stumhofer, David
30 Stechmann, Erik
31 Kledzik, Nicholas
NOT PICTURED:
Fenton, Gregory



Row 1:
1 Henrich, Robert
2 Cruz, Allen
3 Ingold, Tina
4 Amy, Clare
5 Hunter, Linda
6 Herron, Michael
7 Smith, Larry
8 Duncan, Thomas
9 Dikeman, Richard
10 Burke, John
Row 2:
11 Bibeau, Scott
12 White, Dennis
13 Farraday, Diana
14 Brockway, Barry
15 Lott, Laura
16 Earle, Jeffrey
17 Hurler, Herbert
18 Timm, Scott
19 Espinosa, Paul
20 Belesimo, Thomas
21 Neidhold, Carl
Row 3:
22 Turner, Darren
23 Dewalt, Rodney
24 Hanson, Dougls
25 Sewell, David
26 Schindler, Dan
27 Kurka, Michael
28 Ruggiano, Marc
29 Slater, Scott
30 Ribera, John
31 Willmore, Walter
32 Parker, Eric
33 Black, Kenneth
NOT PICTURED:
Grabowsky, Jeanne
Jacober, Jeffrey
Loesch, John
Musch, William

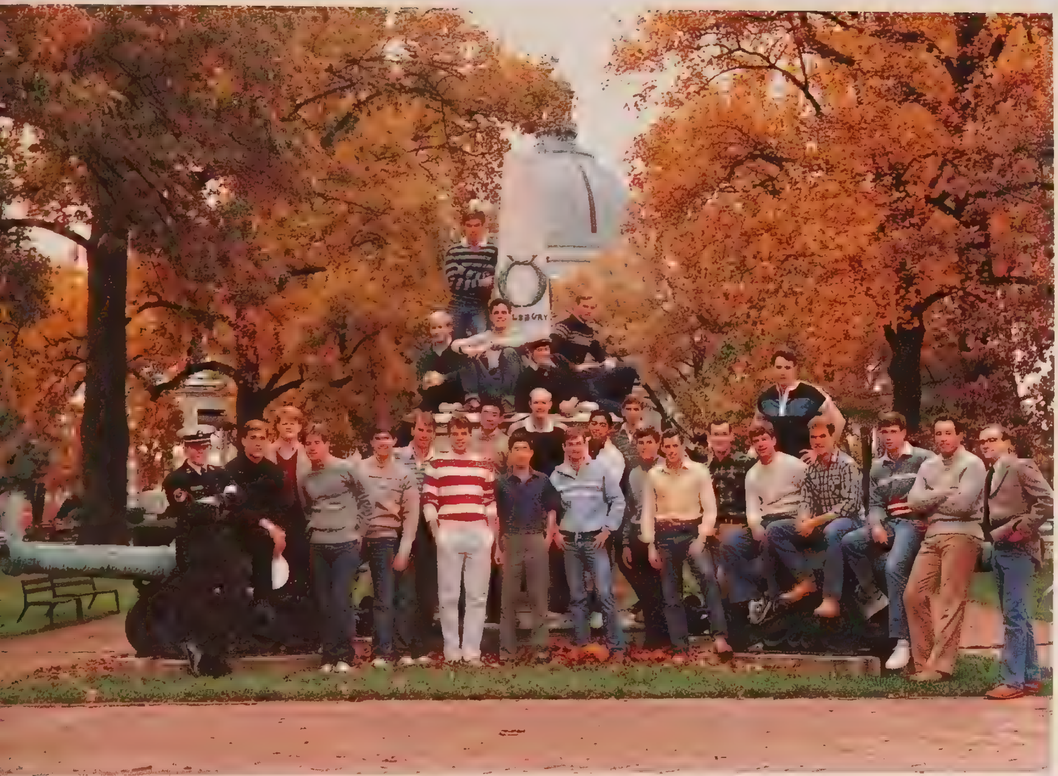


FORCE
MAY OPUS BE WITH YOU
FIVE

Lt. Richard Taylor

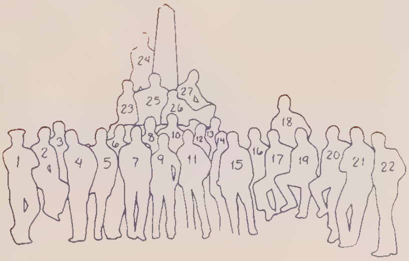
FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT John Abbot
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Robert Gonzalez
Admin. M/ENS David Neely

FIVE



SPRING STAFF

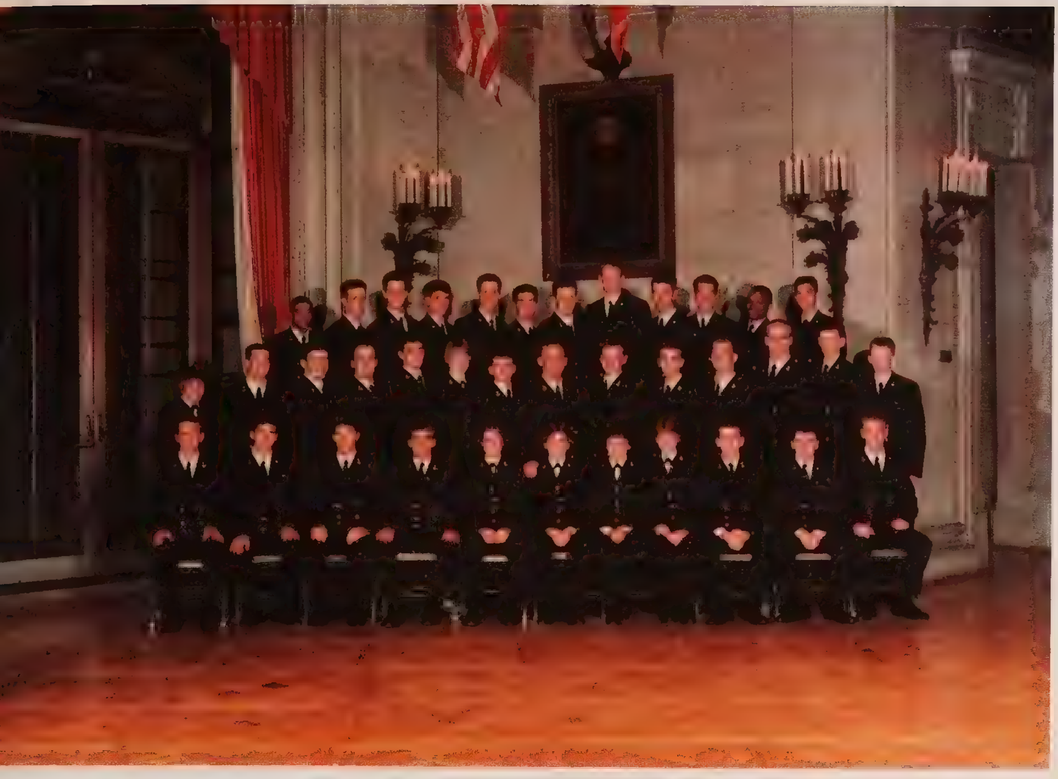
Co. Cdr.	M/LT David Neely
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Thomas Huff
Admin.	M/ENS Robert Speer



1 Gehringer, Bryan
2 Kiehl, David
3 Saunders, Clayton
4 Mohr, Mark
5 Speer, Robert
6 Michael, Craig
7 Dugan, Donald
8 Silva, Raul
9 Otis, Glen
10 Glaeser, John
11 Cassidy, Douglas
12 Gonzalez, Robert
13 Abbot, John
14 Huff, Thomas
15 Neely, David
16 Abramson, Alan
17 Coucoules, Claude
18 Harris, David
19 King, Thomas
20 Goins, David
21 McDevitt, Peter
22 Bishop, James
23 Marnane, Thomas
24 Dallman, Peter
25 Cook, Joseph
26 Graziano, Andrew
27 Berninger, Steven
NOT PICTURED:
Herron, John

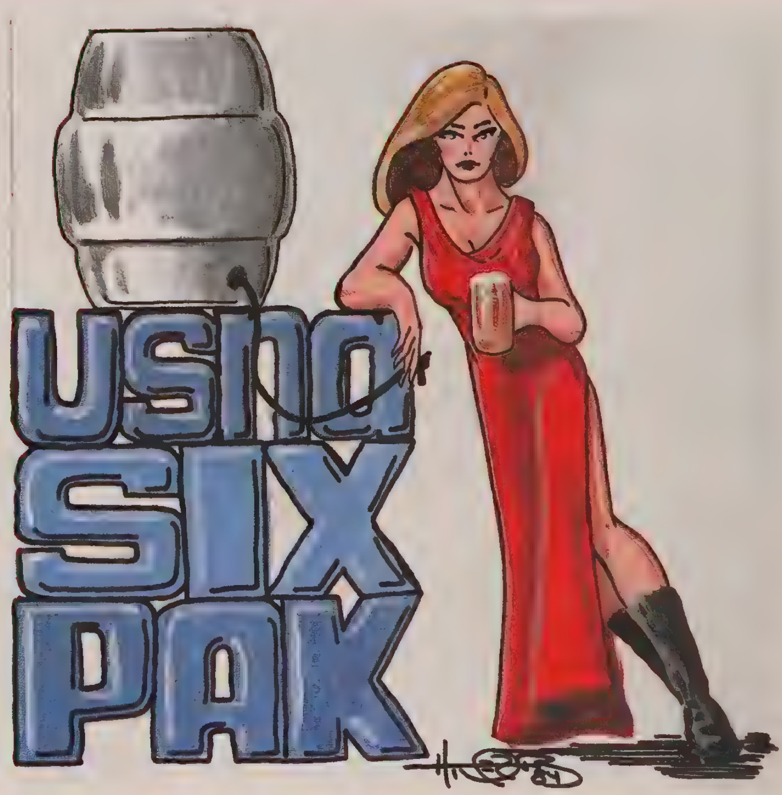
Row 1:
1 Green, Stefani
2 McCartan, Kathy
3 Laurenzano, Nancy
4 Belt, Jeffrey
5 Landauer, Anthony
6 Rouble, Patricia
Row 2:
7 Baker, David
8 McKinney, Lucinda
9 Cedrone, Louis
10 Ivey, Robert
11 Horton, Jeffrey
Row 3:
12 Joy, Vonnie
13 Olsen, Scott
14 Fritz, Thomas
15 Price, David
16 Pearson, Curtis
NOT PICTURED:
Adams, Thomas
Adkins, Lemonte
Cochrane, James
Cozad, Garey
Fenton, William
Flynn, Joseph
Gardner, Eric
Greenwood, M. D.
Hannink, John
Huffstutler, T. W.
Saalau, Susanna
Webb, Andrea
Yankovich, M. C.

Row 1:
1 Cassidy, Ian
2 Garcia, Levino
3 Stewart, Alan
4 Elly, Ronnie
5 Montemayor, Carlo
6 Jackson, Kyle
7 Donofrio, Steven
8 Burgess, Eugene
Row 2:
9 Winfrey, Scott
10 Byman, David
11 Brewer, Charles
12 Gerson, Gary
13 Caldwell, Vernon
14 Pearson, Brian
15 Collins, Charles
16 Porter, Brian
17 Baughman, Kenneth
18 Hook, Luther
19 Pressly, Robert
20 Miller, Justin
Row 3:
21 Hansen, Glen
22 Brooks, Robert
23 Everly, Stephen
24 Olko, Ronald
25 Barnett, Brian
26 McGinnis, Brian
27 Merrill, Craig
28 Romaine, Richard
NOT PICTURED:
Brown, Kevin
Duffy, Michael
Foley, James
Forney, Todd
Hanson, Kelly
Heard, James
Nibbelink, Kevin
Stewart, Alan



Row 1:
1 Kozar, Mark
2 Van Helden, Joseph
3 Stillwaggon, J. V.
4 Martinez, Antonio
5 Berry, Carol
6 Lambert, Lee
7 Shamblin, Bonnie
8 Klatt, Deborah
9 Bement, David
10 Young, John
11 Asp, Alan
Row 2:
12 Desimone, Lisa
13 Sheerin, Michael
14 McCawley, Brian
15 Gallop, Patrick
16 Britt, Lawrence
17 Boener, Pauline
18 Parker, Robert
19 Bell, Troy
20 Walker, Edward
21 Ogden, David
22 Hart, Duncan
23 Hubbard, Thomas
24 Flansburg, John
25 Holm, Bill
26 Travis, Pastula
27 Curran, Paul
28 Melling, C. N.
29 Wuamett, Michael
30 Wojcik, Frederick
31 Wehman, Robert
32 Wooster, Michael
33 Hopkins, Robert
34 Huxhold, Paul
35 Keith, Robert
36 Jett, Willie
37 Polar, Luis

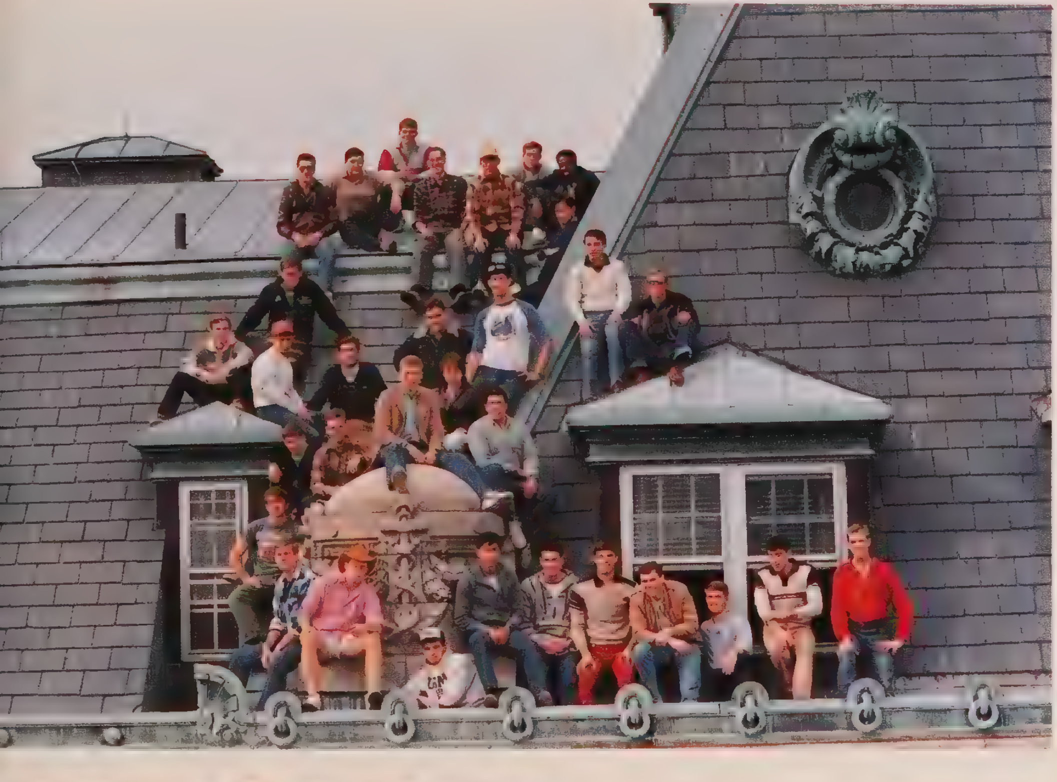
32
USNA
60
60

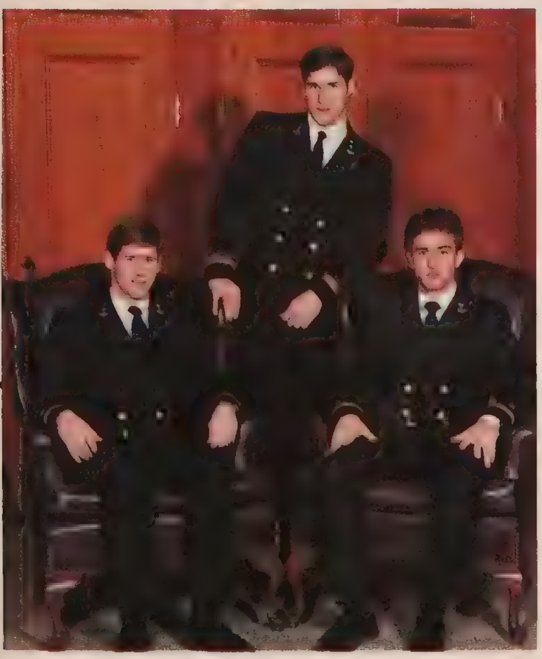

USNA
SIX
PAK

Capt. Kim Makuta

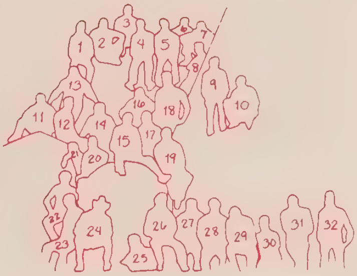
FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT John O'Sullivan
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Gary English
Admin.	M/ENS Daniel Adamus



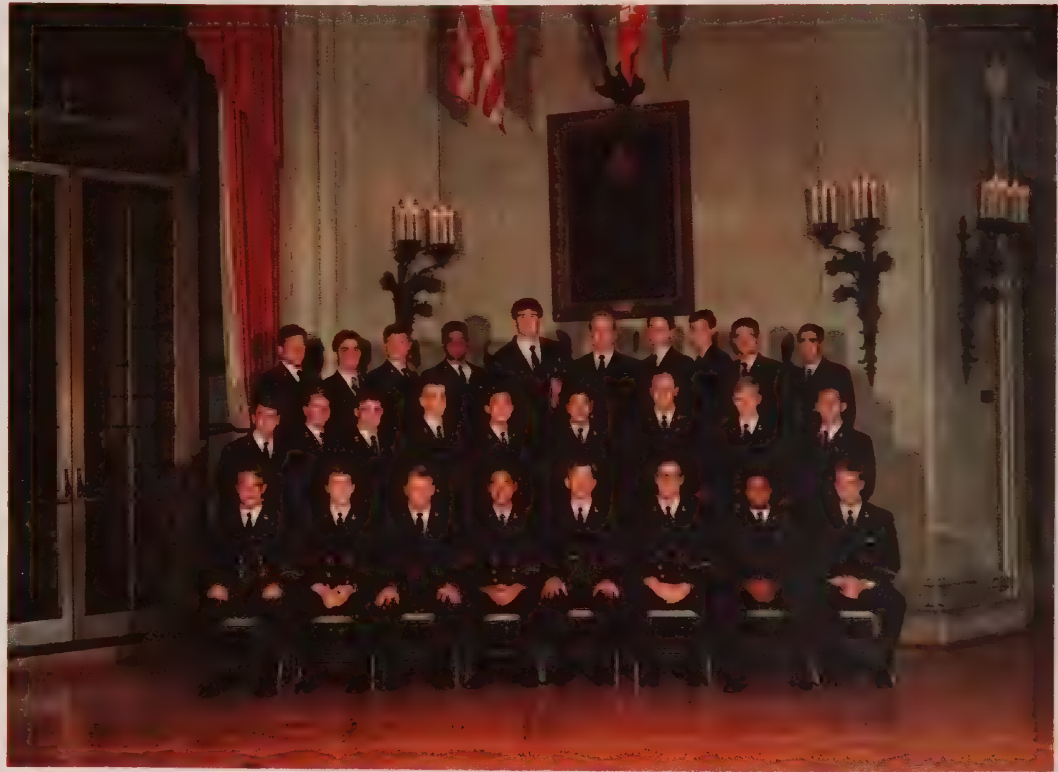


SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Peter Mayer
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Stephen Brawley
Admin. M/ENS Matthew Marron

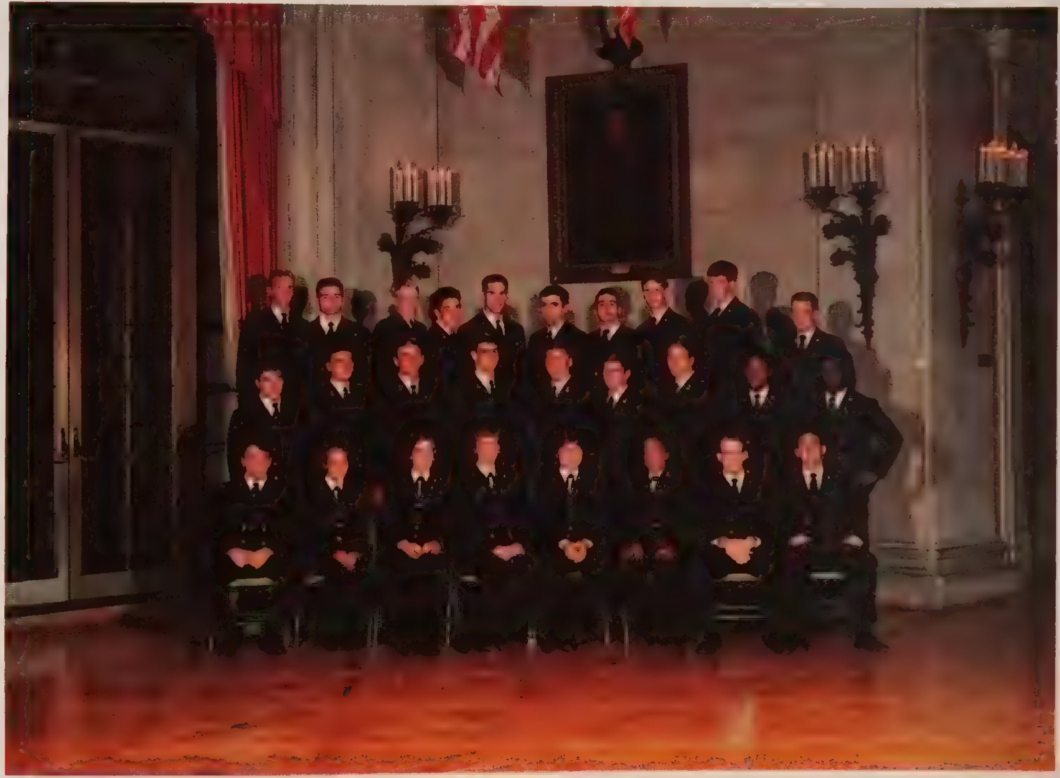


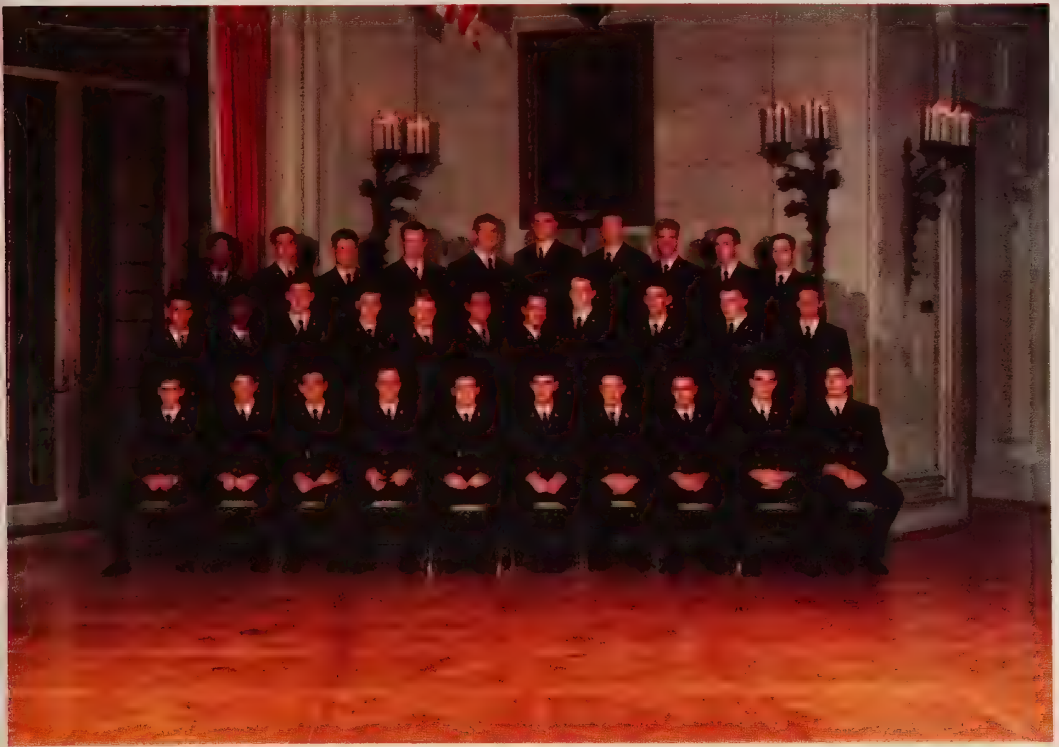
1 Cameron, Michael
2 Nelson, Thomas
3 Mesora, George
4 Thien, Joseph
5 Kolbas, Patrick
6 McGann, Kenneth
7 Nixon, Randall
8 Mayer, Peter
9 Lutton, Todd
10 Carpenter, Glenn
11 Goaley, Thomas
12 Marron, Matthew
13 Wills, Eric
14 Massee, Michael
15 McIntyre, Trevor
16 Daverede, Alex
17 Sink, C.
18 Poynter, Brent
19 Adamus, Daniel
20 Jorgensen, John
21 Brawley, Stephen
22 Devin, Michael
23 English, Gary
24 Powell, Kerim
25 Burg, David
26 Martinez, Michael
27 daCruz, Daniel
28 Randolph, Scott
29 O'Sullivan, John
30 Boucher, Daniel
31 Gustafson, Randal
32 Hilferty, Sean

Row 1:
1 Lyter, Curtis
2 Smith, Jeffrey
3 Williamson, Brad
4 Payoyo, Jun
5 Wade, John
6 Fletcher, Matthew
7 Studevan, Colin
8 Horton, Jeffrey
Row 2:
9 Racoosin, Robert
10 Matthews, Peter
11 Davis, Barry
12 Schweizer, David
13 Hee, Paul
14 Punelli, James
15 Morris, Daniel
16 Ireland, John
17 Legenza, Raymond
Row 3:
18 Schmit, John
19 Adamiak, David
20 Pogue, Edward
21 Maddox, Mario
22 Cobb, Richard
23 Lumsden, Richard
24 Costello, Timothy
25 Matic, John
26 Brownell, Mark
27 Martins, Delano
NOT PICTURED:
Mosher, Kevin



Row 1:
1 Dubinok, J.
2 Korol, Susan
3 Davison, Kathryn
4 Edson, Denise
5 Carlisle, Connie
5 Smith, Tonya
7 McSavaney, Robert
8 Reddick, Matthew
Row 2:
9 Collette, R. G.
10 Doremus, Kenneth
11 Bodziak, Richard
12 Meehan, James
13 Lamb, Russell
14 Pagel, Brian
15 McClanahan, Rick
16 Dampier, Louis
17 Fowler, Stephen
Row 3:
18 Powers, Richard
19 Holcomb, James
20 Ayers, Gary
21 MacNeil, Donald
22 Miller, Gregory
23 Parkyn, Michael
24 Benden, C. P.
25 Donaldson, Scott
26 Wallin, William
27 Gentry, Keil
NOT PICTURED:
Echols, Eddy
Hodge, Gerald
McGill, Michael
Reeves, Patricia





Row 1:
1 Metzger, John
2 Noyes, Brian
3 Stefanko, John
4 Buechs, Todd
5 Martin, Michael
6 Browne, Michael
7 Nilsen, Thomas
8 Tolle, Anthony
9 Hill, Daniel
10 Hurley, Will
Row 2:
11 Ferguson, Charles
12 Jones, Michael
13 Stephens, Edward
14 Forster, Dan
15 Odom, David
16 Shevis, Philip
17 Campbell, Nick
18 Schofield, Edward
19 Baker, Charles
20 McMillan, Daniel
21 Sargent, Gregory
Row 3:
22 Cooke, Rabon
23 Smith, Stephan
24 Buenavista, J. C.
25 Keller, Michael
26 Schaefer, Martin
27 Vanhulzen, Chad
28 Fields, Michael
29 Gregus, Louis
30 Buckon, Andrew
31 White, Kevin

6th Co
BEAT ARMY

Second Battalion

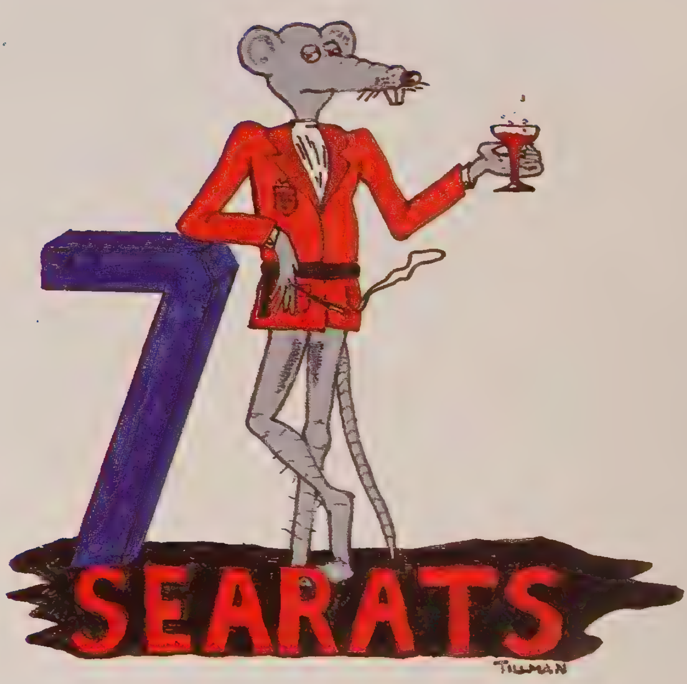
Capt. T. Taylor

Ms. M. Deitrick

Staffs

M/LCDR Charles Hobough, Cdr; M/LT Perry Higgins, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Daniel Sileo, Operations; M/LTjg Edward Butler, Adjutant; M/Ltjg Scott Chesson, Supply; M/LTjg Dana Wilkes, Administrative.

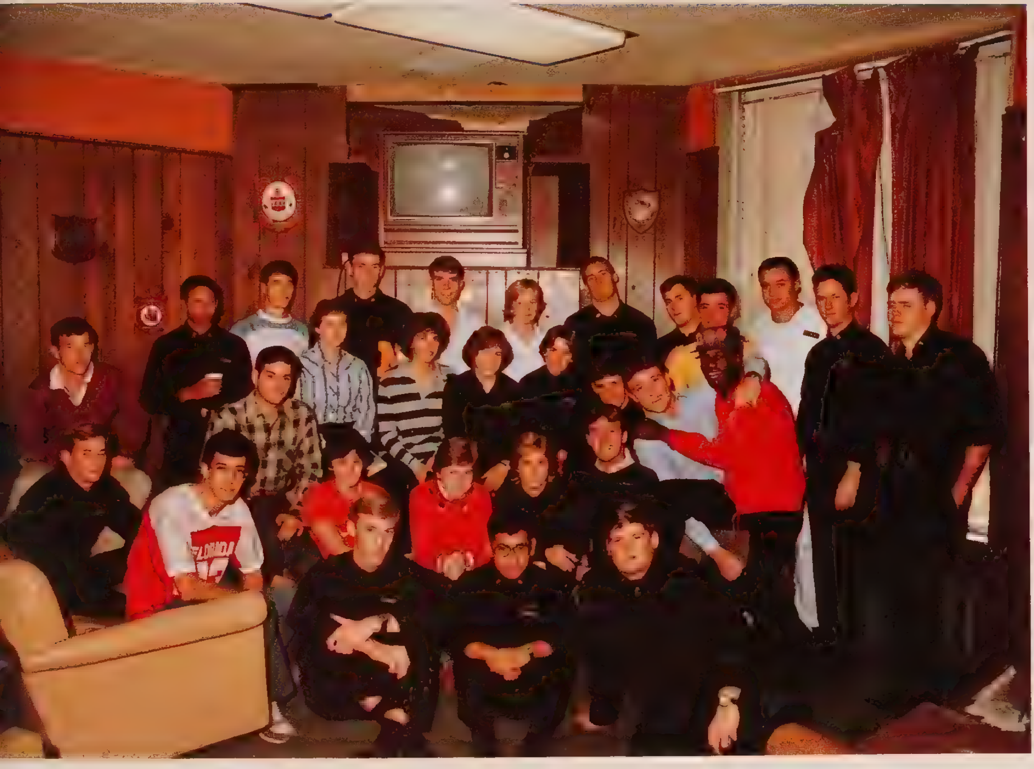
M/LCDR Jonathan Smith, Cdr; M/LT John Sylvester, sub-cdr; M/LT Marshall Parsons Operations; M/LTjg Jeffrey Weber, Adjutant; M/LTjg Robert Hammett, Supply; M/LTjg Yvonne Bressler, Administrative.


7
SEARATS
TILLMAN

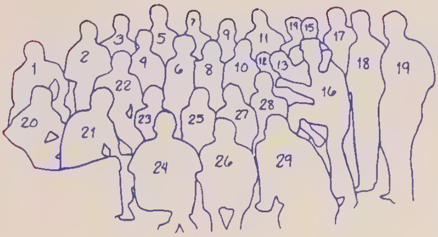
Major Chuck Melson

FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT James Schofield
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Jeffrey Weber
Admin.	M/ENS Lou Anne Nesta



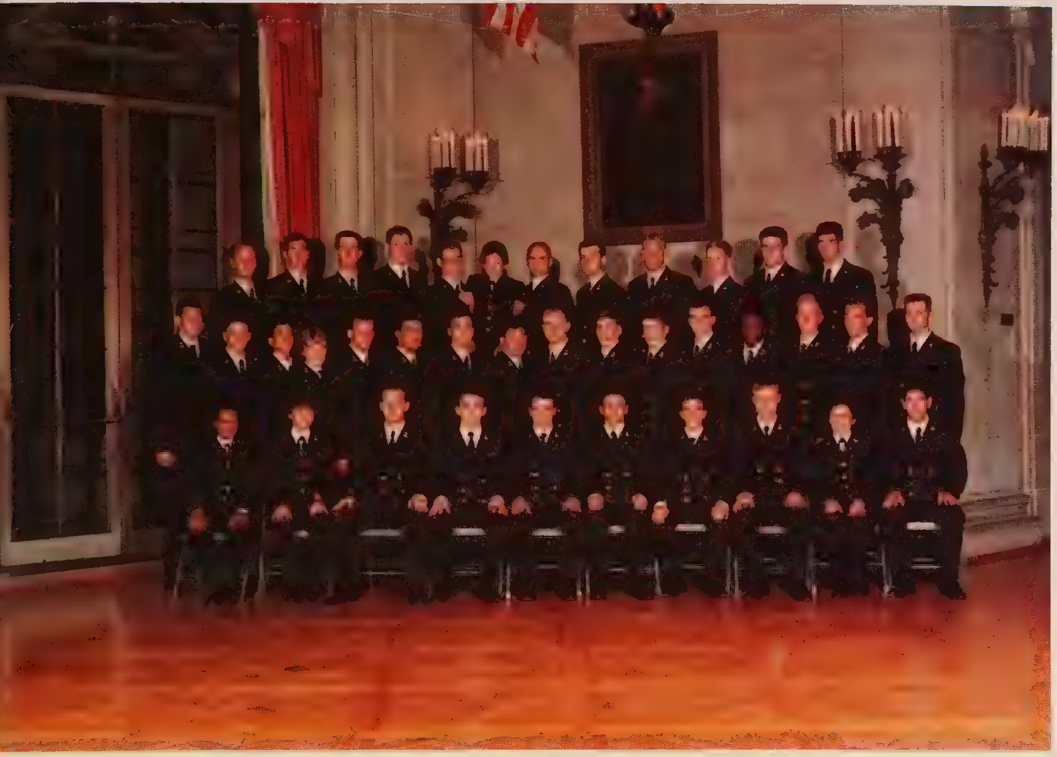
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Danny Kumangai
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Allison Webster
Admin. M/ENS. William Biel



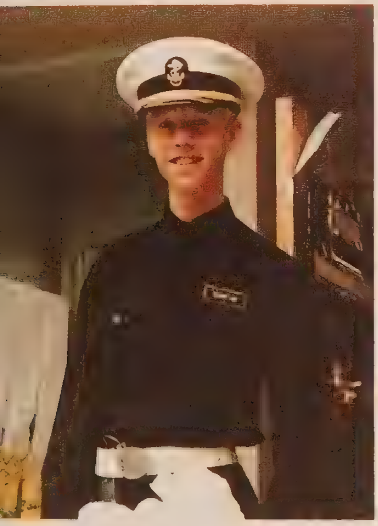
1 Biel, William
2 Manning, Cameron
3 Comstock, Brett
4 Westenberg, D. M.
5 Schofield, James
6 Rawhouser, M. A.
7 Flock, Bradley
8 Nesta, Lou Anne
9 Webster, Allison
10 Murray, Mary
11 Borrebach, D. S.
12 Weber, Jeffrey
13 Vogel, Scott
14 Clemency, Steven
15 Litton, Andrew
16 Walton, Terrance
17 Tillman, Willard
18 Chesson, Scott
19 Horn, Thomas
20 Gurbach, Glenn
21 Augustine, John
22 Krause, Russell
23 Wix, Rose-Ann
24 Butler, Edward
25 Forehand, Mary
26 Kumangai, Danny
27 Beagle, Ronda
28 McCormick, John
29 Murphy, Gerard
NOT PICTURED:
Ponseigo, Andrew

Row 1:
1 Culpepper, Edward
2 Buehler, C. L.
3 Underwood, Robert
4 Alexander, Lewis
5 Chase, Andrew
6 Howell, Terrance
7 Marquis, David
8 Delgado, Anthony
Row 2:
9 Perry, John
10 Clyborne, Thomas
11 Williams, Gordon
12 Peck, William
13 Sutton, Patrick
14 McArthur, Robert
15 Kerber, Thomas
16 Olt, Theodore
17 Norris, Warren
Row 3:
18 Fletcher, Mark
19 Tuten, David
20 Mearig, Aaron
21 Becker, Delwayne
22 Johnson, Michael
23 Brooks, Dennis
24 Armes, Bobby
25 Price, David
26 Petrilla, James
NOT PICTURED:
Oleson, John

Row 1:
1 Allen, Timothy
2 Hudgens, Jeffrey
3 Potente, Eugene
4 Kahler, Stewart
5 Althouse, Michael
6 Jones, William
7 MacMillan, Jack
8 Schreckengost, R.
Row 2:
9 Menninger, M. H.
10 Nicodemus, Perry
11 Turner, Mitchell
12 Wardwell, Thomas
13 McPhillips, Steve
14 Walden, Cleon
15 Heatherington, J.
16 Wisotzki, Stephen
17 Hale, Daniel
18 Sutton, Patrick
Row 3:
19 Castro, Stephen
20 Denuto, John
21 English, David
22 Ovens, Thomas
23 Maus, Robert
24 Laboa, Anthony
25 Dodds, Franklin
26 O'Malley, Brian
27 Andreas, Roger
NOT PICTURED:
Boener, Joseph
Dennehy, Robert



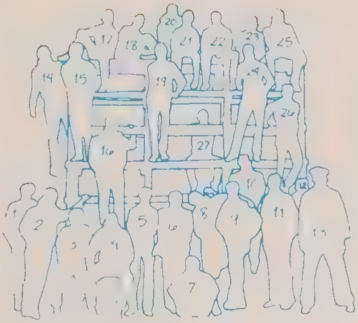
Row 1:
1 Burgess, Beth
2 Young, Robin
3 Hoy, Eric
4 Hamblet, William
5 Cameron, John
6 Zambrzycki, John
7 Secino, Thad
8 Norton, Michael
9 Melgarejo, Carmen
10 Zaccardi, Louis
Row 2:
11 Bird, Scott
12 Witten, Richard
13 Starkey, Michael
14 Keller, Christine
15 Watt, Michael
16 Garrett, Stephen
17 Cheneler, Joseph
18 Fenstermaker, S.
19 Vanwickler, R.
20 Meisch, Paul
21 Mullins, Matthew
22 Vanlue, Gordon
23 Gordon, John
24 Coggins, Michael
25 Todd, James
Row 3:
26 Ahearn, Patrick
27 Robinson, David
28 Martin, Ernest
29 Sizemore, Robert
30 Sidner, Samuel
31 Stewart, Robin
32 Oss, David
33 Sutton, Patrick
34 Mack, Paul
35 Townsend, William
36 Ellison, Greg
37 Rowe, Andrew
NOT PICTURED:
Brackett, Joyce
Kless, David



Lt. William Bristow

1^{st} Sem
Co Cdr. M/LT B. Kruegar
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg D. Benson
Admin. M/ENS E. Renda

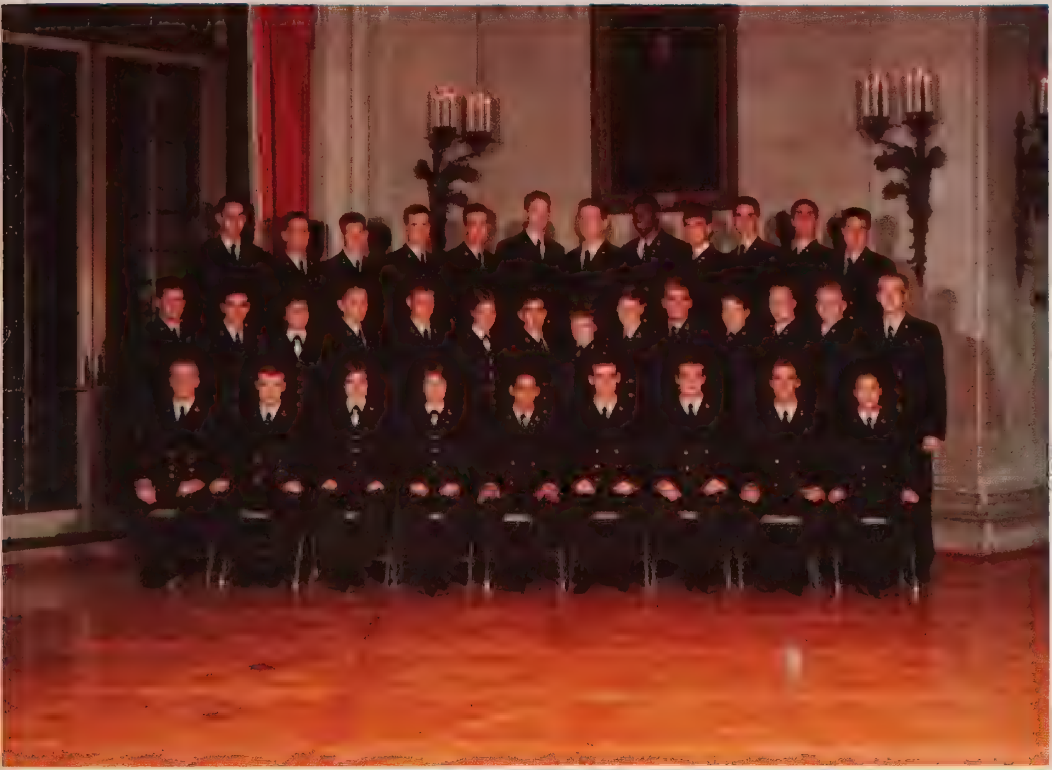
2nd Sem
Co. Cdr. M/LT J. Pagano
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg A. Stuart
Admin. M/ENS A. Lopez



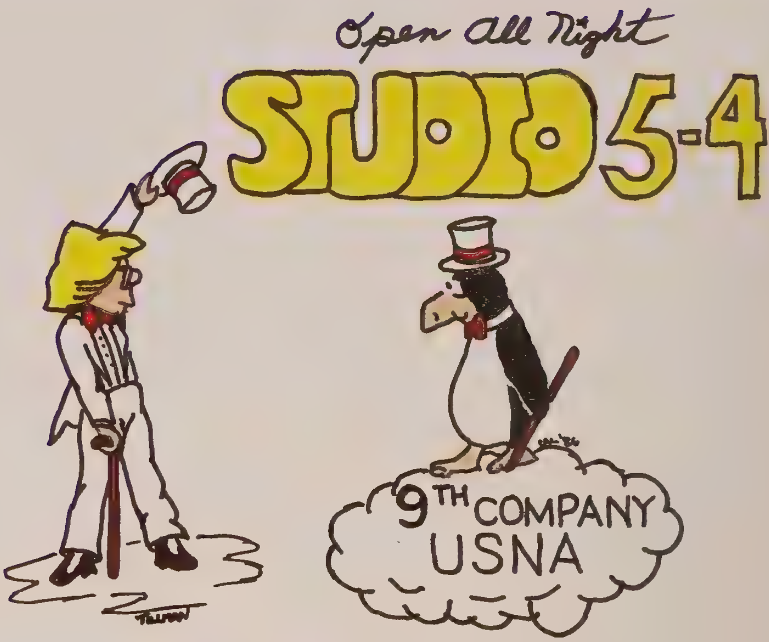
1 Renda, Edward
2 Lluy, Paul
3 Wilson, Gregory
4 Wilkes, Dana
5 Lopez, Arturo
6 Chimiak, Mark
7 Dua, Tito
8 Stuart, Allan
9 Myre, David
10 Farrell, A.
11 Smith, Steven
12 Ivan, Thomas
13 Olsen, Robert
14 Babicz, Richard
15 Bensen, David
16 Eash, Scott
17 Krueger, Bernard
18 Melcher, Charles
19 Newman, Mark
20 Kirschner, G.
21 Smith, Jonathan
22 Gelinne, John
23 Guerrero, William
24 Bovington, Samuel
25 Pontureiro, A.
26 Pagano, James
27 Waldschmidt, M.

1st Row
1 Jenkins, Kevin
2 Jordan, Gerald
3 Garbuzinski, T.
4 Dayoub, Gretchen
5 Schmidt, Wade
6 Brunini, Keith
7 Torbit, Michael
2nd Row
8 Hume, Donald
9 Miller, Deborah
10 Mahlum, Sandra
11 Wiseman, Brett
12 Poyski
13 Fulton, Jonathan
3rd Row
14 Constantini, W.
15 Meloro, Mark
16 Yamashita, K.
17 Benzing, Barry
18 Risberg, Timothy
19 Miller, Michael
20 Barr, Harold
NOT PICTURED:
Caisse, Bryan
Hajosy, Michael
Heine, Kenneth
Ledbetter, Brian
Lerch, Thomas
Lutz, Chris
Lyons, William
Thebaud, Cynthia
Volgenau, Douglas
Weiler, C.
Wozniak, Eugene
Zebell, Timothy

1st Row
1 Marbois, Thomas
2 Raus, Raymond
3 Wolski, Edward
4 Burke, David
5 Williams, Robert
6 Prusso, Kevin
7 Gruta, Daniel
8 Wansley, Charles
2nd Row
9 Semancik, Jeffery
10 Lynch, Peter
11 Loepke, Lance
12 Istvan, Anthony
13 Tolomeo, Raymond
14 Amedick, Michael
15 Feinstein, Brett
3rd Row
16 Jones, Steven
17 Miller, Matthew
18 Crouse, Jay
19 Goodwin, Scott
20 Kyle, Eric
21 Connors, Sean
22 Zike, Stephen
23 Ramos, John
NOT PICTURED
Carroll, John
Cyr, Andrew
Dunstan, Edmund
Grandelli, P.
Matson, Carl
Meigs, Guy
Nahoopii, Michael
Swatling, Mark
Webster, Edward
White, Daniel
Sauerbrey, Erich



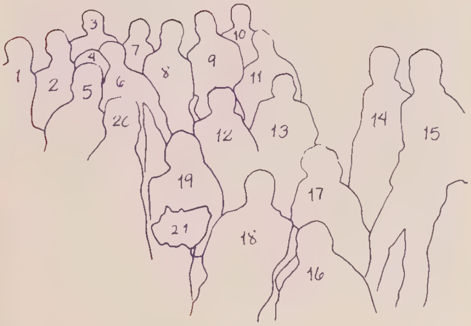
1st Row
1 Johnston, Gregory
2 Hines, James
3 Bartlett, Susan
4 Hawkins, Kerri
5 Cipriano, Nick
6 Shields, Daniel
7 Goodwine, Paul
8 McFarlane, Scott
9 Ho, Eric
2nd Row
10 Roy, Michael
11 Quinn, Michael
12 Green, Mary
13 Chapman, Joseph
14 Roelker, Randy
15 Schultz, Vicki
16 Herrera, Michael
17 Trott, Marjorie
18 Holland, Edward
19 Harrington, Robert
20 McCain, Rose
21 Faulkner, David
22 Springer, Winnie
23 Lenaburg, Jerry
3rd Row
24 DeBeauclair, Geoff
25 Harris, John
26 Duke, Owen
27 Harris, Gregory
28 Johannesen, Lee
29 Inglesby, Kenneth
30 Buckley, David
31 Armstrong, John
32 Conners
33 Newell, Paul
34 Graves, Thomas
35 Wood, Geoffrey
NOT PICTURED
Brandt, Karl


Open All Night
STUDIO 5-4
9TH COMPANY
USNA

Lt. Chris Cain

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Gregory Waters
Sub. Cdr. M/LTJG Jan Chinn
Admin. M/ENS Dallas Roper

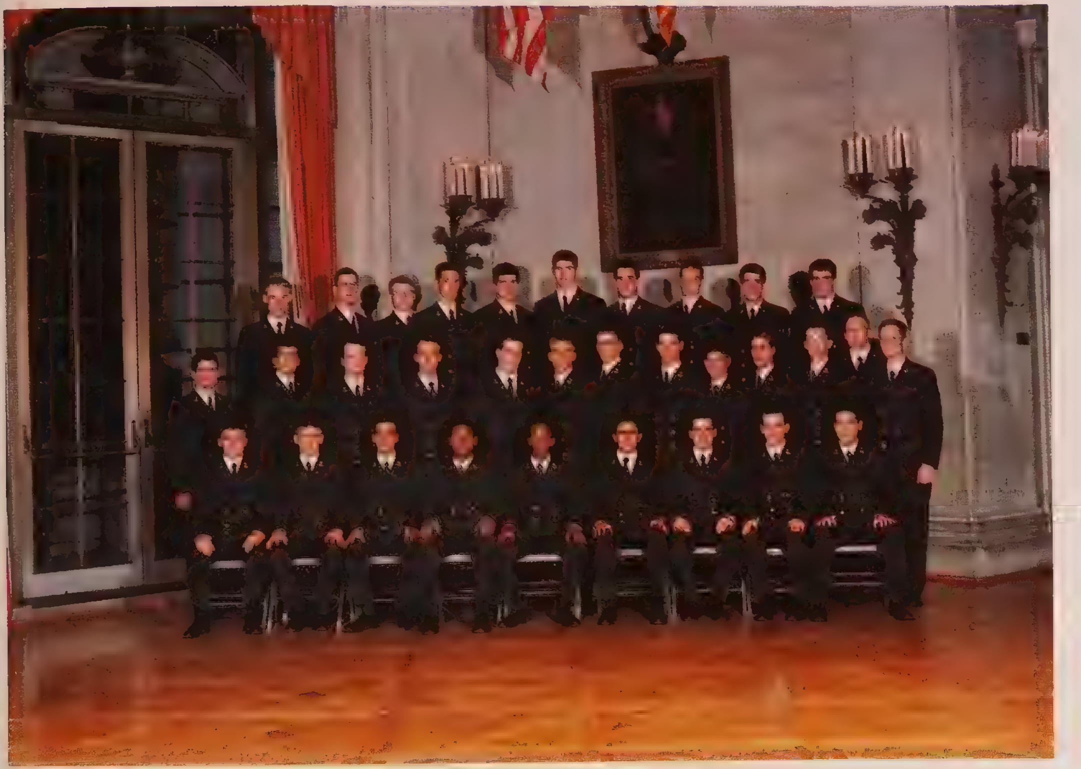
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Richard Farrell
Sub. Cdr. M/LTJG Robert Paulk
Admin. M/ENS Arthur Samora



1 Nevins, Michael
2 Farrell, Richard
3 Roper, Dallas
4 Rowe, Barton
5 Catlin, Gordon
6 Everist, Robert
7 Sheppard, Deborah
8 Hammett, Robert
9 Waters, Gregory
10 Lochner, Jane
11 Hudson, Derek
12 Mrs. Flight
13 Capt. Flight
14 Strano, Michael
15 Naeyaert, Lawrence
16 Quigley, Mark
17 Haberlin, Gail
18 Paulk, Robert
19 Chinn, Jan
20 Samora, Arthur
21 Skippy
Not Pictured
Sakaniwa, Mark
Sawyer, Robert

1st Row
1 Hyer, Randall
2 Thone, William
3 Harrison, Daniel
4 Dewey, T.
5 Hoffer, Robert
6 Godeaux, Aaron
7 Bowhers, Vincen6
8 Poor, Robert
2nd Row
9 Locher, Oliver
10 Fordham, Joseph
11 Nagle, James
12 Harrison, Scott
13 Lerke, W.
14 Yi, Chong
14 Winkler, James
3rd Row
15 Clapp, J.
16 Assel, Allan
17 Lewandowski, R.
18 Bruce, Jeremy
19 Watka, Gregory
20 Smith, Troy
21 Leeds, Kevin

1st Row
1 Foy, Brian
2 Cardinalli, F.
3 Richardson, S.
4 Merz, William
5 Luntz, Joseph
6 Cambre, E.
7 Gosney, James
8 Rodnite, Peter
2nd Row
9 McNair, James
10 Render, Frank
11 Wilson, Jesse
12 Rivadeneira, M.
13 Connelly, Agnes
14 Black, Eugene
15 Troxell. Wade
16 Dubov, S.
17 Trudell, Patricia
3rd Row
18 O'Connell, Jeffrey
19 Cockey, Michael
20 Harris, Eddie
21 Sturken, Brett
22 Hall, B.
23 Standard, Todd
24 Grieco, Daniel
25 Skrabacz, Steven
26 Miller, Mark



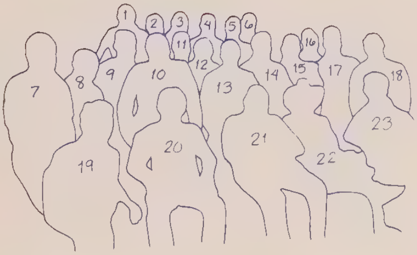
1st Row
1 Wilson, Earl
2 Branchfield, C.
3 Vajgert, Joe
4 Daniels, B.
5 Flewellen, D.
6 Arias, C.
7 Bastian, Kenneth
8 Vanatta, Thomas
9 Sadanaga, Dean
2nd Row
10 Quick, Shawn
11 Plourde, John
12 Boyer, Alan
13 Gilstad, John
14 Guyer, Michael
15 Anderson, T.
16 Curtin, Patrick
17 Valmus, Jeffrey
18 Wilson, John
19 Smith, Ronald
20 McNeilley, W.
21 Sechriest, Walter
22 Tierney, Patrick
3rd Row
23 Boerman, Douglas
24 Dunn, Kenneth
25 Brandle, Martin
26 Muggleworth, C.
27 Corcoran, Philip
28 Cayouette, N.
29 Cox, George
30 Graverholt, Hans
31 Browne, Thomas
32 Humphreys, B.

A PERFECT
10
TILLMAN

LCDR. Thompson

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Stephen Shepherd
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Scott Saymanski
Admin. M/ENS Marshall Parsons

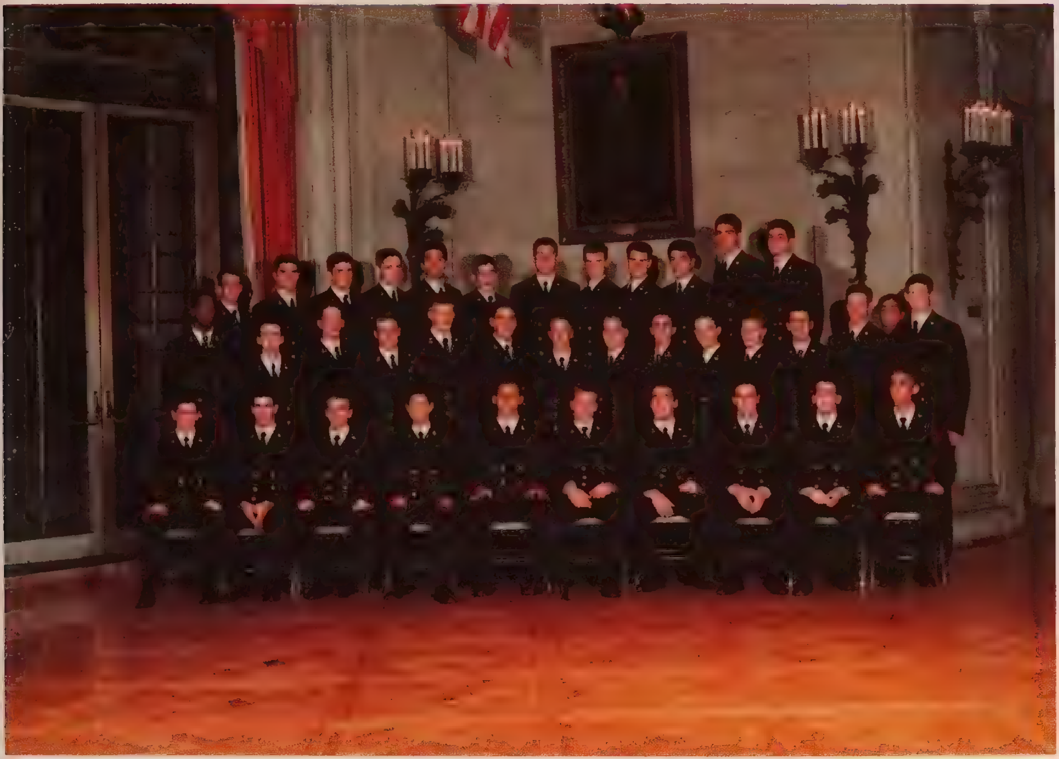
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Gregory Marvil
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg John Zwirner
Admin. M/ENS John Oberle



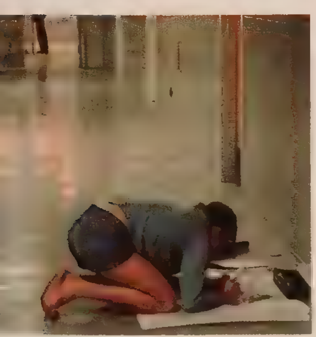
1 Shepherd, Stephen
2 Cedrun, Mark
3 Peoples, Gerald
4 Dunson, Jarrell
5 Pence, Timothy
6 Escobar, John
7 Oberle, John
8 Marvil, Gregory
9 Szymanski, Scott
10 Parsons, Marshall
11 Zwirner, John
12 Fijalkowski, J.
13 Plaisance, Marc
14 Freeman, Nicholas
15 Pasterrak, Joseph
16 Ceraolo, S.
17 Mongan, Joseph
18 Lee, Walter
19 Chachula, Stephen
20 Hein, August
21 Pierce, Randall
22 Ehlers, Mark
23 McMasters, W.

__1st Row__
1 Uhl, Jonathan
2 Spieth, Susan
3 Tees, Timothy
4 Dorrell, Russell
5 Shippey, John
6 Price, Stuart
7 Trujillo, Mario
__2nd Row__
8 Shroyer, Deborah
9 Lindsay, Curtis
10 Richardson, D.
11 Goodwin, Joanne
12 Blaise, Lauren
13 Jones, Warren
__3rd Row__
14 Thomas Wilbert
15 Waidelich, George
16 Jaenichen, Edward
17 Faulkner
18 Richardson, V.
19 Floyd, Glenn
20 Snight, William
__NOT PICTURED__
Coombs, Richard
Dunbar, Laura
Nelson, Robert
Sodeur, Michael

__1st Row__
1 Graustein, Scott
2 Franklin, C.
3 Campion, C.
4 Jimenez, Carlos
5 Costello, Paul
6 Kim, Hong
7 Dunbrack, Harold
8 Wallis, Joseph
__2nd Row__
9 Kough, Lawrence
10 Shaffer, Alan
11 Richey, Ryan
12 Baggett, Daniel
13 Sheedy, William
14 Sneddon, Paul
15 Donoghue, Thomas
__3rd Row__
16 Zingheim, Karl
17 Jordan, Matthew
18 Grimm, Laurence
19 Kasperzak, John
20 Dorko, Michael
21 Rodriguez, John
22 McAnanly, James
23 Hedlund, Joel
__NOT PICTURED__
Beverly, Joseph
Dewaele, David
Donigan, Michael
Gleason, Daniel
Kern, James
Kopchick, William
McGarvey, Timothy
Richey, Ryan



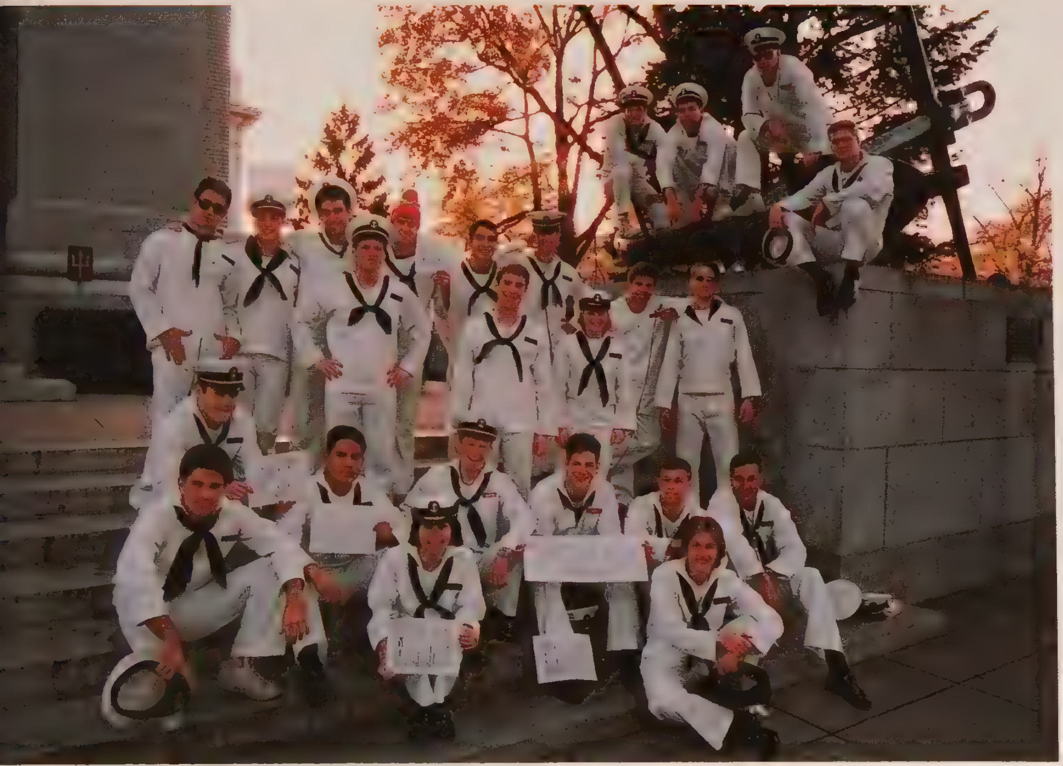
1st Row
1 Coleman, Alton
2 Shaffer, Daniel
3 Holmes, Sean
4 Wong, Jason
5 Dau, Frederick
6 Yotz, Brian
7 McKenna, John
8 Bacigalupo, T.
9 Herbner, Scott
10 Mellor, John
2nd Row
11 Parchment, Alfred
12 McDonald, Duane
13 Rayburn, Jeffery
14 Fitzwilliam, John
15 Nilsen, Erik
16 Gottschalk, E.
17 Watson, Thomas
18 Dalton, Marc
19 Danzer, Michael
20 Williams, M.
21 Wagoner, Daryl
22 Edwards, Robert
23 Webb
24 Shippey
25 Gaffney, Michael
3rd Row
26 Baca, Howard
27 Wheat, Juan
28 Bomhold, Richard
29 Hunnemeyer, Scott
30 Shores, Jose
31 Derrane, James
32 Carson, Helge
33 Lee, Brian
34 Wallace, Frank
35 Carlson, Rudolph
36 Harper, Ernest
37 McKelvey Jay



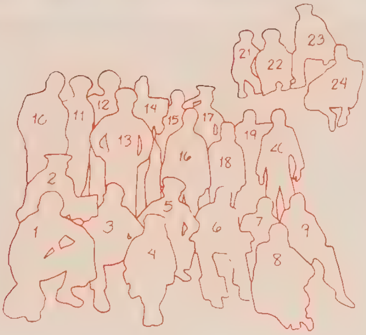
LCDR. John Doherty

FALL STAFF

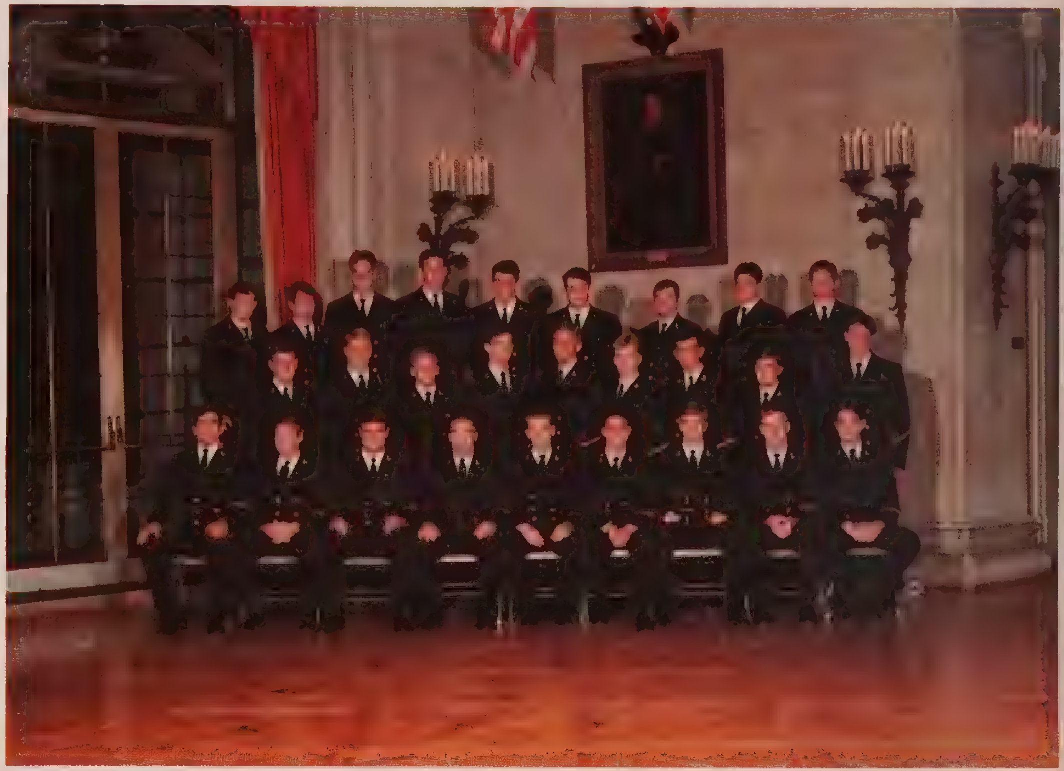
Co. Cdr.	*M/LT Christine Gromek*
Sub. Cdr.	*M/LTjg David Aumuller*
Admin.	*M/ENS Dawn Holloway*



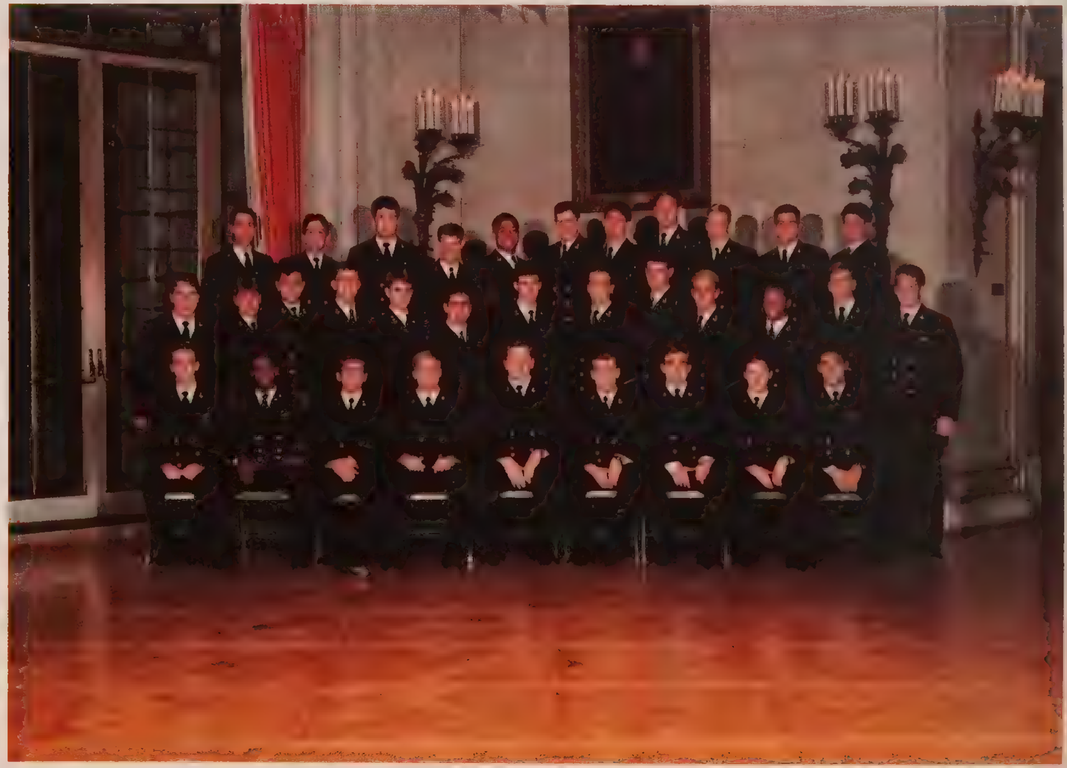
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Tracy Bowman
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Todd Hastings
Admin. M/ENS Joseph Ziemian



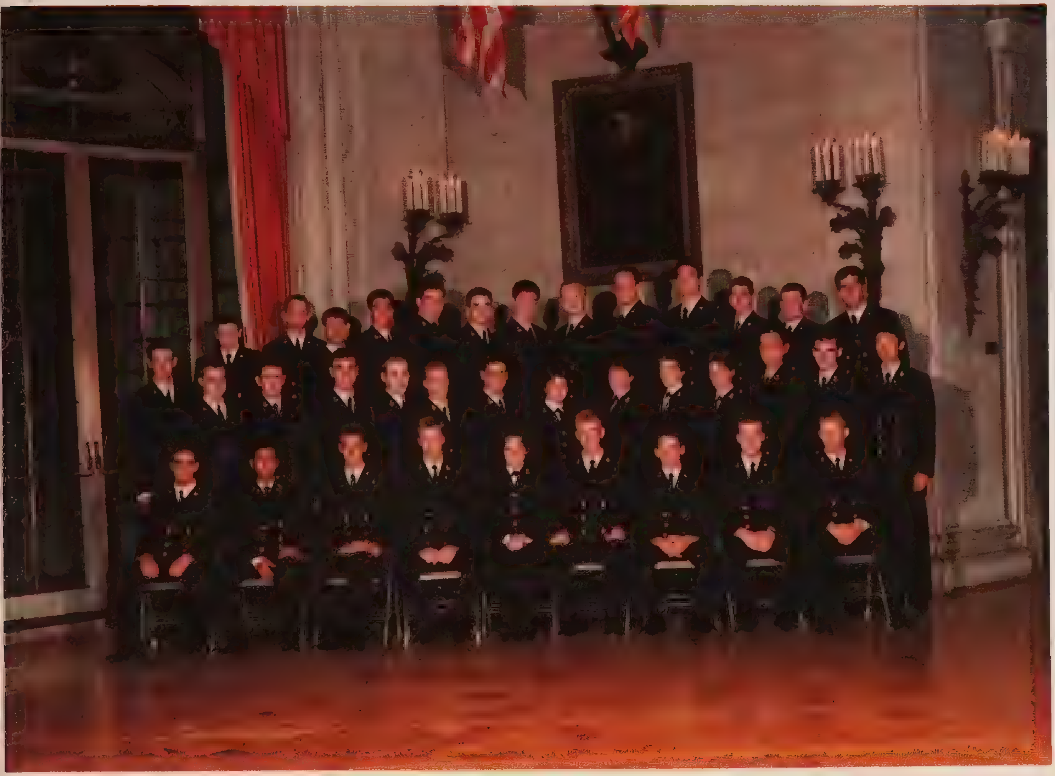
1	*Bowman, Tracy*
2	*Sylvester, John*
3	*Intoy, Bienvenido*
4	*Giron, Janet*
5	*Williamson, Timothy*
6	*Porter, Mark*
7	*Matteo, Michael*
8	*Gromek, Christine*
9	*Albergo, Joseph*
10	*Petrosino, Frank*
11	*Aumuller, David*
12	*Hoddard, Richard*
13	*Higgins, Perry*
14	*Karabin, Andrew*
15	*Castaneda, William*
16	*Stevens, David*
17	*Crabtree, Gregory*
18	*Holloway, Dawn*
19	*Munoz, Andres*
10	*Ziemian, Joseph*
21	*Baker, Thomas*
22	*Ploeger, Terry*
23	*Hastings, Todd*
24	*Collins, Edward*



Row 1:
1 Morradian, S.
2 Fry, Ronald
3 Bixby, David
4 Best, Kevin
5 Edwards, John
6 Racine, Stephen
7 Munsch, Stuart
8 Sullivan, Patrick
9Lunifeld, Robert
Row 2:
10 Cramer, Scott
11 Morgan, Charles
12 Mulich, Terrence
13 Olmsted, James
14 Genoble, Brett
15 Heaphy, Brian
16 Perdomo, Maurice
17 Donohue, Robert
18 Fahy, Brendan
Row 3:
19 Murphy, Henry
20 Powers, Stephen
21 Smith, C.
22 Hugenroth, R.
23 Winter, Timothy
24 Hull, Charles
25 Stemple, James
26 Kolley, Chester
27 Byron, Robert
NOT PICTURED:
Brooks, Kevin
Crone, Craig
Perry, Robert
Simei, Frank



Row 1:
1 Patton, Philip
2 Carpenter, Jerry
3 Ashley, Matthew
4 McCormick, Hays
5 Ramey, Paul
6 McMahan, Mark
7 Richardson, Ralph
8 Kenny, Michael
9 Choi, Rodney
Row 2:
10 Luikart, Timothy
11 Vauk, Ronald
12 Acosta, Robert
13 Pietke, Michael
14 Schell, John
15 Hennessey, James
16 Waite, Jeffrey
17 Moses, Timothy
18 Harnden, Jonathan
19 Hicks, Adam
20 Powers, Zack
21 Nelsen, David
22 Sullivan, Joseph
Row 3:
23 Gibbons, Roderick
24 Orsell, Michael
25 Fitzpatrick, B.
26 Fleming, James
27 Wharton, Richard
28 Petersen, David
29 Fahy, Brendan
30 Cutts, Michael
31 Kaye, David
32 Keith, Whitney
33 Kolley, Chester
NOT PICTURED:
Kim, Steven
Masur, Daniel



Row 1:
1 Lester, David
2 Martinez, Arturo
3 Hagler, James
4 Oechsel, Craig
5 Pieper, Robyn
6 Thompson, Gregory
7 Ryan, Steven
8 Hill, Kevin
9 Dougherty, Daniel
Row 2:
10 Coyne, Kevin
11 Kowenhoven, Peter
12 Tribble, Kyle
13 Postull, David
14 Bennett, James
15 Stauch, Patrick
16 Campbell, William
17 Mitchell, Susan
18 Bradley, Sybil
19 Wuestenberg, E.
20 Liwiski, Lisa
21 Chao, Richard
22 Anderson, Michael
23 Leong, Eric
Row 3:
24 Holbrook, James
25 Berman, David
26 Fleming, James
27 Gomez, Gabriel
28 Fitzpatrick, B.
29 Walker, Joseph
30 Shea, Patrick
31 Banister, Grady
32 Battle, Steven
33 Quint, David
34 Steffan, Joseph
35 Kuziela, Thaddeus
36 Greene, Joseph
NOT PICTURED:
Gary, Francesca
Petersen, George

LT Timothy Lorentz

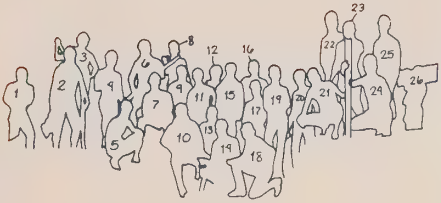
FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT Kent Koehler
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Chris Kirschten
Admin.	M/ENS Pedro Alicea

MACDONOUGH HALL

SPRING STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT Douglas Conkey
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Cary Cusumano
Admin.	M/ENS Harry Summerfield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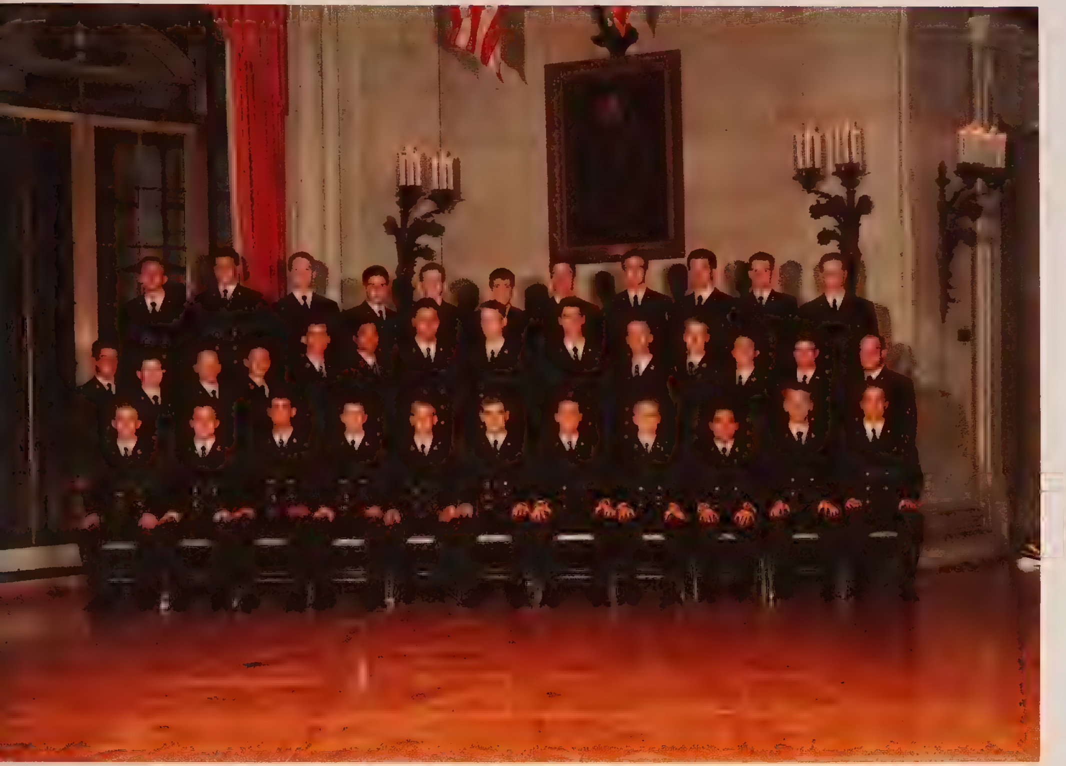
1 Panico, Earl
2 Hobaugh, Charles
3 Funk, John
4 Gradel, Robert
5 VandenBerg, Gerard
6 Dunn, Eric
7 Koehler, Kent
8 Miller, Terry
9 Oakenell, Robert
10 Summerfield, Harry
11 Conkey, Douglas
12 Sileo, Daniel
13 Shibe, Robert
14 Carothers, Franklin
15 Hasbrouck, John
16 Kirschten, Chris
17 Nielsen, Erik
18 Gravini, Stephen
19 Ruedi, David
20 Baker, Eric
21 Cusumano, Cary
22 Skinner, Steven
23 Schaefer, Thomas
24 Alicea, Pedro
25 Nolan, Timothy
26 Barr, Paul

1st Row
1 Fries, Franklin
2 Brown, Gregory
3 Rose, Mark
4 Stepaniak, Michael
5 Bush, Edward
6 Peck, Debra
7 Mullican, Jon
8 Gilstad, Elizabeth
9 McNeilly, James
2nd Row
10 Harmon, Emily
11 Olsen, Greer
12 Dalton, Ronald
13 Burke, Brian
14 Diederich, Karl
15 Harter, Darlene
16 Smith, Lee
17 Young, William
18 Williams, James
19 Geier, John
3rd Row
20 Vahsen, Steven
21 Dashiell, Michael
22 Wright, Benjamin
23 Montesanti, Michael
24 Menke, Kurt
25 Strong, Edwin
26 Clark, William
27 Wilkens, Peter
28 Minzenmayer, Brian
29 Edwards, John
NOT PICTURED
Debban, Vincent
Evans, Evan
Fisher, David
Gannon, Michael
Merritt, John
Meyer, Victor

1st Row
1 Hughes, Christin
2 O'Malley, Kevin
3 Herring
4 Devino, Anthony
5 Wilczynskis, John
6 Lautrup, Joel
7 Witte, Mark
8 Minogue, Gregory
9 Wilson, Charles
10 Henry, Matthew
2nd Row
11 Miller, C.
12 Digiandomenico, J.
13 Kim, Benjamin
14 Vance, Philip
15 Corish, Chris
16 Layton, Jeffrey
17 Calandra, Joseph
18 Wiegman, Paul
19 James, William
20 Pelkey, Jack
21 Welch, James
22 Allison, Peter
3rd Row
23 Irwin, Eric
24 Monks, Thomas
25 Martinez, Jeffrey
26 Ulsh, Donald
27 Schmitz, James
28 Harrison, Scott
2 Allen, Michael
30 Merzke, Daniel
31 Brochard, Paul
32 Millman, Thomas
33 Mitchell, Scott
NOT PICTURED
Fudge, Eric
Jones, Marius
Zlomke, Mark



1st Row
1 Moss, Allen
2 Robbins, Donald
3 Smith, Robert
4 Veach, Randall
5 Sullivan, Sean
6 Nagy, Timothy
7 Kurisky, Paul
8 McElroy, John
9 Alvarez, Isidro
10 Gosnell, Paul
11 Fitzpatrick, F.
2nd Row
12 Arellano, Anthony
13 Donohue, Robert
14 Hart, Reuben
15 Pham, Cvong
16 Dennis, Shawn
17 Moore, Wallace
18 Blazes, Enoch
19 Hutson, Peter
20 Patton, Brian
21 Howe, William
22 Gfrerer, James
23 Gozalez, E.
24 Bell, Michael
25 Evans, Frederick
3rd Row
26 Brisbin, George
27 Hoffer, Geoffrey
28 Keane, John
29 Compeggie, C.
30 Ham, Kenneth
31 Soer, Craig
32 Kot, Brandan
33 Hatheway, Michael
34 McKinley, William
35 Ladwig, James
36 Morgan, Curtis

USNA
55
506
NAVY

Third Battalion

Cdr. Dell

Ms. A. Hardy

Staffs

M/LCDR Christian Noah, Cdr; M/LT Joseph Murray, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Philip Dobbs, Operations; M/LTjg David Caldwell, Adjutant; M/LTjg Robert Rowsey, Supply; M/LTjg Joseph Doyle, Administrative.

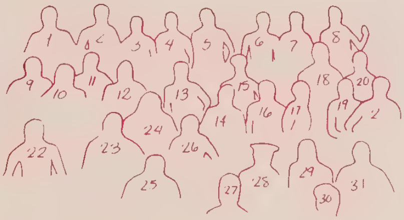
M/LCDR Robert Clark, Cdr; M/LT Charles Sternberg, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Marco Pagnanelli, Operations; M/LTjg Michael Sheperd, Adjutant; M/LTjg Andreas Bierbraver, Supply; M/LTjg Henry Matlosz, Administrative.

Lt. T. Griffith

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Charles Hatcher
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Jeffery Ringel
Admin. M/ENS Philip Lawver

THIRTEEN

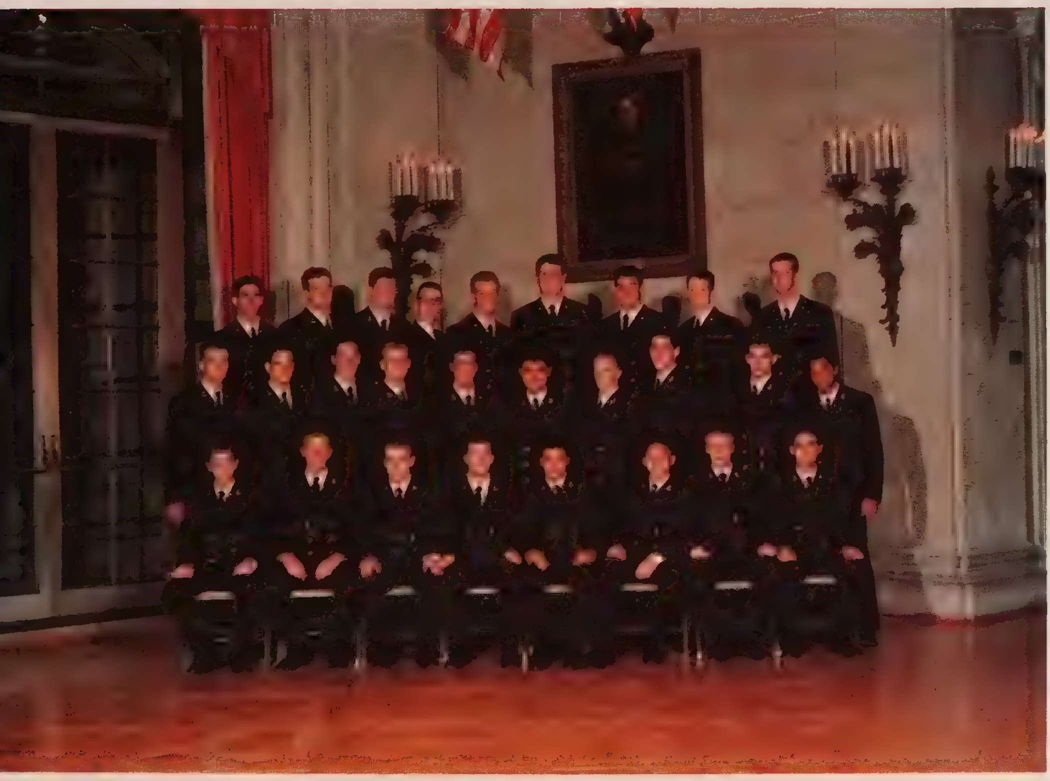
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Martin Deppe
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Robert Matts
Admin. M/ENS Frank Sutton



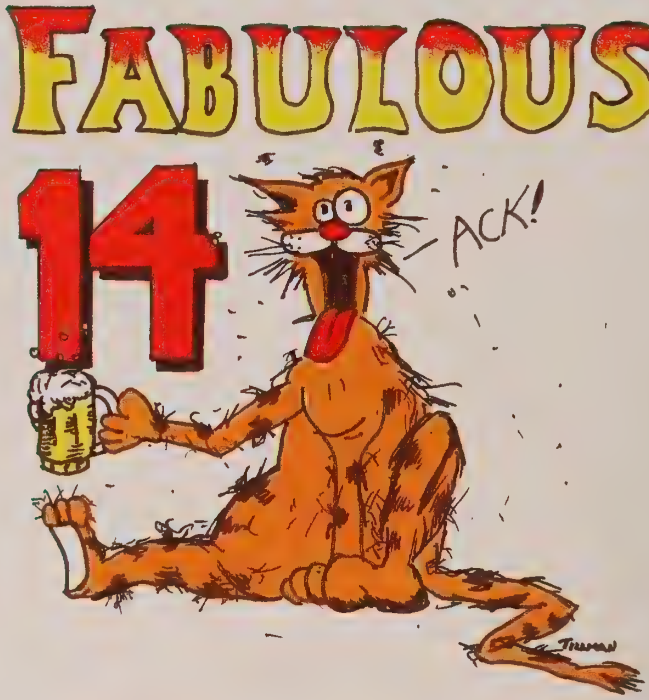
1 Sutton, Frank
2 Matts, Robert
3 Ringel, Jeffrey
4 Martin, Brion
5 Nardi, Peter
6 Martinez, John
7 McCreary, Jeffrey
8 Hatcher, Charles
9 Taylor, James
10 Guibas, Israel
11 Brodowicz, Mark
12 Brady, Eugene
13 Buamire, Terence
14 Etkins, David
15 LaSell, Horace
16 Lawver, Philip
17 Fallot, Mark
18 Deppe, Martin
19 Noah, Christian
20 Wojtkiewicz, Paul
21 Zaun, Jeffrey
22 Johnson, Perry
23 Laughlin, James
24 Howard, Kevin
25 Olsen, Kurt
26 Williams, T.
27 Scannell, James
28 Murray, Michael
29 Giangiuli, J.
30 Spooner, Scott
31 Pagnanelli, Marco
NOT PICTURED
Bunker, David

Row 1:
1 Jones, Andrew
2 Espe, Benito
3 Larson, Arthur
4 Klein, Gary
5 Collins, Charles
6 Kim, Dal Ho
7 Matza, Joseph
8 McElroy, Paul
Row 2:
9 O'Brien, Seamus
10 McPherson, Pat
11 Lysaght, Mark
12 Camacho, Richard
13 Thola, Forest
14 Ellis, Kevin
Row 3:
15 Fitzpatrick
16 Olds, Bradley
17 Mimms, Bernard
18 Stoner, Troy
19 Dupuis, Steven
20 Petruncio, E.
21 Moeller, David
NOT PICTURED:
Clouse, Richard
Hernandez, Ernest
Long, Mark
Magnoni, David
Papetti, Joseph
Pedersen, Timothy
Prosperi, Michael
Reese, Jeffrey
Ridings, William
Roland, Roger
Stahlman, Michael
Wohld, Richard

Row 1:
1 Atwell, Chris
2 Cernicek, Mary
3 Kawamoto, Scott
4 Felichtbaum, Louis
5 Collins, Kipp
6 Morin, Gregory
7 Donovan, William
8 Lyons, Patrick
9 Glover, Robert
Row 2:
10 Wheeler, Melody
11 Swedean, Alison
12 Wierzbicki, Anne
13 Proebstle, Michael
14 Fujishige, Keith
15 Beil, Bradley
16 Noble, James
17 Parker, Derek
18 Williams, Gregg
19 Ulianik, Karen
20 Mansfield, Peggy
21 Weller, Martin
22 Sivertsen, W.
23 Walsh, Thomas
24 Roland, Roger
Row 3:
25 Perron, Ruth
26 Lombardi, John
27 Turner, Tracy
28 Jennings, Jody
29 Watts, David
30 Carr, William
31 Shuttleworth, Larry
32 Kelly, Michael
33 Snider, James
34 Lytikainen, Carl
NOT PICTURED:
Peterson, Nick
Snyder, Craig



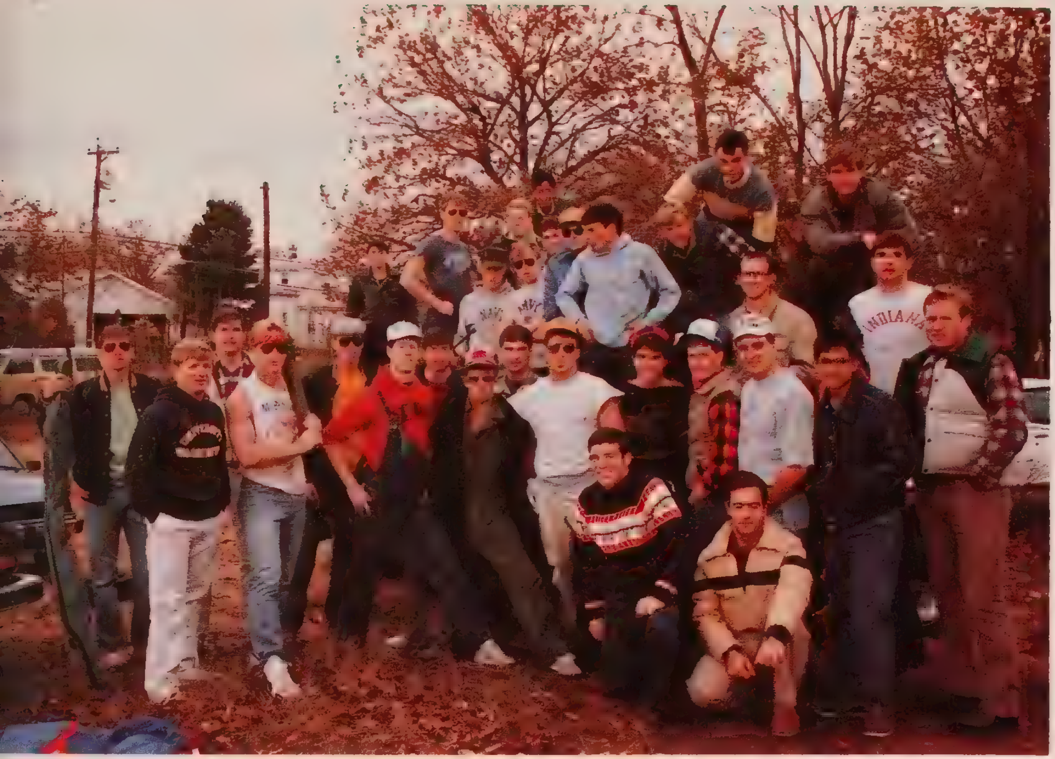
Row 1:
1 Lunifeld, Thomas
2 Griffith, B.
3 Kirk, Matthew
4 Masiello, Gregory
5 Lozares, Demetrio
6 Dill, Rodrigo
7 Peters, John
8 Kamat, Keval
Row 2:
9 Saksvig, Paul
10 Goodbody, Robert
11 Kane, Robert
12 Hallman, Eric
13 McGrath, Richard
14 Rapadas, Alex
15 Dimento, John
16 Niner, Martin
17 Ruggirello, S.
Row 3:
18 Polowczyk, John
19 Bolinger, Todd
20 Seeberger, Scott
21 Roland, Roger
22 Hudgins, Seth
23 Cosgrove, W.
24 Tuttle, James
25 Tomanek, Anthony
26 Wilder, Thomas
NOT PICTURED:
Chandler, John
Ihde, Alexander
Jezior, Stanley
Rideau, Errol
Stahl, Robert


FABULOUS
14
ACK!
TRUMAN

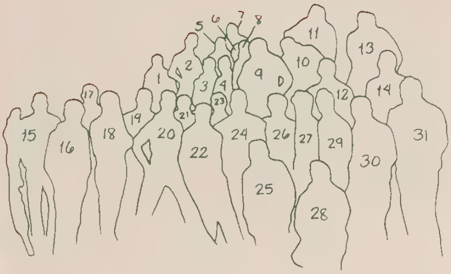
Capt C. Jaquinto

FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	*Dalton, T.*
Sub. Cdr.	*Fluhart, J.*
Admin.	*Erikson, P.*



SPRING STAFF
M/LT Murtha, Brian
M/LTJG Tettelbach, Clay
M/ENS Allman, James



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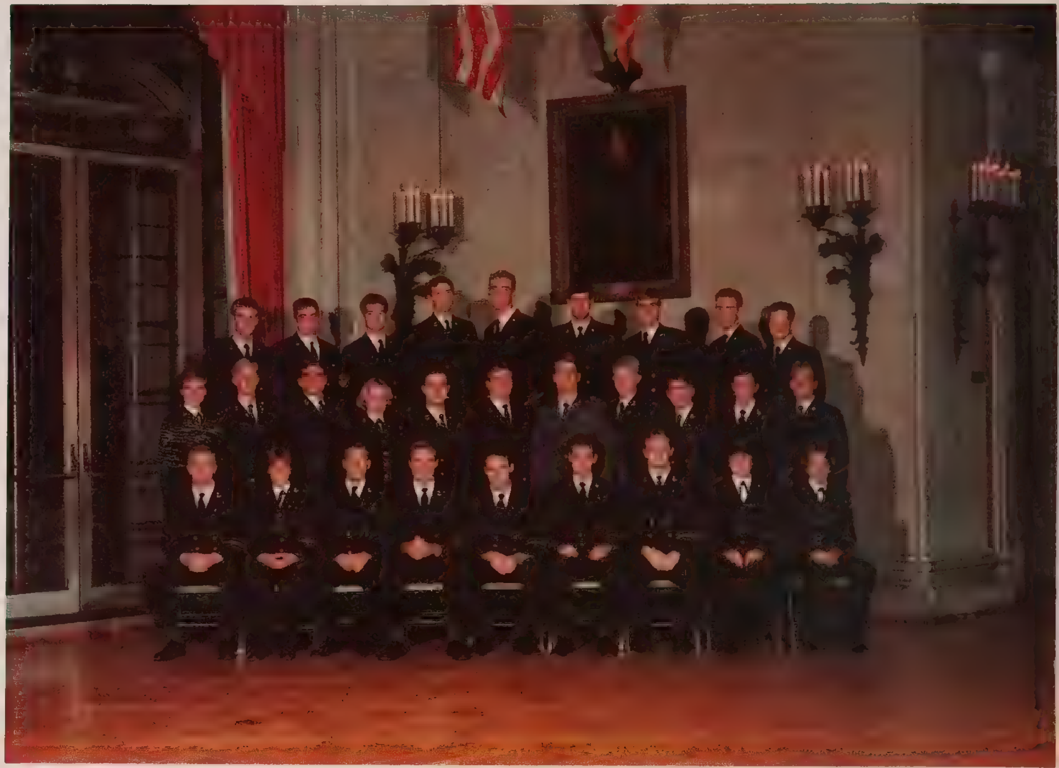
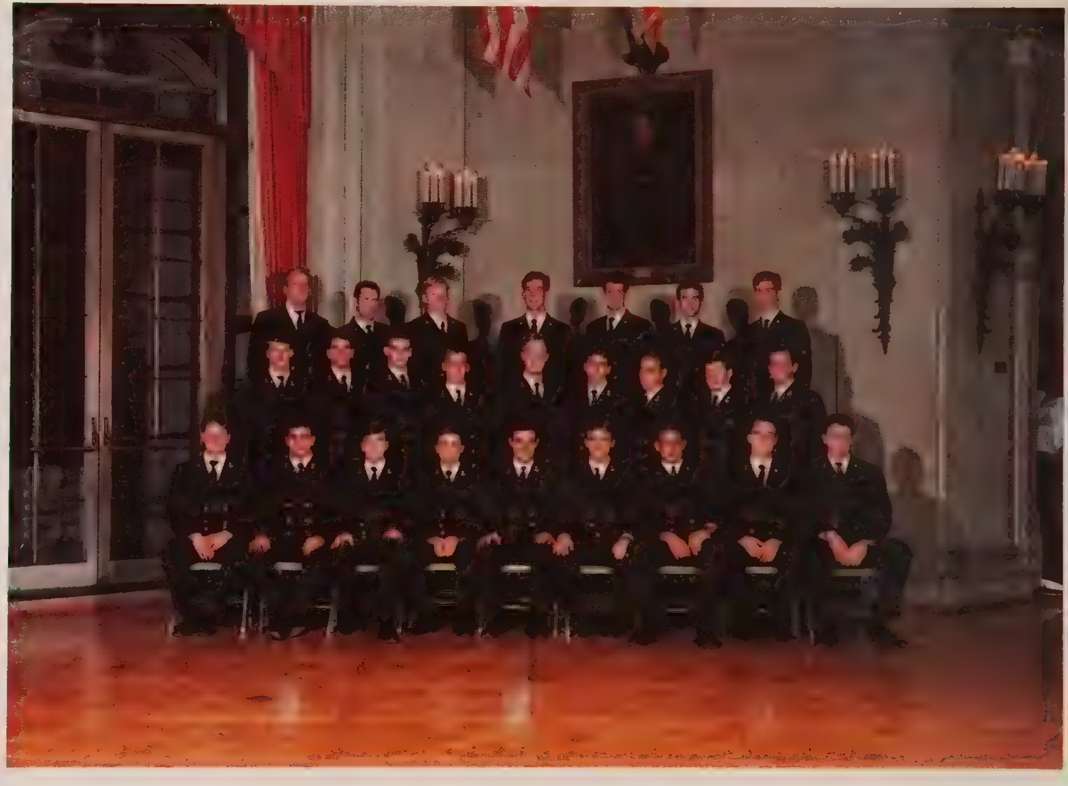
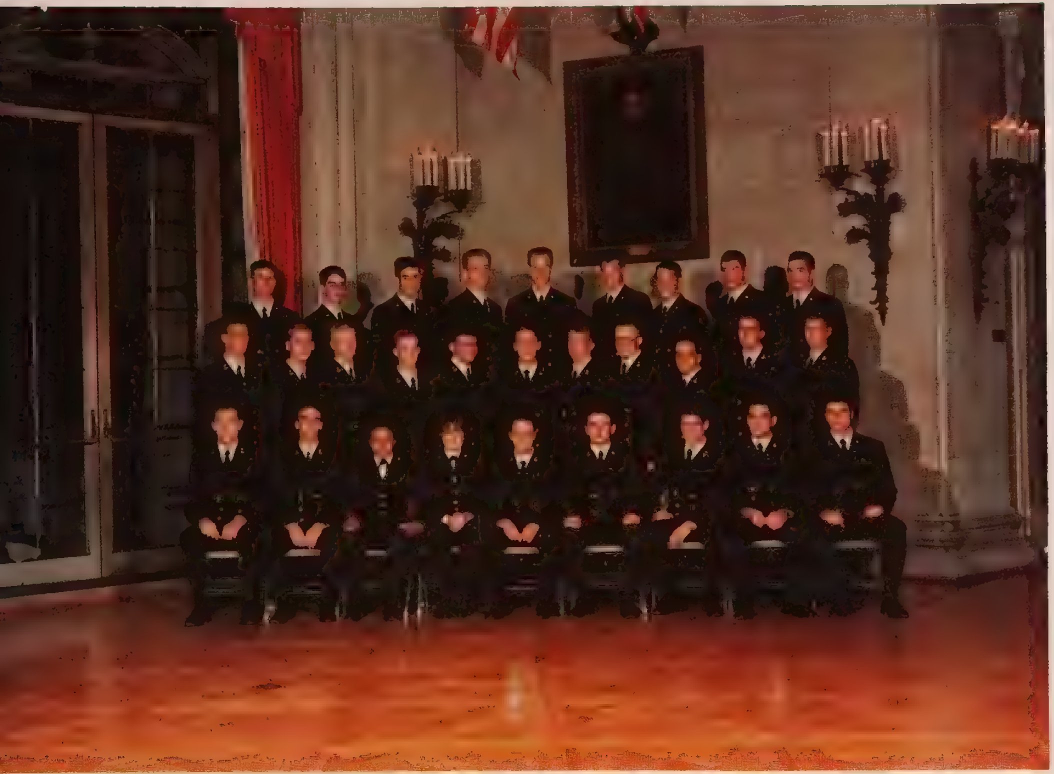
1	*A. Coomber*
2	*J. Fluhalt*
3	*J. Murray*
4	*R. Bower*
5	*T. Smith*
6	*J. Willson*
7	*A. Quintong*
8	*R. Francillo*
9	*P. Beaumont*
10	*A. Bierbaaler*
11	*G. Dimitry*
12	*P. Poulock*
13	*M. Openshaw*
14	*J. Allman*
15	*D. Halpin*
16	*P. Erickson*
17	*R. Laufer*
18	*C. Tettlebach*
19	*T. Dalton*
20	*M. McCracken*
21	*M. Dvorak*
22	*B. Drummond*
23	*M. Lyons*
24	*K. Dixon*
25	*J. Hemmen*
26	*T. Campbell*
27	*J. Cordle*
28	*M. Balow*
29	*S. Coulter*
30	*R. Miranda*
31	*B. Murtha*

Row 1:
1 Adams, Chris
2 Caputo, Lisa
3 Johnston, Jeffrey
4 Melton, Michael
5 Clay, Layton
6 Chambers, C.
7 Hale, Richard
8 Kirby, Sandra
9 Horine, Kimberly
Row 2:
10 Falkenbach, Laura
11 Cissel, Robert
12 Wagner, Franz
13 Carey, Jacquelyn
14 Kelly, Steven
15 Woods, David
16 Raines, Todd
17 McCord, John
18 Smith, Eric
19 Beel, Joseph
20 Mellecker, Daniel
Row 3:
21 Whalen, John
22 Sobka, Scott
23 Clinch, Kevin
24 Callahan, Shawn
25 Grace, Stephen
26 Brown, Roger
27 Gregory, Michael
28 Ottinger, Michael
29 Newhart, Dale
NOT PICTURED:
Bishop, Peter
Ing, Rudolf
Weist, Kathleen

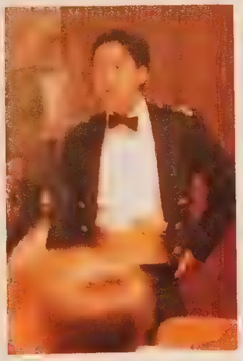


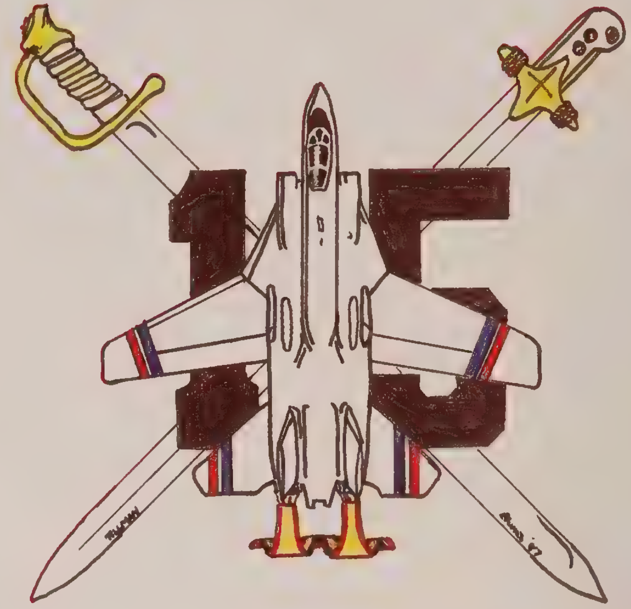
Row 1:
1 Shaw, Stephen
2 Dodges, Curt
3 McKinney, Anthony
4 Jackson, Jayson
5 Baca, David
6 Adams, Erik
7 Lloyd, Roger
8 Scheiern, Michael
9 Knapp, Edward
Row 2:
10 Giarrizzo, S.
11 Morrissey, M.
12 Varani, Stephen
13 Macinnis, Daniel
14 Little, Eric
15 Petri, David
16 Conroy, Shawn
17 Mackenzie, Timothy
18 Tonan, Thomas
Row 3:
19 Judge, Thomas
20 Chatelain, John
21 Craig, William
22 Crane, Martin
23 Jackson, Alfred
24 Landkamer, Gregg
25 Davis, James
NOT PICTURED:
Casados, C.
Green, Mark
Hutchinson, A.
Jackson, Terrance
Thurlow, William
Vahsen, James
Wade, Spencer
Weakland, Norman





Row 1:
1 Swanson, James
2 Lucas, William
3 Gary, Fran
4 Lamerson, Sheri
5 Snyder, Daniel
6 Hearn, Thomas
7 Cronin, Jason
8 Leach, Scott
Row 2:
9 Miller, Thomas
10 Clark, Kenneth
11 Huey, Wesley
12 Smith, Frederick
13 Dittmer, John
14 Bays, John
15 Reilly, William
16 Carroll, Michael
17 Permito, Curtis
18 Dambra, Charles
19 Crandell, Jay
Row 3:
20 Kempkes, John
21 Fenner, John
22 Sanchez, Luis
23 Lay, Jeffery
24 Wolf, Timothy
25 Pitrof, Stephen
26 Dick, James
27 Callahan, Timothy
28 Kaiser, Eric
NOT PICTURED:
Ledesma, Roy

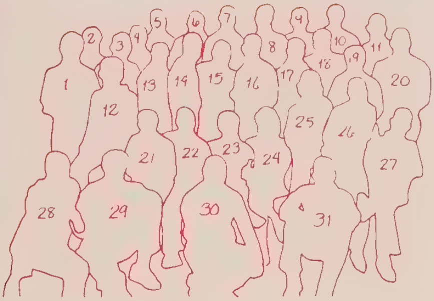




Lt. Michael Mair

FALL STAFF

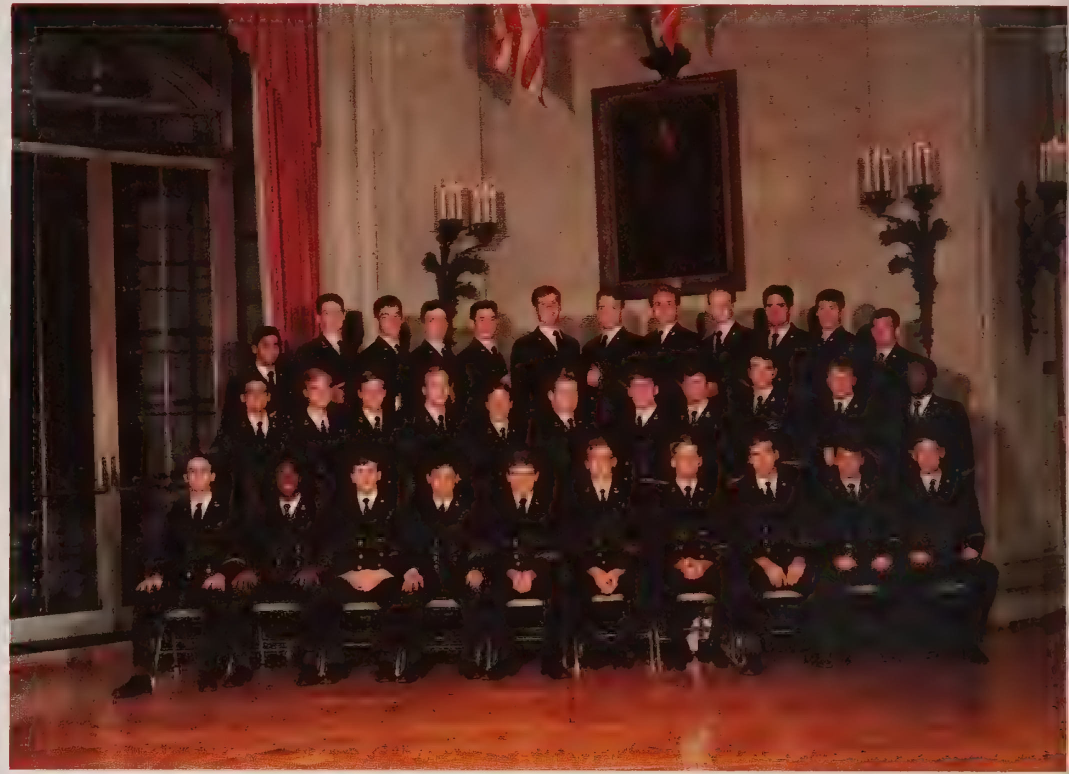
Co. Cdr.	*M/LT Cassetta, Richard*
Sub. Cdr.	*M/LTJG Kymn, Thomas*
Admin.	*M/ENS Quick, Natalie*



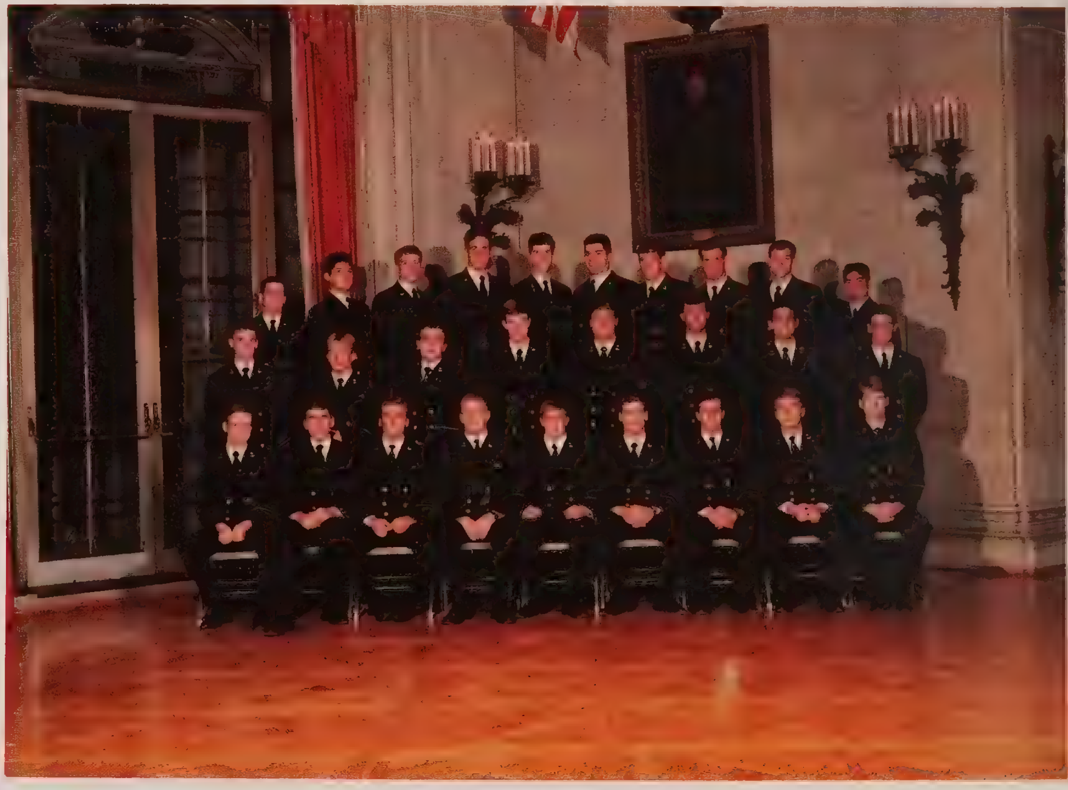
1 Cassetta, Richard
2 Wach, Raymond
3 Bates, John
4 McGinty, Sean
5 Schmitt, Jeffrey
6 Dobbs, Philip
7 Prokopiak, John
8 Nedry, Douglas
9 Knapper, Roger
10 Seutter, Lawrence
11 Terwilliger, David
12 So, Johnson
13 Miller, Nathan
14 Sternberg, C.
15 Lamade, John
16 Murray, Glenn
17 Nowicki, Jonathan
18 Clark, Robert
19 Kymn, Thomas
20 Gomez, Armando
21 Pickerill, T.
22 Koprucv, Feza
23 Quick, Natalie
24 Schmitz, Joanne
25 Grammar, Laurie
26 Bowman, William
27 Czechowski, R.
28 Wise, Timothy
29 Dion, Larry
30 Budicin, Robert
31 Springer, Phillip

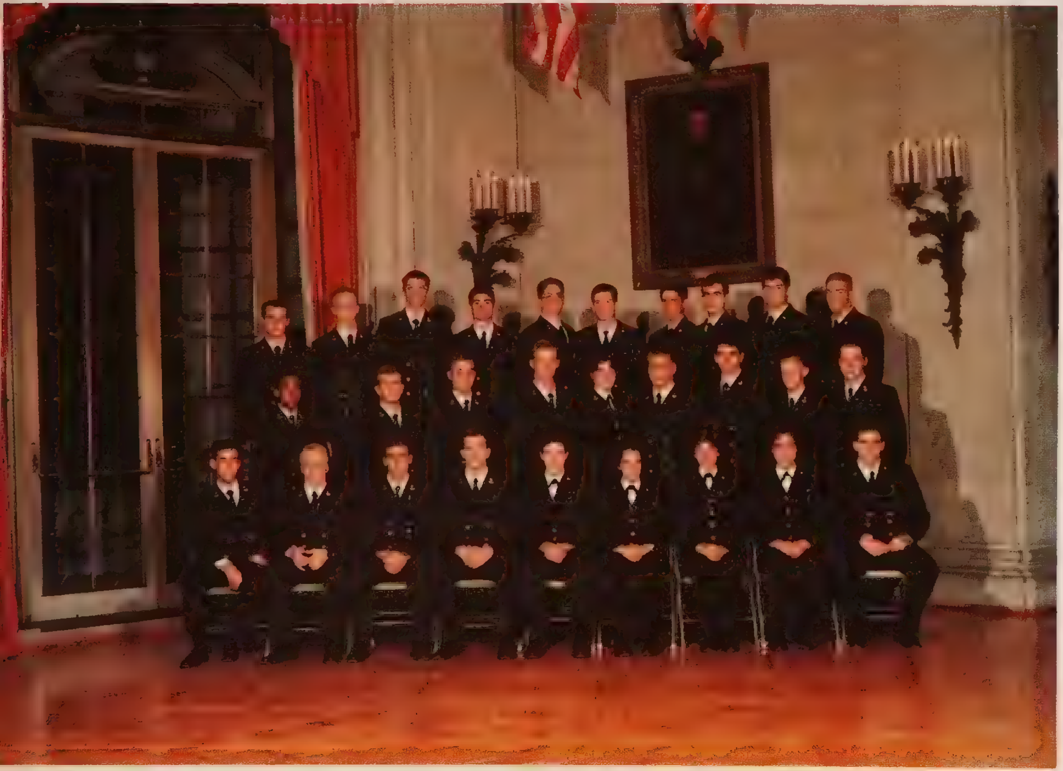
SPRING STAFF
M/LT Murray, Glenn
M/LTJG Nowicki, Jonathan
M/ENS Budicin, Robert

Row 1:
1 Sgrignoli, Rodney
2 Coleman, Austin
3 Brown, Richard
4 Nguyen, Phong
5 Hamman, Jeffery
6 Peterson, David
7 Andreas, Mark
8 Maxwell, Gregory
9 Smith, Charles
10 Meeks, David
Row 2:
11 Albert, Philip
12 Grimson, James
13 Quinn, Eric
14 Boehle, Mark
15 Hodges, C.
16 Weber, Mark
17 Taylor, Michael
18 Gardner, Todd
19 Merritt, Charles
20 Langford, Glen
21 Atkinson, David
Row 3:
22 Hobbib, Thomas
23 Croy, Timothy
24 Walters, John
25 Casey, Michael
26 Derbes, Henry
27 Plofchan, Thomas
28 Henson, Jeffrey
29 Colby, Mark
30 Boelsche, Dan
31 Garcia, Gregory
32 Johannsen, W.
33 Dunn, Patrick

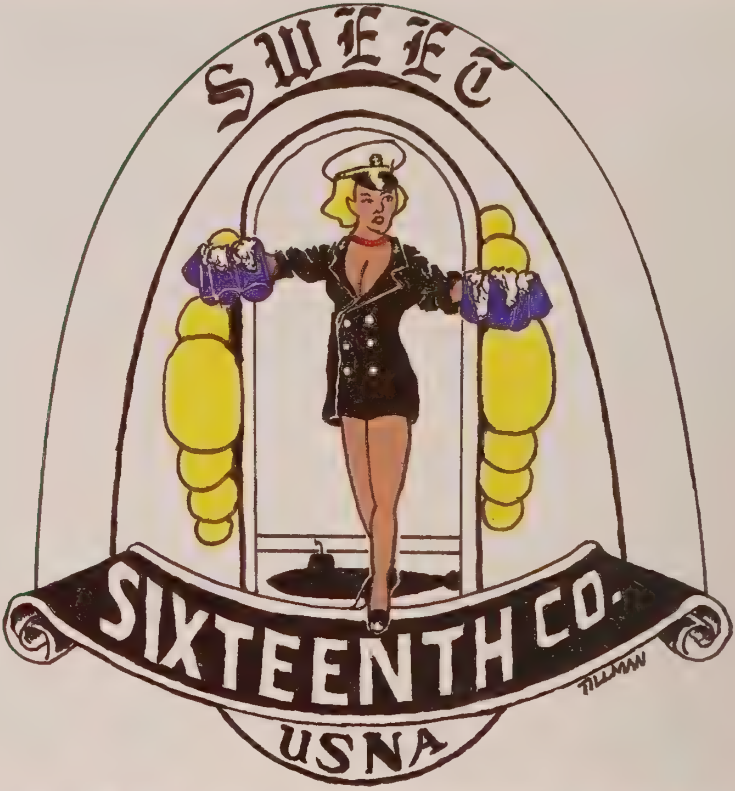


Row 1:
1 Campbell, Glenn
2 Bennett, Jeffrey
3 Dietrich, Peter
4 Dell, Ernest
5 McGee, David
6 Hassenfeldt, J.
7 Starsman, Raymond
8 Ewing, Robert
9 Kwoka, Paul
Row 2:
10 Dalgetty, Michael
11 Barron, Joseph
12 Burger, Robert
13 Short, Edward
14 Zimmerman, L.
15 Lawrence, Gregory
16 Urbina, Steven
17 Warnock, Robert
Row 3:
18 Walls, John
19 Makuch, Chester
20 Napolitano, M.
21 Price, Richard
22 Malloy, Matthew
23 Carriedo, Ruben
24 Roper, Barton
25 Blumenberg, M.
26 Lemek, David
27 Sannicolas, A.
NOT PICTURED:
Dean, Richard
Kersey, Timothy
Maffei, John
Slook, George





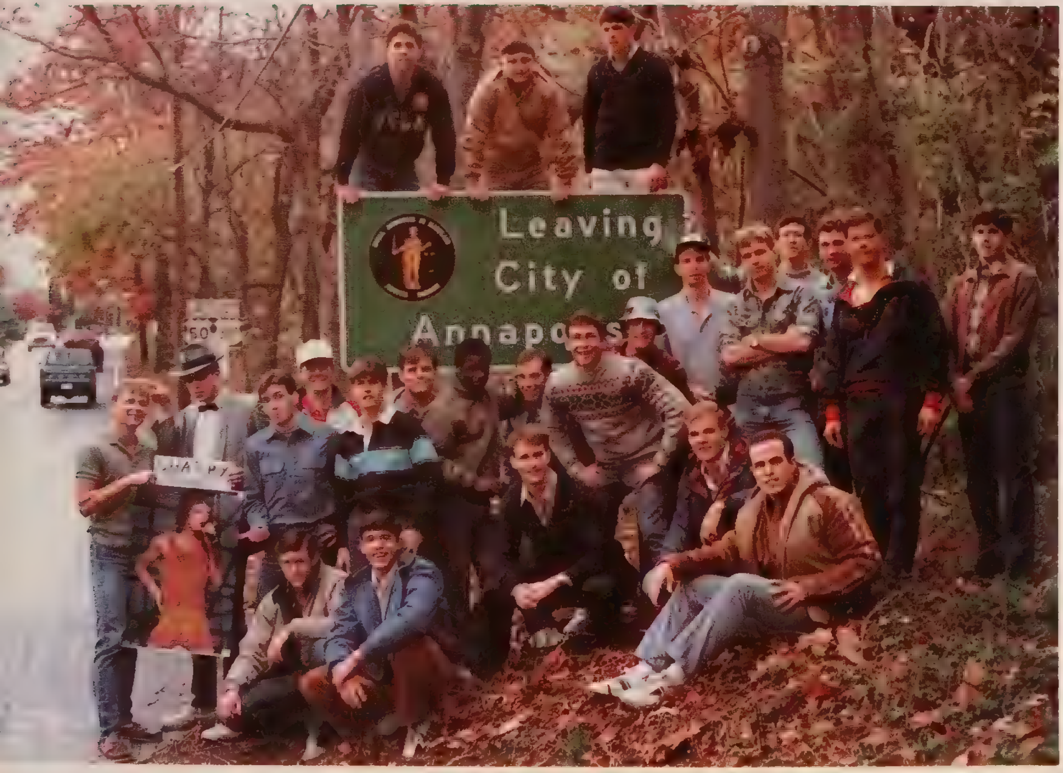
Row 1:
1 Valdes, Joseph
2 Folkerts, Keith
3 Horan, Paul
4 Tluchowski, M.
5 Smith, Jennifer
6 Sullivan, Wendy
7 Hirko, Leslie
8 Rathjen, Lisa
9 Orr, Patrick
Row 2:
10 Higgs, Ronald
11 Buzzard, Gunnar
12 Herrmann, Alan
13 Maroon, Samuel
14 Allen, Kathryn
15 Craig, John
16 Cubbage, James
17 Matthes, William
18 Blumenberg, C.
Row 3:
19 Cobb, Philip
20 Driesbach, Dawn
21 Zymbaluk, Gregory
22 Erdelatz, Scott
23 White, Timothy
24 Bradley, Anthony
25 Rodriguez, R.
26 Pereira, Frank
27 Richards, Dennis
28 Snyder, Daniel
NOT PICTURED:
Patterson, J.

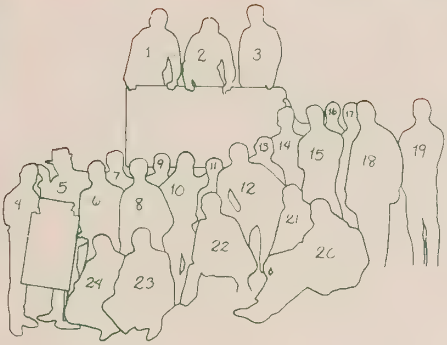

SWEET
SIXTEENTH CO.
USNA
TILLMAN

Lt. Reynaldo Arellano

FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	*Hartman, John*
Sub. Cdr.	*Nenna, David*
Admin.	*Edwards, Michael*


Leaving
City of
HAPPY


1
2
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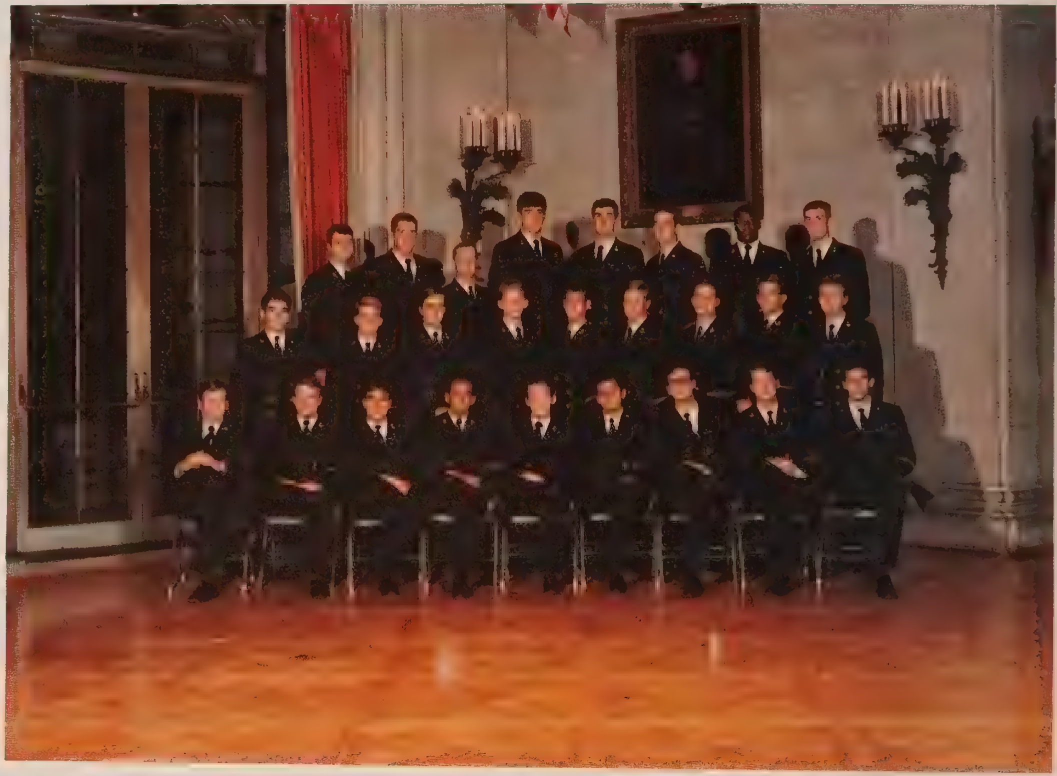
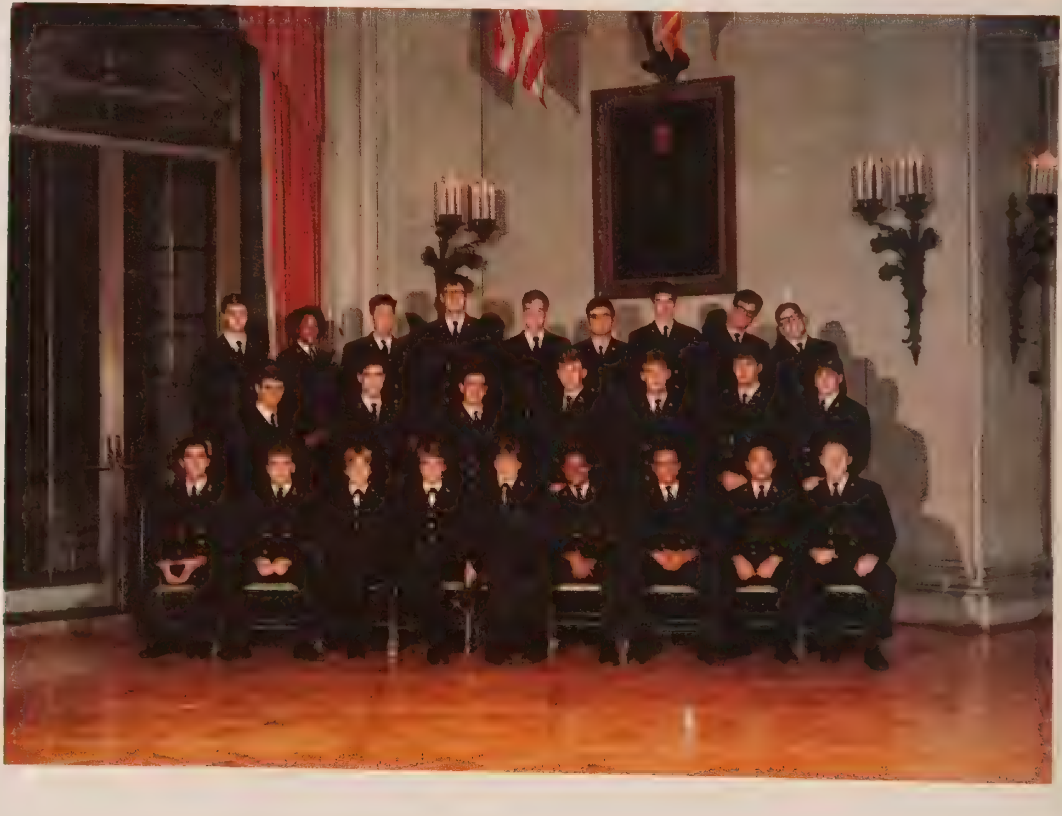
24

1 Nenna, David
2 Baker, Dennis
3 Johns, Michael
4 Osen, David
5 Mann, Kent
6 Smyers, Tracy
7 Sanders, William
8 Roskey, Sean
9 Reimer, Jon
10 Neal, Sherman
11 Edwards, Michael
12 Stephens, Robert
13 Lanier, Stephen
14 Doyle, Joseph
15 Matlosz, Henry
16 Meurer, Andrew
17 Perkins, Charles
18 Mazanec, Warren
19 Smith, Alexander
20 Hartman, John
21 Collins, C.
22 Heys, William
23 Dennin, Edward
24 Chase, Michael

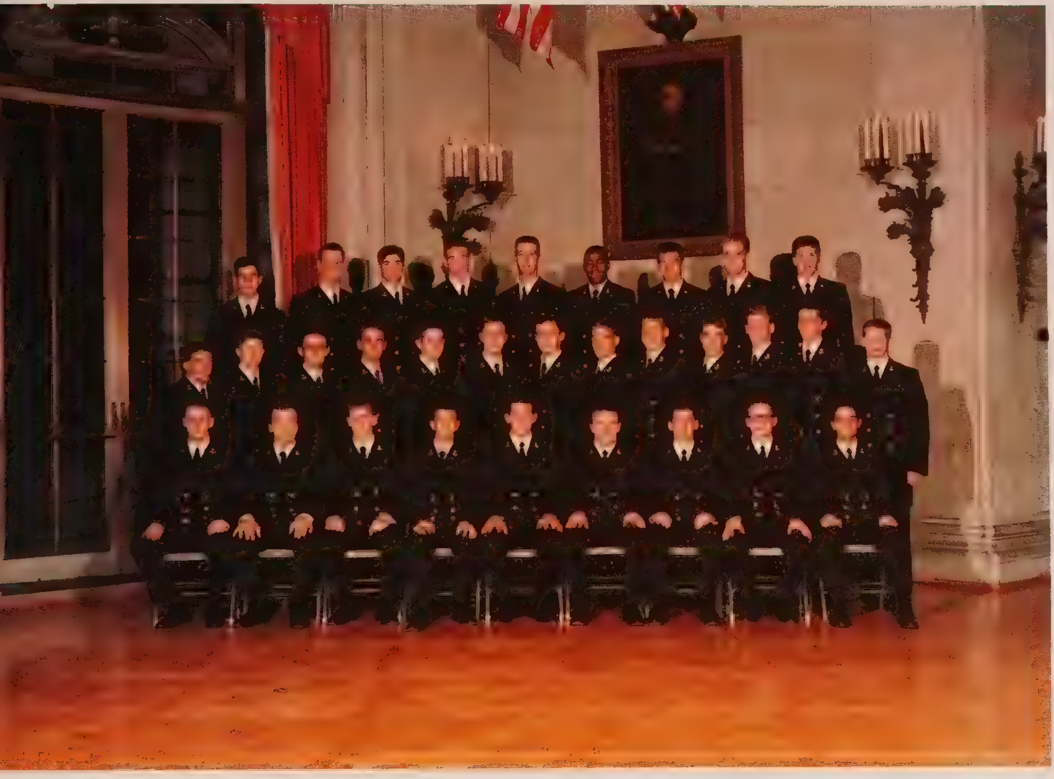
SPRING STAFF
M/LT Smyers, Tracy
M/LTJG Perkins, Charles
M/ENS Chase, Michael



Row 1:
1 Adams, Kenneth
2 Taylor, Craig
3 Fields, David
4 Graham, Michael
5 Libonate, Mark
6 Villar, Reuben
7 Isaminger, Eric
8 Anderson, James
9 Conway, Robert
Row 2:
10 Paul, Andrew
11 Smith, Robert
12 Harris, Billy
13 Drenter, Chris
14 Misiaszek, Alan
15 Mayer, Patrick
16 Soltesz, Peter
17 Bernardi, Jeffrey
18 Benvenutti, E.
Row 3:
19 Franke, Jon
20 Mack, Scott
21 Redmon, Patrick
22 Alexander, Todd
23 Yancigay, John
24 Hull, Jeffrey
25 Mevin, Barry
26 Gibb, Andrew
NOT PICTURED:
Dill, Robert
Groover, William
Logan, Todd
Rist, Joseph
Rosen, Glenn
Stone, William



Row 1:
1 Purano, Robert
2 Paganelli, John
3 Reiber, Deanna
4 Simpson, C.
5 Baczuk, Rebecca
6 Stallings, Herry
7 Atkinson, Craig
8 Bojo, Rudy
9 Vermeulen, M.
Row 2:
10 Janvier, George
11 Kelly, Thomas
12 Luebbe, Paul
13 Malczynski, R.
14 Salit, Paul
15 Kuzy, Robert
16 Testen, Michael
Row 3:
17 Hale, Arthur
18 Turner
19 Broch, Alfred
20 Gately, Bernard
21 Hale, Arthur
22 Pereira, Mario
23 Meenachan, Kevin
24 Wilson, John
25 Calkins, Brett
NOT PICTURED:
Craig, Stuart
Freeman, Karen
Freise, Clark
Holley, Timothy
Kmiec, Kenneth
Koczela, Diane
Russ, John
Turner
Zidbro, Joseph



Row 1:
1 Mykleby, Mark
2 Ortiz, John
3 Bates, James
4 Jordan, Michael
5 Crymes, Jeffrey
6 Sampson, Matthew
7 Suarez, Carlos
8 Truden, Thomas
9 Zengotita, Carlos
Row 2:
10 Oddo, Dominick
11 Sullivan, James
12 Tadlock, Jimmie
13 Woughter, John
14 Elkins, Thomas
15 Walter, C.
16 Janac, Gary
17 Peters, James
18 Wolfe, Scott
19 Hoffmann, Richard
20 Hensley, Jonathan
21 Upham, C.
22 Snoke, Timothy
Row 3:
23 Bonn, Timothy
24 Ropiak, Michael
25 Hilarides, Roger
26 Thompson, Jeffery
27 Jenkins, John
28 Wilson, John
29 Bartkus, Michael
30 Benson, Kirk
31 Allen, Kurt
NOT PICTURED:
Busland, Brad
Hibbler, James
Holloway, Eric

NAVY
N
MIDSHIPMEN

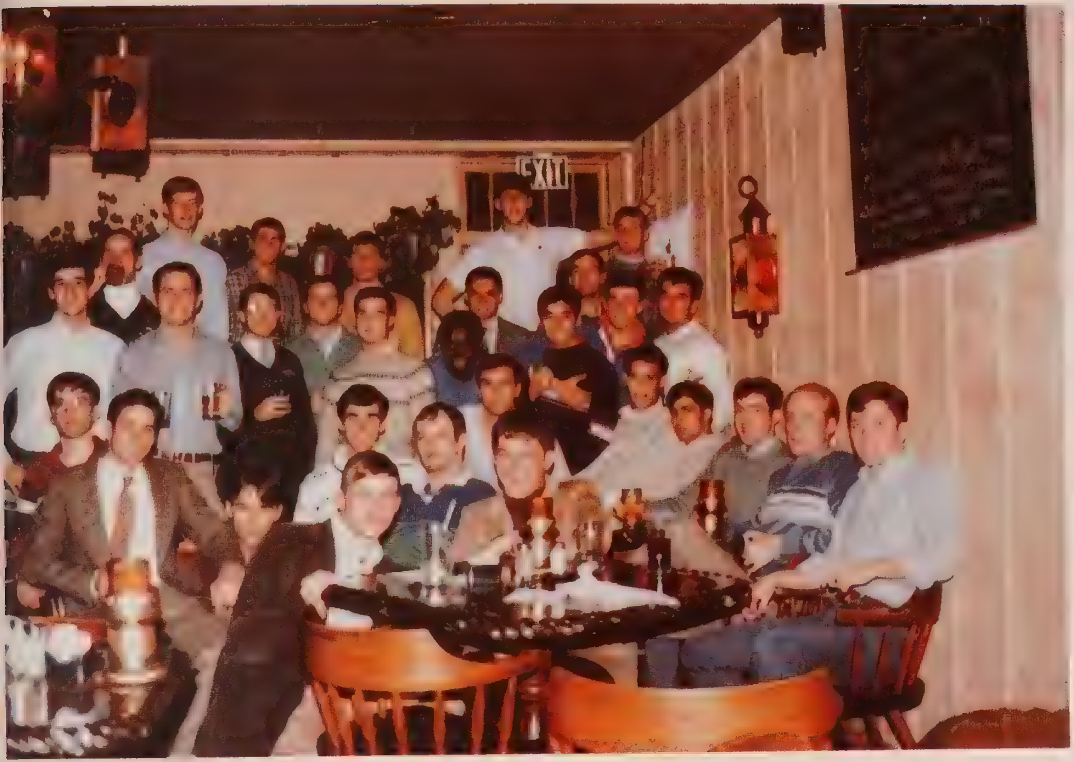
STALAG 17
MDR

Lt. David Armstrong

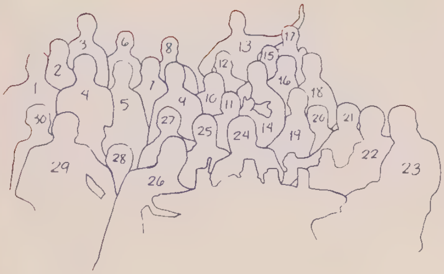
FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	*Whalen, Kent*
Sub. Cdr.	*Sichler, Robert*
Admin.	*Prusinski, Mark*

SEVENTEEN



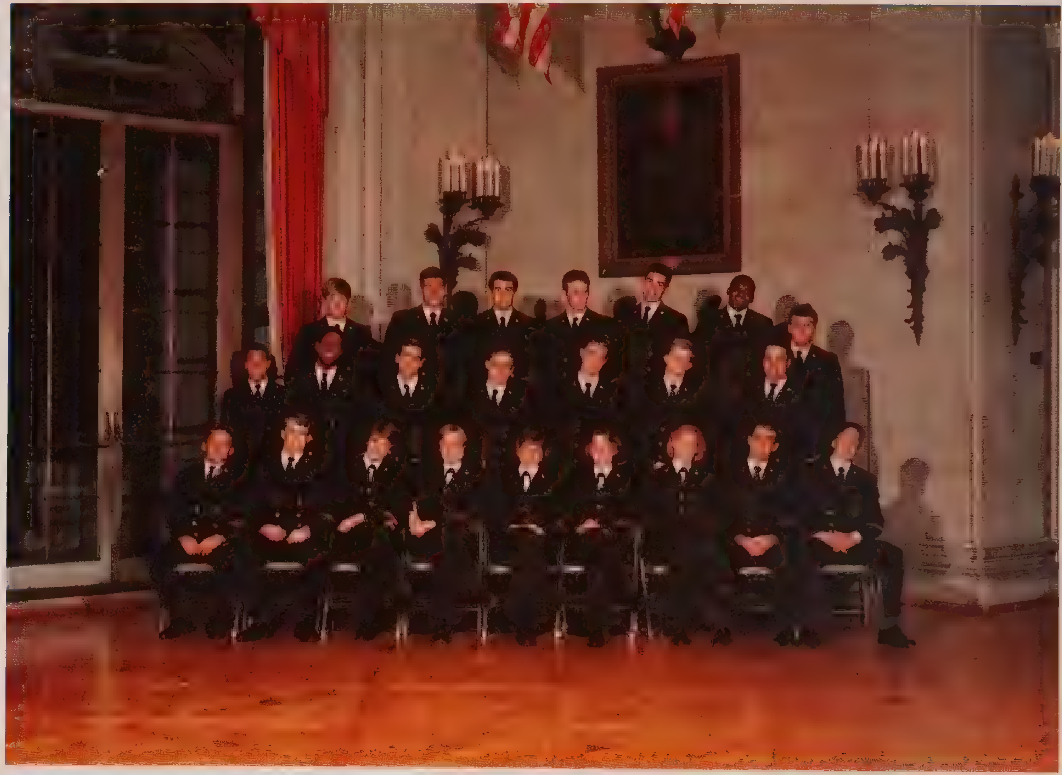
SPRING STAFF
M/LT Swain, Gary
M/LTJG Prusinski, Mark
M/ENS Weidenhammer, William



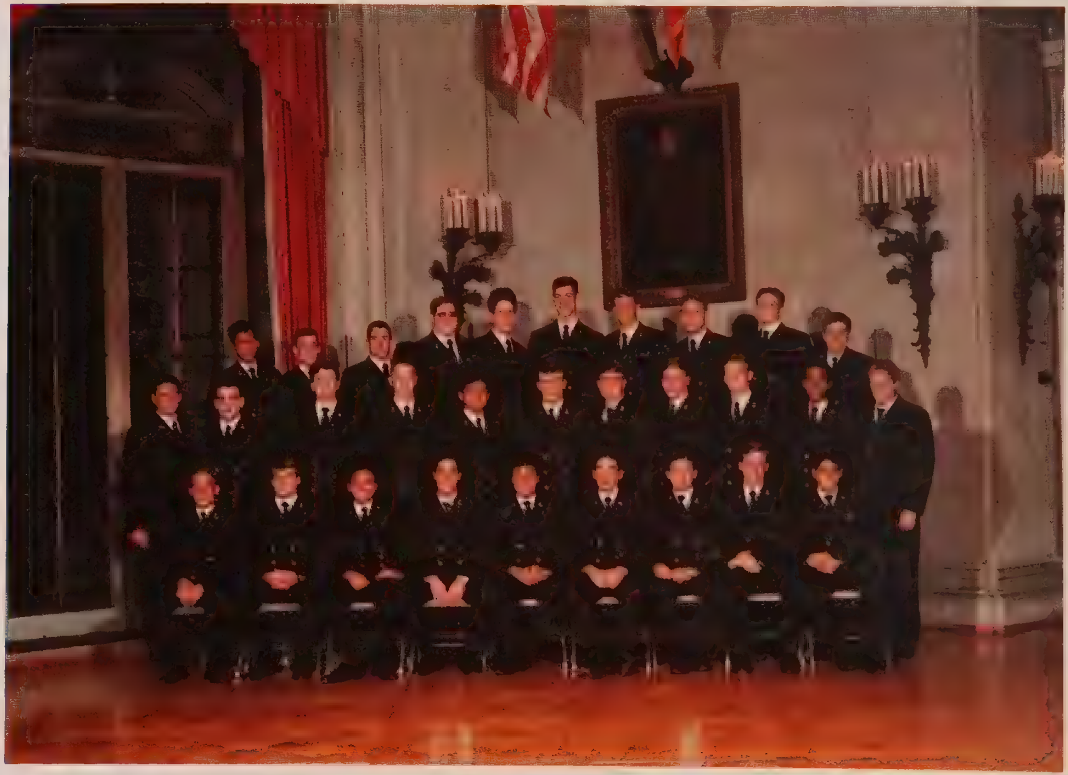
1 Robinson, Mark
2 Rowsey, Robert
3 Whalen, Kent
4 Selbrede, Craig
5 Lerchbacker, John
6 Sichler, Robert
7 Anderson, David
8 Maurer, Clifford
9 Hunt, Tim
10 McKinney, Billy
11 Lihani, David
12 Myers, Robin
13 Weidenhammer, William
14 Pasola, Joseph
15 Salach, Michael
16 Laria, C.
17 Swain, Gary
18 Berko, David
19 Harrison, William
20 Heiss, John
21 McClary, David
22 Faucher, William
23 Moulton, Joseph
24 Harkey, John
25 Gundlach, Robert
26 Zimmer, Geoffrey
27 Prusinski, Mark
28 Freeman, William
29 Witte, Barry

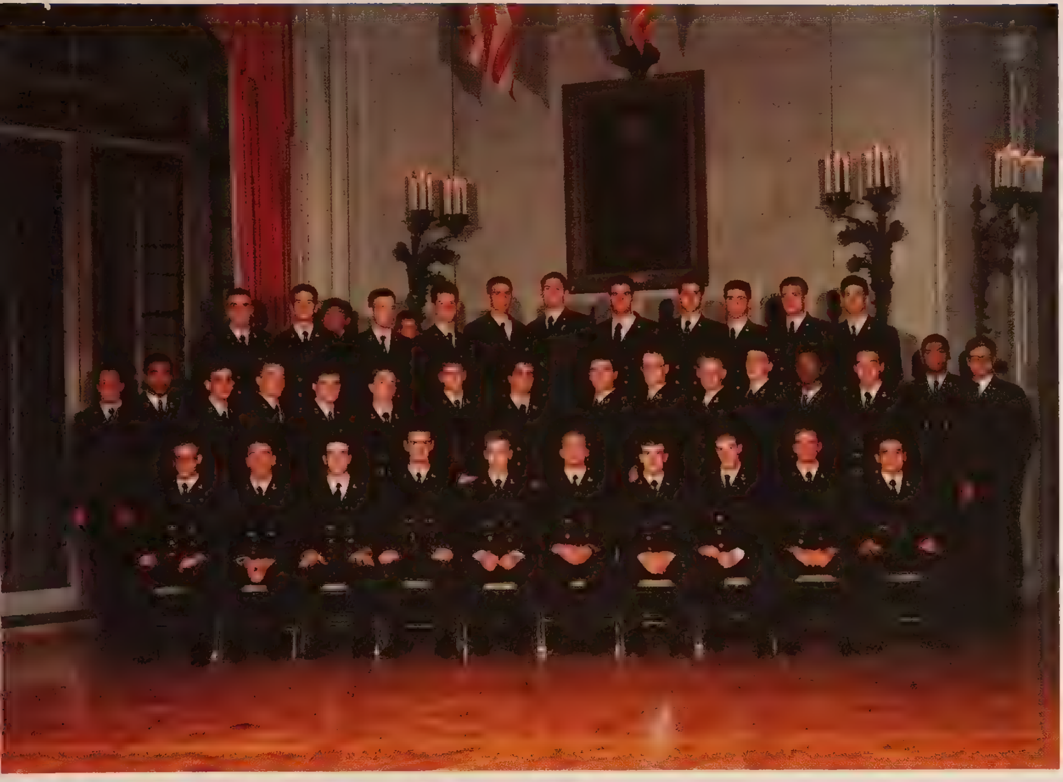
NOT PICTURED
Barker, Lee
Lindsey, James
Romaine, Robert

Row 1:
1 Vance, Robert
2 Noel, Jack
3 Coyne, Ellen
4 Miller, Karen
5 King, Tammy
6 Wiggs, Tracy
7 Graf, Holly
8 Hogsten, Carl
9 Rosner, John
Row 2:
10 Duecker, Jonathan
11 Burke, C.
12 Patton, Sean
13 Bryan, Scott
14 Brown, Michael
15 Strieter, Joel
16 Berdeguez, James
Row 3:
17 Russell, Richard
18 Hitchcock, Marcus
19 Randolph, Michael
20 Wright, Joseph
21 Hunt, Timothy
22 Figgins, Gerald
23 Reich, James
NOT PICTURED:
Ford, Maureen
Martin, Kismine



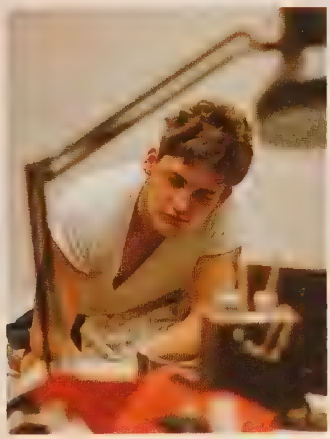
Row 1:
1 Pellegrin, Bryan
2 Solo, Brian
3 Ramil, Quintin
4 Feffer, Mark
5 Cintron, Miguel
6 Leary, Patrick
7 Moore, Brian
8 Newton, Jeffrey
9 Black, Mark
Row 2:
10 Dyson, John
11 Hoffman, Brian
12 Woods, James
13 Barnes, Bradford
14 Regina, Modesto
15 Reich, James
16 Noltkamper, D.
17 Testyon, Richard
18 Ludlam, Joseph
19 Lawrence, Leonard
20 Ritmiller, David
Row 3:
21 Alegre, Mario
22 Ames, Stephen
23 Duecker, Jonathan
24 Pimpo, David
25 Krieger, Douglas
26 Dragan, William
27 Daugherty, L.
28 Rehwald, Stephen
29 Brown, Curtis
30 Mitchell, Michael
NOT PICTURED:
Bronn, James

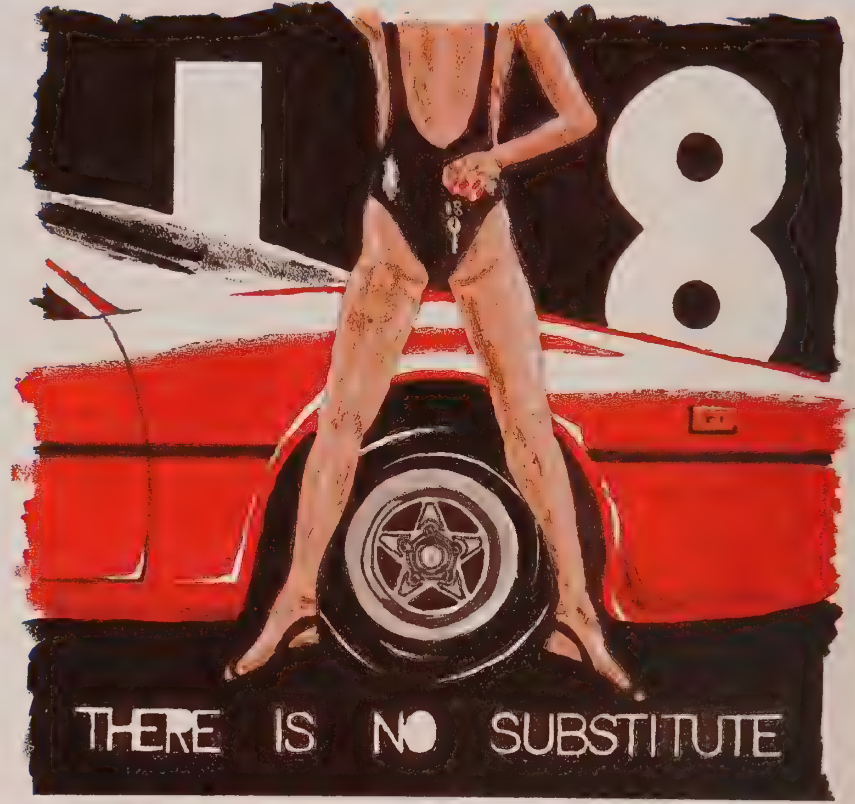




Row 1:
1 Wirth, Charles
2 Weigert, Michael
3 Coyne, Thomas
4 Videll, Joseph
5 Brasek, Thomas
6 Miller, Gregory
7 Hayden, John
8 Hamilton, Patrick
9 Spencer, Keith
10 Diggle, Anthony
Row 2:
11 Duecker, Jonathan
12 Woolfolk, Eric
13 Brill, Roger
14 Rademacher, Lon
15 Brooks, Michael
16 Morgan, James
17 Dyc, Dennis
18 Attisani, David
19 Krogue, Kenneth
20 Hill, Michael
21 Biddinger, David
22 Neumann, William
23 Merritt, Howard
24 Brandt, Philip
25 Dugger, Lazaurnel
26 Testyon, Richard
Row 3:
27 Avery, C.
28 Renberg, David
29 Raymond, James
30 Hardy, Todd
31 Quast, John
32 Clarke, Russell
33 Duke, James
34 Lelio, James
35 Ferguson, Randy
36 Stratton, Patrick
37 Daniels, Charles
38 Regina, Modesto
39 Ames, Stephen
NOT PICTURED:
Sims, Robert
Sullivan, Edward

NAVY
WRESTLING



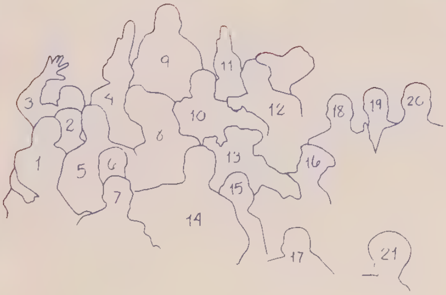

18
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Lt. John Cramer

FALL STAFF

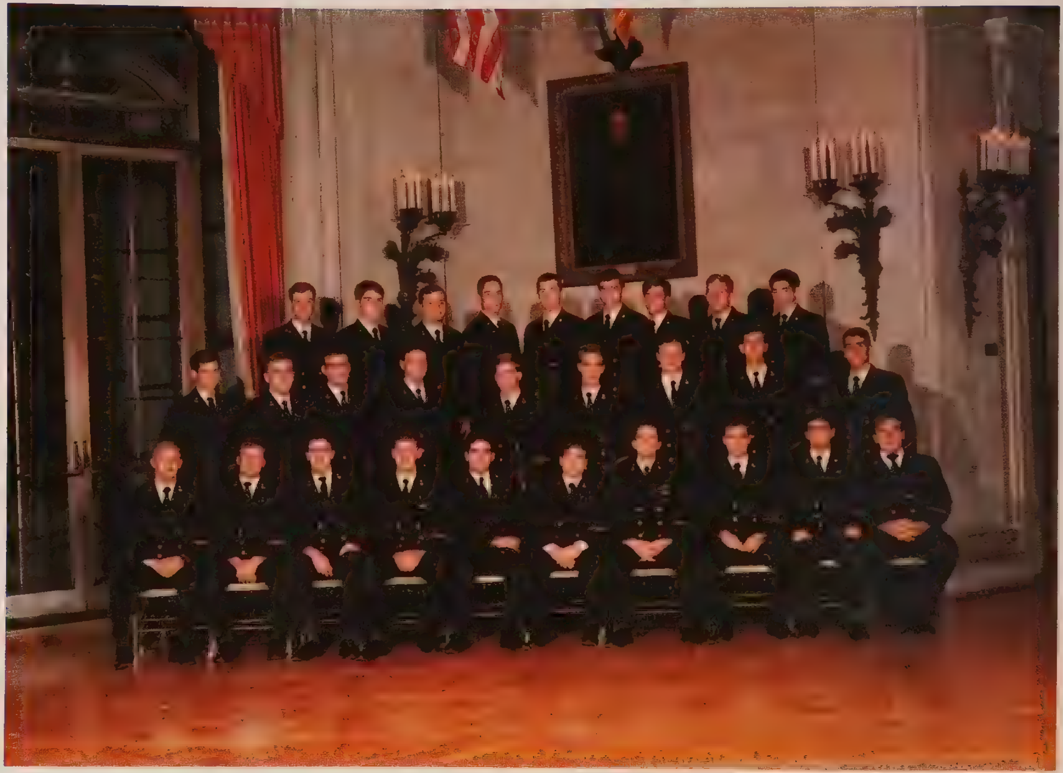
Co. Cdr.	*Sexton, Roy*
Sub. Cdr.	*Hedges, Stephen*
Admi.	*Kilday, Kent*

SPRING STAFF
M/LT Callaghan, Daniel
M/LTJG Lee, Richard
M/ENS Caldwell, David

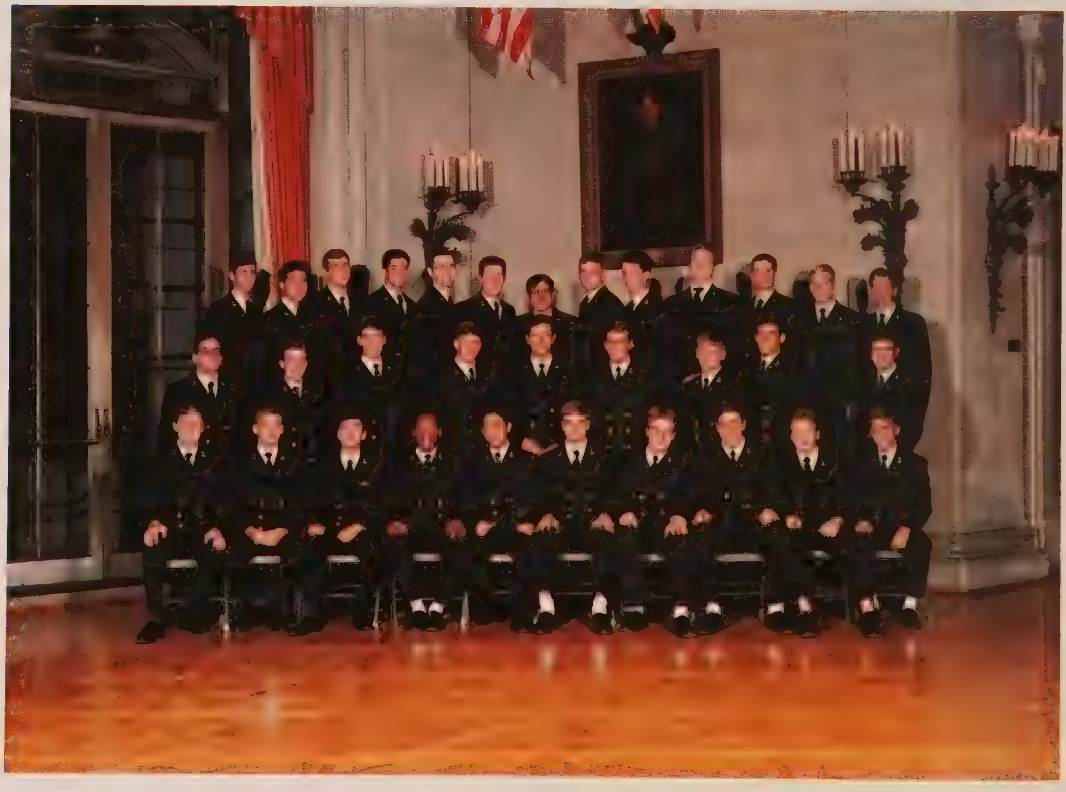


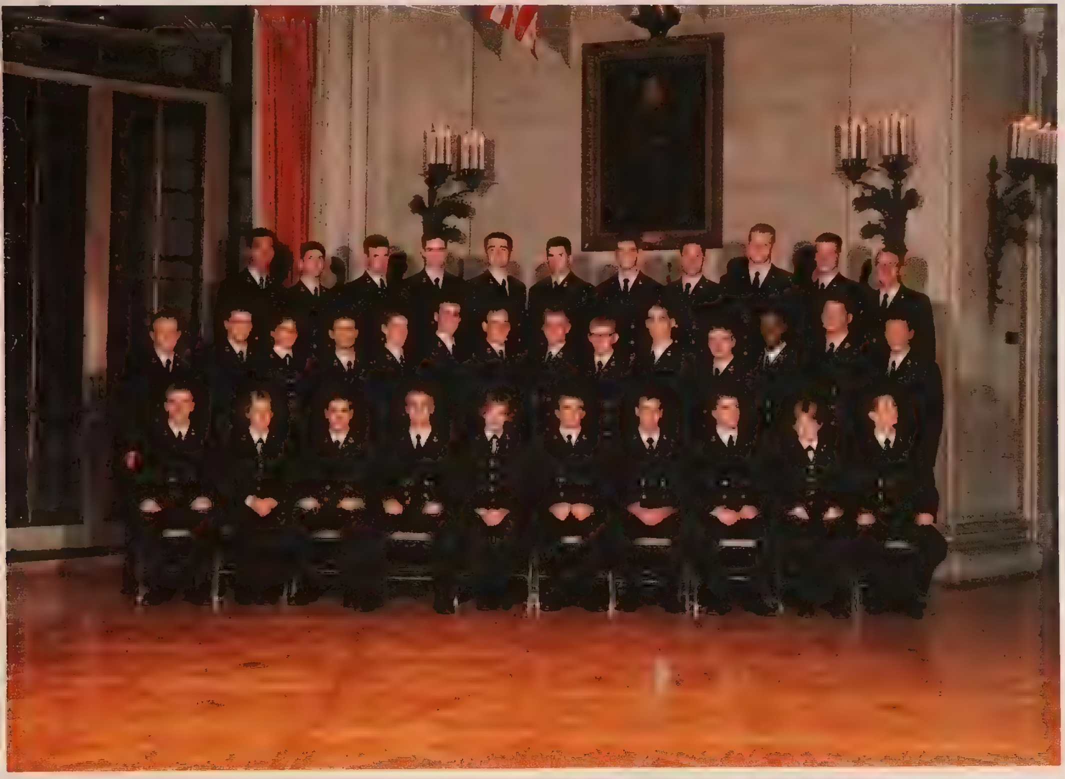
1 Tolg, Anne
2 Karpick, Gregory
3 Sheldahl, Richard
4 Chipkevitch, Mary
5 Sexton, Roy
6 Kilday, Kent
7 Richardson, R.
8 Callaghan, Daniel
9 Orren, Scott
10 Darden, Ronald
11 Doster, Daniel
12 Downing, Thomas
13 Talamantes, C.
14 Clark, Lawrence
15 Winering, Karen
16 Lee, Richard
17 Shepherd, Michael
18 Caldwell, David
19 Brumley, David
20 Hedges, Stephen
21 Aiken, Robert

Row 1:
1 Olson, Todd
2 Smith, Gregory
3 Malick, Thomas
4 Solgere, Andrew
5 Hickey, Laurence
6 Nolan, William
7 Walker, Jeffrey
8 Nowak, Richard
9 Morris, David
10 Hillman, Simon
Row 2:
11 Milowicki, Gene
12 Higgins, William
13 Habel, Gregg
14 Johnson, William
15 Saxman, Brian
16 Geis, Randall
17 McGiffney, G.
18 Huggins, Michael
19 More, Bradley
Row 3:
20 Brightwell, J.
21 Marshall, Thomas
22 Gunsallus, Frank
23 Smith, Charles
24 Wood, Dakota
25 Yniguez, Mark
26 Miley, John
27 Diest, David
28 Andow, Andrew
NOT PICTURED:
Higgins, William



Row 1:
1 Gephart, John
2 Neal, John
3 Vincent, Gilbert
4 McMichael, G.
5 Perez, Dionysis
6 Reinhart, James
7 Tillman, E.
8 Sita, Paul
9 Horneff, Jeffrey
10 Crumblish, Mark
Row 2:
11 Whelan, Jeffrey
12 Furey, Thomas
13 Mehalko, Eric
14 Rucker, Jeffrey
15 Petersen, Forrest
16 Maillet, Thomas
17 Dougherty, C.
18 Iiams, Kevin
19 Jarusewski, Alan
Row 3:
20 Kitchen, William
21 Current, Gerard
22 Coe, James
23 Hanlon, Douglas
24 Connolly, N.
25 Arredondo, A.
26 Bellinger, M.
27 Driftmier, David
28 Cannon, Sean
29 Horney, Aaron
30 Ohman, James
31 Lawrence, Taylor
NOT PICTURED:
Koehr, John
Ryder, James
Sprayberry, H.





Row 1:
1 Harris, Roger
2 Moser, Heidi
3 McGonan, John
4 Fritts, Peter
5 Joyner, Karen
6 Kiess, Michael
7 Dabney, Andrew
8 Thomure, Timmy
9 McCloud, T.
10 Panchyshyn, S.
Row 2:
11 Little, Eric
12 Walters, John
13 Helmers, Julie
14 Shabert, Cary
15 Broshkevitch, M.
16 Brake, John
17 Adams, Thomas
18 Groothuis, Marc
19 Burns, David
20 Hendrickson, D.
21 Wickerson, Andrew
22 Nickels, Trent
23 VanHorn, Kent
24 Titus, John
Row 3:
25 Deleon, Joseph
26 Thomassy, C.
27 Coughlin, Sean
28 Burns, Robert
29 Money, James
30 Fulp, John
31 Shamblin, Brian
32 Hardig, John
33 Carter, Gary
34 Misch, Robert
35 Augenstein, Roger
NOT PICTURED:
Eyers, Jeffrey
Miles, Mary

N

Second Regimental Staff

M/CDR Konrad Kircher, Cdr; M/LCDR Blaise, Scioli; Sub-Cdr; M/LT Christian Haugen, Operations; M/LT Neil Duffy, Administrative M/LT John Hamann, Adjutant; M/LT Joel Bishop, Supply.

M/CDR Andrew Pulliam, Cdr; M/LCDR Lantz Ellis, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Brian McIlvaine, Operations; M/LT Eric Meyer, Administrative; M/LT Richard Dohoda, Adjutant; M/LT Vencent Donlan, Supply.

Fourth Battalion

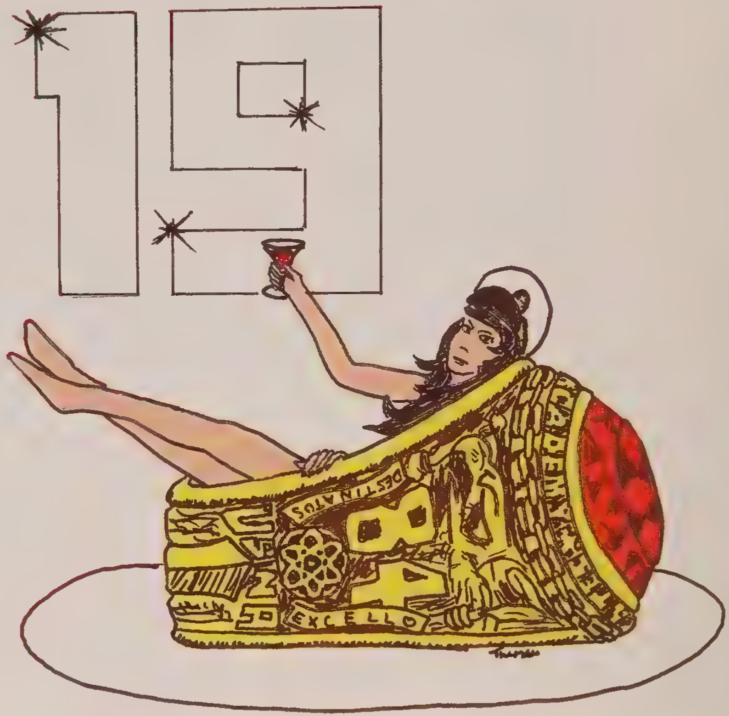
Cdr. Bergen

SN J. Sheets

Staffs

M/LCDR David Vanderschoot, Cdr; M/LT James Clark, Sub Cdr; M/LT Marc Miller, Operations; M/LTjg Scott Rasplicka, Adjutant; M/LTjg Colin Chaffee, supply; M/LTjg David Ratte, Administrative.

M/LCDR Rebekah Barrish, Cdr; M/LT Jerome Stefanko, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Thomas Cuff, Operations; M/LTjg Edmund Elkin, Adjutant; M/LTjg James Coogan, Supply; M/LTjg James Saver, Administrative.

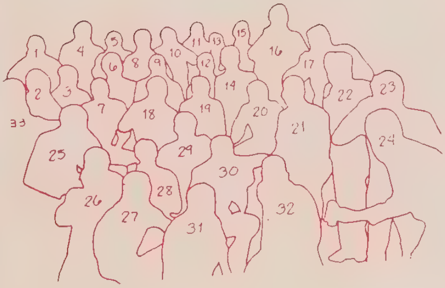

19
ACADEMY
DESTINATUS
EXCELLO

LT. Robert Prodoehl

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Quint, John
M/LTJG Cox, Charles
M/ENS Williams, Gary

NINETEEN

SPRING STAFF
M/LT Elliott, William
M/LTJG Williams, Scott
M/LTJG Arends, Paul

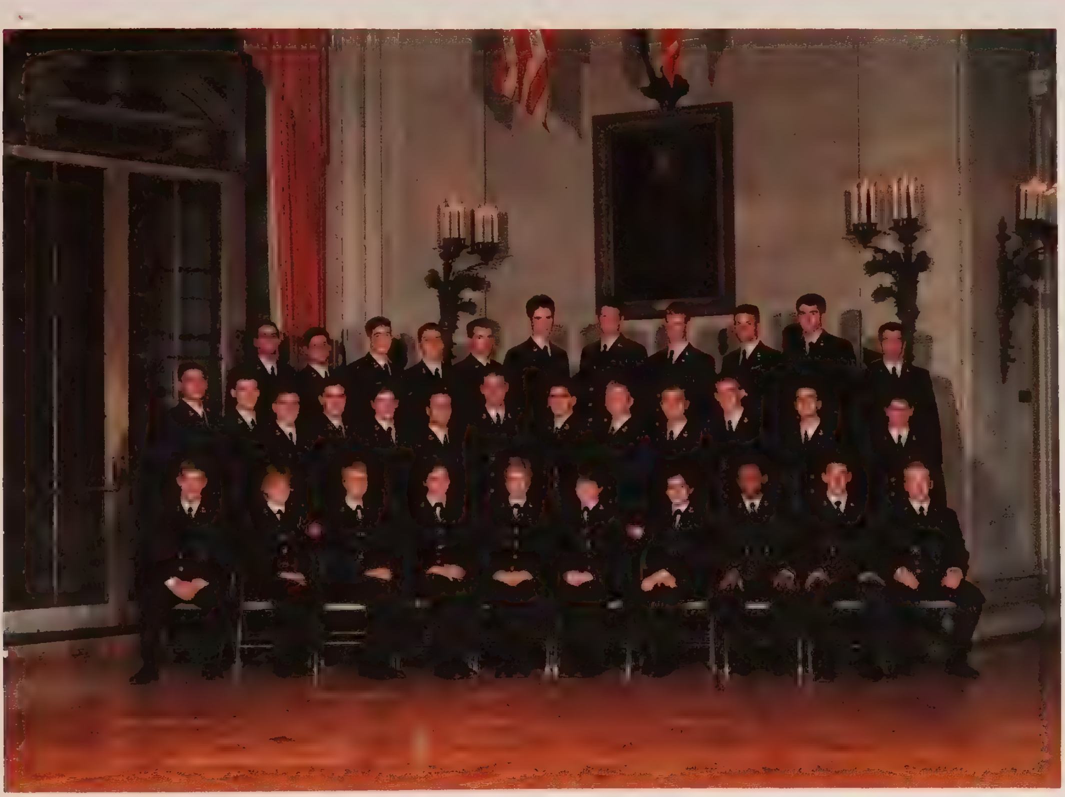


1 Purcell, Michael
2 Hale, Andrew
3 Gellene, David
4 Quint, John
5 Atkin, Scott
7 Shoemaker, Robert
8 Gawryszewski, Paul
9 Jacobson, Matthew
10 Williams, Gary
11 Elliott, William
12 Brandquist, Kurt
13 Brown, Jeffrey
14 Cox, Charles
15 Ellis, Lantz
16 Granier, Mark
17 Burns, Daniel
18 Hall, David
19 Onorati, Anthony
20 Arends, Paul
21 Navin, Gregory
22 Enriquez, Noel
23 Stolarski, Mark
24 Price, Lenny
25 Hamner, Craig
26 McArthur, Stuart
27 Blue, William
28 Voglesang, Scott
29 Hollenbeck, Ronald
30 Rasplicka, Scott
31 Wallace, Matthew
32 Vanderschoot, David
33 Williams, Scott
NOT PICTURED:
Dukes, Curt
Mauro, Anthony

Row 1:
1 Wells, Susan
2 Yetman, Ashley
3 Gross, Allison
4 Bush, Rani
5 Clark, Elizabeth
6 Anderson, Kimberly
Row 2:
7 Henke, Douglas
8 Gradwohl, Michael
9 Hanson, Timothy
10 Williams, Byron
11 Burchell, Wade
12 Reichard, Scott
13 Pimpo, Stephen
14 Barham, Dennis

15 Sheldrup, James
16 Burton, Douglas
17 Budway, James
18 Bell, Walter
19 Betton, Christopher
20 Bongardt, Steven
21 Denman, Charles
22 Syvertsen, James
23 Carlson, Scott
NOT PICTURED:
Bailey, Jane
Bever, Lynne
Garbesi, Gregg
Platt, Samuel
Rutherford, Eric
Sylvester, Thomas

Row 1:
1 Guy, James
2 Emerick, John
3 Quesada, Anthony
4 Ware, Matthew
5 Outlaw, Scott
6 Salvanera, Roland
7 Flores, Jeffrey
8 Houseal, David
Row 2:
9 Malloy, James
10 Schneider, Andrew
11 Whaley, William
12 Sawyer, Neil
13 Needham, Philip
14 Shuma, Anthony
15 Reeger, Christopher
16 Helmers, Scott
17 Collins, Raymond
18 Temple, Keith
19 Dias, Jose
Row 3:
20 Martinelli, John
21 Delia, Jerald
22 Glavy, Matthew
23 Bickford, Brian
24 Procak, George
25 Glaros, Gregory
26 Wentz, Edward
27 O'Donnell, John
28. Maceda, Ulysses
NOT PICTURED:
Delamer, Kevin
Miranda, James



Row 1:
1 *Baker, Robert*
2 *Wall, Maureen*
3 *Balch, Mary*
4 *Mackinnon, Mary*
5 *Rangitsch, Joan*
6 *Clautice, Susanne*
7 *Padilla, Ann*
8 *Morris, Donald*
9 *Lesniak, John*
10 *Nygaard, Daniel*
Row 2:
11 *Lafnitzegger, Eric*
12 *Sanders, William*
13 *Olsen, Robert*
14 *Ewing, Richard*
15 *Buck, Paul*
16 *Hughes, David*
17 *Caldwell, Conrad*
18 *Flood, Michael*
19 *Wagner, Thomas*
20 *Doman, Gabriel*
21 *Sorenson, Matthew*
22 *Tackett, Stephen*
23 *Ivory, Steven*
Row 3:
24 *Roig, Ernesto*
25 *Lukish, Jeffrey*
26 *Felt, George*
27 *Talley, Curtis*
28 *Aldridge, Daniel*
29 *Yoder, Steven*
30 *Jennings, Jeffrey*
31 *Henderson, James*
32 *Turner, Robert*
33 *Lyon, Robert*
34 *Polcari, Michael*
NOT PICTURED:
Dipaola, Joseph
Edenfield, Brad
Henry, Eric
MaGee, Edward
West, David

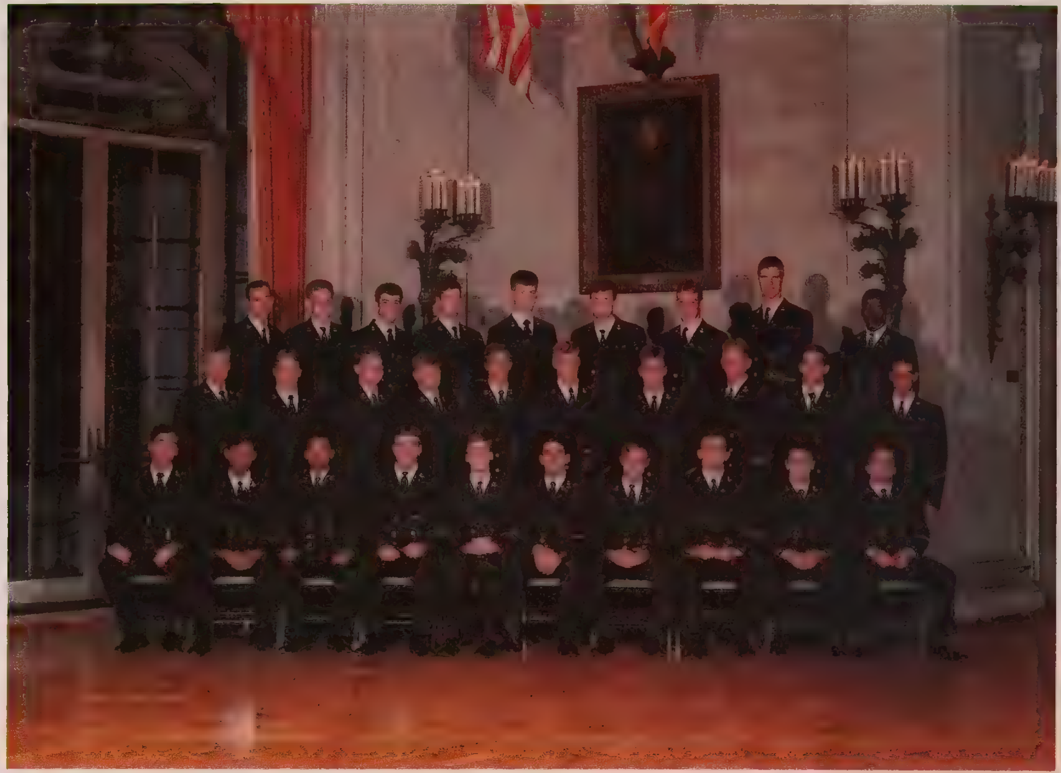
ROARING
TWENTY
BTT
AJC

Lt. Drew Mulhare

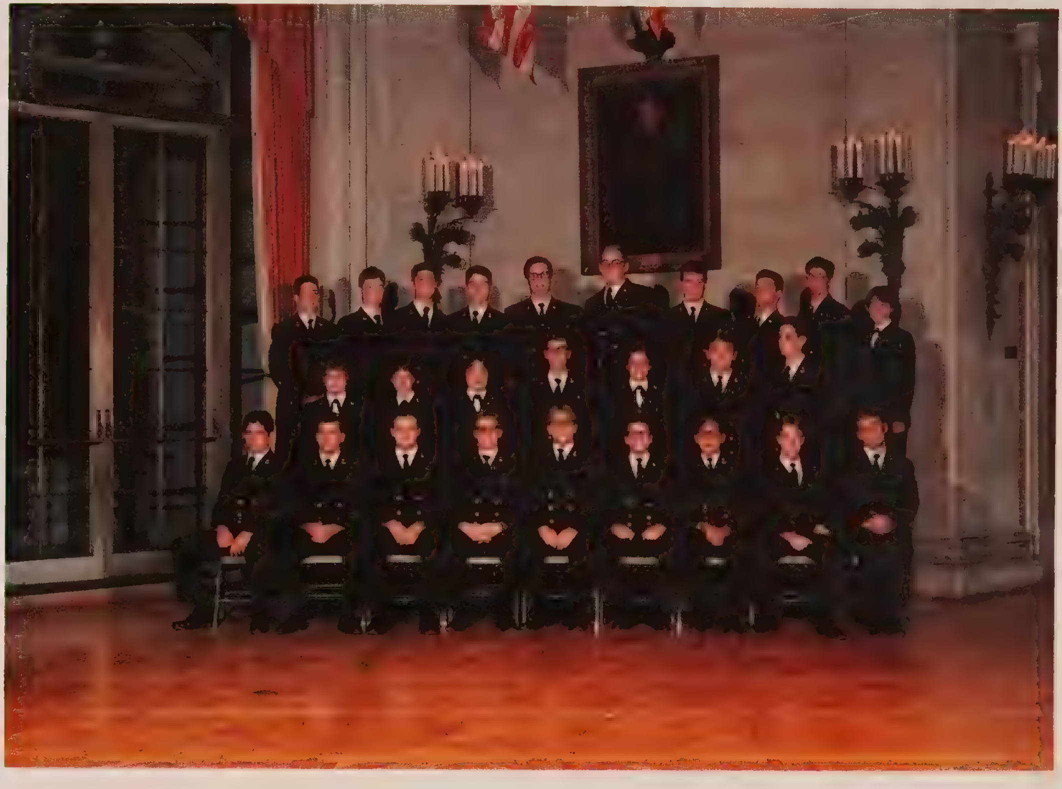
FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT James Hannan
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Richard Cox
Admin. M/ENS Edward McCarthy

SPRING STAFF
M/LT Belt, Warren
M/LT Booth, David
M/ENS Avila, Matthew

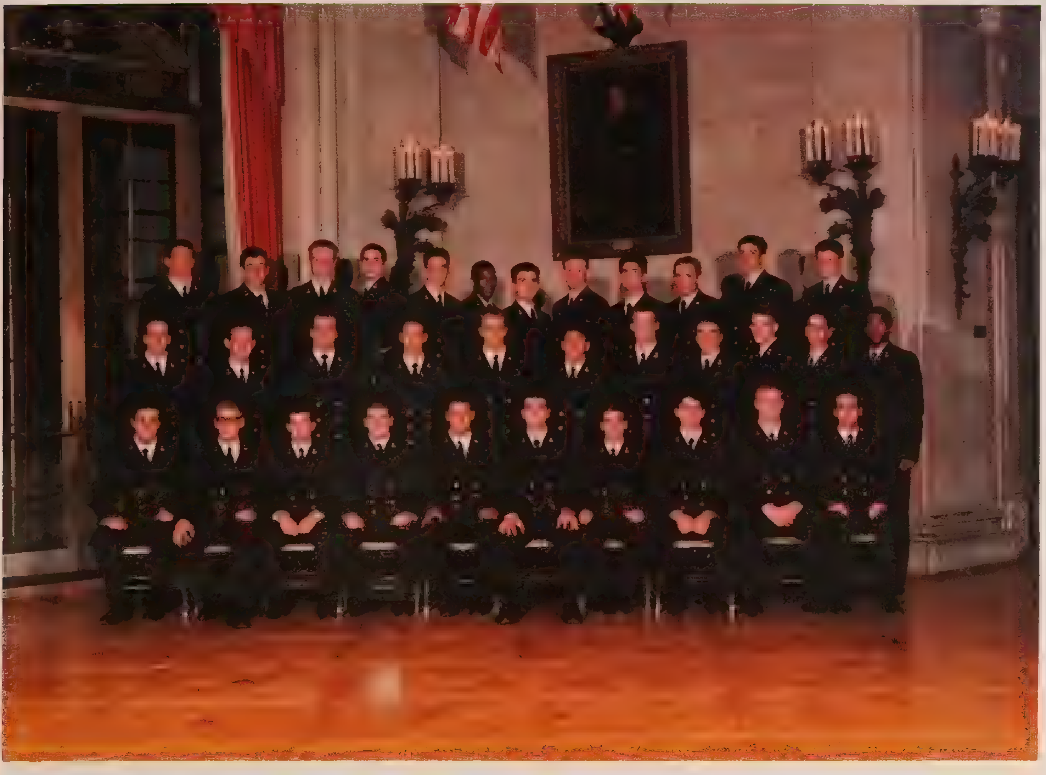
1 Peckenpaugh, Kent
2 Grosskurth, A.
3 Johnson, John
4 Espinosa, Rafael
5 Hannan, James
6 Booth, David
7 Rogers, Timothy
8 Hosch, Willie
9 Wiegert, Robert
10 Heruth, Gregory
11 Belt, Warren
12 Bowie, John
13 Meadows, Thomas
14 Deitz, Thomas
15 Lopez, Michael
16 Cuff, Thomas
17 Ripley, Scott
18 Hayward, A.
19 Frederick, C.
20 Shore, Gregory
21 Dobbs, Michael
22 McCarthy, Edward
23 Bagwell, Charles
24 Wing, Thomas
25 Avila, Matthew
26 Ratte, David
NOT PICTURED:
Cox, Richard
Scott, Kurt



Row 1:
1 Gilmore, David
2 Castillo, Henry
3 Castillo, Arthur
4 Pounchock, Todd
5 Park, Todd
6 Zaccardi, Vincent
7 Mayfield, Howard
8 Mize, Michael
9 Dueker, Scott
10 Thomas, Jeffery
Row 2:
11 Dahlin, Michael
12 Island, David
13 Walzer, Robert
14 Haumer, Michael
15 Polo, James
16 Doyle, Eric
17 Sheehan, Francis
18 Landefeld, Todd
19 Skufca, Joseph
20 Dejoie, Bertel
Row 3:
21 Cue, Kevin
22 Criswell, Philip
23 Merritt, Michael
24 Bates, Troy
25 Oliver, David
NOT PICTURED:
Biggs, Jeffrey
DeGorbitz, Max
Hoyle, Jeffery
Moore, Thomas
Muxlow, Robert
Snow, Richard
Syring, James

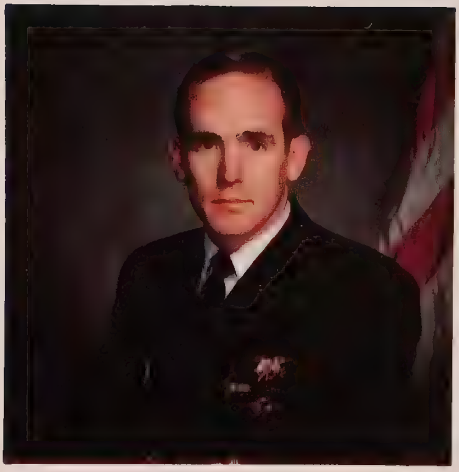


Row 1:
1 Simoes, Thomas
2 Luscher, Thomas
3 Smith, Justin
4 Moore, Nathan
5 Wagner, Todd
6 Bustamente, G.
7 Fresquez, Ricardo
8 Williams, Kenneth
9 Vazquez, Larry
Row 2:
10 Mayeaux, Agnes
11 Caballero, Denise
12 Davidson, Sandra
13 McLaughlin, P.
14 Alman, Sharon
15 Burkert, Todd
16 Brown, Thomas
Row 3:
17 Baczkowski, D.
18 Muckelbauer, M.
19 Ball, Donald
20 Gureck, William
21 Landwehr, David
22 Dunn, Craig
23 Morgan, Russell
24 Sommer, John
25 Hornberger, J.
26 Roberts, Ellen
NOT PICTURED:
Allen, Brian
Bijak, Francis
Collins, Thomas
Green, Collin
Hellman, Matthew
Metzger, Thomas



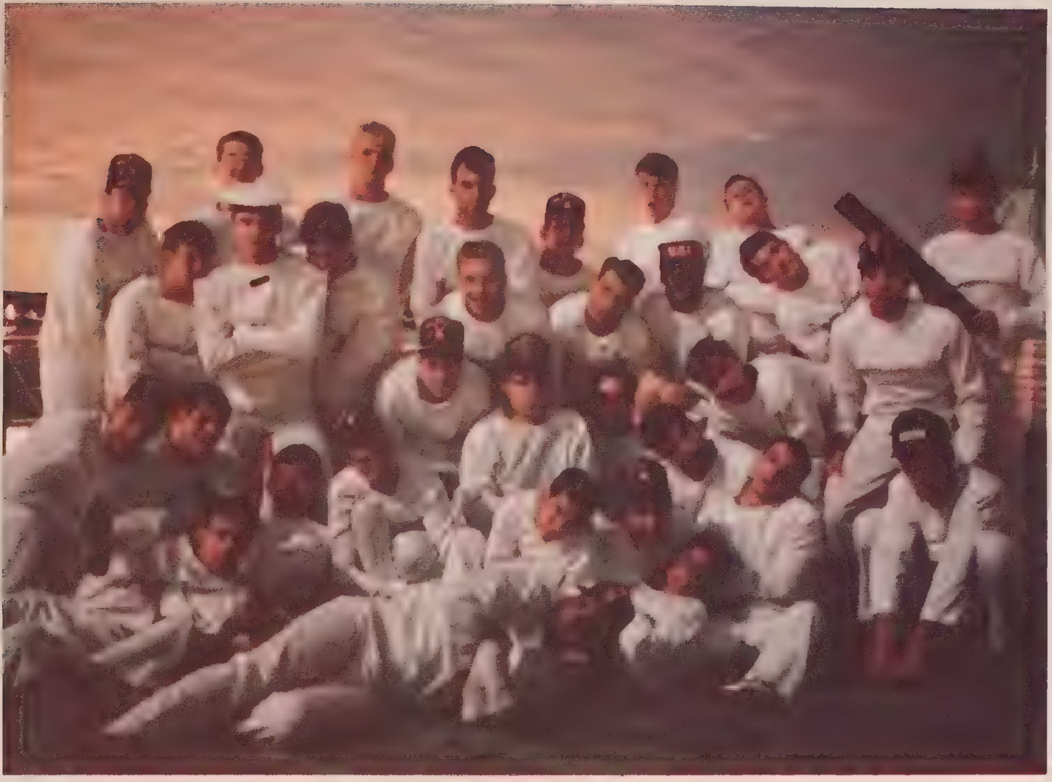
Row 1:
1 Aiay, Michael
2 Pecherek, Bryan
3 Moroney, Kevin
4 Schoenbucher, P.
5 Hall, John
6 Meoli, Dominic
7 Laible, Henry
8 Doherty, Daniel
9 Ross, Kenneth
10 Friend, Timothy
Row 2:
11 Levins, Richard
12 Fay, Christopher
13 Firlie, Marc
14 Cotten, Gregory
15 Hodges, C.
16 Lee, Curtis
17 Scharf, Shawn
18 Monroe, James
19 Hemela, David
20 Roth, Stephen
21 Wilson, Frank
Row 3:
22 Plantz, Robert
23 Stefanon, Gregory
24 Jones, Logan
25 Weiner, Michael
26 Dutch, David
27 Hughes, Arthur
28 Glenn, Walter
29 Roberson, Rob
30 Wrenn, Kenneth
31 Klimas, Anthony
32 Ryan, Michael
33 Eversole, Joseph
NOT PICTURED:
Quinn, Patrick

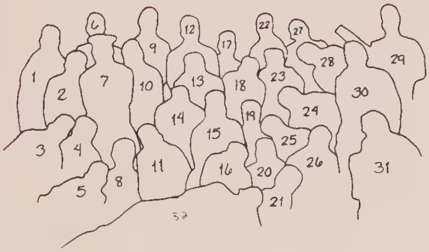
BUCK TOWN
21


Lt. Douglas Lowe

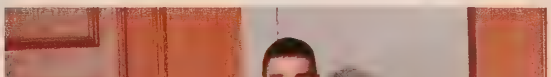
FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Douglas Suriano
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Daniel Adams
Admin. M/ENS Robert Ernst

TWENTY-ONE



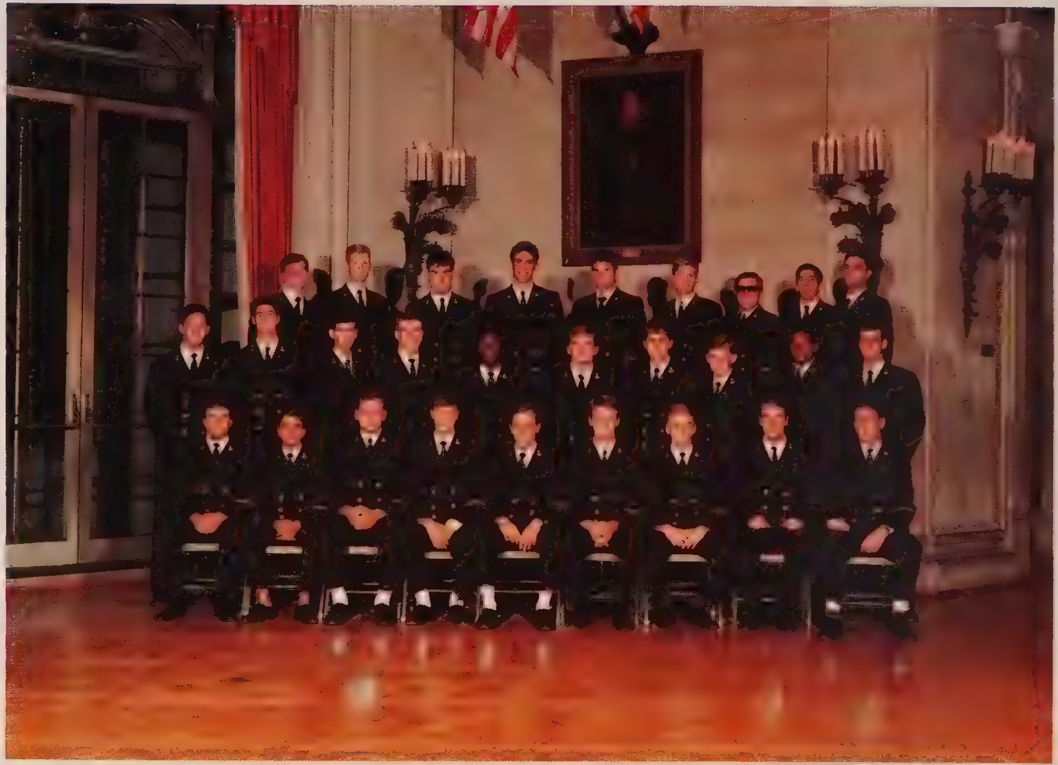


1 Mullenhard, Peter
2 TaJiri, James
3 Spearing, Scott
4 Suriano, Doug
5 Armistead, Edwin
6 Montgomery, Wes
7 Hartman, Jon
8 Clark, James
9 Adams, Dan
10 Kowalic, Dave
11 Deal, James
12 Jelepis, Mike
13 Vermaat, Maartin
14 Palmiotto, Nick
15 Turner, Stacy
16 Stefanko, Jerome
17 Ernst, Bob
18 Lazevnick, Jim
19 Mergen, Bill
20 Menendez, Chico
21 Roquebert, Javier
22 Kocher, Bruce
23 Fegan, Fred
24 Newman, Scott
25 Collazo, Ray
26 Wagoner, Keith
27 Gordon, Scott
28 Martini, Chuck
29 Laing, Andy
30 Luke, Tom
31 Griffin, Don
32 Lynch, Chuck

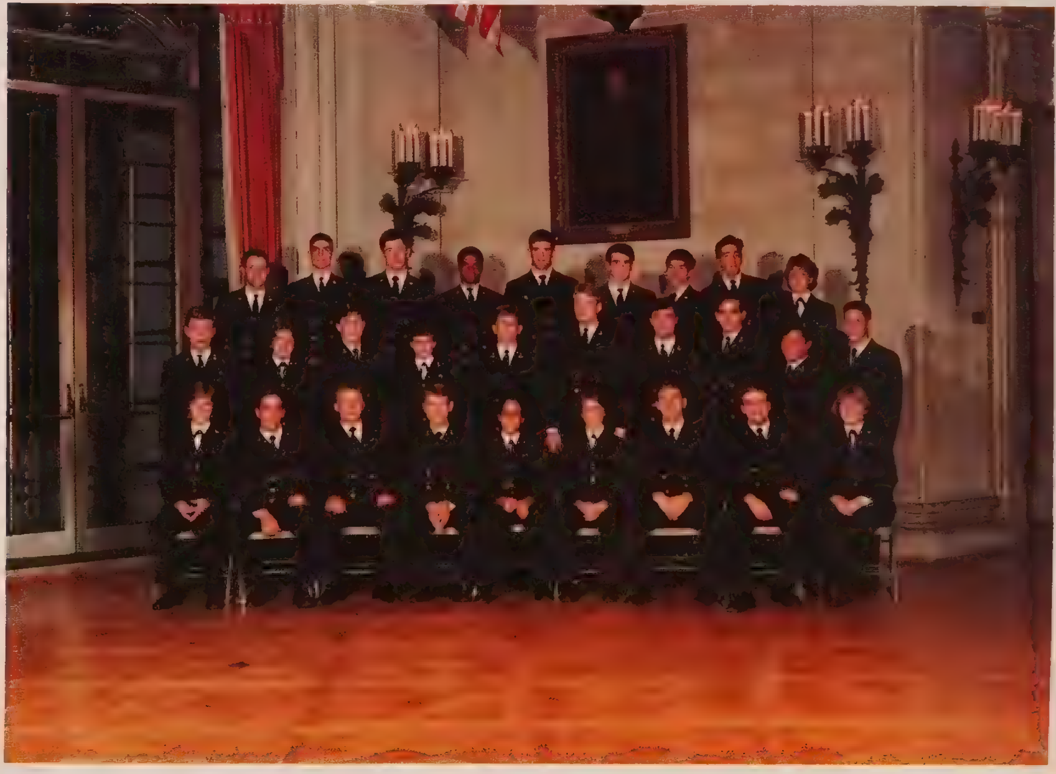


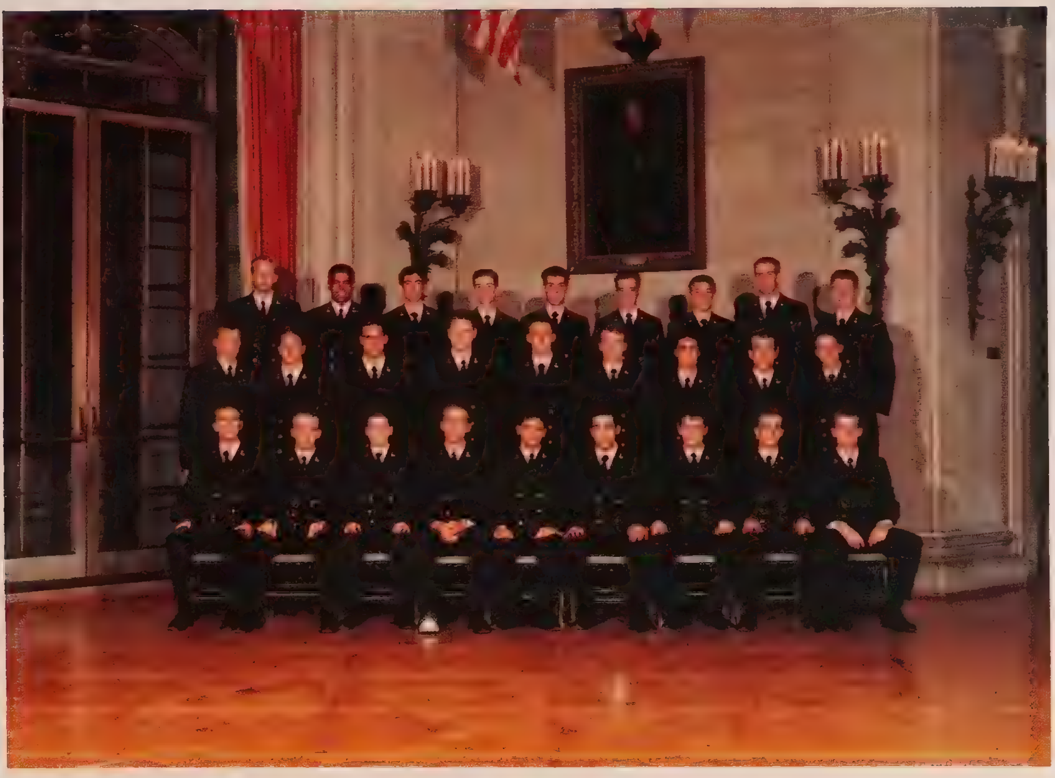
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Jonathan Hartman
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg N. Palmiotto
Admin. M/ENS Scott Newman

1st Row
1 Grossmann, Douglas
2 Campbell, Eric
3 Licholai, Matthew
4 Williams, Daniel
5 Zdanowicz, Andrew
6 Olson, Timothy
7 Pflieger, David
8 Hasty, Mark
9 Peters, Jeffrey
2nd Row
10 Henigan, Lawrence
11 Patton, Kevin
12 Whitehouse, E.
13 Miernicki, S.
14 Flowers, Michael
15 Livingston, Mark
16 Kennedy, Steven
17 Hess, Gregory
18 Parham, Thomas
19 Freitas, Kyle
3rd Row
20 Mullen, Edward
21 Tinney, Timothy
22 Callaghan, T.
23 Moraytis, John
24 McDonald, James
25 Kiefer, Alex
26 Siletzky, Stephan
27 Quinton, Robert
28 Mogelgaard, Erik
NOT PICTURED
Coonrod, Mark
Springer, Cory

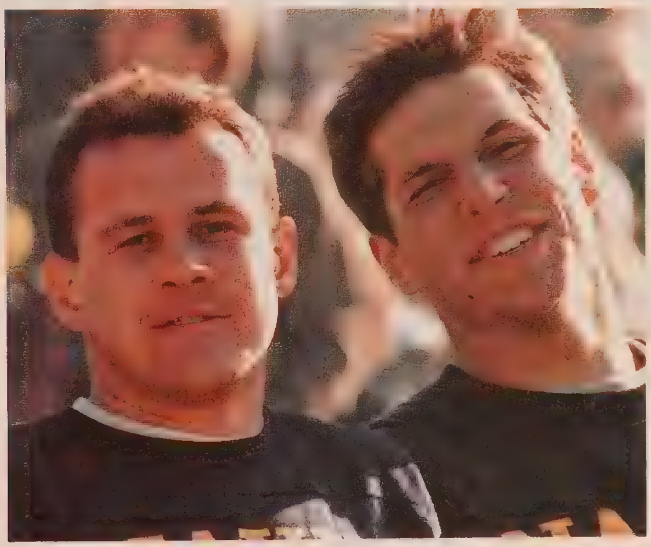


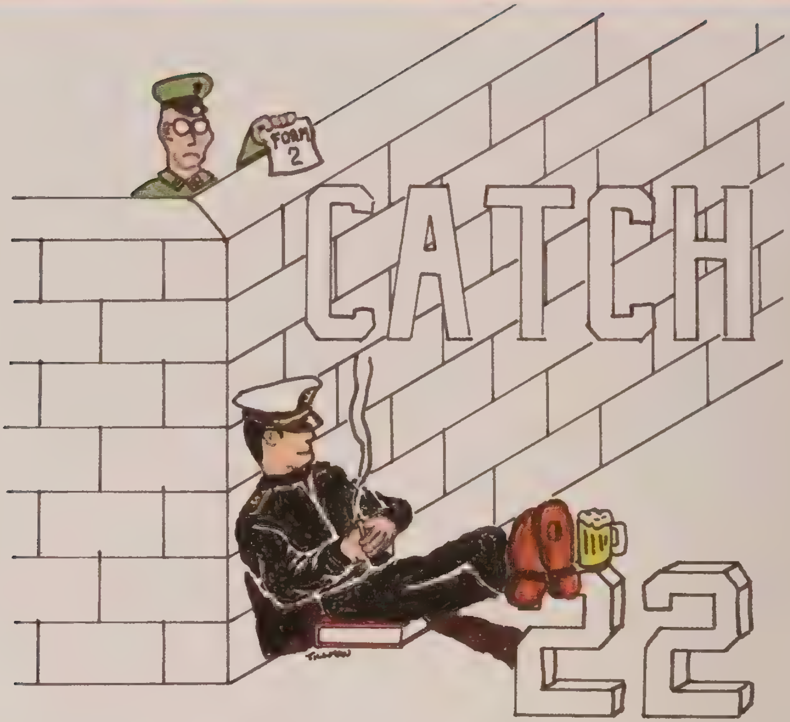
1st Row
1 Colton, Karen
2 Morocco, Patrick
3 Lowman, Mark
4 Davis, Bradford
5 Isaza, Yamara
6 Chernoch, K.
7 Monaco, Philip
8 Bailey, Jonathan
9 Selberg, Diana
2nd Row
10 Herlihy, Joseph
11 Simonian, Lucy
12 Maiden, Guy
13 Quinn, Maura
14 Vork, Richard
15 Masterson, J.
16 Bazan, Robert
17 Manser, John
18 Estrada, Glenn J.
19 Lorrin, Mark
3rd Row
20 Drew, John
21 Noguess, Levi
22 Arata, Frank
23 Harris, Linzell
24 Masi, Stephen
25 Metzbower, David
26 Obetinick, Paul
27 Dempsey, Thomas
28 Kohli, Paige
NOT PICTURED
Clopeck, John





1st Row
1 Roylance, Timothy
2 Hartman, Curt
3 Vitaro, Richard
4 Millman, John
5 Gavieres, Ruben
6 Midea, Matthew
7 Ruge, Dana
8 Hair, John
9 Shinnick, Gregory
2nd Row
10 McLaughlin
11 Carroll, Sean
12 Nerup, Carl
13 Malloy, Scot
14 Roberson, Bradley
15 Dawson, Gregory
16 Kata, Steven
17 Baker, Joel
18 Johnson, David
3rd Row
19 Winkler, Mark
20 Berry
21 Schiffman, David
22 Fabian, Anthony
23 Potts, Kevin
24 Parzych, Garry
25 Babbit
26 Farner, Conrad
27 Ludwig, Mathew
NOT PICTURED
Anderson, Richard
Corrigan, Timothy
Deasy, Charles
Gasperino, John
Johnson, Avin
Merritt, Howard
Vaughn, Leroy




FORM 2
CATCH
22

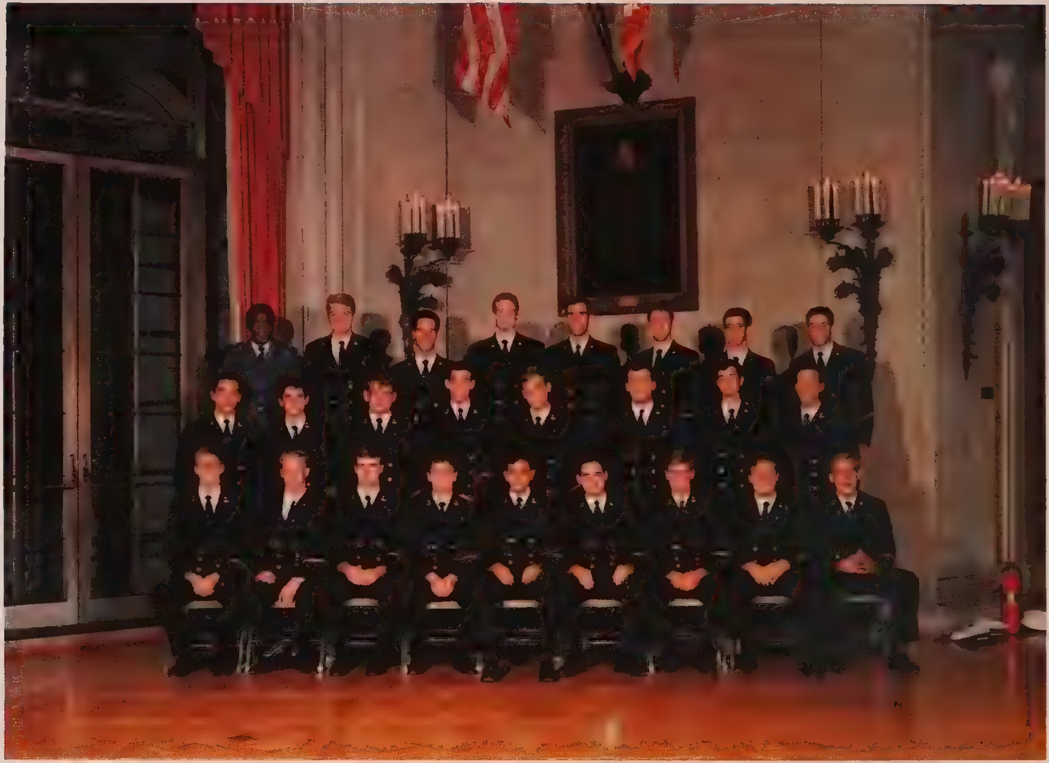
Capt. Patrick Connally

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Eric Rice
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg John Wilcox
Admin. M/ENS Rebbecka Barrish

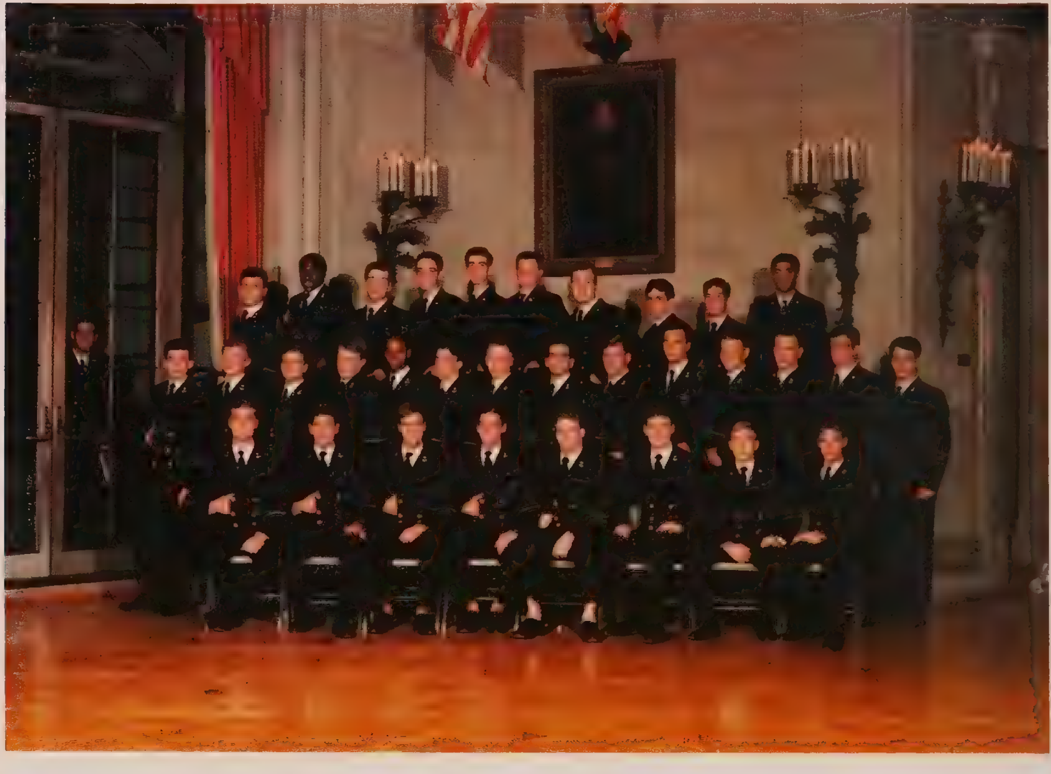
1 Merino, Donald
2 Campbell, Scott
3 Teclaw, Daniel
4 Chaffee, Colin
5 Willette, Perry
6 Everill, Kenneth
7 Fortune, Ideen
8 McConnell, James
9 Kircher, Konrad
10 Stephens, William
11 Leach, Thomas
12 Judge Magistrate
13 Suritick
14 Barriah, Rebbekah
15 Flores, Edward
16 Kushino, Scott
17 Honan, Susan
18 Judy, John
19 Soleng, Sonja
20 Quinn, Mark
21 Blav, Stephen
22 McIlvaine, Brian
23 Hardin, Dianne
24 Rice, Eric
25 Polach,
26 Farnett, Kathleen
27 Wilcox, John

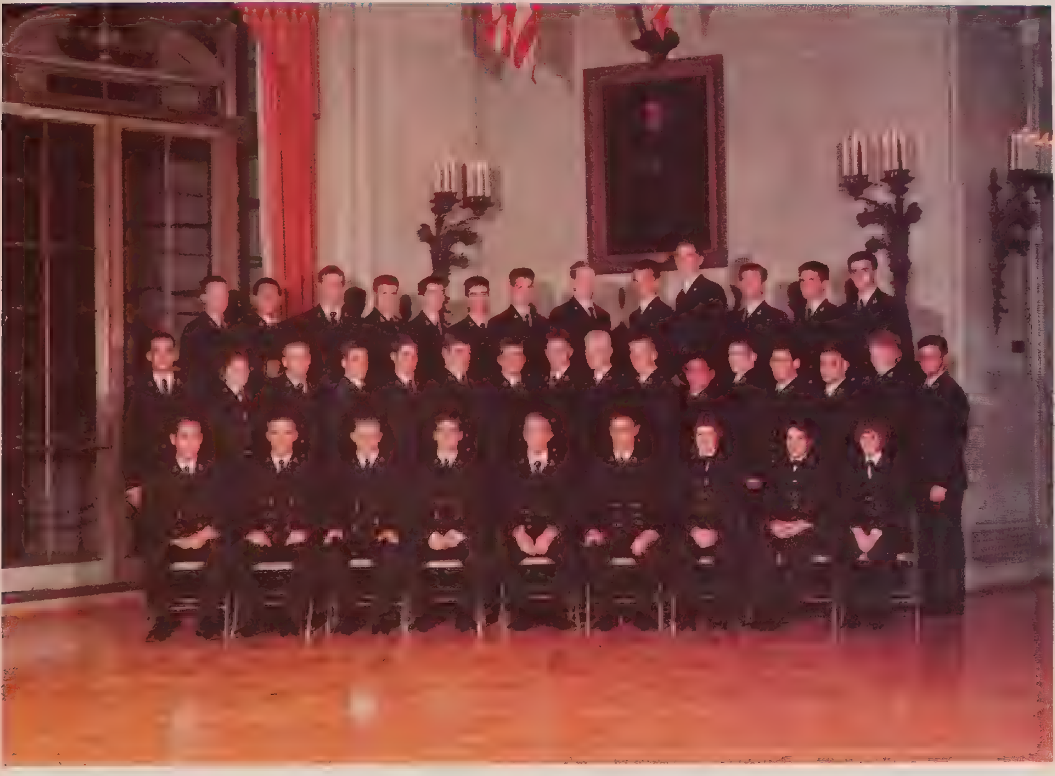
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Kenneth Everill
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Mark Quinn
Admin. M/ENS Sonja Soleng

1st Row
1 Pohl, Sydney
2 Berchtold, David
3 Roberts, Lawrence
4 Hawkins, Mark
5 Salgado, Patricio
6 Price, Ricardo
7 Reynolds, Chris
8 Papet, Louis
9 Grippo, John
2nd Row
10 Figuerres, John
11 Krueger, Anthony
12 Portras, Robert
13 Andersen, Gene
14 Smith, Michael
15 Giles, Charles
16 Midgley, Michael
17 Borrosh, Michael
3rd Row
18 Richardson
19 Field, Scott
20 Lester, Michael
21 Royal, Joel
22 Richmond, Phillip
23 Nixon, John
24 Lynn, David
25 Schoenborn, Tim
NOT PICTURED
Beyke, Gregory
Johnson, R.
Young, Riki



1st Row
1 Olenick, Edwin
2 Baugh, Douglas
3 Balch, Walter
4 Donnelly, James
5 Long, David
6 Stopkey, Douglas
7 Howard, Tracy
8 Magee, Mark
2nd Row
9 Conaway, David
10 Fenton, Eric
11 Wynn, John
12 Jemison, William
13 McElroy, Terry
14 Hickey, C.
15 Crouch, Steven
16 Simonsen, William
17 Bruske, Chad
18 McLeod, Daniel
19 Finn, William
20 McClelland, C.
21 Kolongowski, T.
3rd Row
22 Morrisey, P.
23 Reed, James
24 Opatz, David
25 Addison, James
26 Bachmann, Thomas
27 Orwoll, C.
28 Hostetler, David
29 Murphy, Jeffery
30 Cruz, Gregory
31 Allen, Averett
NOT PICTURED
Ray, Daniel

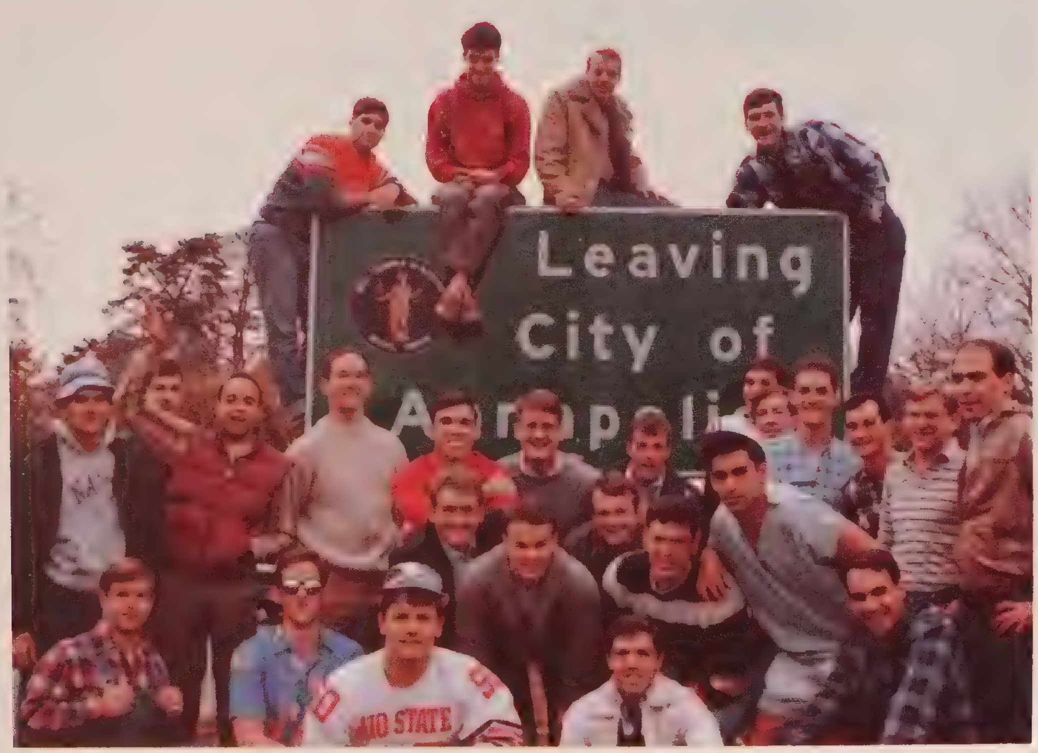




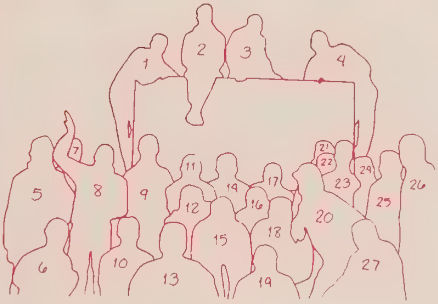
1st Row
1 Trevino, Jose
2 Greg, Michael
3 Hoskins, Robert
4 Molthen, David
5 Rovenstine, Mickey
6 Soupiset, Raymone
7 Flynn, Patricia
8 Headley, Stacey
9Krom, Wendy
2nd Row
10 Johnson, Chris
11 Skelley, Suzanne
12 Kovanic, Edward
13 Stringfellow, John
14 Horrisberger, Mike
15 Maloney, Brian
16 Nesbit, Paul
17 Young, John
18 Chamberlin, Steve
19 Baldin, Kirk
20 Esparza, Jorge
21 Florian, Timothy
22 Flasini, Jorye
23 Simet, Joseph
24 Mickelson, Lynne
25 Brow, Paul
3rd Row
26 Schieber, Ty
27 Saldivar, Raul
28 Cody, James
29 Kelley, Patrick
30 Newcomb, Chris
31 Ives, Thomas
32 O'Boyle, John
33 Powell, Chris
34 Penny, Arthur
35 Bissa, John
36 Boyd, Brad
37 Burris, Craig
38 Gallen, Chris

LCDR, P. Keuhler

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Frank Crespo
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg James Collins
Admin. M/ENS Richard Dohoda


Leaving
City of
Annapolis
OHIO STATE

SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Gary Frey
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Samuel Ridder
Admin. M/ENS Richard Haddad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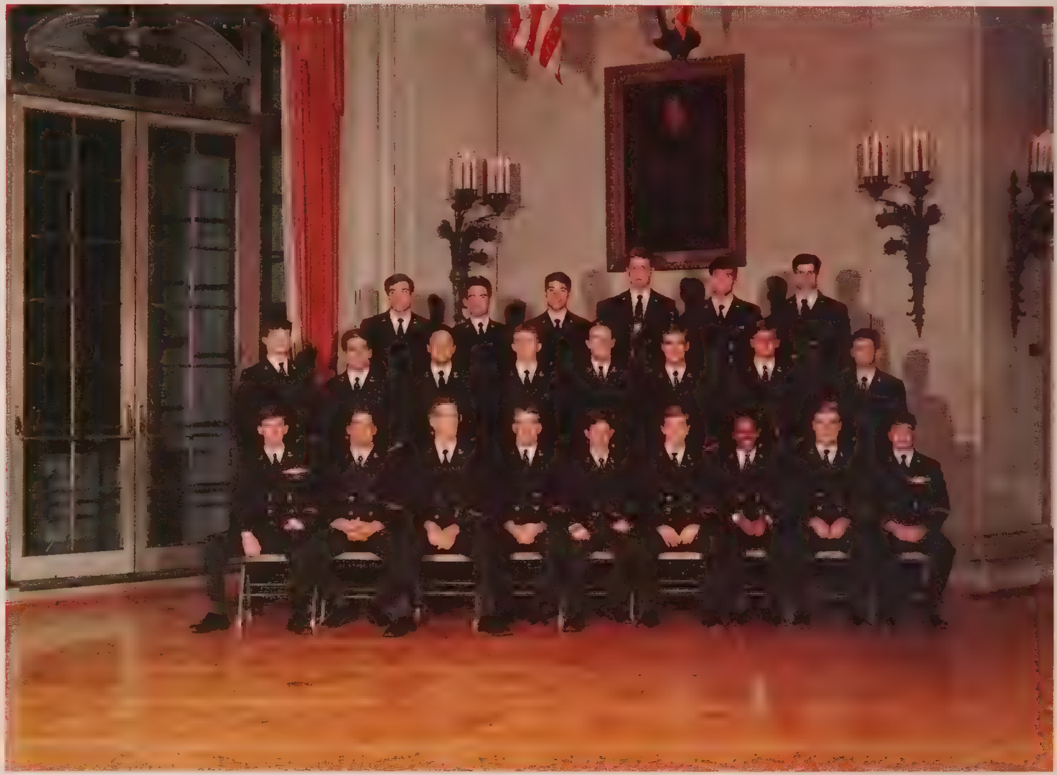
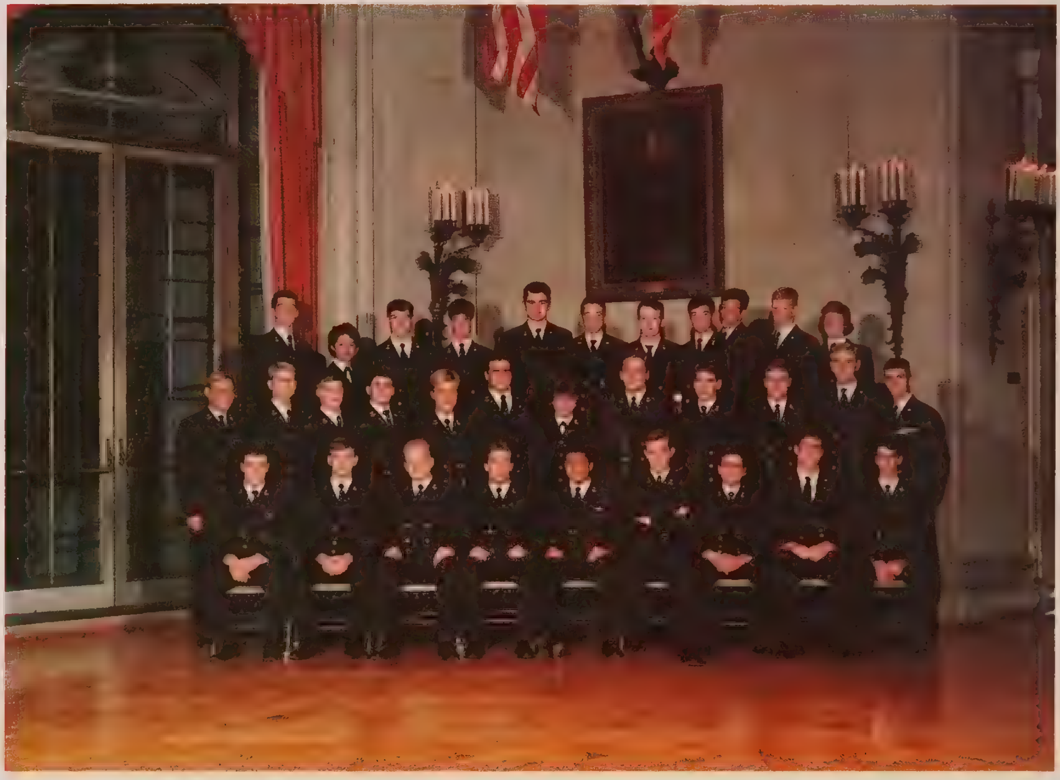
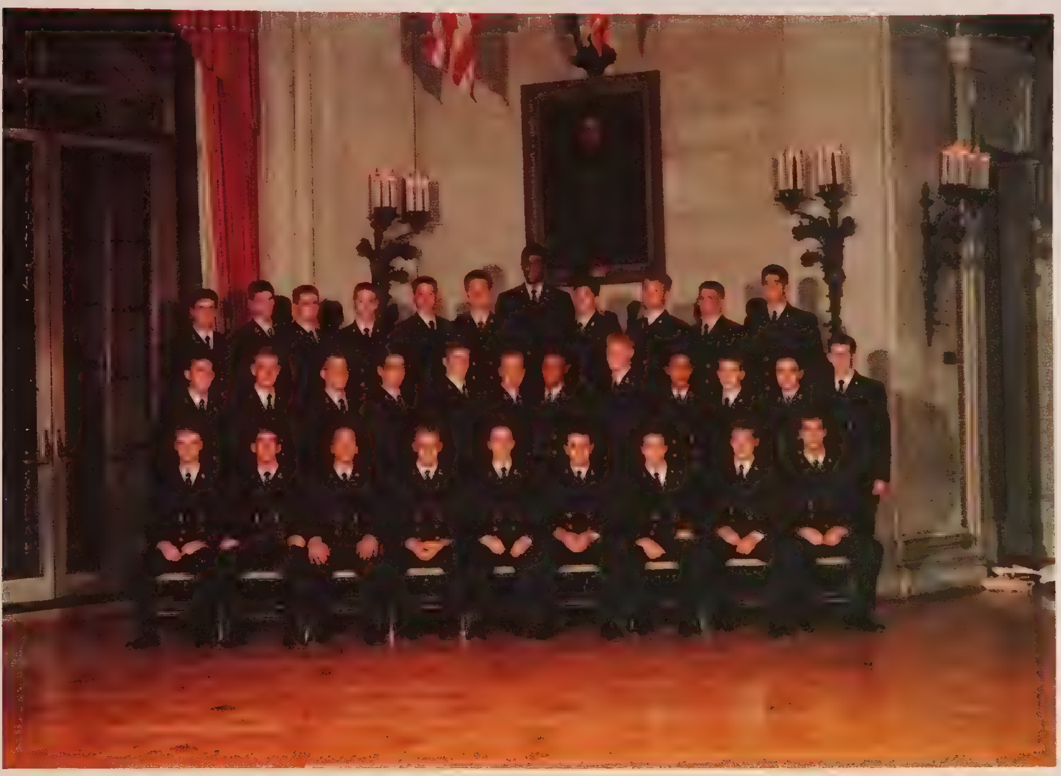
1 Astrup, Kevin
2 Gilreath, Harold
3 Wallace, Donald
4 Lamontagne, James
5 Sanchez, David
6 Leanhart, Jack
7 Bishop, Joel
8 Wilson, Woodrow
9 Dohoda, Richard
10 Frey, Gary
11 McCabe, Patrick
12 Cunningham, James
13 Ridder, Samuel
14 McCann, Mark
15 Baker, Miles
16 Newton, Robert
17 Quist, Gary
18 Goff, Jan
19 Collins, James
20 Haddad, Richard
21 Crespo, Frank
22 Elkin, Edmund
23 Miller, Mark
24 Carradini, George
25 Hook, Gregory
26 Saver, James
27 Allman, Bernard



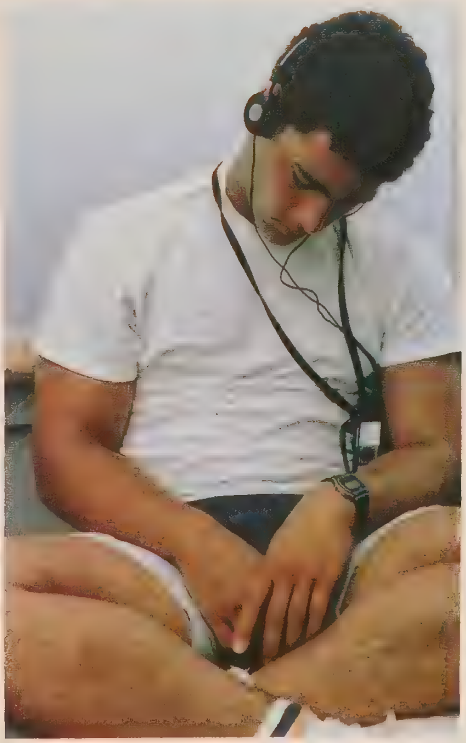
1st Row
1 Knauer, Steven
2 Commons, David
3 McHale, Paul
4 Orr, James
5 Sigh, Paul
6 Ulbricht, S.
7 Marsh, Laurence
8 Kindschuh, J.
9 Sladcik, Gregory
2nd Row
10 Clapp, Jeffery
11 Ravch, Steven
12 Yurovich, Daniel
13 Nelson, Steven
14 McDuffie, David
15 Hefti, John
16 Lascari, Lesley
17 Johnson, Robert
3rd Row
18 Elmer, David
19 Proctor, Frank
20 Paige, Brian
21 Callahan, Shaun
22 Perreca, C.
23 Loesch, David
NOT PICTURED
Bianchi, Kevin
Francis, Edward
Miller, Gregory
Osborne, Maynard
Reiwer, Keith

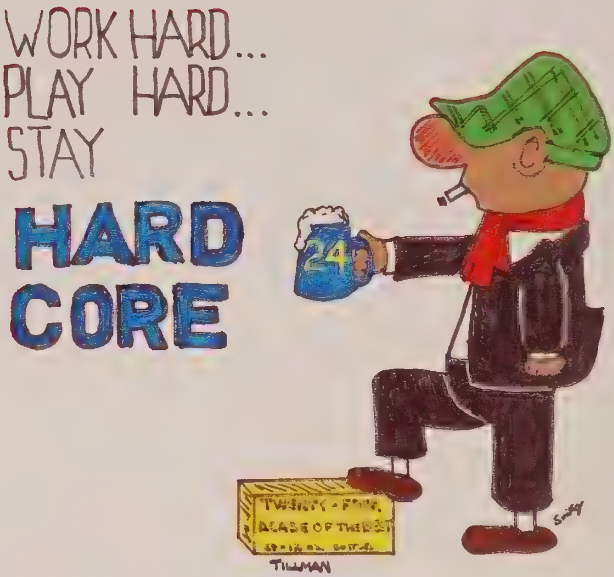


1st Row:
1 Reilly, Michael
2 Hall, Todd
3 Marlett, Robert
4 Walther, Allen
5 Gowez, Anthony
6 Smith, John
7 Partney, Gregory
8 Jaquet, James
9 Van Durick, M.
2nd Row:
10 Kresge, James
11 Laporte, Charles
12 Losciuto, Thomas
13 Tavares, Jeffrey
14 Collins, Kent
15 Cavallaro, Ernest
16 Peoples, Valerie
17 Chapman, Dale
18 McGuirt, Robert
19 Dalton, Rustin
20 Beverly, Brian
3rd Row:
21 Smith, Daniel
22 Roberts, Patricia
23 Gomez, Richard
24 Olsen, Thomas
25 Lorentz, R.
26 Parks, Bryan
27 Semple, Stephen
28 Ihlan, Joseph
29 Casares, Jose
30 Mazenko, Gregory
31 Walter, Bonnie
NOT PICTURED:
Bryan, Bradley
Cart, Kevin
Clark, Kelly
Daltin, Rustin
Gordy, Vicki
Kirby, Matthew
Thompkins, G.



Row 1:
1 Bragg, David
2 Schmitt, James
3 Blanchard, Arthur
4 LaCroix, Lance
5 Brinker, Brian
6 Fluker, David
7 McKee, Michael
8 Hardebeck, Jason
9 Howard, Neil
Row 2:
10 Pugh, Jason
11 Bugg, George
12 Taylor, Phillip
13 Dupre, Paul
14 Corkery, Timothy
15 Walker, Paul
16 Fennell, David
17 Welch, Thomas
18 Diaz, Gil
19 Hickey, Robert
20 Meissel, John
21 Bowmer, Scott
Row 3:
22 Blochberger, Sean
23 Emons, Russell
24 Graves, Rodney
25 Wiggs, Lewis
26 Kline, Brian
27 York, Andrew
28 Robinson, David
29 Sasek, David
30 Blackburn, D.
31 Zigas, Noah
32 Fox, Mark
NOT PICTURED:
Cote, Stephen



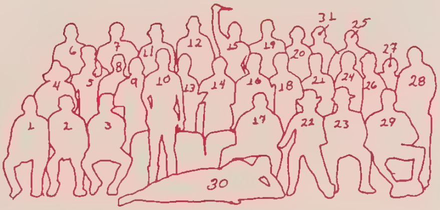

WORK HARD...
PLAY HARD...
STAY
HARD
CORE
24
TWENTY-FOUR
A CASE OF THE BEST
TILLMAN

Maj. J. Weber

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Norm Smith
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Doug Gattuso
Admin. M/ENS John Lyon

SPRING STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT John Daniel
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Tony Saccavino
Admin.	M/ENS Gerral David



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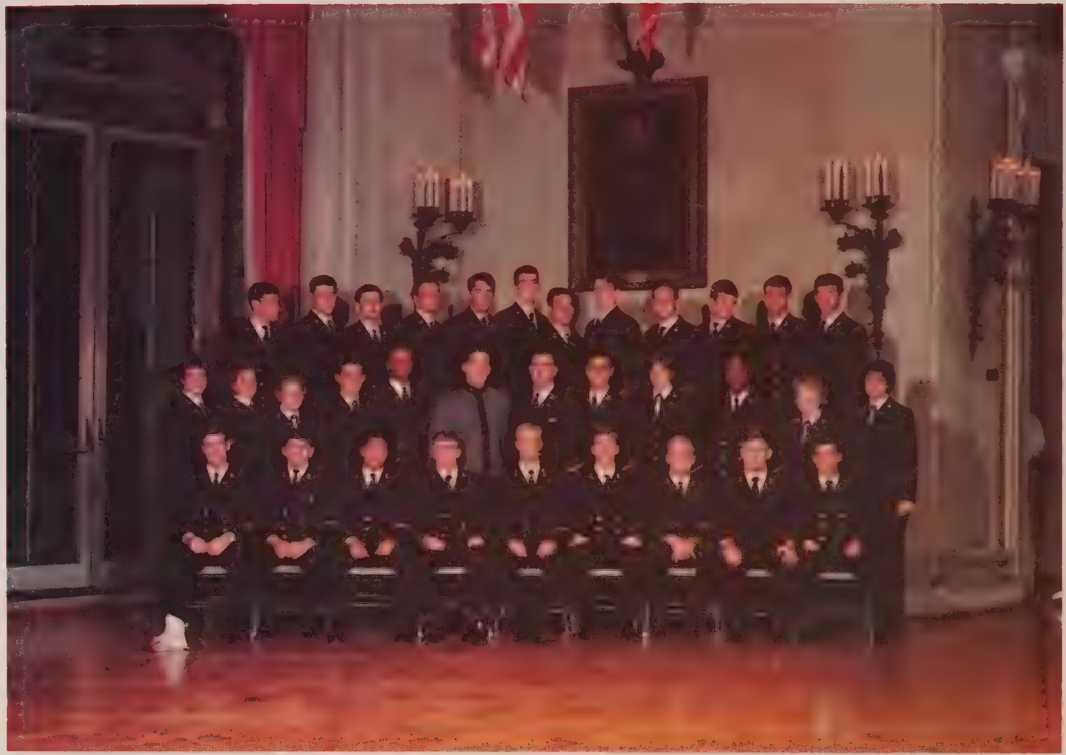
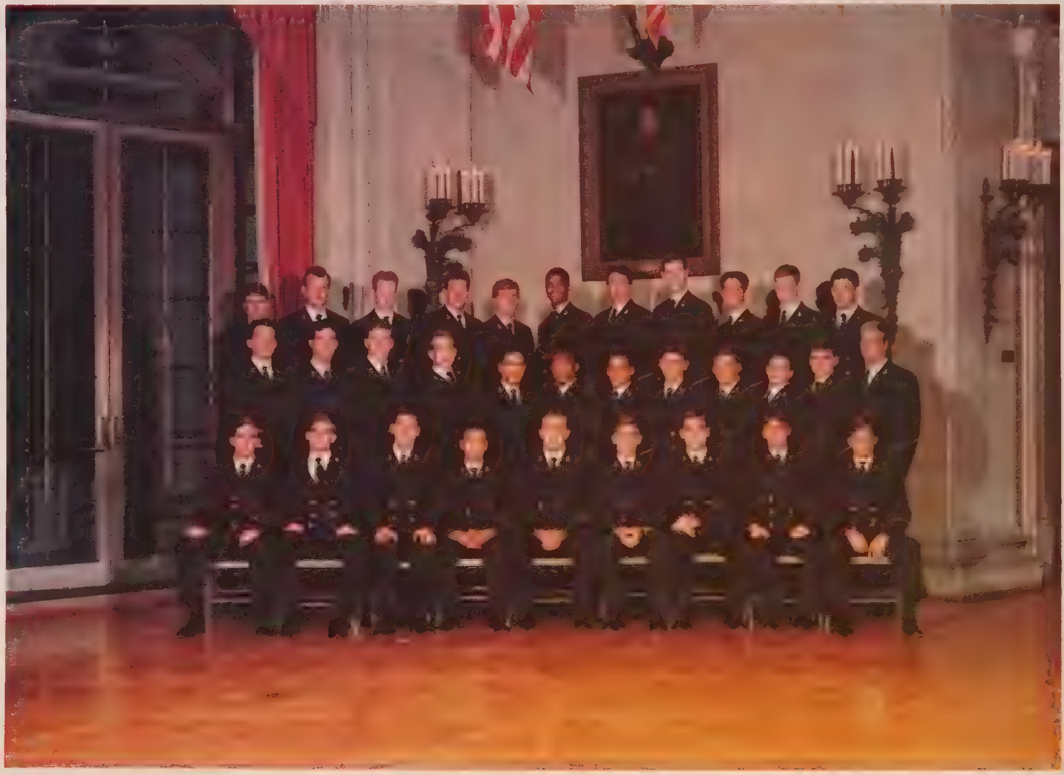
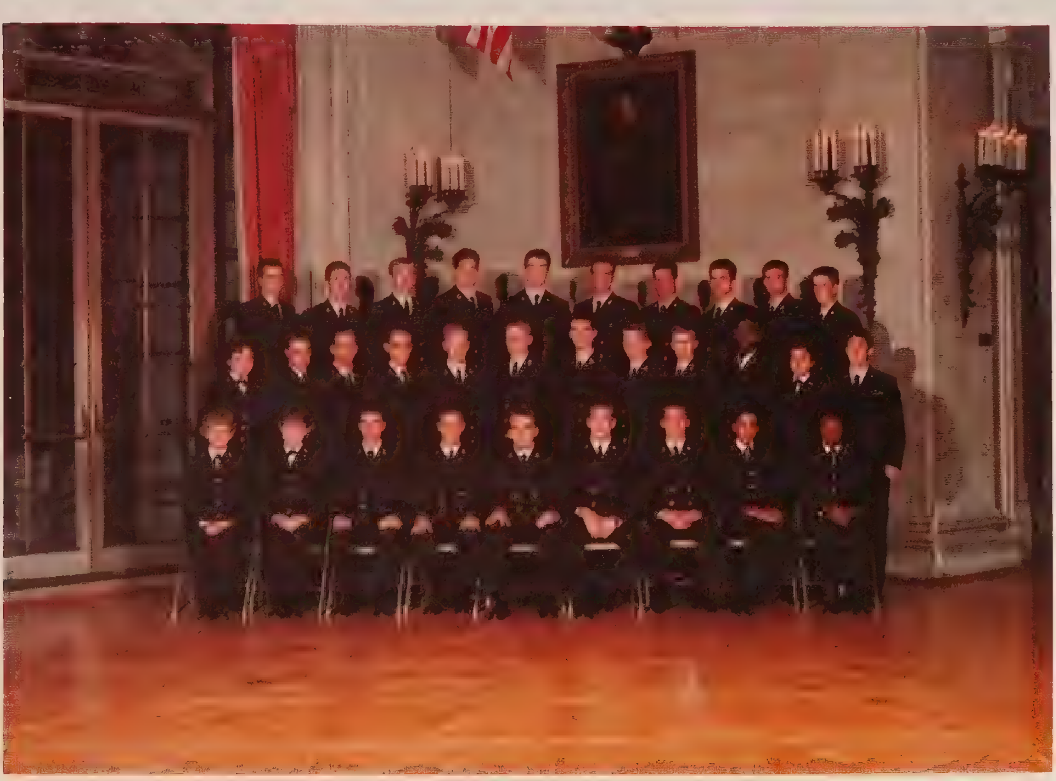
1. Bruce Lipphardt
2. John Pendola
3. Greg Crabtree
4. Gerral David
5. Steve Peters
6. Dave Abell
7. Mike Hagan
8. Rob Kamets
9. Jeff Graham
10. Dave Peditt
11. Brent Canady
12. Glen Stahl
13. Carl Schwenker
14. Tom Manley
15. George Herlong
16. Mike McCutcheon
17. Tony Saccavino
18. Jim Coogan
19. Brian Doyle
20. Bill Wright
21
Phil Desjardins
22. John Lyon
23. Rob Ryan
24. Scott Allen
25. Conrad Brown
26. John Daniels
27. Mark Heaphy
28. Leonard Gaines
29. Rick Lawrence
30. Norm Smith
31. Branch Wreesecz



Row 1:
1 Huey, Joel
2 Croce, Raffaele
3 Villanueva, John
4 Hudson, Douglas
5 Little, Mark
6 Smith, Steven
7 McElroy, Kenneth
8 Mooney, Patrick
9 Edmiston, Scott
Row 2:
10 Hooker, Robin
11 Johnson, Christina
12 Myers, Kelly
13 Cooper, Donald
14 Phillip, Lester
15 Rave, Michael
16 Hudson, James
17 Kessler, Michael
18 Smith, Maribeth
19 Nolan, Charles
20 Slater, Neysa
21 Carson, Deborah
Row 3:
22 Denno, Marc
23 Buckta, David
24 Beattie, Michael
25 Hasson, Dennis
26 Ellis, John
27 Wright, Lloyd
28 Haack, Douglas
29 Logan, Sean
30 Mudd, Michael
31 Morgan, David
32 Stevens, Mark
33 Beach, John
NOT PICTURED:
Challender, James



Row 3:
1 Azzarita, Nick
2 Meloche, Scott
3 Brammer, Dean
4 Grabowsky, Paul
5 Kirkpatrick, Andy
6 Poinsette, Raymond
7 Pasichuke, James
8 Johnson, Jay
9 Eakes, Mark
10 Mulhearn, Thomas
11 Brown, Edward
Row 2:
12 Fritts, Jeffrey
13 Griffin, John
14 Angil, Mark
15 Keeshan, Edwin
16 Sanchez, Joseph
17 Wakefield, Bryce
18 Baerga, Ruben
19 Puzan, James
20 Hall, Glenn
21 Moan, Patrick
22 O'Neill, Charles
23 Wostbrock, William
Row 1:
24 Bayly, Mark
25 Lindgren, Eric
26 Williamson, Frank
27 Gilmer, Robert
28 Freedlund, Alan
29 Winebrenner, Jeffrey
30 Saffold, David
31 Plant, Randall
32 Cariello, Louis
NOT PICTURED:
Hince, Eric



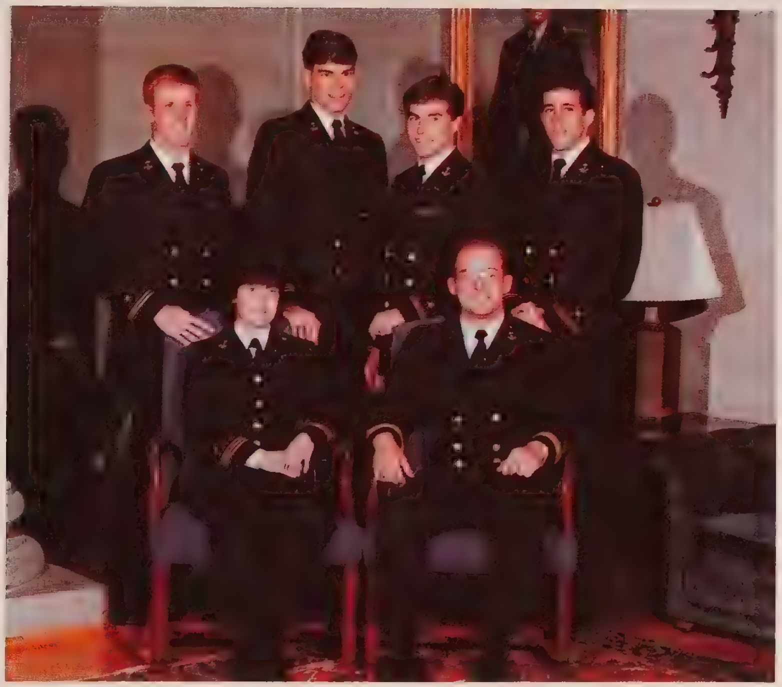
Row 1:
1 *Houston, Phyllis*
2 *Kelly, Mary*
3 *Smith, Chris*
4 *Oleksyk, Martin*
5 *Sylvester, Steven*
6 *Milone, Stephen*
7 *Foster, Frank*
8 *Robinson, Joyce*
9 *Thomas, Gina*
Row 2:
10 *Zeile, Sandy*
11 *Lewis, Paul*
12 *Cantwell, Michael*
13 *Meyer, Stephen*
14 *Adams, Walter*
15 *Pierson, Brett*
16 *Mumm, Wesley*
17 *Marsh, Charles*
18 *Turner, Wayne*
19 *Harris, Ronald*
20 *Petty, Anita*
21 *Jackson, Guy*
Row 3:
22 *Steggerda, Todd*
23 *Henwood, Thomas*
24 *Peoples, Michael*
25 *Iannone, Edward*
26 *Nupp, Jeff*
27 *Schenck, Chris*
28 *Wells, John*
29 *Rowell, Steve*
30 *Washburn, Jon*
31 *Lummus, Anthony*
NOT PICTURED:
Masters, Douglas
Redling, Fred
Roelker, Randall
Sammons, Danford
Turner, Wayne

Fifth Battalion

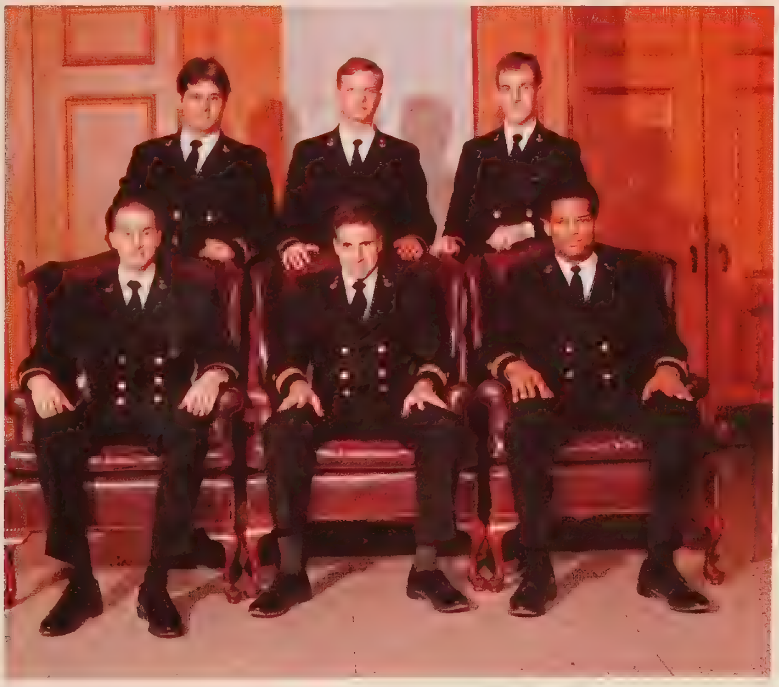
LtCol A. Pesavento

MS. B. McGowans

Staffs



M/LCDR Brian Stolley, Cdr; M/LT Maude Young, Sub. Cdr; M/LT Martin Rahn, Operations; M/LTjg Kenneth Braithwaite, Adjutant; M/LTjg Vernon Martinez, Supply; M/LTjg Robert Broadston, Administrative.



M/LCDR George Zamka, Cdr; M/LT James Wilhelm, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Robert Curbeam, Operations; M/LTjg Joseph Long, Adjutant; M/LTjg Joseph Arnoso, Supply; M/LTjg Richard Eason, Administrative.

EZ-25

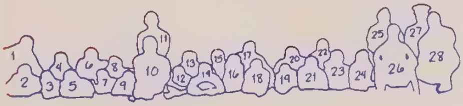
NAVY
PETE
CAG 84
RESCUE
TILLMAN

LT C. Pottenger

FALL STAFF

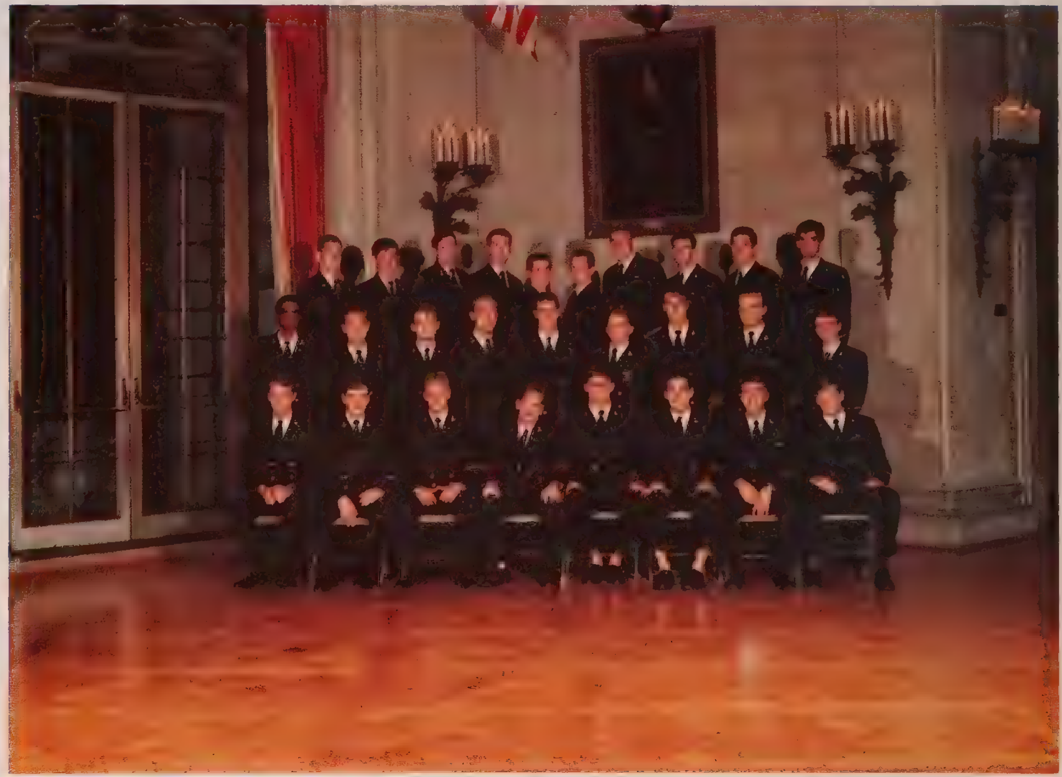
Co. Cdr.	*M/LT David Landess*
Sub. Cdr.	*M/LTJG George Pregel*
Admin.	*M/ENS Greg Thomas*

SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Kris Belland
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Leif Dahl
Admin. M/ENS Brian Wittick

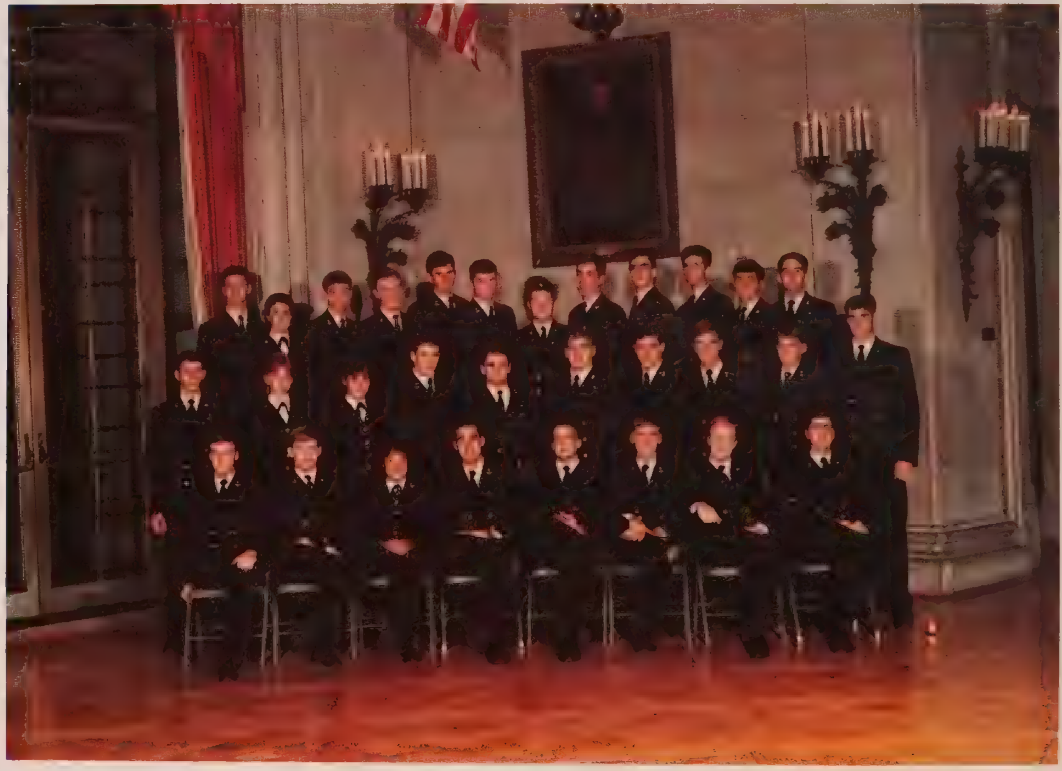


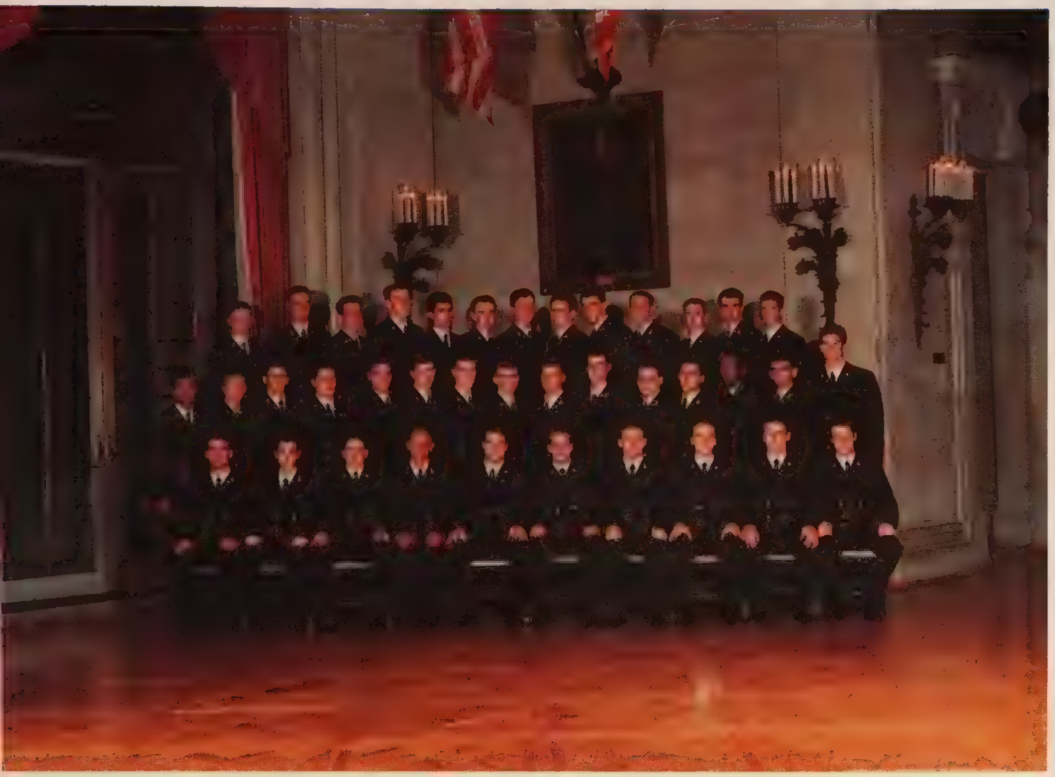
1 Fillis, Michael
2 Pratt, Victor
3 Stubblefield, R.
4 Rosen, Eric
5 Stolley, Brian
6 Thomas, Greg
7 Andrews, Jeffrey
8 Stowe, Robert
9 Landess, David
10 Wittick, Brian
11 Joseph, Peter
12 Gerhardt, Michael
13 Pregel, George
14 Belland, Kris
15 Hawley, Brian
16 Dahl, Leif
17 Wilhelm, James
18 Fierro, Jesus
19 Bollinger, Paul
20 Goodrow, Brian
21 Young, Jeffrey
22 Butler, Bryan
23 Weires, John
24 Rich, Nelson
25 Nelson, Scott
26 Hudak, William
27 Mize, Ralph
28 Bernard, Peter
NOT PICTURED:
Muldoon, Richard

Row 1:
1 Koch, David
2 Otero, Victor
3 McNamara, Daniel
4 Ballard, Daniel
5 Lewis, Andrew
6 Nolan, John
7 Holmes, Gary
8 McDonnell, David
Row 2:
9 Pierce, Carlton
10 Ward, James
11 Trettin, James
12 Lesser, David
13 Holt, Timothy
14 Kettell, Kent
15 Connors, John
16 Dillard, Mark
17 Bonomo, James
Row 3:
18 Dezelon, Richard
19 Smith, Thomas
20 Morrow, Gregory
21 Newton, Stanley
22 Taylor, Thomas
23 Gonda, Philip
24 Reese, C.
25 Devers, James
26 Butler, Patrick
27 Piercey, Patrick

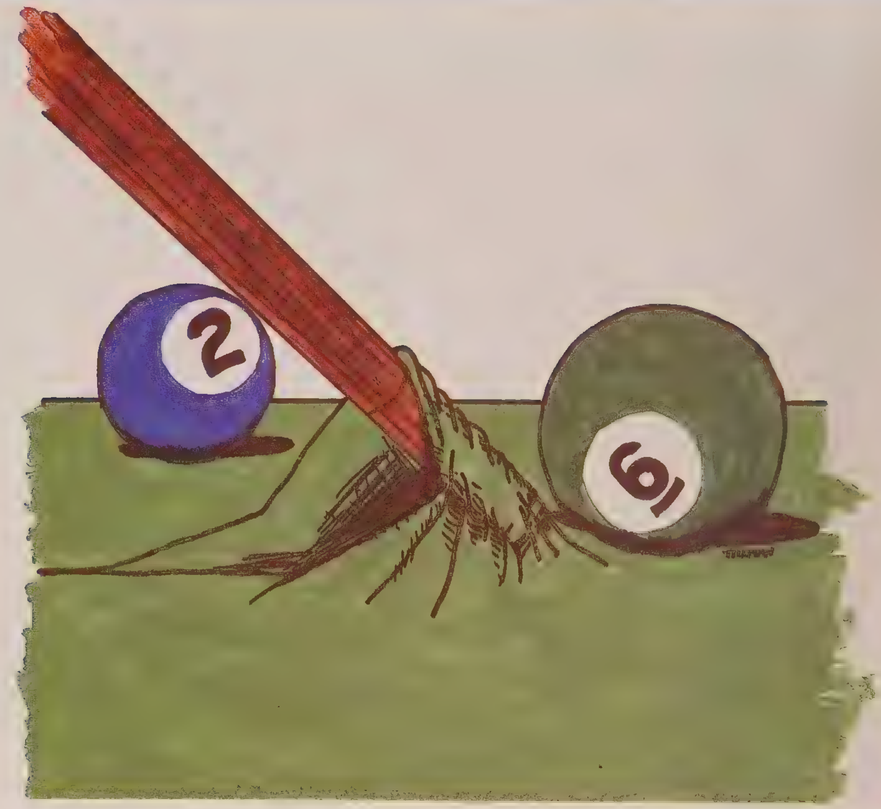


Row 1:
1 Philips, William
2 Hoppes, Brett
3 Quinones, Barbara
4 Mills, William
5 Kensington, Chris
6 Huntley, Keith
7 Redmond, Daniel
8 Hagood, Laurence
Row 2:
9 MaGee, Richard
10 Fink, Susan
11 Peterson, P.
12 Leeney, Michael
13 Berryman, Brian
14 Williamson, Jay
15 Eustace, John
16 Pointon, George
17 Goodwin, Robert
18 Davis, Frederick
Row 3:
19 Kozan, Jonathan
20 Martinez, Elisa
21 Lueke, Dean
22 Rife, Fred
23 Calton, Kenneth
24 Huguenin, Blake
25 Bruce, Thomas
26 Tysinger, Russell
27 Kwietniak, K.
28 Fay, Stephen
29 Applewhite, W.
30 Huskey, Theodore
NOT PICTURED:
Dumlao, Jean
Jones, David
Lobb, John



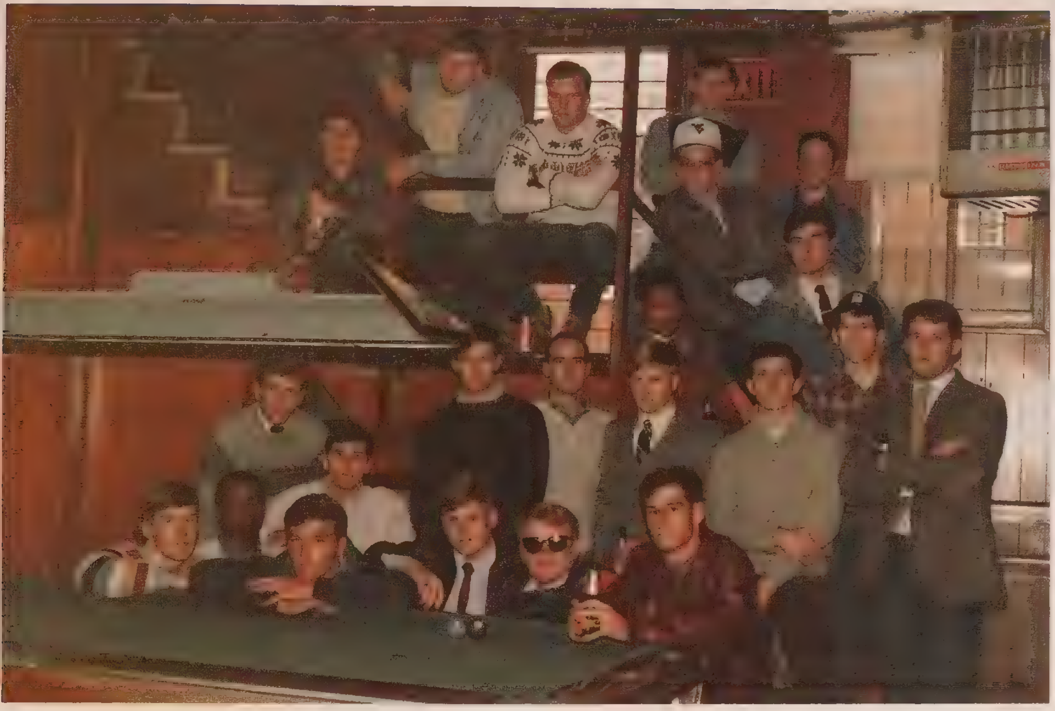


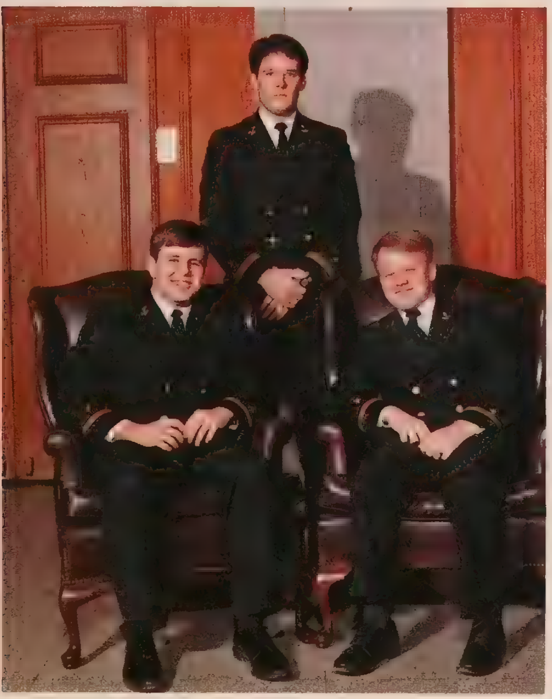
Row 1:
1 Rayhill, Paul
2 Noblick, Donald
3 Childs, James
4 Cramer, Todd
5 Schill, Daniel
6 Bramble, John
7 Hagerty, P.
8 Smith, Thomas
9 Lane, Charles
10 Day, Stephen
Row 2:
11 Bernardo, Joaquin
12 Ambrose, Charles
13 Sambar, Al
14 Green, John
15 Broda, Gerald
16 Collins, James
17 Turner, Peter
18 Hesse, John
19 Stauber, Renaud
20 Rowe, Robert
21 Lara, Joe
22 Curry, Ronald
23 Tellez, Grover
24 Morse, Michael
Row 3:
25 Larsen, Jonathan
26 Beggs, James
27 Dietz, Robert
28 Sniffen, John
2D ombrowski, Paul
30 Robbins, Greg
31 Stieren, David
32 Burnham, David
33 Cook, Murray
34 Snee, John
35 Adams, David
36 Griffith, Jeffery
37 Brown, Daniel
NOT PICTURED:
Koehr, Bernard
Robell, Kenneth



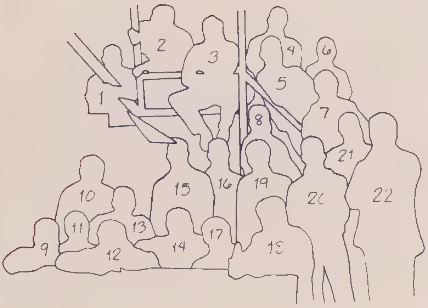
Maj. S. Hanson

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. *M/LT Gary Douglas*
Sub. Cdr. *M/LTjg James Waugh*
Admin. *M/ENS Eric Byrne*





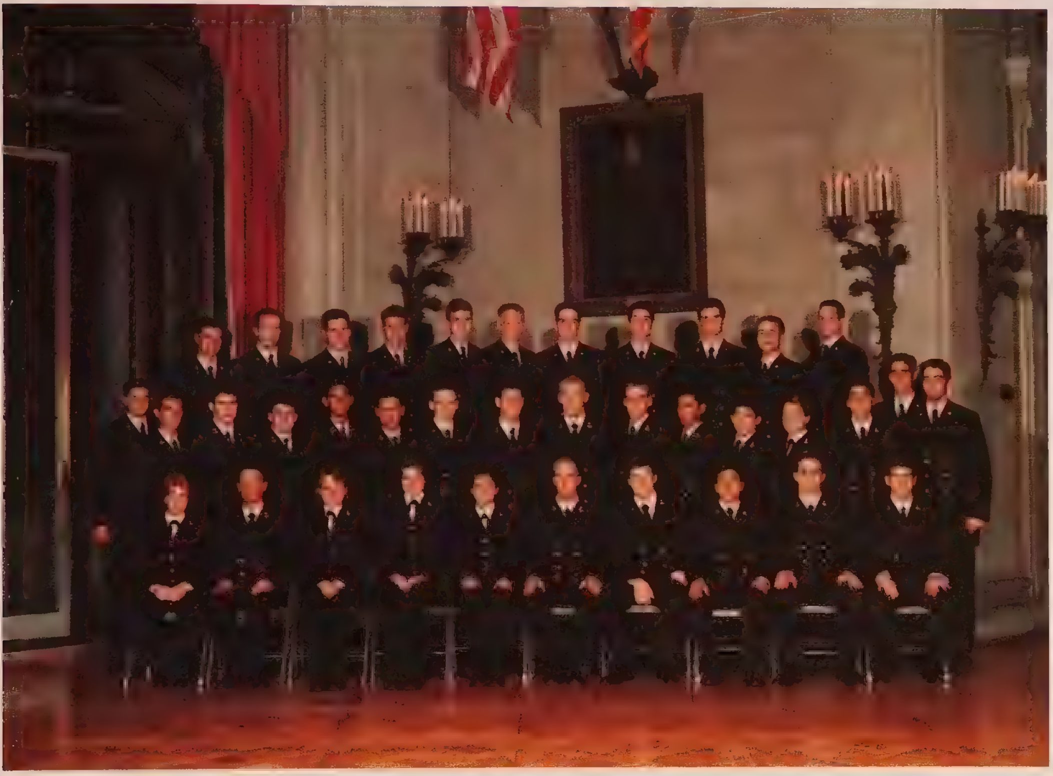
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Thomas Quinn
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Robert Stevick
Admin. M/ENS Chris Dickerson



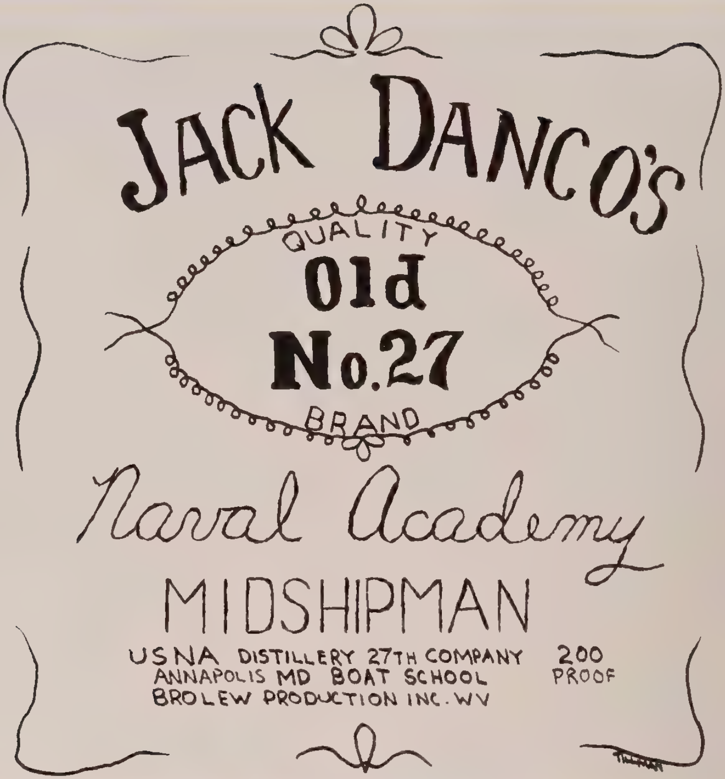
1 Hirst, Jim
2 Marshall, Larry
3 Grabarek, Jeff
4 Hamann, John
5 Dickerson, Chris
6 Crump, Norman
7 Sousa, David
8 Flynn, Mike
9 Bournes, Jeff
10 Waugh, Jim
11 Curbeam, Bob
12 Johnson, Dan
13 Doyle, Gerry
14 O'Gara, Mike
15 Quinn, Tom
16 Braithwaite, Ken
17 Graves, Jay
18 Stewart, John
19 Douglas, Gary
20 Byrne, Eric
21 Stevick, Kevin
22 Sonderman, Chris

Row 1:
1 Adams, Gregory
2 Norman, Thomas
3 Ruttenberg, John
4 Menzies, Margaret
5 Honan, Nancy
6 McKenney, Gregory
7 Dunkel, Tammy
8 McGinn, Elizabeth
Row 2:
9 Vanorden, Andrew
10 Kerr, Anton
11 Buss, Karl
12 Creager, Brian
13 Padich, Gerard
14 Makridis, Basil
15 Ruiz, Antolin
16 Brown, Larry
Row 3:
17 Schuhlein, Paul
18 Delcamp, John
19 Lawrence, Andrew
20 Smith, Kent
21 Fasanello, Thomas
22 Becht, Gregory
NOT PICTURED:
Barton, Robert
Bizzaro, Jan
Butterworth, F.
Camp, Melanie
Carlson, Richard
Cox, Craig
Curtis, Adam
Hurley, Donald
Lowry, Thomas
Williams, Paul
Williams, Steven
Woodruff, Dwight

Row 1:
1 Grandfield, James
2 Danda, James
3 Tharp, Michael
4 Furlong, Thomas
5 Chase, Eric
6 Taylor, Wilson
7 Dibble, Bartley
8 Cooper, Douglas
Row 2:
9 Pierce, Ivan
10 Riley, Miles
11 Kirby, Samuel
12 Stith, Patrick
13 Shaffer, Jay
14 Ryan, Kenneth
15 Langley, Scott
16 Johnson, Bradley
17 Hall, Patrick
Row 3:
18 Semple, Bryan
19 Durand, James
20 Wolfe, Kurt
21 Williams, Michael
22 Ellison, Aaron
23 Allen, C.
24 Wettschreck, K.
25 Eves, Daniel
26 Kuhn, James
NOT PICTURED:
Bouchard, Donald
Cooling, Norman
Duncan, Timothy
Goodman, Eric
Malone, Carl
Shannon, Daniel
Urbano, Rodney
Walls, Michael



Row 1:
1 Thompson, Mary
2 Grey, Anthony
3 Bartlo, Patricia
4 Marks, Adrienne
5 Corsello, P.
6 Bliss, Matthew
7 Hagan, David
8 Crespin, Rudy
9 Prato, Anthony
10 Lucci, Michael
Row 2:
11 Baldwin, John
12 Peña, Rolando
13 Clarke, Steven
14 Hosey, Patrick
15 Gonzales, Anthony
16 Cimafranca, A.
17 Rogers, Timothy
18 Ennis, Tomas
19 Johnson, Scott
20 Borgdorff, L.
21 Espe, Burt
22 Torreon, Ben
23 Prideaux, J.
24 Lobree, Shawn
25 Bouchard, James
26 D'Ambra, Michael
Row 3:
27 Anderson, G.
28 Simmons, Guy
29 Evans, Byron
30 Eckert, Edward
31 Kane, Jeffrey
32 Anderson, Dale
33 Miggins, Matthew
34 Kennedy, John
35 Mason, Douglas
36 Meuron, Gregg
37 Leahy, James
NOT PICTURED:
Clark, Arthur
Lombardo, Michael
Miller, Karen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Old
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Naval Academy
MIDSHIPMAN
USNA DISTILLERY 27TH COMPANY
ANNAPOLIS MD BOAT SCHOOL
BROLEW PRODUCTION INC. WV
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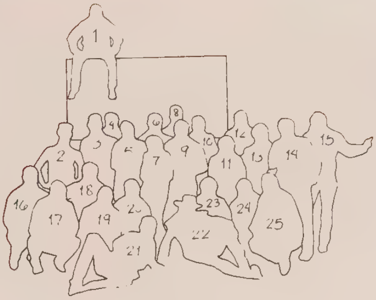
PROOF

LCDR T. Danco

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Hal Murdock
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Kevin Monahan
Admin. M/ENS Christine Phifer

Leaving
City of

SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Lawrence Moore
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Kevin Monahan
Admin. M/ENS Michael Sullivan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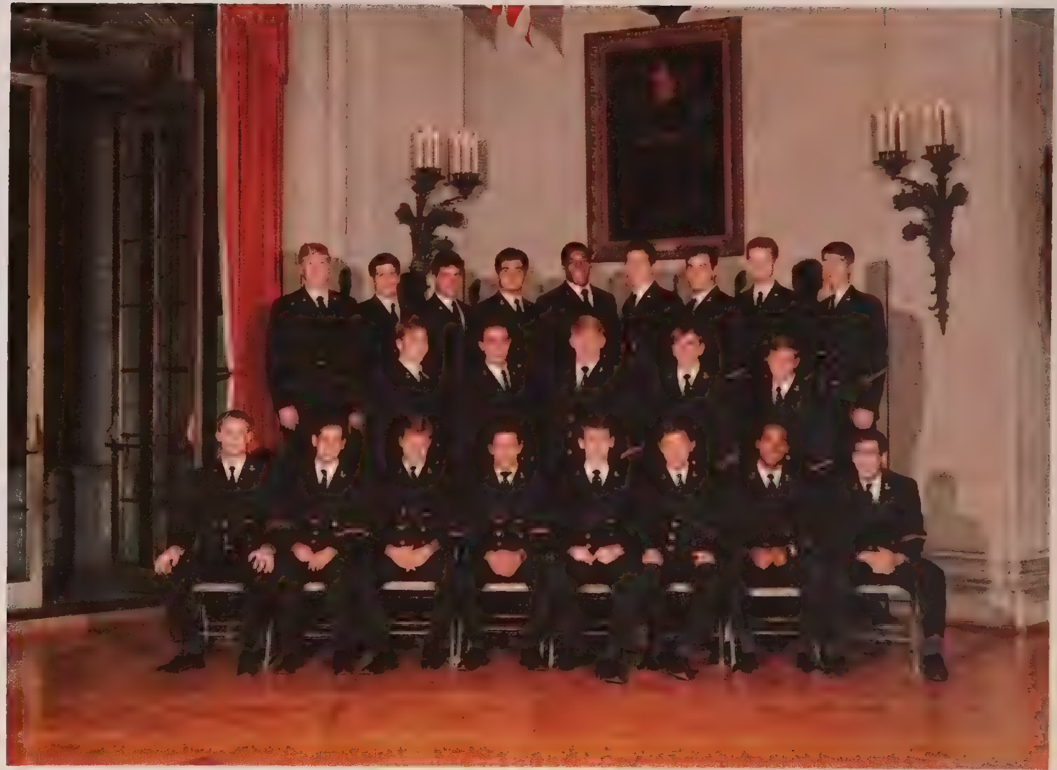
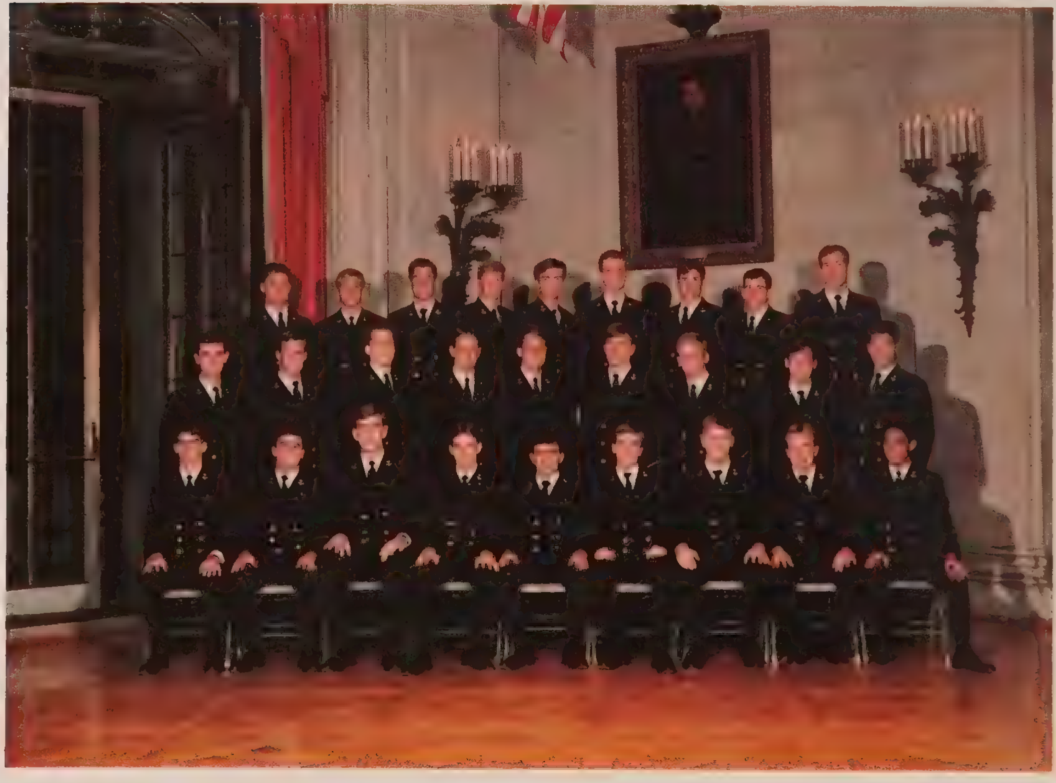
1 Gass, Robert
2 Walton, Stephan
3 Sullivan, Michael
4 Murdock, Hal
5 Rodriguez, Jorge
6 Nichols, Michael
7 Carrington, H.
8 Daseler, Timothy
9 Fippinger, Eric
10 King, John
11 Helinski, Mary
12 Fogerty, James
13 Taverna, Joan
14 Aquilino, John
15 Garbelotti, Carl
16 Arnoso, Joseph
17 Monahan, Kevin
18 Moore, Michael
19 Moore, Lawrence
20 Phifer, Christine
21 Nichols, Alan
22 Ohlhaver, Michael
23 Malloy, Karen
24 Young, Maude
25 Karditzas, W

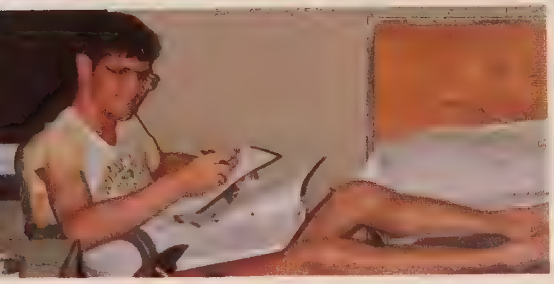


Row 1:
1 Asjes, David
2 Neira, Paul
3 Bishop, Steven
4 Migliori, Martin
5 Stewart, Joseph
6 Chen, Douglas
7 Moore, David
8 Lebredo, Nicolas
Row 2:
9 Pietzkiewicz, John
10 Germano, Donald
11 Lewis, Michael
12 Rosmilso, Paul
13 Hirsch, Walter
Row 3:
14 James, Patrick
15 Castleton, James
16 Malpartida, A.
17 DeCelle, Timothy
18 McCallum, N.
19 Ploof, Steven
20 Knehans, William
21 Kolp, Mark
22 Chrisman, Kenneth
NOT PICTURED:
Griffith, C.
Moosmann, James
Rush, Charles
Sigler, Jeffrey
Taboda, Frank



Row 1:
1 McFadden, Patrick
2 Flores, Mark
3 Lester, Timothy
4 Judith, Joseph
5 Banda, Hector
6 Jessen, Craig
7 McNutt, Jeffrey
8 Hughes, Harry
9 Palaganas, Arthur
Row 2:
10 Frizzell, Thomas
11 VanDongen, M.
12 Stafford, Glen
13 McNeal, James
14 Kowald, Chris
15 Kranker, Kirt
16 McVay, Mark
17 Cabana, Brian
18 Kovach, Andrew
Row 3:
19 Gleason, Daniel
20 Wharton, James
21 Powell, Paul
22 Marquis, Peter
23 Lundstrom, Mark
24 Doran, Thomas
25 Yarger, Peter
26 Skimmons, Brian
27 Smith, Keith
NOT PICTURED:
Singel, John
Struse, James

Row 1:
1 Sanchez, Joe
2 Williams, Susan
3 Georgiefski, M.
4 Pandya, Sunita
5 Ross, Wendell
6 Cohron, David
7 Moore, Rusell
8 Martin, Leslie
9 Donovan, Amy
10 Doman, Thomas
Row 2:
11 Chung, Chang
12 Woodaman, Ronald
13 Springer, James
14 Schilling, C.
15 Rodriguez, Juan
16 Howes, Matthew
17 McGarry, Jeffrey
18 Zucker, James
19 White, Paul
20 Tenhoopen, D.
21 Weber, William
22 Early, Matthew
Row 3:
23 Stec, Jeffrey
24 Badger, David
25 Smith, Derrick
26 Bevans, Paul
27 Wood, Samuel
28 Shove, Benjamin
29 Whelan, Timothy
30 Folsom, David
31 Fernandes, A.
32 Campbell, Glen
NOT PICTURED:
Denine, John
Flynn, John
MacArthur, Robert
Springer, Nancy



SMURFIN'S
GREAT!
28
TILLMAN

Lt. Wilcox

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Thomas Callahan
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Mark Cebulski
Admin. M/ENS Michael Clark

Miller
COLD BEER
Lite
COLD BEER

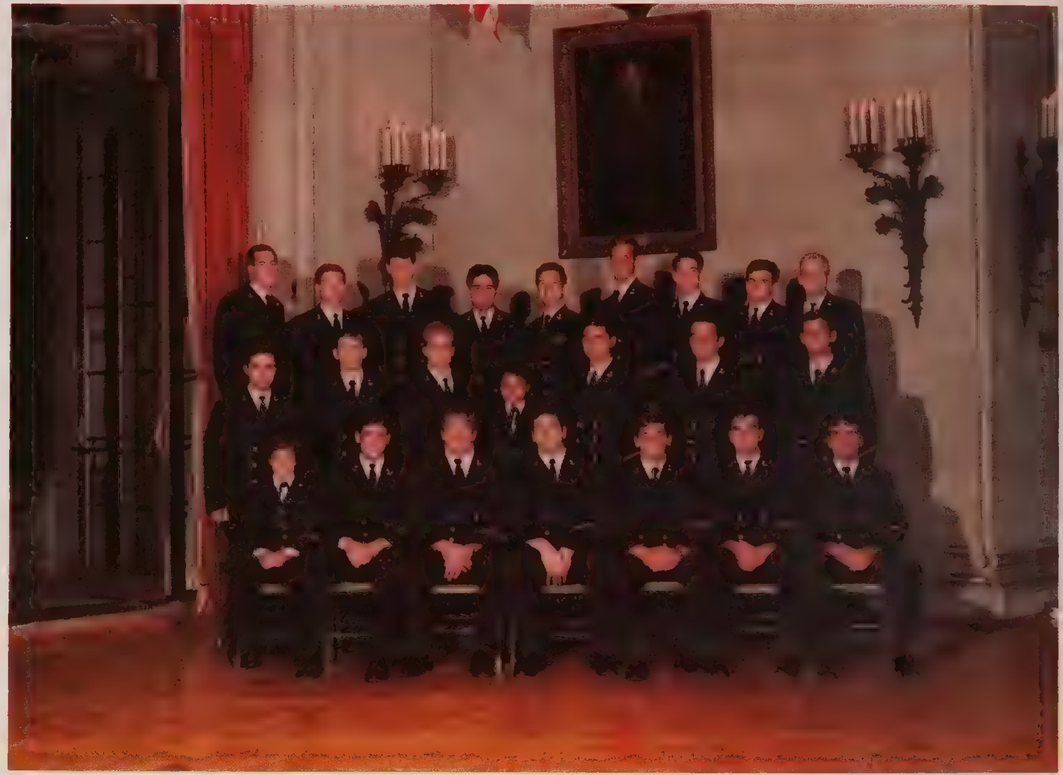
SPRING STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT Douglas Marr
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Mike Mullen
Admin.	M/ENS Tom Johnson

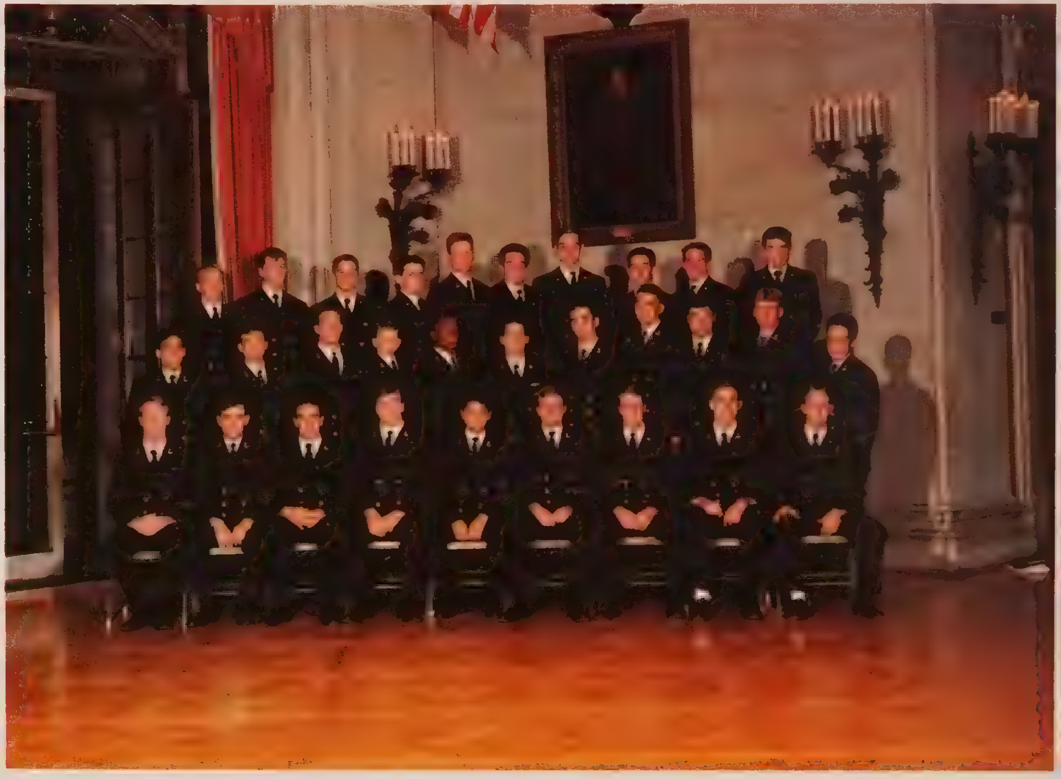
1 Sterling, Glen
2 Intintolo, John
3 Fricker, Carl
4 Marr, Doug
5 Callahan, Tom
6 Depman, Dave
7 Pulliam, Andy
8 Galsgaard, Alan
9 Cebulski, Mark
10 Eason, Dick
11 Enms, John
12 Mullen, Mike
13 Schlegd, John
14 Marcum, Dan
15 Garland, Buddy
16 Johnson, Tom
17 Hostess of Weems Tavern
18 Clark, Mike
19 Rahn, Martin
20 Howard, Jimmy
21 Werts, Trent
22 Marin, Dave
23 Dempsey, Bill
24 Bruner, Tab
25 Wosko, Jim

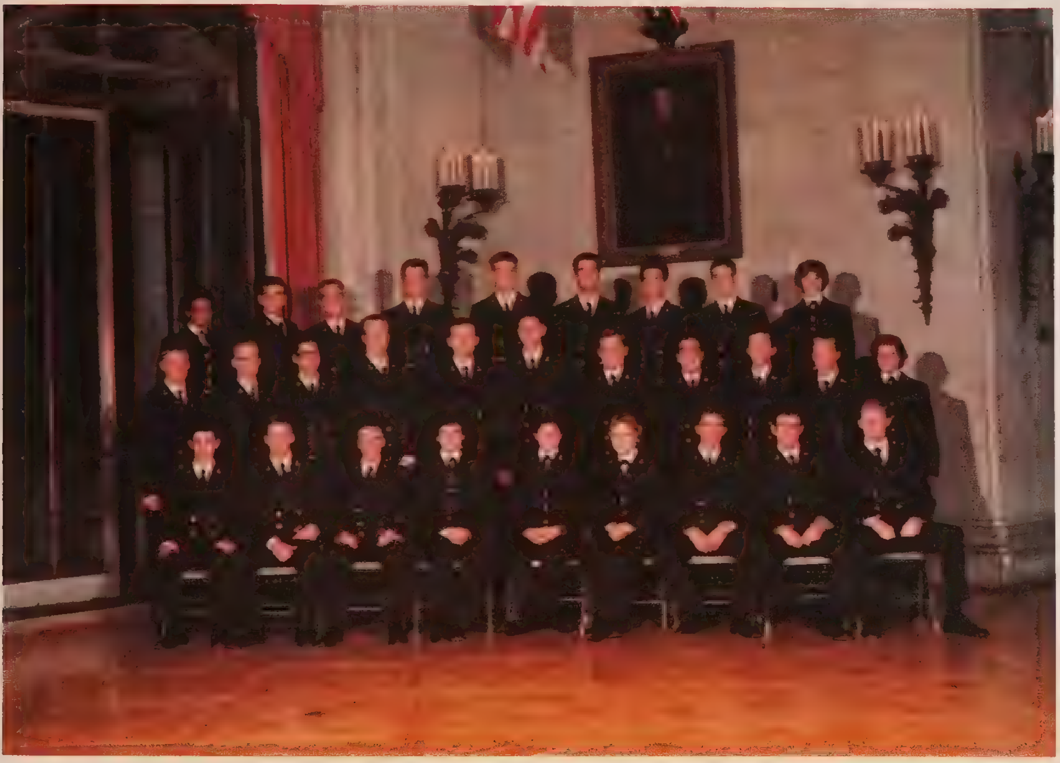
ABSENT
McLean, Angus
Andrews, Tae Wan

Row 1:
1 O'Neill, Kathleen
2 Vanbrabant, John
3 Sears, Gregg
4 Kowalkoski, Steven
5 Baldyga, Jeffrey
6 Macolino, Scott
7 Bamonte, Scott
Row 2:
8 Molinari, Michael
9 Goddard, Brent
10 Blakeley, John
11 Bolivar, Babette
12 Kirkbride, C.
13 Richcreek, Karl
14 Reed, Brian
Row 3:
15 Kane, Timothy
16 Henderson, Mark
16 Schatzle, Matthew
18 Lastra, Guido
19 Reeds, Kevin
20 Johnson, James
21 Gage, Larry
22 McKay, Michael
23 Getty, Richard
NOT PICTURED:
Gaulke, Caroline
McKinney, Roberta
Mitchell, Donald
Neumann, Barbara
Olson, Eric
Olson, Lester
Perrone, Kenneth
Robertson, J.
Rosati, Joseph
Williamson, Ricky



Row 1:
1 Brockett, James
2 Salvato, Gregory
3 Shumaker, Thomas
4 Petersen, Lynn
5 Chun, Conrad
6 Pitts, James
7 Murphy, Shawn
8 McMullin, Jeffrey
9 Milliken, Kevin
Row 2:
10 Soler, C.
11 Braswell, Donald
12 Rupp, Robert
13 Kibbey, Stephen
14 Lupton, Michael
15 Windbigler, Kevin
16 Burke, Eugene
17 Schrader, Shawn
18 Ospina, Alex
19 Quinlan, Brian
20 Swanson, Nels
ROW 3:
21 Dingess, Jackie
22 Johnson, Mark
23 Borsch, Stuart
24 Klosowski, B.
25 Kearns, Edward
26 Solomon, William
27 Mariotti, M.
28 Davila, Jeffrey
29 Brookins, Adolph
30 Meinrod, Adam
NOT PICTURED:
Arneson, Kenneth
Daghir, Mark
McCarthy, C.
Totty, Earl



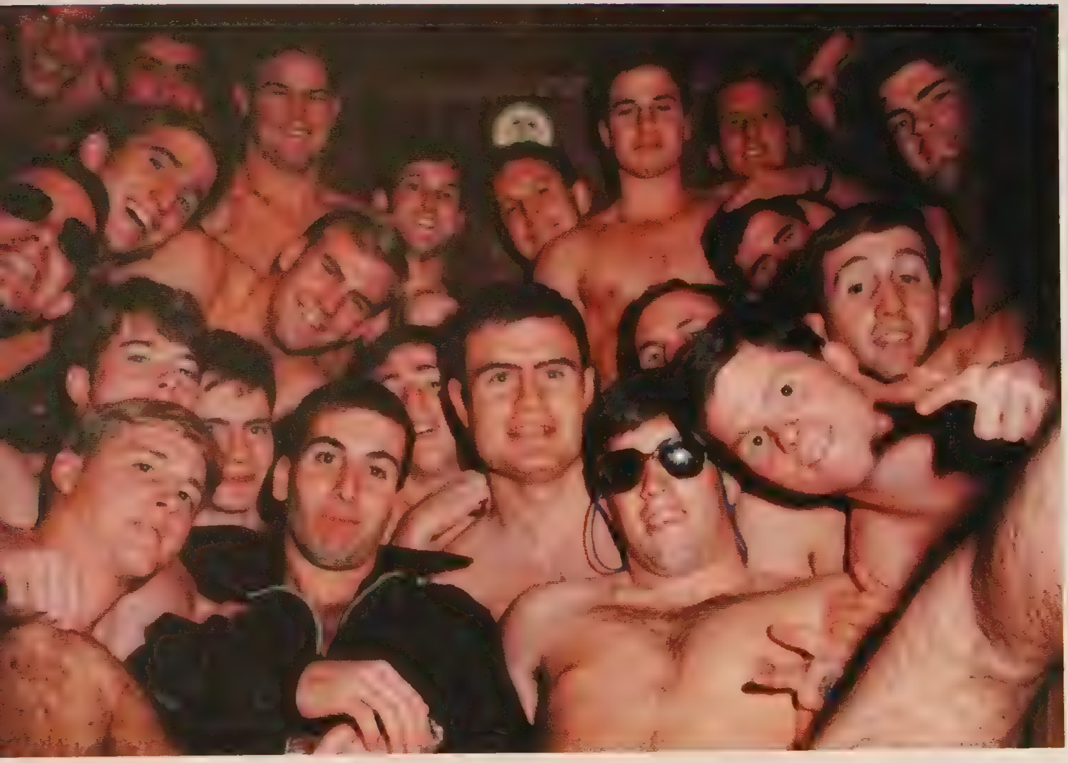


Row 1:
1 Tigani, John
2 VonKlonitz, T.
3 Schutz, Douglas
4 Miller, Kris
5 Poetzman, Kelly
6 Russ, Kimberly
7 Holtkamp, Erik
8 Pappas, Dimitrios
9 Bolirgeois, Paul
Row 2:
10 Swickley, Robert
11 Cressman, Scott
12 Huber, Michael
13 Beemer, David
14 Krensavage, J.
15 Kirby, Charles
16 Keays, Wallace
17 Lim, C.
18 Thompson, Stephen
19 Rakow, Steven
20 Nies, Carol
Row 3:
21 Spaulding, Libby
22 Demarsh, David
23 Packard, Randall
24 Shay, Erik
25 Towers, Roland
26 Casey, Thomas
27 Rivas, Rene
28 Godek, Paul
29 Laurilla, Shelley
NOT PICTURED:
Dove, John
Ellis, Robert
Garrison, Jason
Gibeley, Marc
McKane, Brian
Perrela, Eric

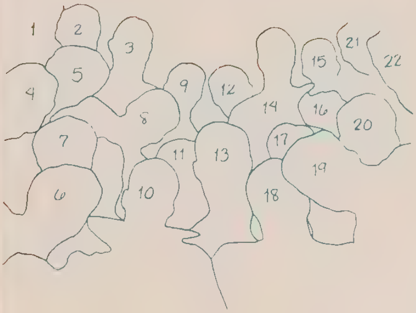
LT. J. Orzalli

FALL STAFF

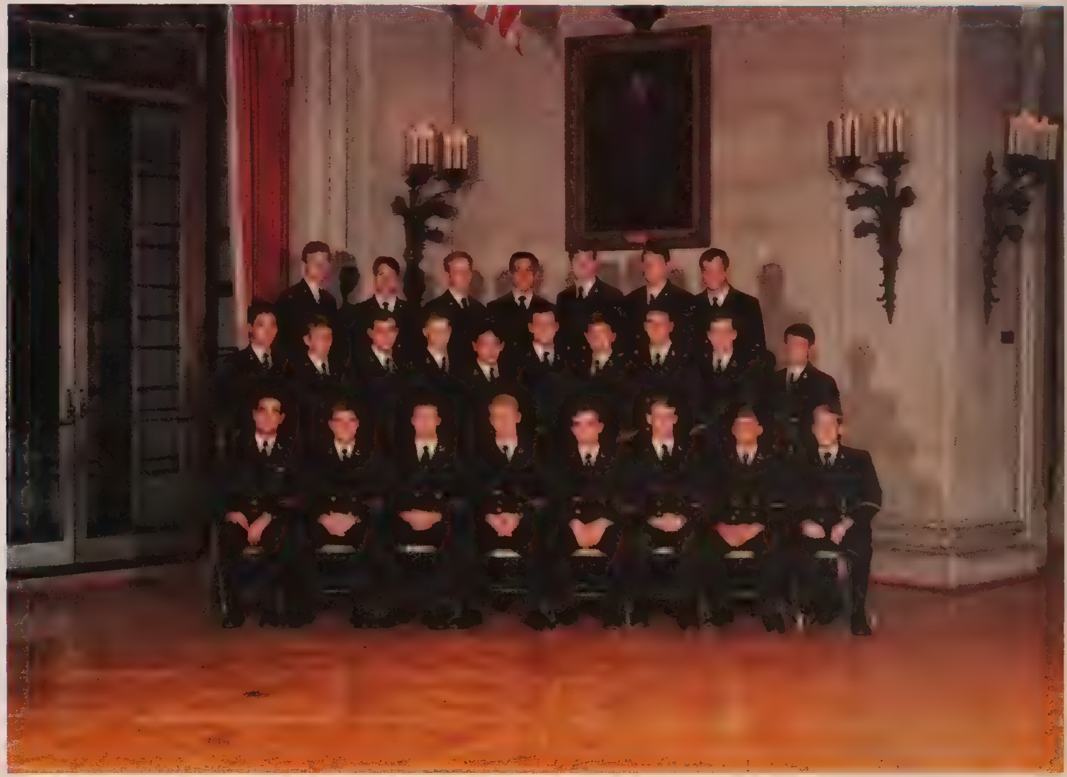
Co. Cdr.	*M/LT Joseph Miller*
Sub. Cdr.	*M/LTjg William Orton*
Admin.	*M/ENS Thomas Nolen*



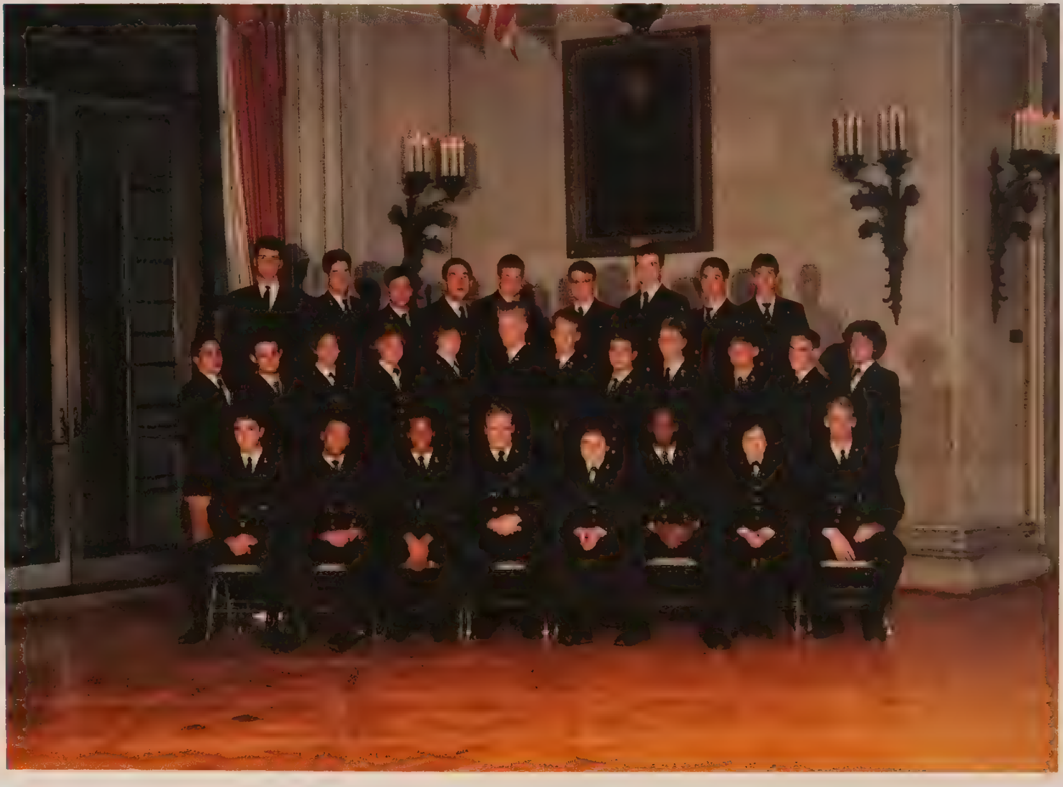
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Carlos DeLeon
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Tod Ray
Admin. M/ENS Ross Wilhelm



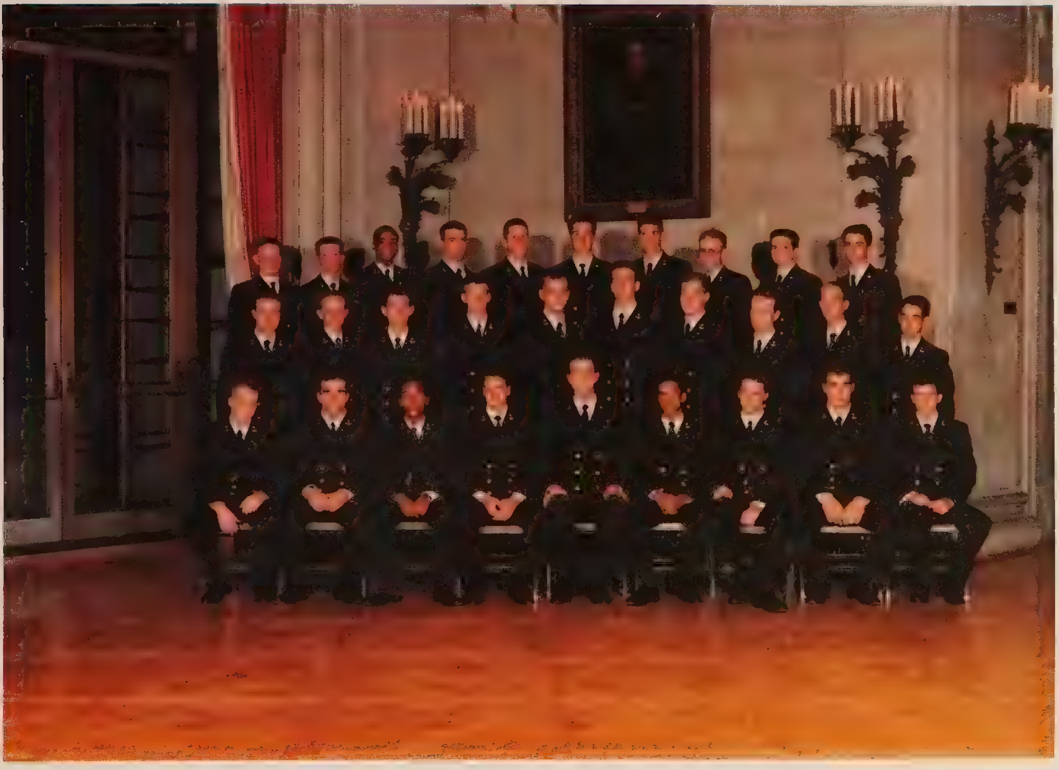
1 Holcomb, Ross
2 Kriete, Dave
3 Summers, Timmy
4 Wilhelm, Ross
5 Taff, Bayly
6 McGee, Max
7 Alber, Dave
8 Myer, Eric
9 Scholl, Jon
10 Parillo, John
11 Churbuck, Jimmy
12 Midas, Mike
13 Nolen, Toby
14 Zamka, George
15 Stys, Mark
16 Groody, Mike
17 Orton, Bill
18 Martinez, Vern
19 Morrow, Johnny
20 Goins, Greg
21 Brunger, Cliff
22 Price, Gary
NOT PICTURED:
deLeon, Carlos
Paulson, Bill
Miller, Joe
Few, Bill



Row 1:
1 Carver, John
2 Loeblein, Thomas
3 Moulton, John
4 Hollis, Kevin
5 Dickerson, Donald
6 Kreeger, Victor
7 Speed, Stephen
8 Pecaut, Mark
Row 2:
9 Bai, Shawn
10 Roberts, James
11 Arcaro, Ralph
12 Varallo, Thomas
13 Leung, Victor
14 Doud, Brendan
15 Losee, Geoffrey
16 Coen, Joseph
17 MacKinnon, D.
18 Buswell, Bradley
Row 3:
19 Williamson, T.
20 Datko, Laurence
21 Jones, Thomas
22 Alas, Jose
23 Kehlenbach, J.
24 McKinney, Gordon
25 Day, John
NOT PICTURED:
Alexander, Marc
Bowers, Earl
Cates, Thomas
Clifton, John
Hanlon, Peter
Johnson, Tracy
Oliver, Robert
Schnorr, Donald
Watts, Geoffrey
Williams, C.



Row 1:
1 Samuels, David
2 Cawley, Albert
3 Dixon, Derrick
4 Rupp, Eric
5 Russell, Nanette
6 Maye, Larry
7 Okamoto, Lynn
8 Wagner, Charles
Row 2:
9 Sandor, Andrew
10 Malakis, Raymond
11 Groves, Anne
12 Lombardi, C.
13 Reynolds, Loretta
14 James, William
15 Kish, Stephanie
16 Casillas, Renzo
17 Lawrence, Paul
18 Parker, Michael
19 Weathers, Richard
20 Hebert, Carrie
Row 3:
21 Byers, Raymond
22 Ward, David
23 Wilbourn, John
24 Curry, Timothy
25 Fogg, Robert
26 Dufresne, Daniel
27 Rhodes, David
28 Mauch, Kevin
29 Arthur, George
NOT PICTURED:
Bencal, C.
Callahan, Danny
Leonard, Joseph
Lindsey, Russell
MacFarlane, Dirk

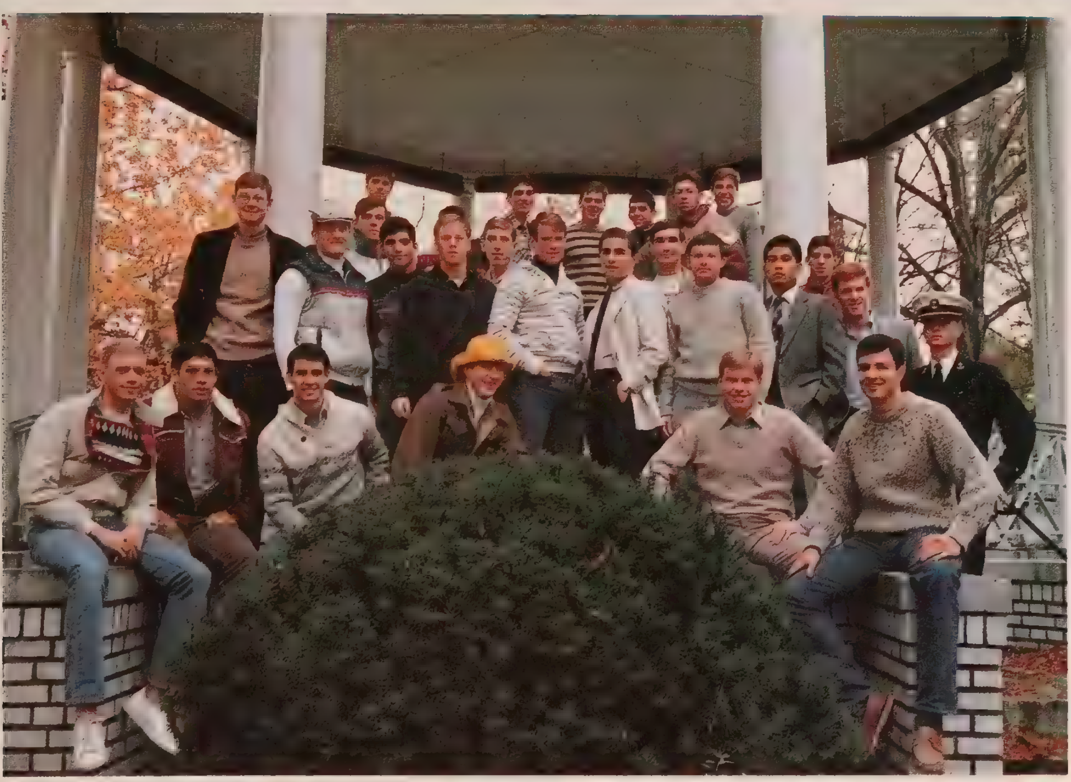


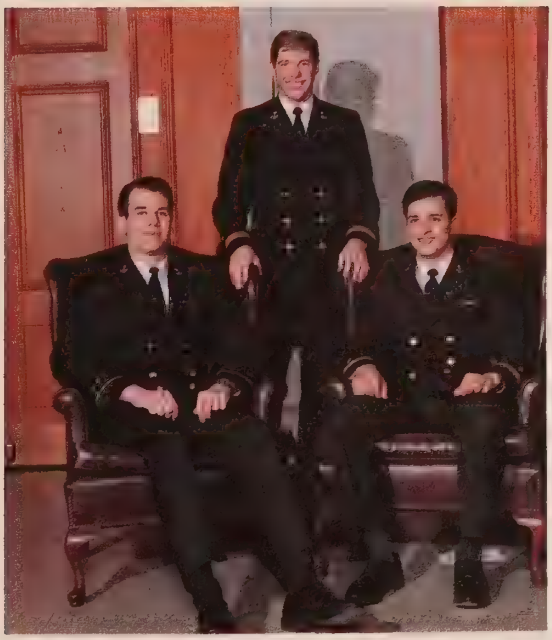
Row 1:
1 Braden, Guy
2 Casamassina, D.
3 Hawkins, Albert
4 Wood, Eric
5 Stevenson, John
6 Lindsey, Dwayne
7 Campbell, Joseph
8 Parrillo, Michael
9 Halpern, Steven
Row 2:
10 Feeney, John
11 Rapp, Christopher
12 Marzec, Thomas
13 Locke, Stephen
14 Fickle, John
15 Okland, Douglas
16 Bolt, Christopher
17 Dunphy, C.
18 Hushoup, Larry
19 Anderson, David
Row 3:
20 Wertman, David
21 Harrington, T.
22 Burgess, James
23 Basil, Daniel
24 Harwood, Bartlett
25 Skubi, Jason
26 Johnson, Randolph
27 Clark, Michael
28 SzpisJak, Dale
29 Cancio, Ramon
NOT PICTURED:
Aanonsen, Paul
Northcott, Tad

LT. C. Wendt

FALL STAFF

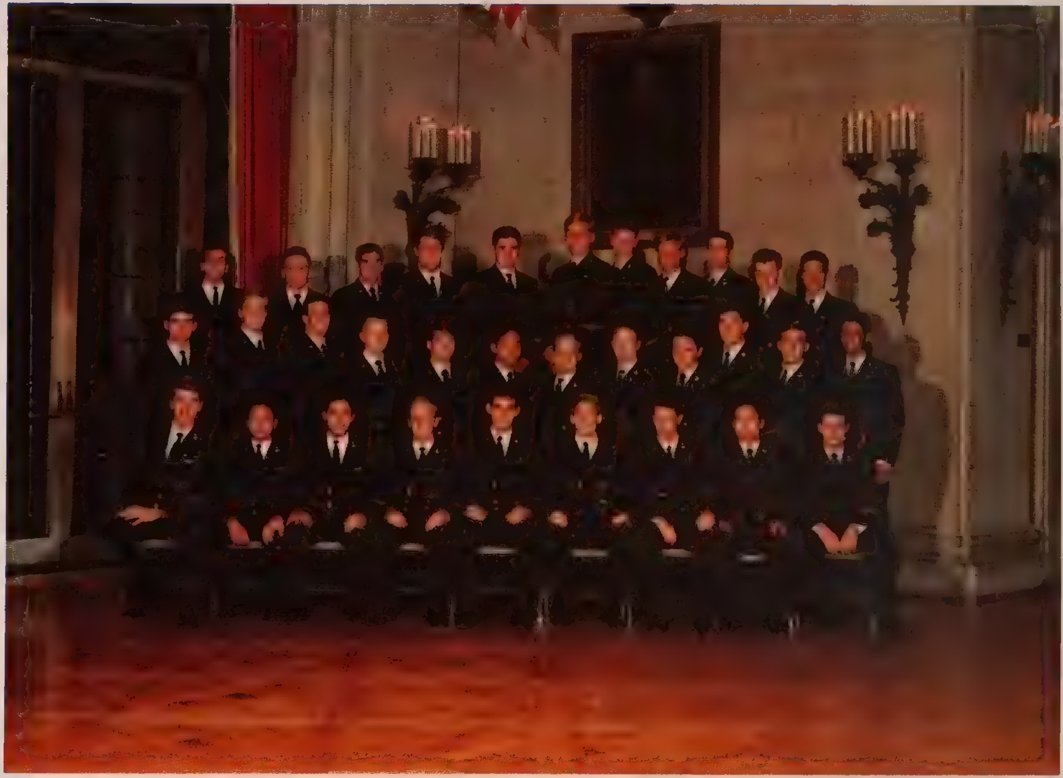
Co. Cdr.	M/LT Mark Barranco
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Thomas Gallagher
Admin.	M/ENS Noel Vinzon



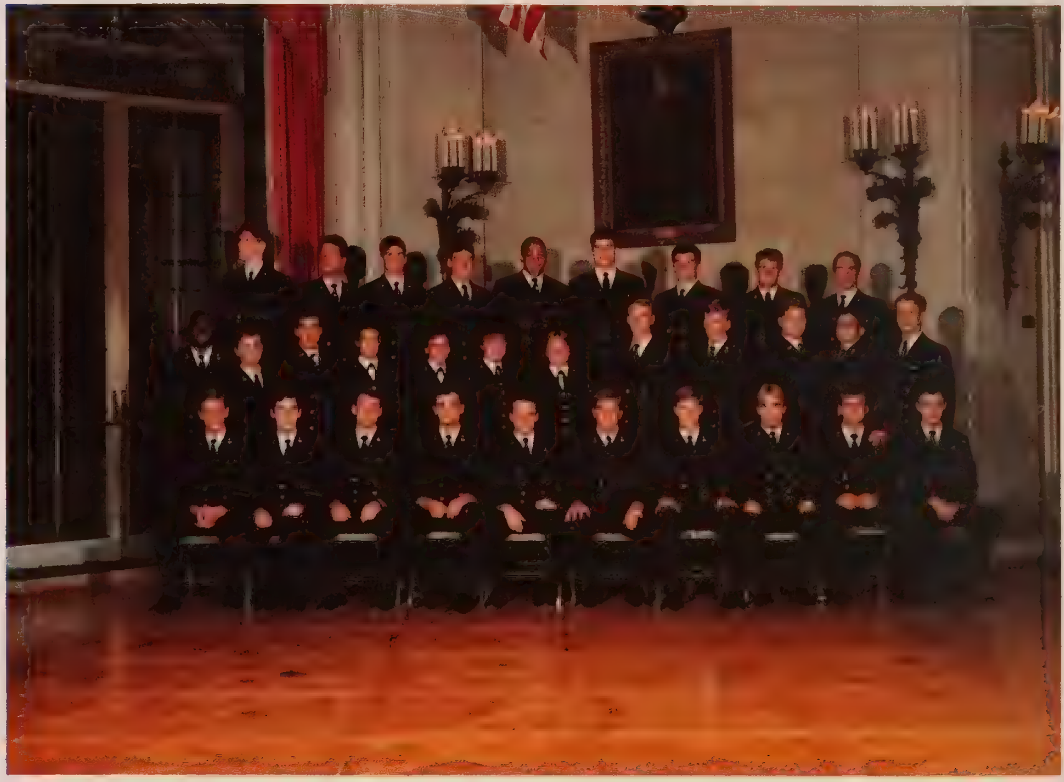


SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Steven Wright
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Samuel Mohs
Admin. M/ENS Timothy Birdsong

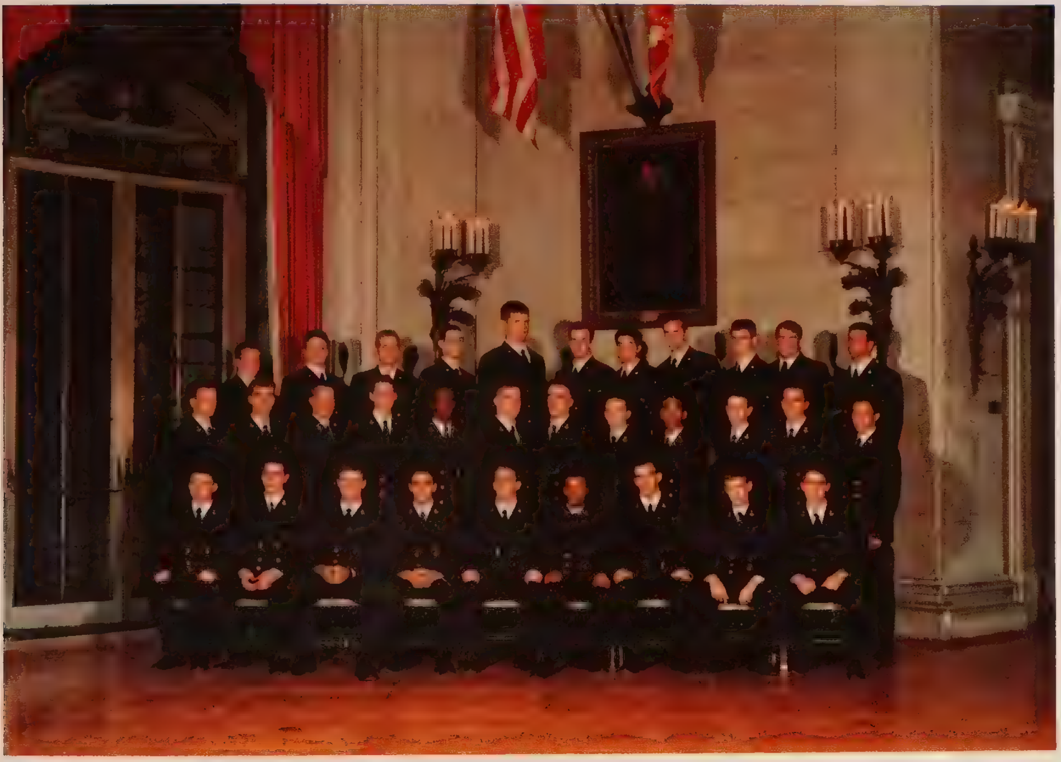
1 Przybyszewski, John
2 Lamson, Allen
3 Caraveo, Bryan
4 Adams, Frederick
5 Hollingsworth, C.
6 Hoover, David
7 Burguss
8 Lara, James
9 Scioli, Blaise
10 Inman, Richard
11 Beck, Thomas
12 Woltersdorf, Kurt
13 Olds, Robert
14 White, Ira
15 Alberto, Glen
16 Barranco, Mark
17 Gallagher, Thomas
18 Broadston, Robert
19 Slawson, Alton
20 Denneny, Douglas
21 Wright, Steven
22 Vinzon, Noel
23 Schleicher, D.
24 Deroche, William
25 Long, Joseph
26 Mohs, Samuel



Row 1:
1 Edwards, Jonathan
2 Legaspi, Joey
3 Rutkowski, R.
4 Cassidy, Shawn
5 Prudhomme, David
6 Lansing, Scott
7 Goehler, Barry
8 Kaneshiro, Kenn
9 Turner, David
Row 2:
10 Dorn, Jonathan
11 Bruno, Anthony
12 Taylor, David
13 Devore, Stephen
14 Collom, Kurt
15 Zarate, Peter
16 Wolski, Eugene
17 Shelden, Craig
18 Matthews, Paul
19 Waigand, Edward
20 Arnold, Ralph
21 Cuyno, Dominic
Row 3:
22 Shigley, Mark
23 Petouhoff, Michael
24 Baratta, James
25 Schill, Thomas
26 Watson, Troy
27 Smith, Scott
28 Fitzgerald, Kent
29 Chapin, Stephen
30 Brown, Paul
31 Barron, Danny
32 Holdstein, Chris
NOT PICTURED:
Bachmann, William



Row 1:
1 Rauscher, William
2 Hopkins, James
3 Jones, Morgan
4 Ainsworth, C.
5 Garay, Roger
6 Chase, Brian
7 Taylor, John
8 Allman, Todd
9 Schmitt, Robert
10 Evertson, Scott
Row 2:
11 Jackson, Edward
12 Burton, Jackie
13 Hastie, Bruce
14 Reitan, Paula
15 Smith, Sybil
16 Laws, Cheryl
17 Secrist, Mary
18 Walsh, Patrick
19 Wahlstedt, Eric
20 Steffy, Todd
21 Brown, Brian
22 Schley, Nathaniel
Row 3:
23 Schweickhardt, A.
24 Johanson, Kurt
25 Paterson, Adam
26 English, Donald
27 Edwards, Douglas
28 Collins, John
29 Sullivan, Francis
30 Nims, Stephen
31 Jonske, Louis
NOT PICTURED:
Kenyon, Cameron



Row 1:
1 Lessard, Laurence
2 Wanebo, Michael
3 Seawright, David
4 Takats, Terry
5 Demchak, Michael
6 Herbert, Joseph
7 Loricco, John
8 Wilkens, John
9 King, Samuel
Row 2:
10 Brandenburg, M.
11 Wall, Spencer
12 Danielson, J.
13 Baker, Samuel
14 Wilson, John
15 Buellner, David
16 Cahill, Stanley
17 Lochridge, Scott
18 Galvan, Richard
19 Schwab, Thomas
20 Ward, Donald
21 Martinez, Rene
22 McGee, James
23 Strautmann, Roger
24 Sawyer, William
25 Ostroff, Pacy
26 Williams, George
27 Hottendorf, John
28 Wade, Patrick
29 Williams, M.
30 Brown, Scott
31 Schill, Thomas
32 Coyle, Sean
NOT PICTURED:
Casson, Charles
Colwell, Jeffrey
White, David
Wilson, John

Sixth Battalion

Cdr. J. Minderlein

Ms. C. Kellner

Staffs

M/LCDR Michael Kelly, Cdr; M/LT Jonthan Kan, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Philip Howe, operations; M/LTjg Robin Franke, Adjutant; M/LTjg Kurt Storey, Supply; M/LTjg Kelly King, Administrative

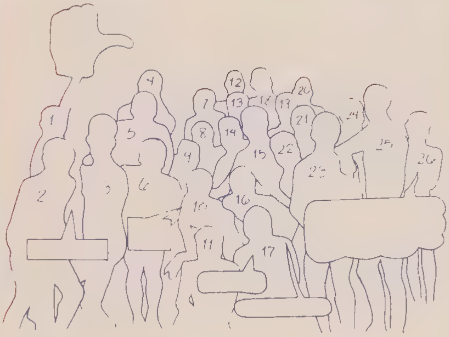
M/LCDR Harry Ward, Cdr; M/LT Mark Michaud, Sub-Cdr; M/LT Douglas Brown, Operations; M/LTjg Adam Levitt, Adjutant; M/LTjg Steven Jones, Supply; M/LTjg Mark Storto, Administrative.

LT. S. Schlientz

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Thomas Calabrese
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Thomas Draper
Admin. M/ENS Joseph Gofford

GO NAVY
GET HER— ALIVE!
AH'S INTA A ROMANTICAL MOOD.
GOSH... I BETTER TAKE A SHOWER, WASH MY HAIR, SHAVE, BRUSH MY TEETH, PUT ON A FRESH SHIRT, FIND MY WALLET....
WELL ... IT'S ... ER ...
ANYTHING, OTTO —ANYTHING!
BRING ON THE GIRLS!
... FLY OUT SOME GIRLS FROM THE WEST COAST!

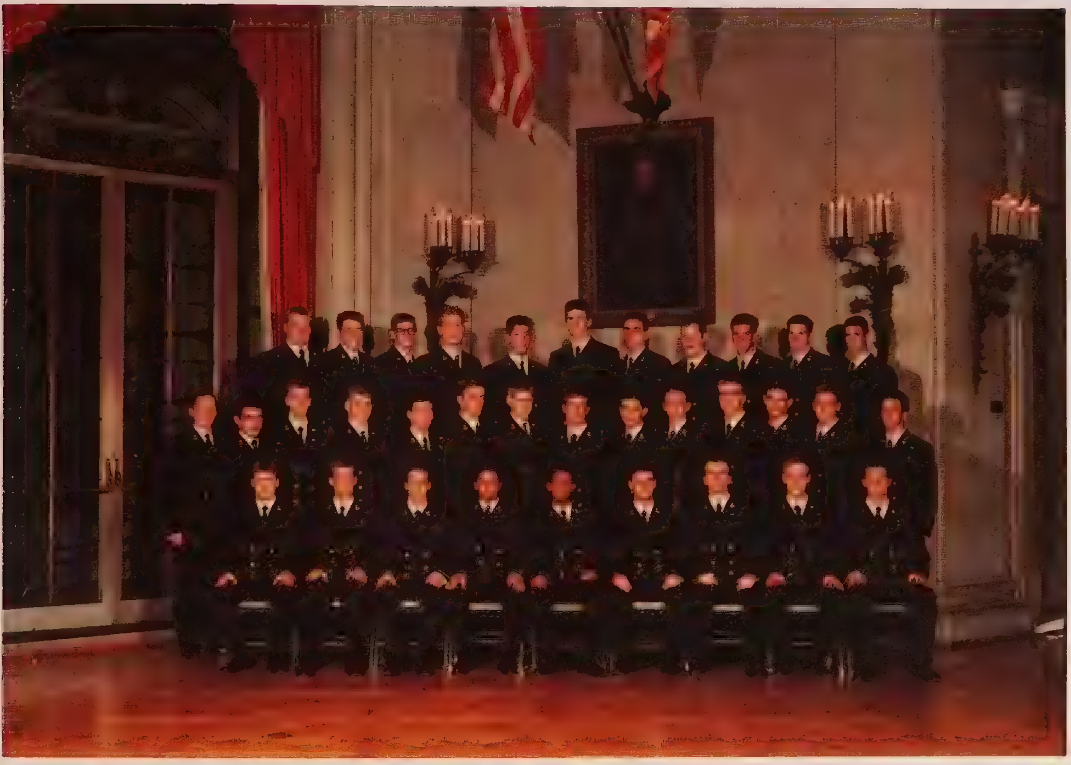
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Ray Peterson III
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Galen Krueger
Admin. M/ENS David Jung



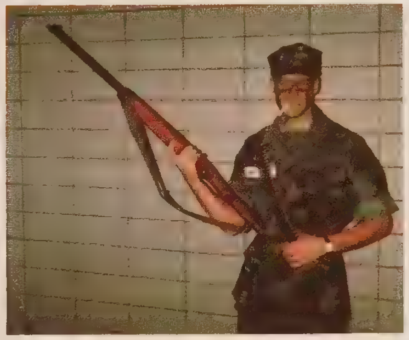
1 Jung, David
2 Kan, John
3 Gufford, Joe
4 Carroll, Joe
5 Lengyl, Pete
6 Yablunowski, David
7 Clayton, Eric
8 Calabree, Tom
9 Peterson, Pete
10 Krueger, Glen
11 Bouldin, Mark
12 Draper, Tom
13 Gacusan, Leo
14 Forrestal, Tom
15 Malone, Tim
16 Potochniak, Dave
17 Lenda, Dave
18 Kilburn, Chip
19 Ditton, Daye
20 Hogan, Pat
21 Wiggins, John
22 Thatcher, Steve
23 Michaud, Mark
24 Lewis, Lance
25 Shupinski, Dave
26 Steckel, John

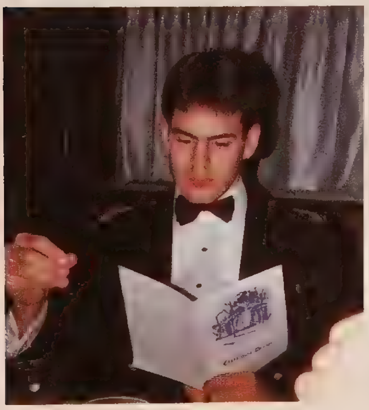
1st Row:
1 Merren, Michael
2 Mai, Bradley Carl
3 Flagg, Marcus
4 Cortesio, Michael
5 Peters, Norman
6 Sims, Charles
7 Torres, Jerry
8 Canvin, Joseph
9 Webster, Richard
2nd Row:
10 Martino, Peter
11 Gaviria, Jorge
12 Ransier, Randy
13 Hamby, Andrew
14 Schott, Charles
15 Walker, Mark
16 Cardon, Anthony
17 Carra, Christopher
18 Card, Stuart
19 Clark, Gard
20 Fullerton, Robert
3rd Row:
21 Milligan, John
22 Christman, Michael
23 Luther, James
24 Alberto, Donald
25 Severs, Paul
26 Krotow, Stephen
27 Peters, James
28 Reeves, Jeffrey
29 Jenkins, Shawn
Not Pictured:
Gunning, Edward
Hall, Robert
Harrington, William
Lightfoot, Ashley
Porter, David
Ross, Kenneth

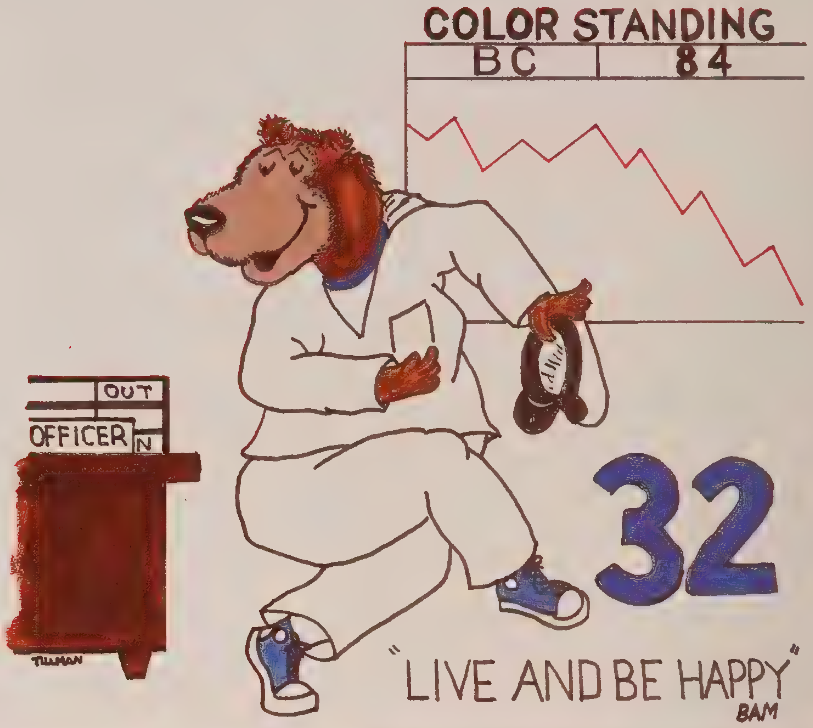
1st Row:
1 Spears, Mark
2 Stachelski, Geri
3 Blair, Mary
4 Donelan, Kathy
5 Price, Cheryl
6 McCarthy, Patricia
7 Dorey, John
8 Wise, Brett
2nd Row:
9 Giauque, Michael
10 Stedham, Don
11 Vantassel, Peter
12 Bateson, Damon
13 Bamonte, John
14 Crouse, Cooper
15 Stratton, Michael
16 Vloedman, Peter
3rd Row:
17 Bell, John
18 Durand, Jeffrey
19 Meier, John
20 North, Carl
21 Krege, John
22 Reiman, Kenneth
23 McGovern, Thomas
NOT PICTURED:
Barnes, Kenneth
Brady, Steven
Butler, Vernon
Ceres, Robert
Smith, Mark



1st Row:
1 Debruyn, William
2 Raymond, John
3 Bahn, Christian
4 Quick, Mark
5 Gonzalez, Renaldo
6 Gardner, Mark
7 Armstrong, Wayne
8 Edwards, Alex
9 Cohan, Stephen
10 Johnson, James
11 Filyaw, Olin
2nd Row:
12 Chua, John
13 Pagan, Ivan
14 Piontek, Joseph
15 Quinn, Scott
16 Bechtold, John
17 Desmarais, Albert
18 Kirkland, Gary
19 Wilson, Douglas
20 Contaoi, Gregory
21 Thiesse, Trav
22 Hallahan, William
23 Walters, Duane
24 Grammer, William
25 Matheson, James
3rd Row:
26 Miller, Lee
27 Clarke, Stephen
28 Kay, Robert
29 Coker, Anthony
30 Rodriguez, Miguel
31 MacMurchy, Richard
32 Hein, Robert
33 Milligan, David
34 Monroe, Robert
Not Pictured:
Emmitt, James
Sledgianowski, John






COLOR STANDING
BC
84
OUT
OFFICER
IN
32
TILLMAN
"LIVE AND BE HAPPY"
BAM

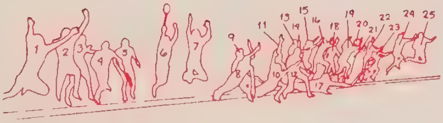
LT. J. Carpenter

FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT Robbin Russell
Sub. Co.	M/LTjg Scott Porter
Admin.	M/ENS Lundy Campbell

SPRING STAFF

Co. Cdr.	*M/LT Lundy Campbell*
Sub. Cdr.	*M/LTjg Andrew Duff*
Admin.	*M/ENS Paul Hullinger*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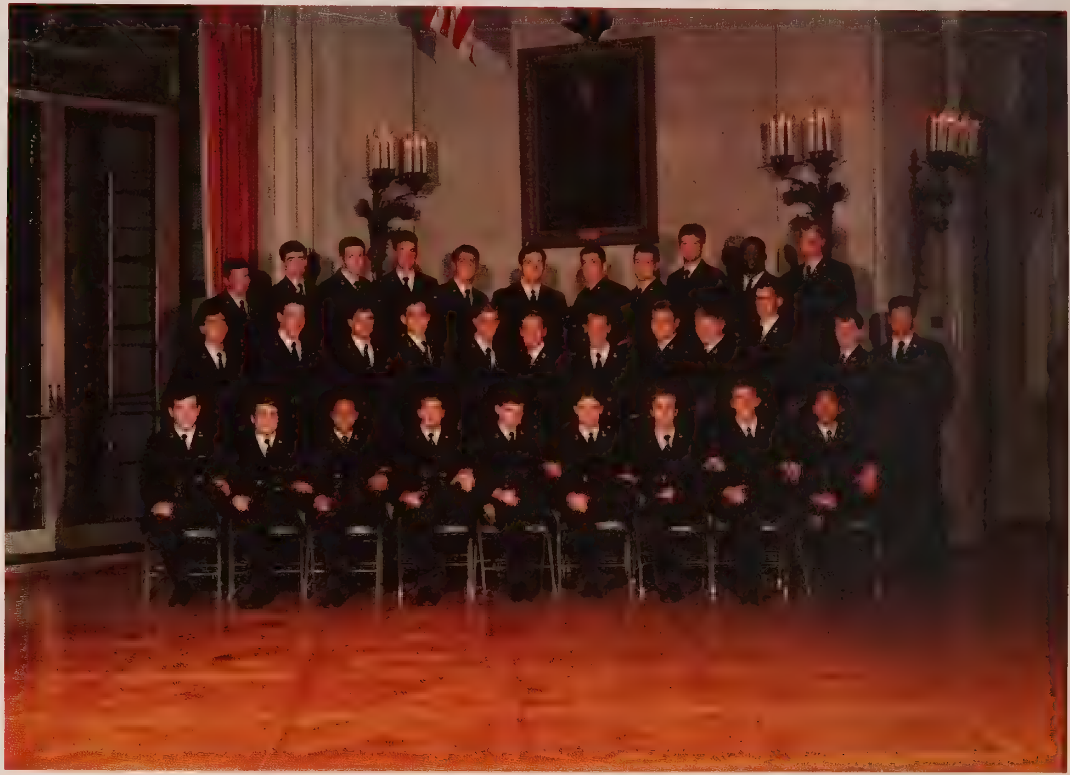
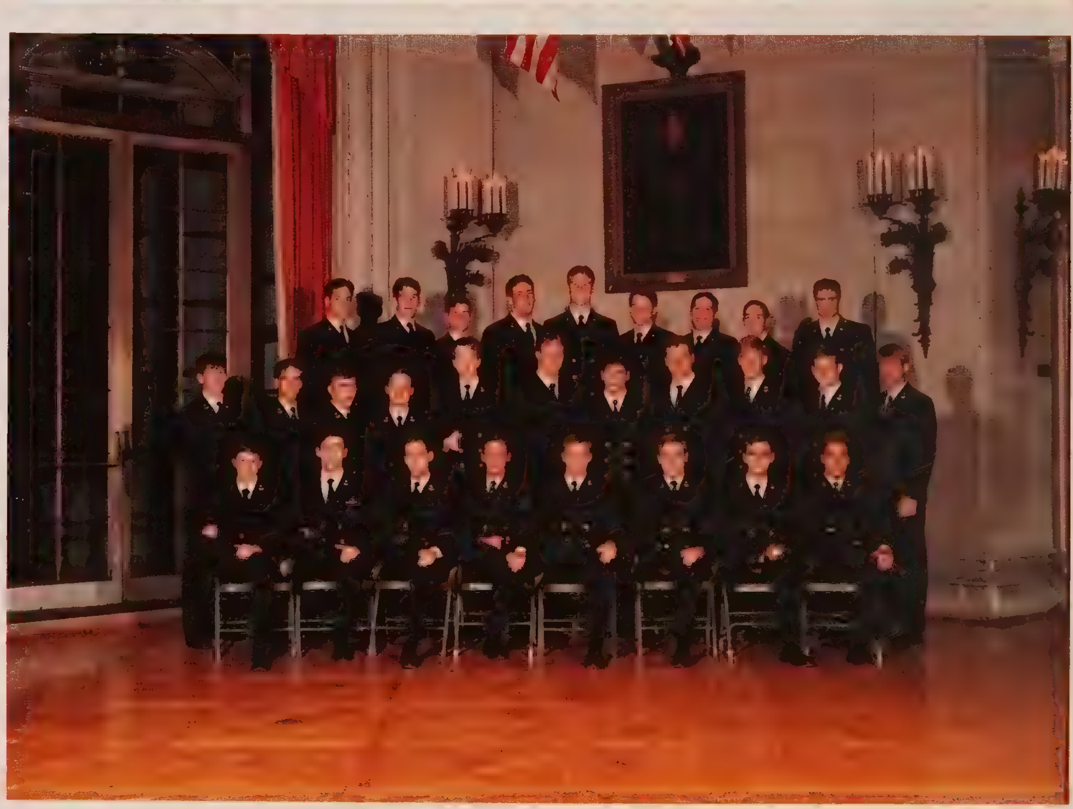
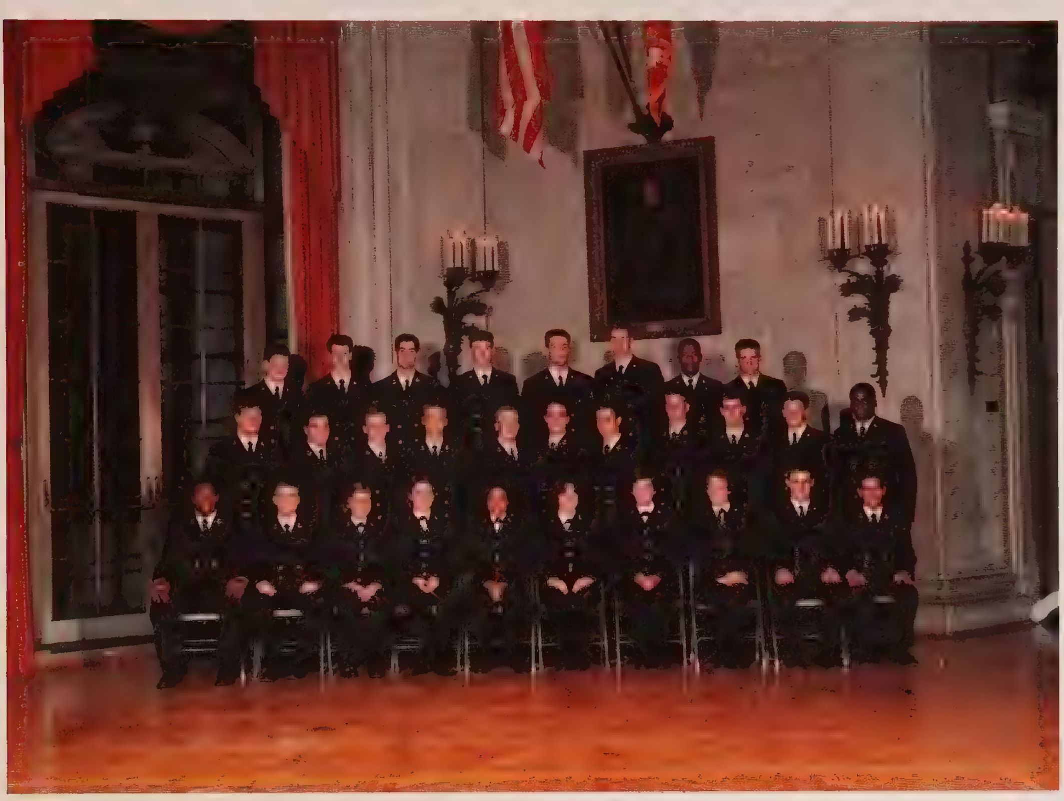
1 Campbell, Lundy
2 McCawley, Pete
3 King, Kelly
4 Porter, Scott
5 Storto, Mark
7 Thomas, Doug
9 Duff, Drew
10 Sympson, Bill
12 Becker, Max
13 Kerr, Sherri
14 Watson, Will
15 Petersen, Debbie
16 Hullinger, Paul
17 McGann, Steve
18 Stephens, Carla
22 Kent, Rose
23 Davis, Jackie
24 St. Pierre, Albert
25 Kalisch, Mark



1st Row:
1 Deranian, John
2 Denardo, John
3 Alfaro, Raymond
4 McAllister,
5 Witt, Glenn
6 Whitfield, Gregg
7 Hadley, Robert
8 Earle, Robert
9 Bucayan,
2nd Row:
10 Stamps, Peter
11 Shihadeh, Matthew
12 Burke,
13 Fitzgerald
14 Vaughan, Robert
15 Rasberry, John
16 Duncan, Robert
17 Skelly, Michael
18 Pfeiffer, Curtis
19 Brzezinski, Edwin
20 Flint, Daniel
21 Matzke, Daniel
3rd Row:
22 Etkins, Robert
23 Wray, James
24 Loria, Robert
25 Hein, Jeffrey
26 Venable, Jaime
27 Ryan, Christopher
28 Panico, Stephen
29 Schaeffler, Mark
30 Nichelson, Steve
31 Moore, Michael
32 Steigers, Curt
Not Pictured:
Borneman, John
Bucayan,
Henry, Frederick
Lawton, David
Wain, Bruce



1st Row:
1 Smallow, Theodore
2 Rivers, Thane
3 Pedro, Daniel
4 Jordan, Dewey
5 Jarrell, Maurice
6 Waugh, Stephen
7 Gensure, John
8 Partida, Louis
2nd Row:
9 Hubbard, Garret
10 Moses, Daniel
11 Boyd, Alan
12 Young, James
13 Shelton, Paul
14 Schildmeyer,
15 Wiemann, John
16 Pfeifer, Gerald
17 O'Keefe, Thomas
18 Flachsbart, Brian
3rd Row:
19 Merrill, Eric
20 Clark, Darwin
21 O'Keefe, Cornelius
22 Oliver, Gordon
23 Mosher, Jeffrey
24 Adams, Jeffrey
25 Enriquez, Kurt
26 Cann, Thomas
27 Ruth, Jeffrey
Not pictured:
Hoyt, Lance



1st Row:
1 Tyner, Jerry
2 Gross, Paul
3 Miles, Erica
4 Buckley, Kathleen
5 Richmond,
6 Telkamp, Sandra
7 Massoglia,
8 Brown, Suzanne
9 Pinnata, John
10 Soto, Ruben
2nd Row:
11 Berner, John
12 Teeple, Stephen
13 Perkins, Patrick
14 Angeloni, William
15 Bannach, Keith
16 Bates, Daniel
17 Wanebo, John
18 Parker, Richard
19 Hansen, Leland
20 Reimann, Timothy
21 McBeth, Vincent
3rd Row:
22 Brown, Theodore
23 Lipscomb, George
24 Trahan, Arthur
25 Byrne, James
26 Stricker, Lester
27 Gordon, Andrew
28 Fletcher, Kirklin
29 Kyle, John
Not Pictured:
Murphy, Thomas
Noah, Cary
Metcalf, Ned
Sisney, Steven

'84
33rd HERD
TILLMAN

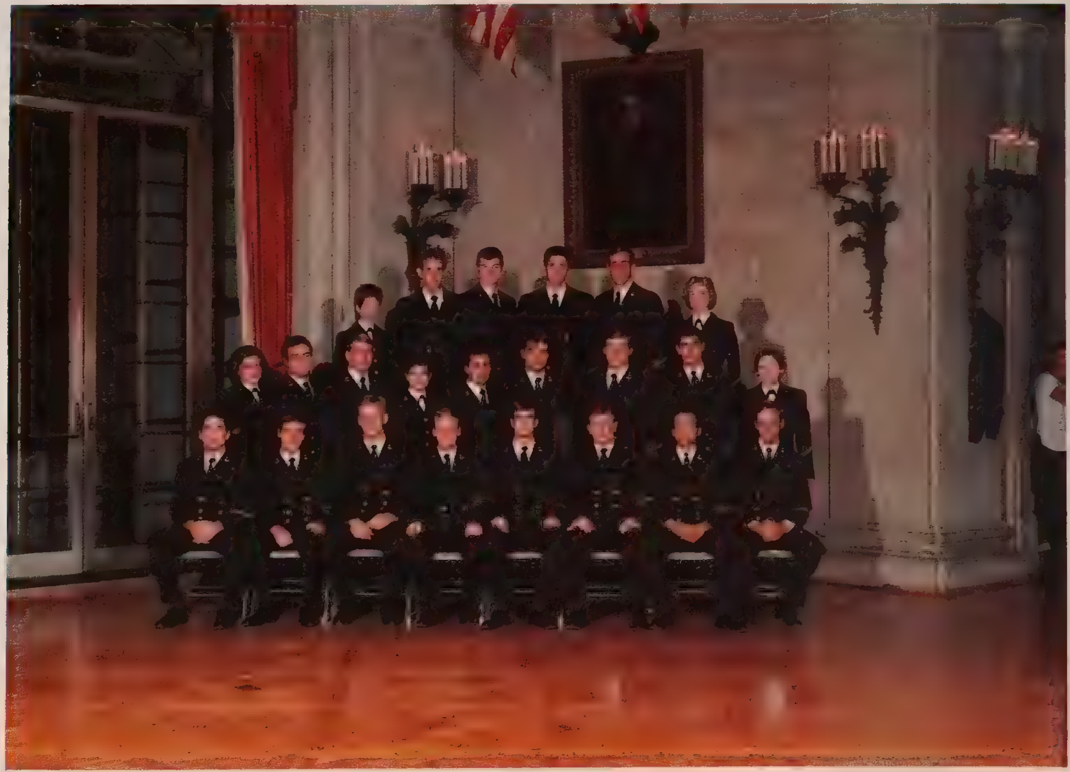
LT. J. Sarao

FALL STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Steven Lott
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Charles Rainey
Admin. M/ENS Al Alabata

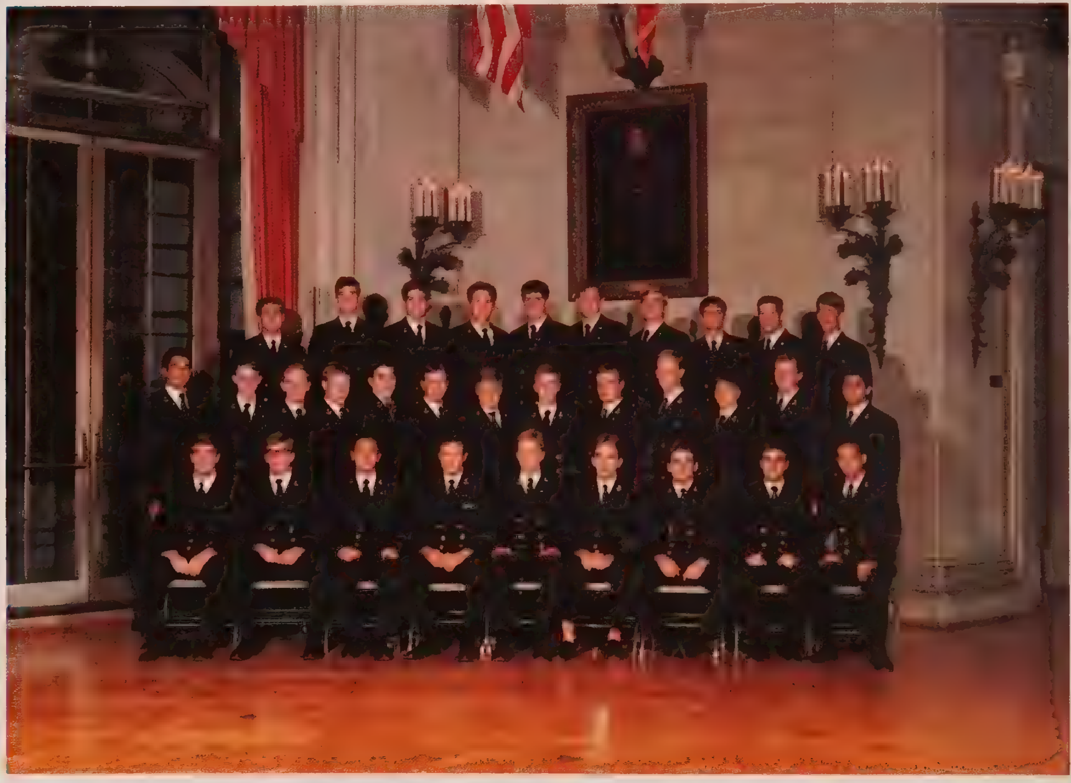
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. *M/LT Kevin McCallum*
Sub. Cdr. *M/LTjg William Frake*
Admin. *M/ENS William O'Connell*

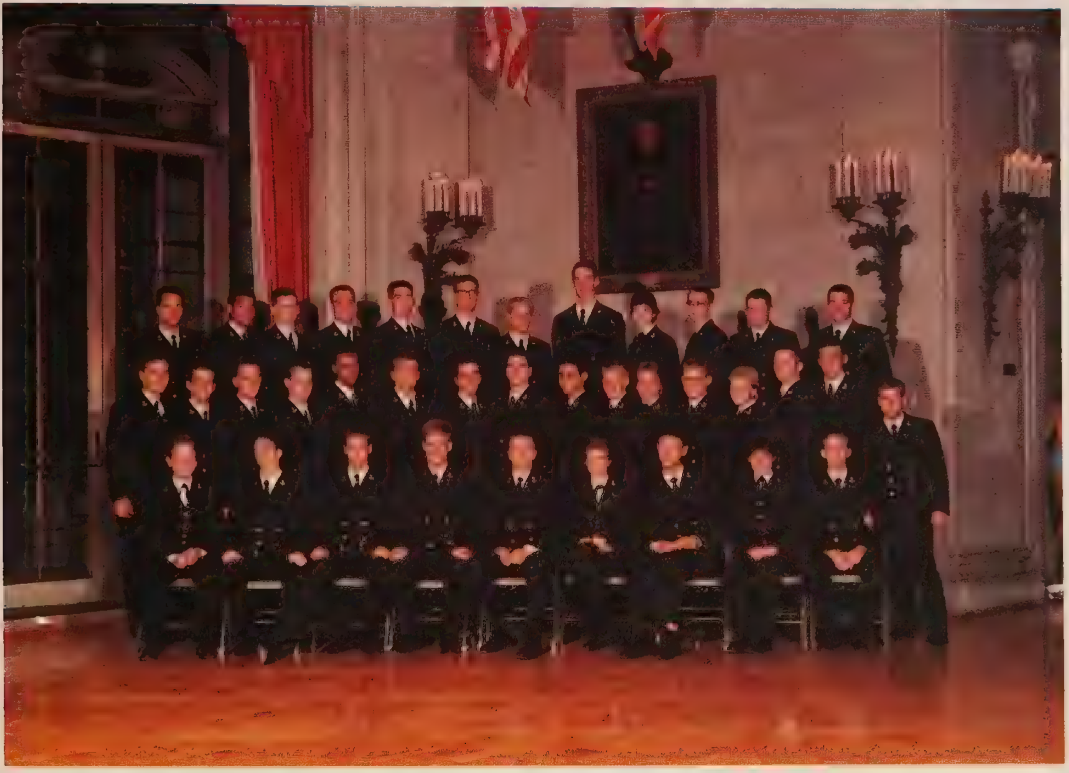
1 Cooper, C.
2 Donlon, Vencent
3 Loft, Steven
4 Alabata, Al
6 DiAntonio, Mark
7 Hacker, Rudolph
8 Hinen, James
9 Rasbury, Stanley
10 Young, Steven
11 Sullivan, Sean
12 PitPit, Michael
13 Buck, Nicholas
14 Hog, Gary
15 Haynes, Larry
16 McCallum, Kevin
17 Harber, Jonathan
18 Johnson, Jeffrey
19 Vautier, James
20 Rainey, Charles
21 O'Connell, William
NOT PICTURED
Frake, William
Haugen, Christian
McKelvey, Matthew

1st Row:
1 Benson, Christopher
2 Haidvogel, Robert
3 Vandiver, James
4 Winkler, John
5 Rocha, Jeffrey
6 Pierce, James
7 Sham, Robert
8 Schiefer, Charles
2nd Row:
9 Bandyk, Marya
10 Wolfe, Gilbert
11 Kulsa, Stanley
12 Spinelli, Julia
13 Abounader, Selim
14 Klimczyk, Thomas
15 Dishman, Robert
16 Mahoney, David
17 Edmiston, Jan
3rd Row:
18 Krepsz, Julie
19 Rasnick, Lannes
20 Gilliam, Howard
21 Steadley, Robert
22 Selvy, Donald
23 McGill, Susan
Not Pictured:
Earl, Robert
Gabel, William
Goffi, Richard
Lankau, Paul
Sharkey, Charles
Smith, William
Walls, Kenneth



Row 1:
1 Tanner, John
2 Beldy, Daniel
3 Esaki, Alan
4 Lee, Kimo
5 King, Kyle
6 Goeser, Kurt
7 Winters, Harvey
8 Deguire, Stephen
9 Hubbard, Bryan
Row 2:
10 Radcliffe, R.
11 Meltser, Mark
12 Shellhammer, M.
13 LaChance, Daniel
14 Jacobson, David
15 Rexroad, Jimmy
16 Coulter, Eric
17 Kostrub, William
18 Flood, Wayne
19 Lang, Kurtis
20 Wheat, Richard
21 Podeck, Mark
22 Greene, David
Row 3:
23 Kinsey, Anders
24 Jackson, Gardner
25 Barth, Mark
26 Pendergrass, W.
27 Krumel, Andrew
28 Roeckell, Mark
29 Klansek, Patrick
30 Sherer, William
31 Olson, Richard
32 Black, Robert
NOT PICTURED:
Holyfield, J.
Meltser, Mark
Sherman, Gerald





Row 1:
1 Smith, Tracy
2 Gordon, Charles
3 Vuillemot, Andrew
4 Schmidt, Harry
5 Slough, Timothy
6 Alvarez, Dawn
7 Jo, Sheldon
8 Leonard, Judith
9 Poore, Louis
10 Ricciuti, Andrew

Row 2:
11 Shirk, Jeffrey
12 Stollmeyer, R.
13 Stewart, Michael
14 Ashley, Darin
15 Curry, Sean
16 Spitzer, John
17 Girardi, Mark
18 Mologne, Michael
19 MacMurtrie, James
20 Mattson, Thomas
21 Sahler, Erica
22 Julian, David
23 Davis, Susan
24 Brown, Mark
25 Wilson, C.

Row 3:
26 Grover, Darrin
27 Mobley, Albert
28 Frack, Kenneth
29 Coil, Gregory
30 Klein, Kristopher
31 Schreiber, Mark
32 McFadden, Bruce
33 Lewis, Clayton
34 Dorsett, Dolores
35 Martin, Andrew
36 Bunge, Paul
37 Scheulin, Eric

NOT PICTURED:
Cook, James

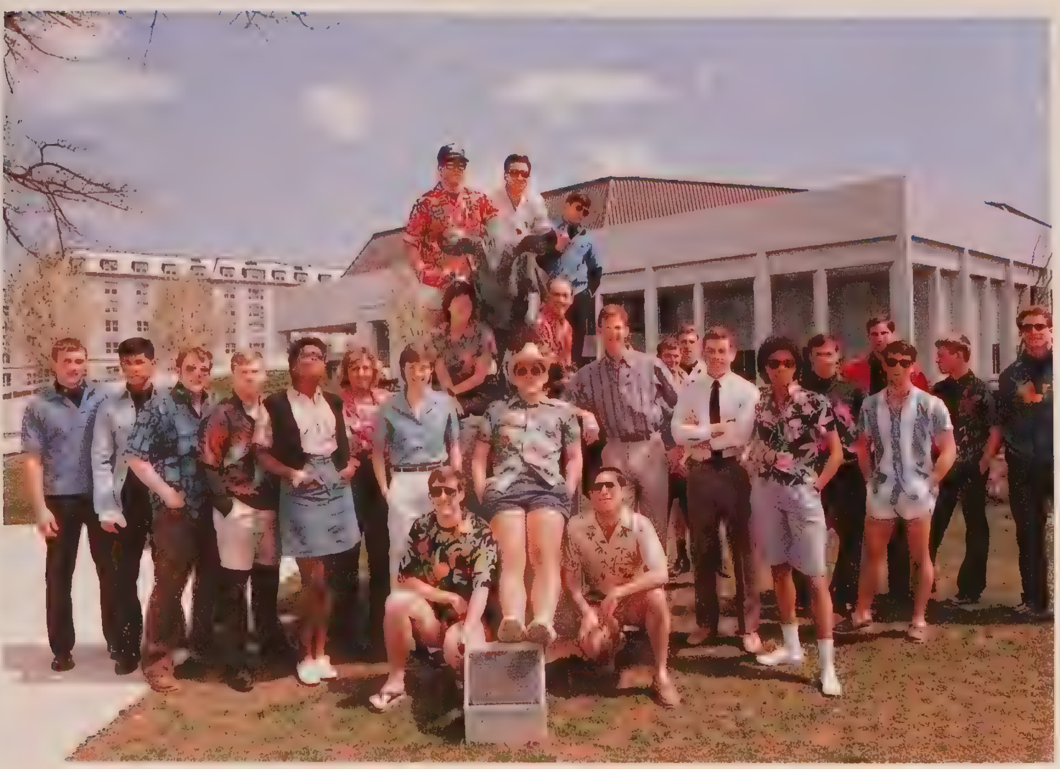
Club 34

TRUMAN

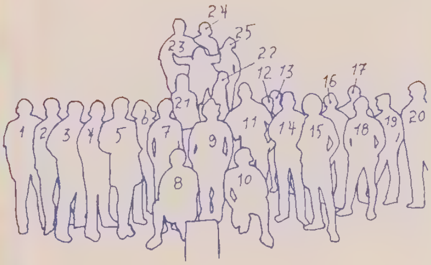
LT. R. McWhorter

FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	M/LT Victor D'Andrea
Sub. Cdr.	M/LTjg Ropert Tillery
Admin.	M/ENS Donald Collins



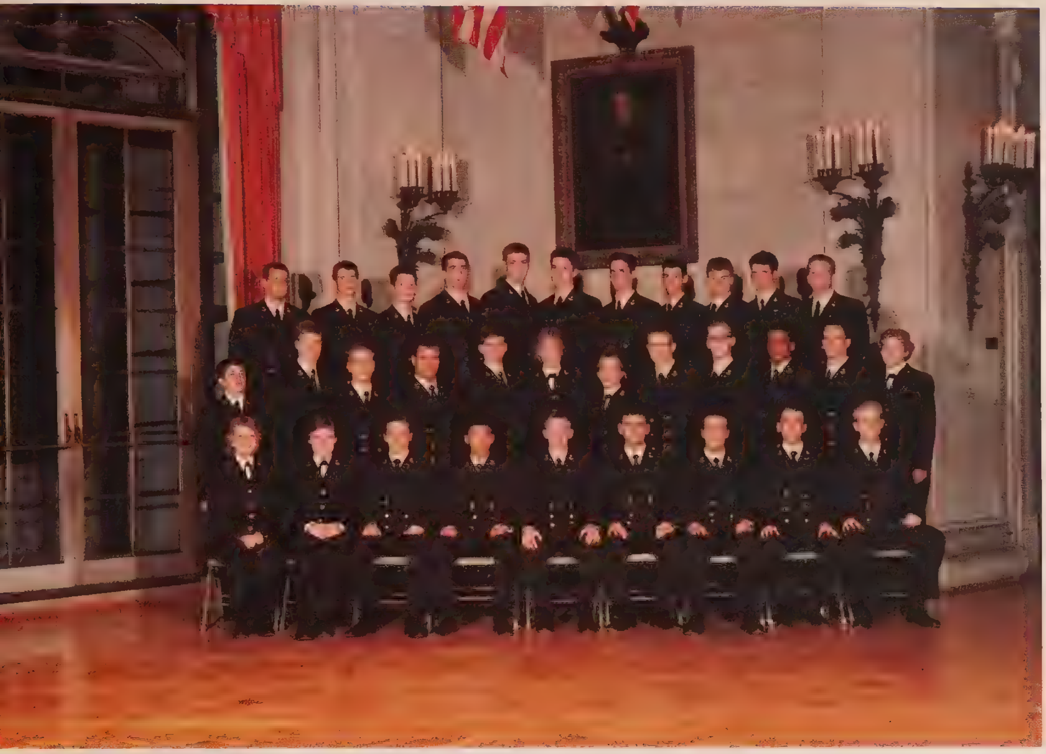
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Letitia Law
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Brian Marin
Admin. M/ENS Steven McGaugh



1 McGaugh, Steve
2 Emestro, Audie
3 Collins, Don
4 Hays, Kevin
5 Stevens, Monica
6 Kasprzak, Toni
7 Gwin, Beth
8 Campbell, Don
9 Crow, Lowell
10 Stovall, Larry
11 Collins, Mike
12 Fisher, Tom
13 Spradlin, Mike
14 Ward, Harry
15 Law, Leticia
16 Harms, Bill
17 Tillery, Rob
18 Steindal, Dave
19 Derdall, Jim
20 Rees, John
21 Kirby, Melanie
22 D'Andrea, Bucky
23 Duffy, Neil
24 Marin, Brian
25 Storey, Kurt

Row 1:
1 Luman, Robert
2 Ellegood, John
3 Rauch, Charles
4 McLean, Robert
5 Watson, Kayle
6 Burgard, Robert
7 Cull, Scott
Row 2:
8 Litonjua, Jonas
9 Jordan, Richard
10 Trotta, Andrew
11 Duzan, Robert
12 Schroeder, Duane
13 Rhodes, C.
14 Wheatley, Wade
Row 3:
15 Nasson, Scott
16 White, Kevin
17 Monaghan, Joseph
18 Peters, Gordon
19 McDonald, Brian
20 Pettit, Steven
NOT PICTURED:
Alberts, Edward
Belair, Steven
Brodeur, David
Chambers, Steven
Clark, Laurance
Daly, Brendan
Hall, Jack
Holmes, Steven
Mangente, Gordon
Marotta, Thomas
Otero, Agustin
Wild, Thomas
Zaleski, Ronald

Row 1:
1 Crook, John
2 McMullen, Richard
3 Cook, Sprague
4 Worman, John
5 Metroka, Andrew
6 Stryker, Richard
7 Papa, Henry
Row 2:
8 Pall, Phillip
9 James, Robert
10 Hager, Carl
11 Conlon, Thomas
12 Smith, Thomas
13 Foster, Steven
14 Casey, Kevin
15 Hono, James
16 Surina, John
17 Nicolay, Herbert
18 Taylor, Wayne
19 Skillman, John
Row 3:
20 Rigolo, Thomas
21 Silva, Henry
22 Prior, Robert
23 Rohm, William
24 Gibson, Paul
25 Mailloux, James
26 Cronquist, Steven
27 Farina, Anthony
28 Lagasca, Jason
29 McCormick, W.
NOT PICTURED:
Baker, John
Dwyer, James

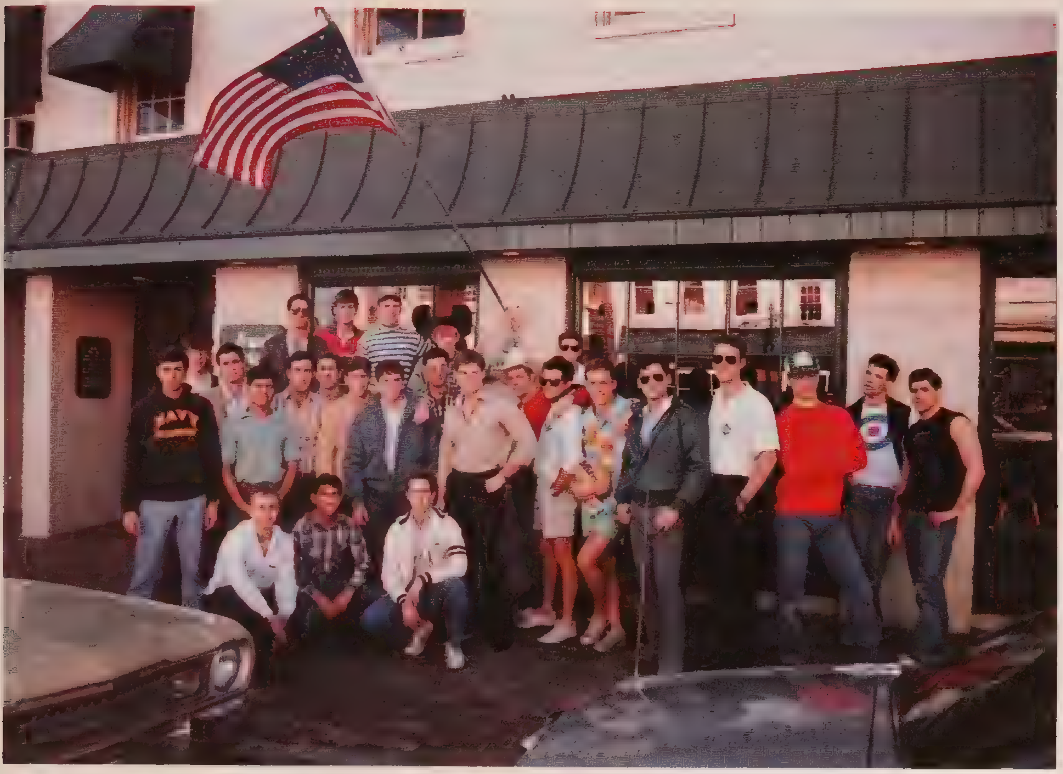


Row 1:
1 Carroll, Molly
2 McKee, Margaret
3 Cooley, Thomas
4 Shen, Jonah
5 Hallawell, Robert
6 Belling, Ralph
7 Cimiluca, Arthur
8 Rodriguez, Edward
9 Miller, Edward
Row 2:
10 Caporossi, J.
11 Callahan, Andrew
12 Mykyta, John
13 Smith, Michael
14 Sindoni, Anthony
15 Walters, Janet
16 Mlodzik, Maria
17 Rookard, Curtis
18 Brown, David
19 Hollinger, A.
20 Phillips, Joseph
21 Ezakovich, Tammy
Row 3:
22 McGrady, Jackson
23 Rathbun, James
24 Ferrari, Anthony
25 Laporta, Leonard
26 Welch, David
27 Lauletta, Joseph
28 Lavigna, Michael
29 Dano, Eric
30 Horel, Robert
31 Schreiber, James
32 Griffin, Donald
NOT PICTURED:
Calhoun, Robert
Rizzo, Joseph
Rodgers, Alan

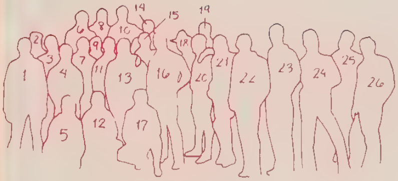
Capt. C. Robinson

FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	*M/LT Philip Howe*
Sub. Cdr.	*M/LTjg Lawrence Creevy*
Admin.	*M/ENS Ronald Beasley*



SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Billy Kumangai
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Donald Chase
Admin. M/ENS Ronald Beasley

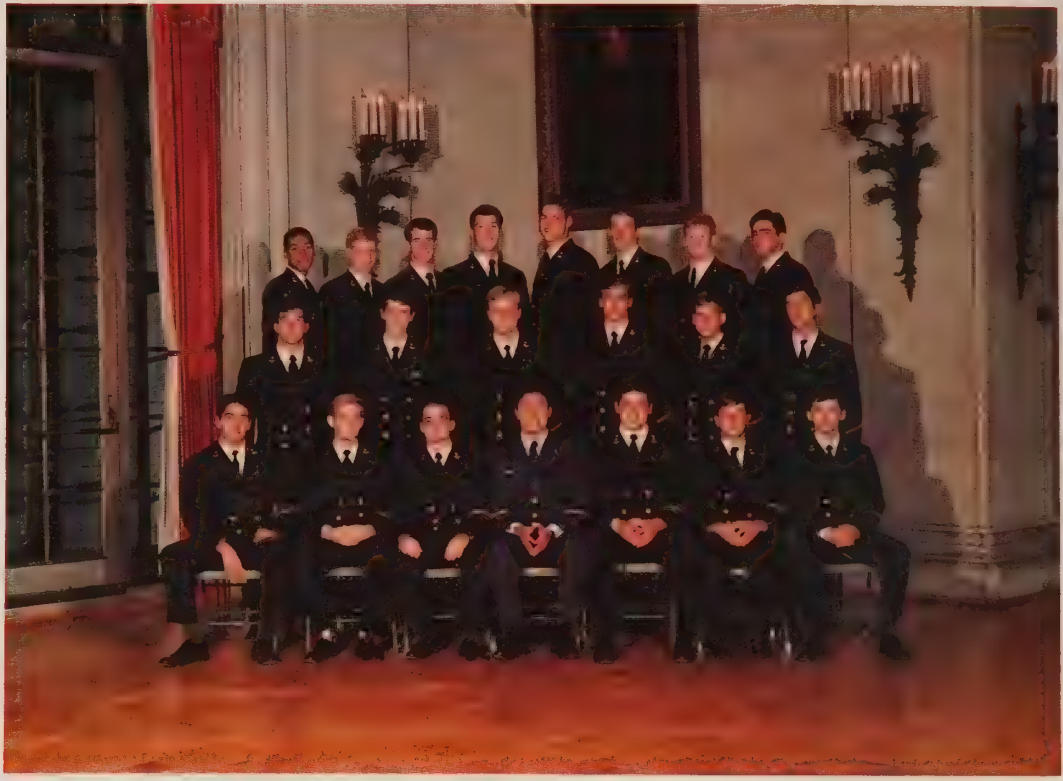


1	Vagnoni, Adrian
2	Poindexter, Scott
3	Garcia, Manuel
4	Kumangai, Billy
5	Cannice, Mark
6	Rosa, Ivan
7	Beasley, Ronald
8	Crisp, Daniel
9	Schmieley, Donald
10	Knudson, Wade
11	Moran, Michael
12	Jordan, John
13	Chase, Donald
14	Miller, Stephen
15	Levitt, Adam
16	Amiaga, Carl
17	Starling, Scott
18	Bomberger, D.
19	Edson, Mark
20	Kramer, Christian
21	Howe, Philip
22	Hamilton, Leonard
23	Franke, Robin
24	Baldwin, Justin
25	Flood, C.
26	Creevy, Lawrence

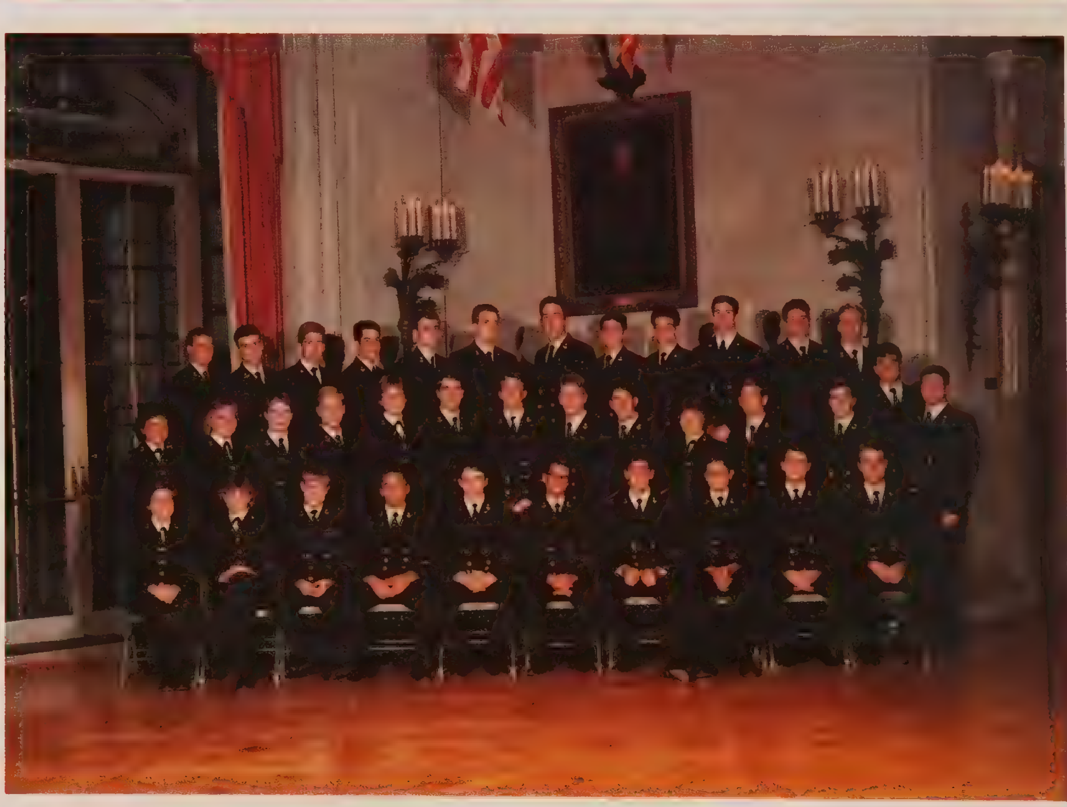
1st Row
1 Rubino, Mark
2 Abresch, Richard
3 Gonzalez, Lenny
4 Ormond, Dale
5 Miceli, James
6 Thompson, Andy
2nd Row

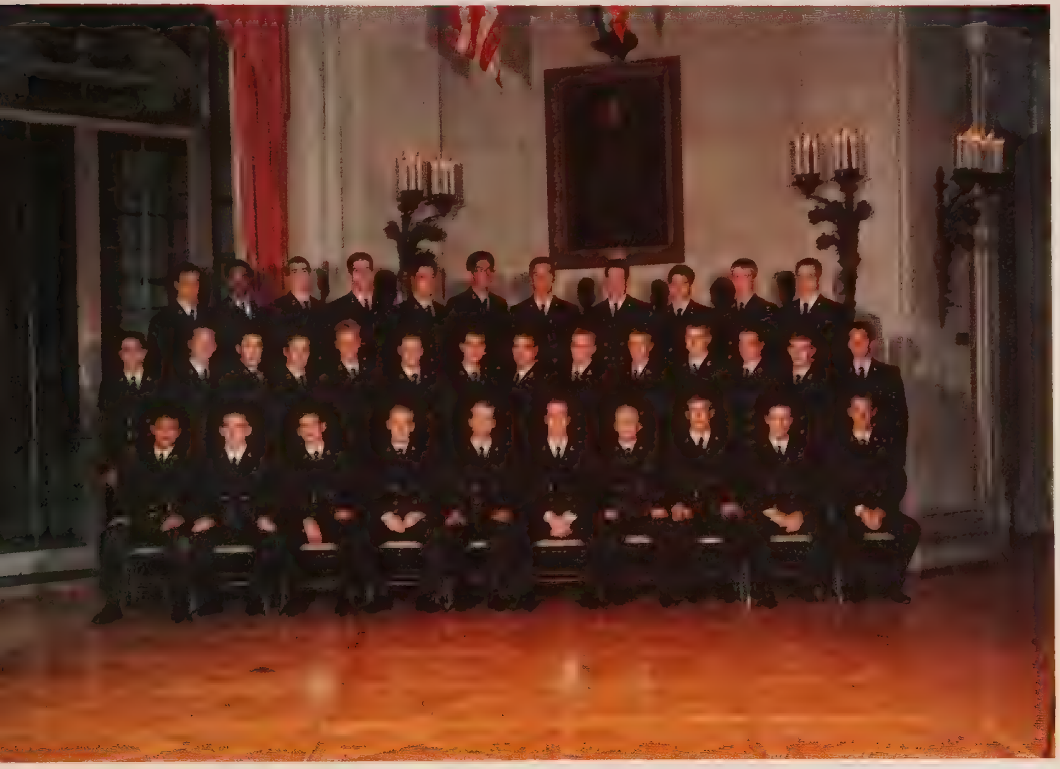
7 Wellborn, Raymond
8 Whitbeck, Wesley
9 Kyto, David
10 Trost, Steven
11 Dierkes, Chris
12 Donovan, Daniel
3rd Row

13 Rhoe, Reginald
14 Morris, Michael
15 Kenyon, Edward
16 O'Niell, John
17 Clody, James
18 Ward, William
19 Bechter, Timm
20 LaFave, Daniel
NOT PICTURED
Bowman, Eric
Dougherty, T.
Hale, Brian
Kwon, Tony
McClary, Rob
Nies, Michael
Phelps, Roger

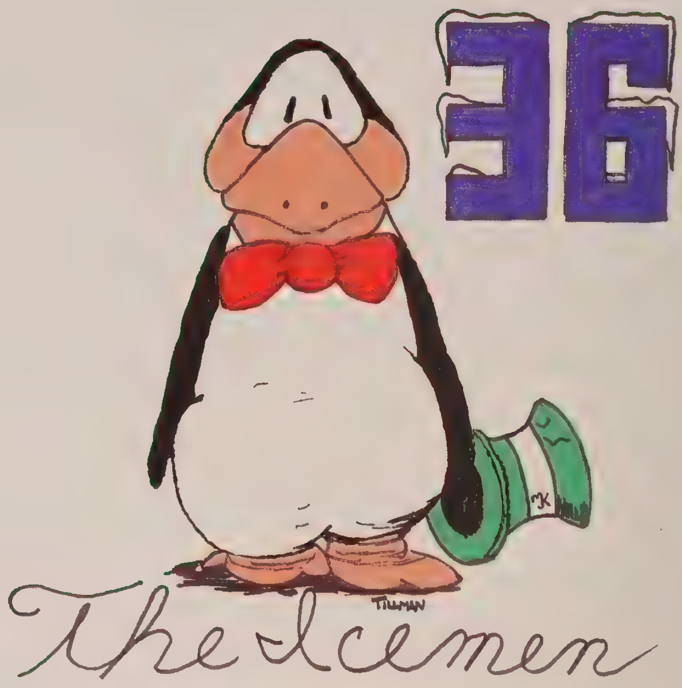


1st Row:
1 Schanz, Marie
2 Fallon, Karen
3 Swanson, John
4 Guevarra, Carlos
5 Edmonds, Brian
6 Fortin, Thomas
7 Bogdan, Kenneth
8 Perez, Victor
9 Larabee, Mark
10 Pool, John
2nd Row:
11 Murray, Cynthia
12 Livingood, Debbie
13 Schletter, Kurt
14 Malley, Gregg
15 Boska, Kathleen
16 Cadwell, Michael
17 Dibble, Jeffrey
18 Keels, Joel
19 Segesdy, Scott
20 Kovanic, Leslie
21 Rainone, Henry
22 Rodriguez, Robert
22 Califano, Anthony
3rd Row:
24 Declue, Mark
25 Blastos, James
26 Sakaguchi, Mark
27 Demers, Paul
28 Killian, Richard
29 Pietkiewicz, M. J.
30 Gardner, Paul
31 Moore, Brian
32 Loveless, Bruce
33 Morin, Roger
34 Young, John
35 Hassi, Edward
36 Thibodeau, Marc
NOT PICTURED:
Kilby, James
Williams, Daniel





1st Row:
1 Santiago, Jovi
2 Rowan, John
3 MacRae, Thomas
4 Pruett, Arthur
5 Sullivan, Charles
6 Deakin, Danford
7 Pido, Ernest
8 Swift, Steven
9 Dineen, Timothy
10 Packard, Charles
2nd Row:
11 Borja, Arthur
12 Calhoun, Christopher
13 Lopez, Theodore
14 Lewis, John
15 Taylor, Jeffrey
16 Zulick, John
17 Green, James
18 Diorio, Nicholas
19 Swan, Ernest
20 Tenney, Joseph
21 Stevens, Glenn
22 Martins, John
23 Patten, Michael
24 Latrash, Fredrick
3rd Row:
25 Franchi, John
26 Weaver, John
27 Byrne, William
28 Perri, Craig
29 Finch, Michael
30 Watkins, Daryl
31 Marsh, David
32 Rinkacs, John
33 Soper, William
34 Gibson, Mark
NOT PICTURED:
Spanos, Michael

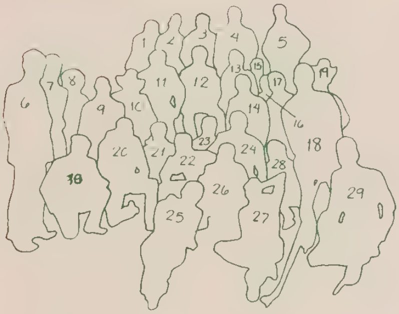

36
TILLMAN
The Icemen

LT. R. Dawson

FALL STAFF

Co. Cdr.	*M/LT Evans, Todd*
Sub. Cdr.	*M/LTjg Bandara, Brian*
Admin.	*M/ENS Peffers, Stephen*

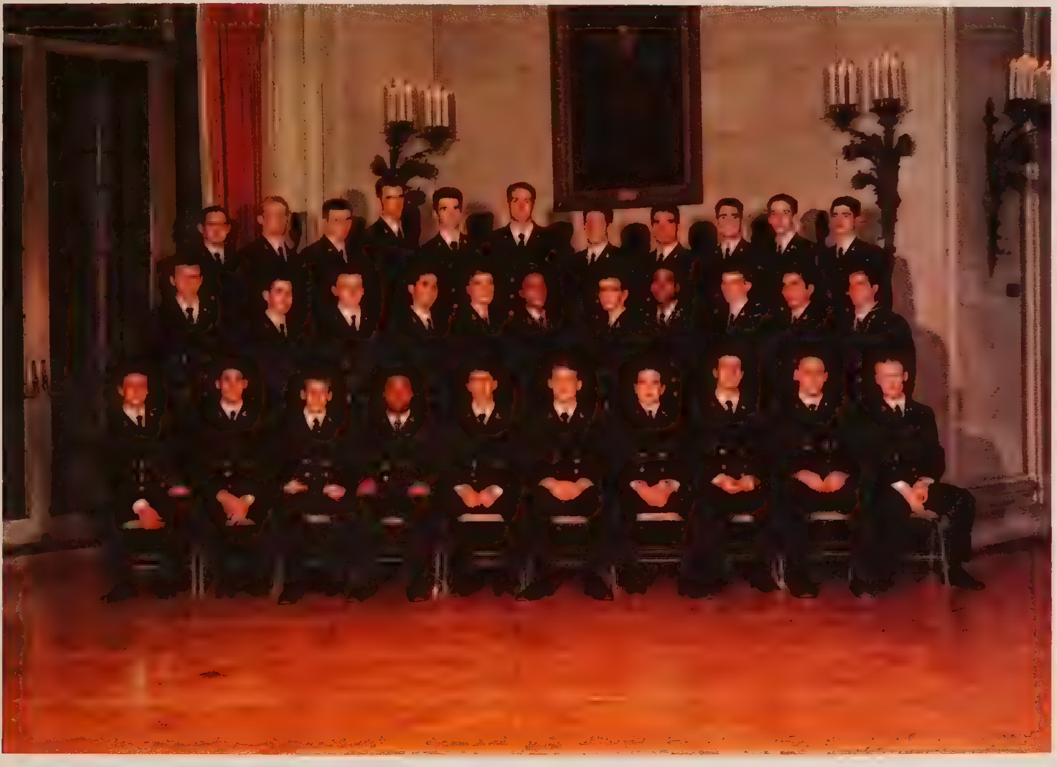
SPRING STAFF
Co. Cdr. M/LT Weistroffer, Joseph
Sub. Cdr. M/LTjg Finney, Peter
Admin. M/ENS Goodlett, Timothy



1 Menzel, Anthony
2 Brown, Douglas
3 Kelly, Michael
4 Zublic, Charles
5 Bartkoski, Jeffrey
6 Finney, Peter
7 Jones, Michael
8 Bandarra, Brian
9 Peffers, Stephen
10 Peters, Gerald
11 Andrews, Frank
12 Mohle, Robert
13 Armstrong, Robert
14 Nepf, Hans
15 Bigelow, Andrew
16 Nicason, Daniel
17 Martin, Bradford
18 Frasse, Christopher
19 Aguilar, Tomas
20 Keller, Glenn
21 Goodlett, Timothy
22 Evans, Todd
23 Mew, Wendell
24 Capasso, Anthony
25 Baker, Rosser
26 Kim, Andrew
27 Owens, Thomas
28 Todd, Stevenson
29 McClellen, Jeffrey
30 Weistroffer, Joseph
NOT PICTURED
Briggs, Tod
Jones, Steven
Stoddard, Daniel

1st Row
1 Gigliotti, W.
2 Ruiz, David
3 Swarts, Jeffrey
4 Fitspatrick, N.
5 Worsh, Kevin
6 Medve, Martin
7 Barwis, Robert
8 Casity, Madeline
9 Hacker, Bruce
2nd Row
10 Watson, Charles
11 Schwarz, Thomas
12 Armstrong, Robert
13 Bereska, George
14 Sahler, Christy
15 Davis, Bruce
16 Mork, Charlotte
17 Newman, Daniel
18 Linder, Jay
19 Bedell, Daniel
20 Pierson, Edward
21 Morgan, Timothy
22 Mikkelson, Thomas
23 Heckman, Nancy
NOT PICTURED
Sweeney, Gregory
Weaver, Susan

1st Row
1 Lopez, Steven
2 Hilke, Joel
3 Finley, Michael
4 Mayberry, James
5 Hale, Gregory
6 Sepanski, Scott
7 Krause, Kerry
8 Kuplinski, Paul
2nd Row
9 Barnes, James
10 Beckett, Karl
11 Paro, Kent
12 Grennon, Donald
13 ORourke, Stephen
14 Hudson, Bruce
3rd Row
15 Kiestler, William
16 Blanchard, G.
17 Rumph, Scott
18 Osborn, Thomas
19 Hickey, Matthew
20 Sheridan, David
21 Aguilar, Leonard
NOT PICTURED
Anderson, John
Avery, John
Broussard, G.
Gilman, John
Kobler, George
Lowe, Harry
Lynch, Andrew
Mishik, Michael
Quinlan, Scott
Stewart, Warren
Tunezz, Mark
Wells, Michael
Young, David
Zaffiris, Nick

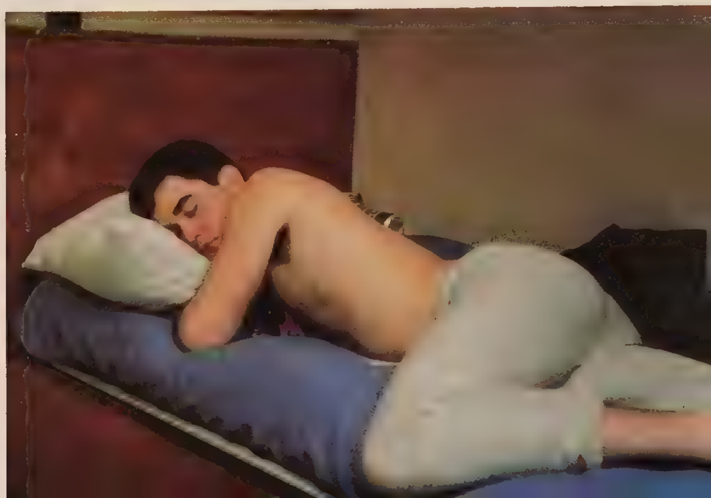


1st Row:
1 Williams, Ted
2 Bisaillon, David
3 Craig, Nelson
4 Sims, Dwayne
5 Ortega, John
6 Stonaker, Daniel
7 Mercer, Thomas
8 McGinley, John
9 Verhovsek, Eber
10 Joslin, Mark
2nd Row:
11 Cundiff, Kenneth
12 Tobin, Michael
13 Zaorski, Robert
14 Adler, Robert
15 Dryer, John
16 Council, George
17 Deane, Timothy
18 Malloy, Terence
19 Monk, Greggory
20 Baltazar, Eric
21 Mollon, Dennis
3rd Row:
22 Holland, Kevin
23 Pickrell, Brant
24 Miller, David
25 Buller, Warren
26 Adams, John
27 Bates, Grant
28 Sims, Patrick
29 Slaughter, John
30 Taylor, David
31 Wasson, Drew
32 Thiede, David
Not Pictured:
Dellorso, Craig
Orans, David

A Year At The

NAVY
65
NAVY
45
NAVY
19

Naval Academy



The Yard

The Yard. A Home. Schoolgrounds. A Prison. A Federal Preserve. A State Park. A Historic Landmark. One of the nation's largest tourist attractions. The Yard is all these things and more. It houses the world's largest dormatory, the largest dining hall, one of the nation's best institutions of higher learning, sports fields, and much more. It is the place most midshipmen spend four years trying to escape and the rest of their lifes trying to return.

Plebe Year

Youngster Year

Second Class Year

NNNI

USS
STRIKES

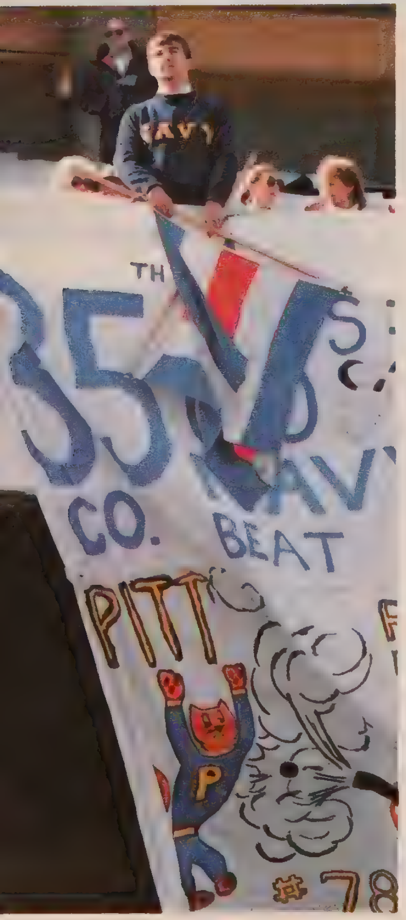
Fall Parades

Formal dress parades are held on Wednesday afternoons during the fall for a few reasons. The first reason is to honor the guest reviewer. A second reason is to provide the public with a chance to see the Brigade of Midshipman as a whole, not just individuals. And the ubiquitous reason, the parades give the midsipmen a chance to compete as companies for color points.

NAVY
NAVY

MA

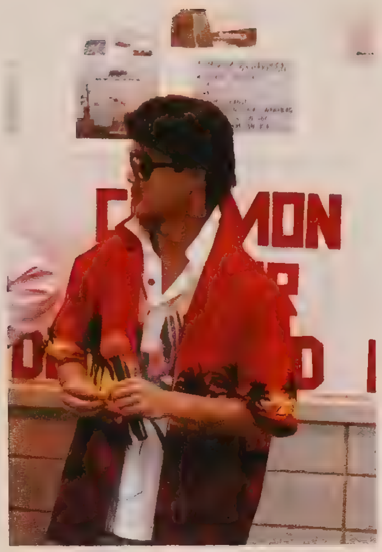
PITT
Out Of


TH
35
CO.
BEAT
PITT
P
#78

March-ons

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES
Pop!

Halloween at USNA affords midshipmen the opportunity to display their creativity and imagination as well as the chance to go trick-or-treating from door to door. Not just any doors; plebe doors. Trying to satisfy the sweet teeth of the upperclass can be expensive, but the plebes will have three years to collect on their initial investments. The annual costume contest is extremely competitive as is the pumpkin carving contest.



MON

Forrestal Lectures

Forrestal lectures are a series of talks delivered by prominent individuals to the Brigade after the evening meal two or three times each semester. The lectures are not restricted to any particular subject, but they usually pertain to the military or a world or national event.

The Forrestal lecture series began in 1970 in honor of James V. Forrestal who served as Secretary of the Navy, and the first Secretary of Defense under President Truman in 1947.

The purpose of Forrestal lectures is to expose midshipmen to a wide variety of viewpoints from individuals who are prominent in government, politics, sports, entertainment, journalism, and the arts.

NAVY
BLUE WAVE
DEFENSE

The random ringing of the fire bells at 2230 on the Thursday night prior to a home football game marks the beginning of a USNA pep rally. For some mids the bells were merely a distraction while studying, but for many others they signalled the chance to dress brashly, throw rolls of toilet paper, and yell for Navy's football team. The pep rallies were led by the cheerleaders, the pep band, and, for the first time, Mr. T. The Commandant usually spoke, and he provided inspiration to the Brigade and to the football team to strive for victory. The Washington Redskinettes were welcomed guests at one pep rally, and they too provided a great deal of inspiration.

2/c SCREAMER

NAVY

Navy

NAVY

Army-Navy . . . In California

This year for the first, and possibly the last, time the ARMY-NAVY Football Game was fought in the Rose Bowl. It was the biggest event of the year and required a lot of coordination. The entire student body of both schools had to be transported across the country, it was the largest airlift of people since World War II. Housing had to be found for over 9,000 people, and only half could be housed in hotels. The other 4,500 mids and cadets were accepted into the homes of Los Angeles area residents. Everyone enjoyed themselves, sponsors and guests. Other events in California included tours of movie studios, a night at Disneyland, trips to Tijuana, and of course there was USC.

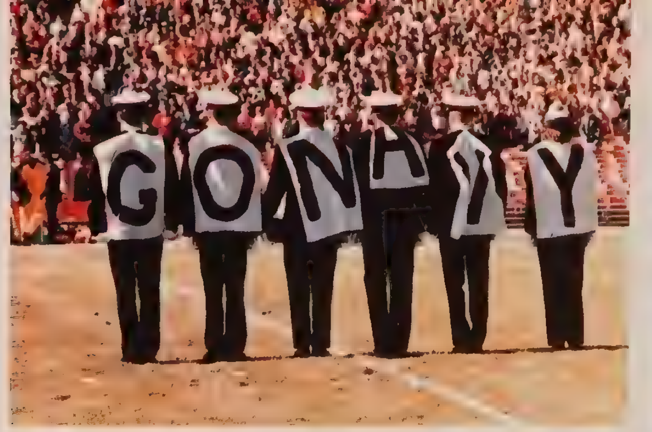
Oh, we won the football game.

GO NAVY
BEAT ARMY

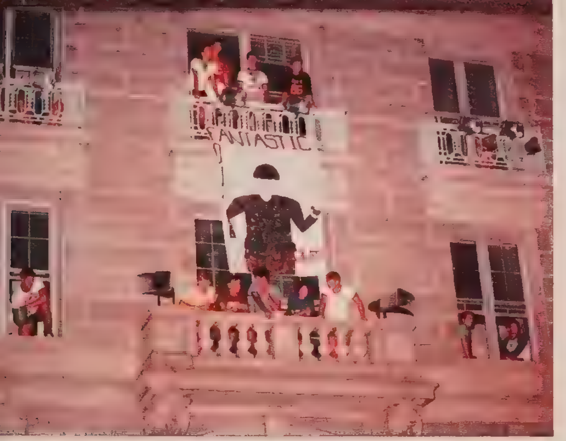
NAVY
GO NAVY
GO NAVY

NAVY
FOOTBALL
BLAST
GO NAVY

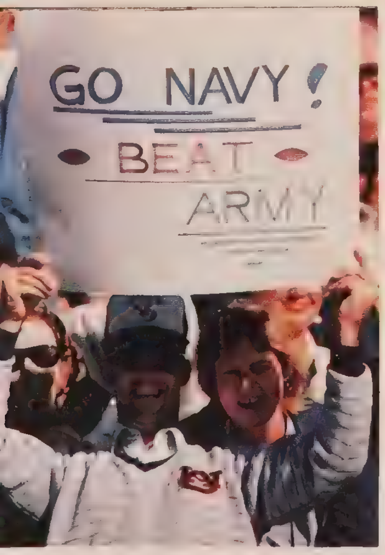
NAVY


GO NAVY

BEAT ARMY


FANTASTIC

GO NAVY
GO NAVY
GO NAVY
GO NAV


GO NAVY!
BEAT
ARMY

NAVY

The Modern Music Committee Presents:

Huey Lewis And The News . . .

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
G 16
G

. . . And .38 Special

Christmas Dinner

The annual Christmas dinner is an event that will long be remembered by most midshipmen because it provides the opportunity to relax briefly before impending finals, to enjoy a delicious meal with friends who have become as close as family, and to contemplate the upcoming holiday season. For the plebes the Christmas dinner is unique because it is their first opportunity to light-up a cigar and see the combined efforts of 4,500 other cigars in the Wardroon.

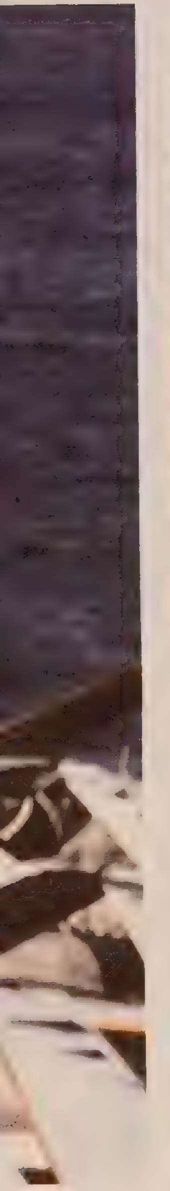
Go Christmas, Beat Finals

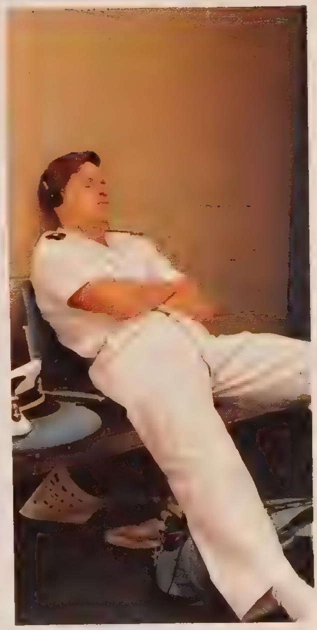
2 For 7 Night

After two years at the Academy, the Class of 1985 enter their second class year. For those that depart before the first day of academics, they return to being civilians and strive for other goals. For those who decide to stay, they will strive to complete their last two years and eventually serve their obligated five years in the Navy. For these midshipmen a special "2 For 7 Night" party is given in Dahlgren Hall. Food and beverage is served and music is provided. The Class of '85 enjoy a night affair to celebrate their decision to enter the military community.

WEISER

Summer Cruise





NINETEENTH COMPANY
PARTIES WITH THE BEST
NAVY
19th

Tailgaters

Service Selection

Service selection night is a night long awaited for by all firsties because the decision of which career path to follow becomes final. For some the decision is easy and service selection is merely a formality, but for others the decision is agonizing. Each firsty knows prior to this night what he is physically qualified to pick. For example, aspiring pilots must have perfect vision. Future submariners are not involved in service selection night (except for the party) because they have previously been selected for that career path. The number of billets available in each community (Air, Surface, Marines, etc.) is limited, so class standing plays a key role in determining the future of some firsties. For the class of 1984 service selection night proceeded smoothly with all but a few firsties picking the career path that they had hoped for.

IN MEMORY OF
COMMANDER
CHARLES J. McDOUGAL, U.S.N.
WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE BREAKERS OFF
CAPE MENDOCINO, CALIFORNIA, UNDER THE
MOST DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES WHEN
IN THE FAITHFUL DISCHARGE OF HIS DUTY
AS INSPECTOR OF THE 12th LIGHT HOUSE DISTRICT
MARCH 21 1881
AGED 44 YEARS.
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED TO HIS BELOVED MEMORY
BY HIS DEVOTED SISTERS.
PILOT

PILOT USN
RESTRICTED LINE

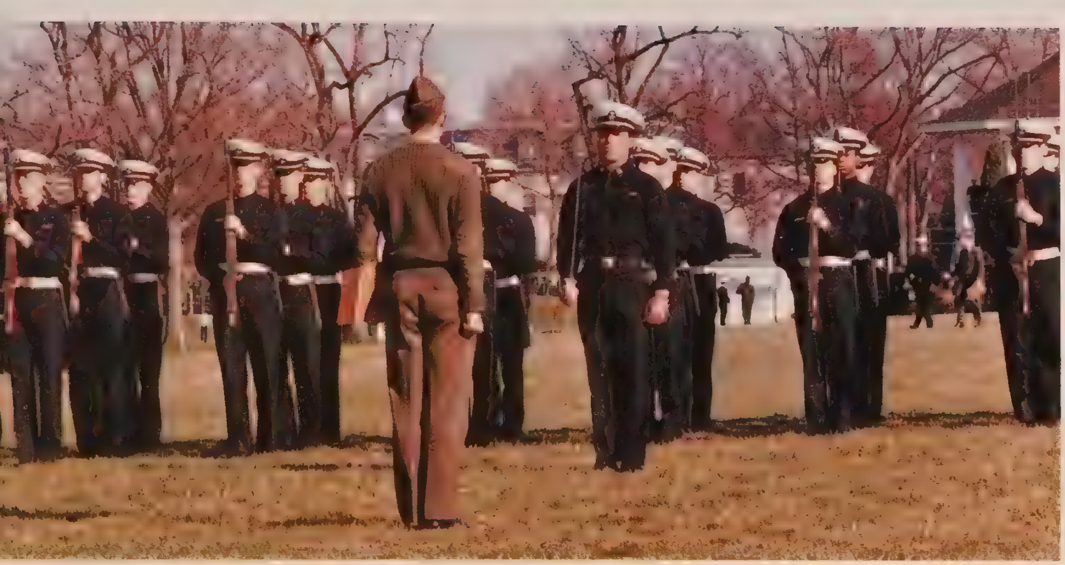
NAVY

Hundreds Night

Hundreds night is held on the eve of the one hundredth night before graduation. For about 90 minutes the roles of the firsties and the plebes are reversed, providing the plebes the golden opportunity to "flame" on the firsties who have been training them for nine months. Although the activities of hundreds night vary from company to company the purpose is the same; to have fun and to allow that meek, subdued plebe to don the rank of a firsty and become a screaming idiot. For the firsties who must swallow their pride briefly there is always the comfort of knowing how fast 90 minutes can pass.

CONDUCT REPORT

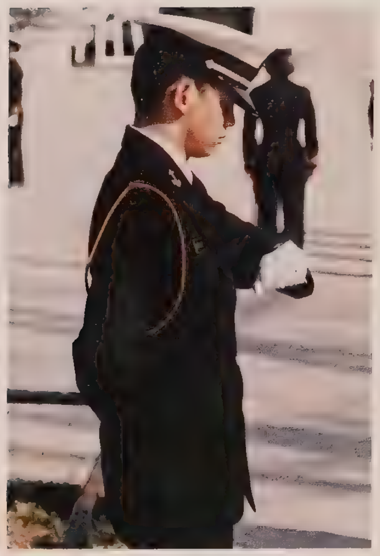
VF171
100



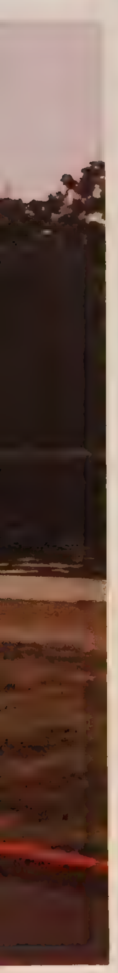
Relaxation

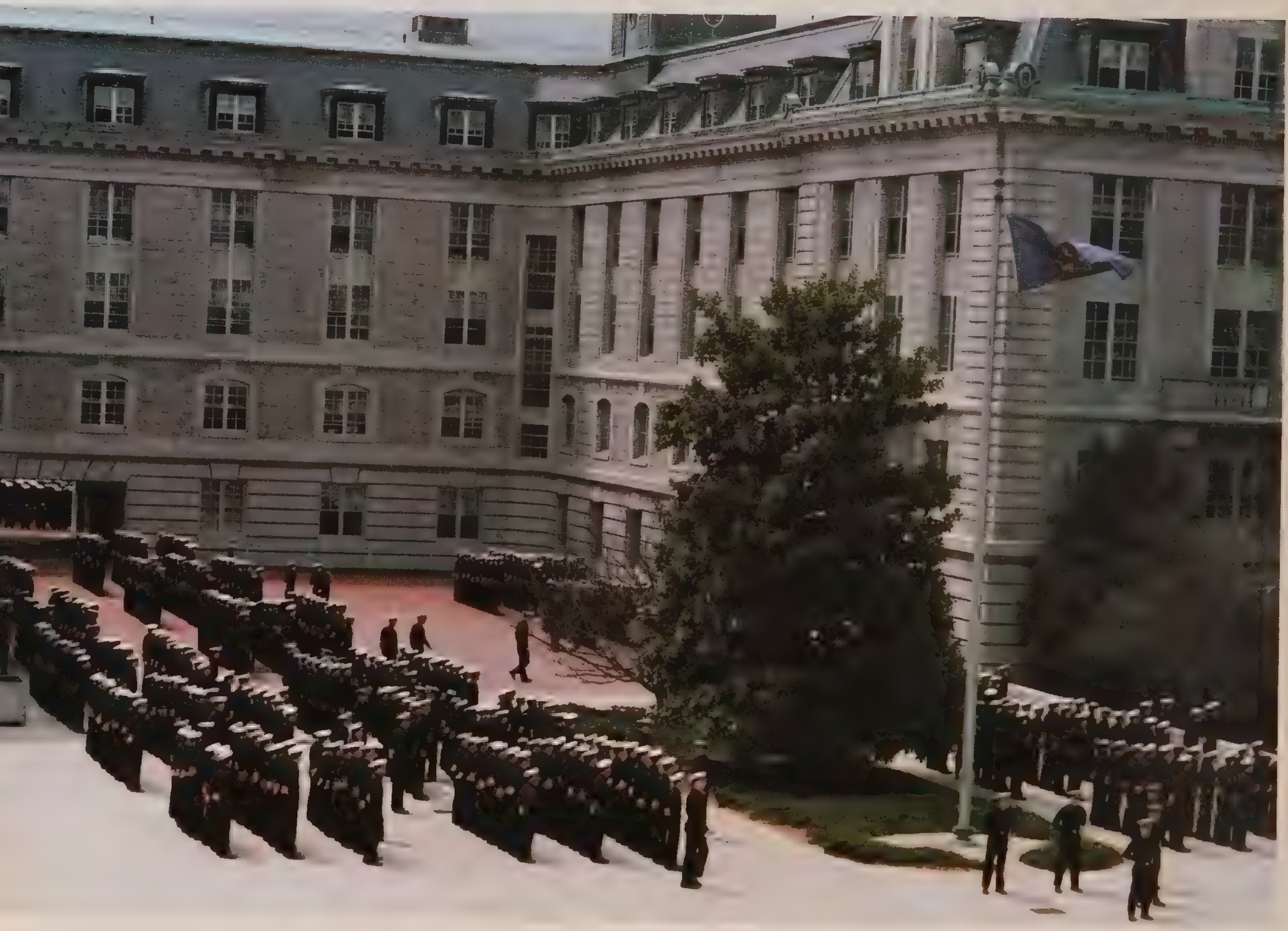
Mids can relax anywhere, anytime, and with almost anyone. For example:

MICHIG



NAVY
AMBU





Formal personnel inspections are held once a week at noon meal formation. Prior to these inspections the midshipmen change out of their ordinary class uniforms into a "Grease" uniform which is preserved specifically for this occasion. Midshipman stripers and Company Officers inspect the ranks for approximately twenty minutes prior to marching into the wardroom for lunch.

Herndon

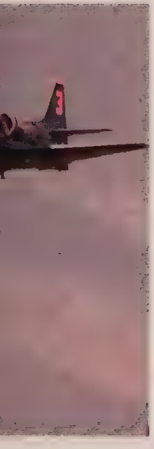
Signaling the start of Commissioning Week '84, the Class of 1987 climbed Herndon monument. The act of replacing the dixie cup with a midshipman cover signaled the end of plebe-dom for this class.

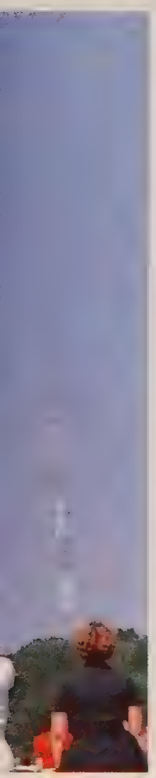
The major event of Commissioning Week for the Class of 1985 was the Ring Dance. This is the ceremony through which the soon-to-be first class gain the privelege of wearing their class rings. The heart of the ceremony is dipping the ring in a binnacle containing water from the seven seas.

Ring Dance

The Blue Angels

Dedication Parade





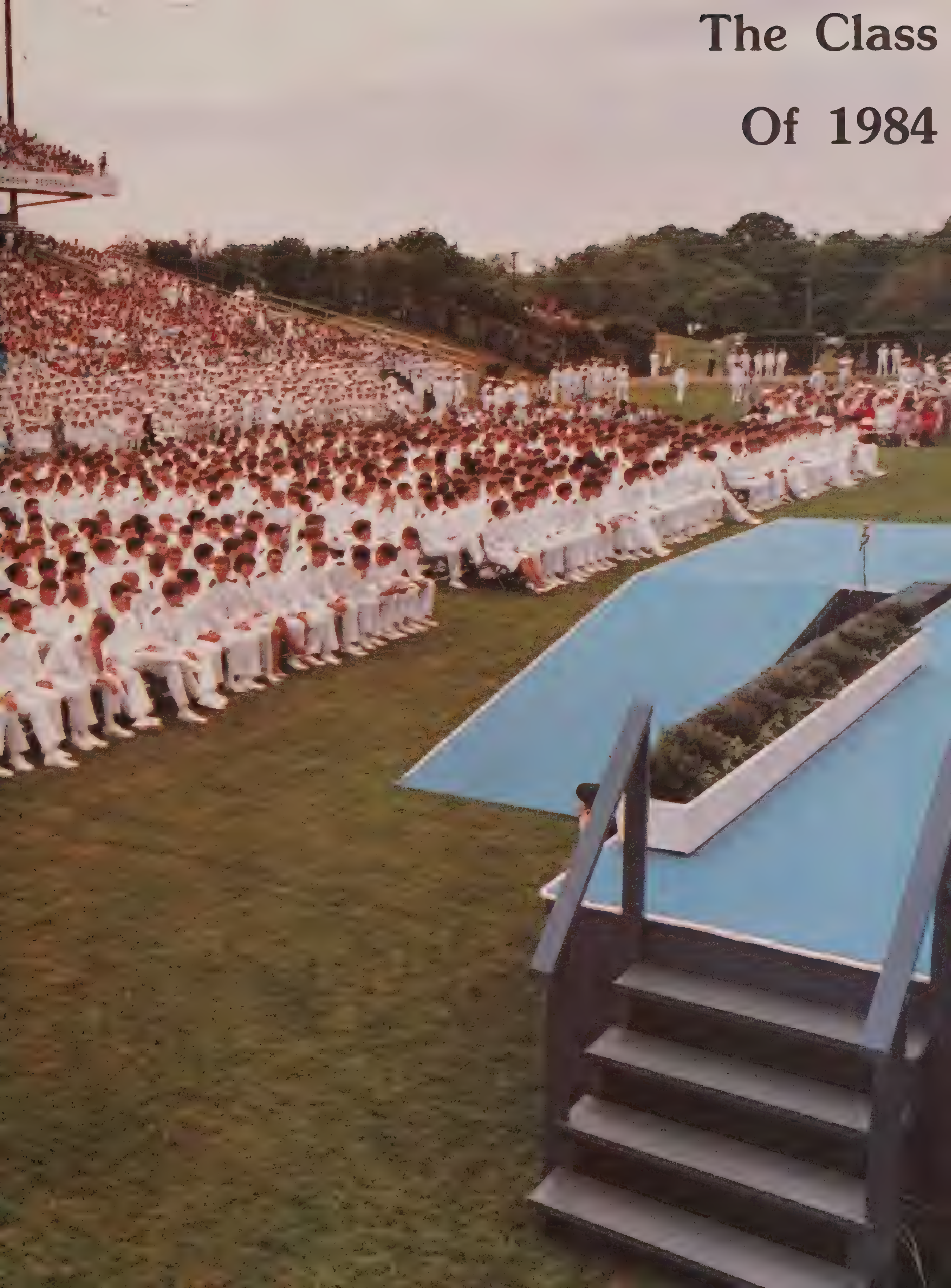
MAR

PHILIPPINE SEA
NORTH AFRICA

United States Naval Academy

LEYTE GULF
LINGAYEN GULF
IWO JIMA
OKINAWA
SALERNO

The Class Of 1984



1st
BATTALION

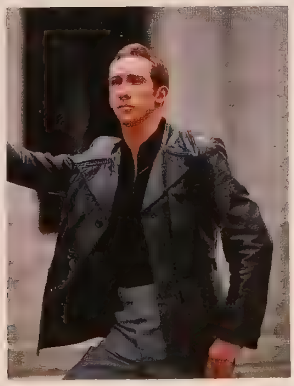
One

Larry W. Beese
Pops
South Amherst, OH
EEE Nuclear Power

Pops cruised into Canoe U. from that wonderous heartland of America, Cleveland, Ohio. Larry was an old salt before coming here having served three years aboard the USS Enterprise. Larry had a good old time plebe year running around trying to see how many upperclass he could intimidate. Having enjoyed that so much he decided to try the same thing on officers. Larry's run-ins with various and sundry officers created a lot of laughs as well as heartburn.

Larry was the adventurous type deciding to major in EE. Because of it he soon became a major in all-nighters as well. There wasn't a day or night gone by that you couldn't find him in the wardroom with a book in hand or in the rack recovering. As it turned out, all the short hours of study and long hours of rack paid off as Larry now carries this experience into the nuclear navy.

Along with that Larry also brings with him a fiery commitment to the Lord and a strong sense of principle. May Larry always succeed in everything he does for His glory. We wish him the best.



Craig R. Bertolett Jr.
Bert
St. Louis, Mo.
EAS Navy Air

Bert came to USNA via the NAPS route. He must have been there to get the partying out of his system because he sure didn't need the academics. After breezing through NAPS, filling his belly, and his bank account he came to good old USNA. Plebe year was no problem at all for Bert. He joined the sailing team to maintain his top physical shape and to avoid the upperclass. The only books Bert opened that year or youngster year had centerfolds. They aroused him but not intellectually. For youngster cruise Bert chose a yawl in order to catch the rays and maintain his already impressive physique. Tobogganing with Dr. D and the boys convinced both Bert and myself that winter sports are too dangerous. Second class summer was another breeze for Bert. He proved that man can exist on beer and chili alone. Second class year marked a new era in Bert's life. He was forced to open his first book and study. To go along with his new found books, Bert found his way to Dahlgren and Hood College. Hood, however, changed Bert's life. He changed from a party animal and womanizer to faithful Bert the future husband. Yes, much to the displeasure of thousands of waiting women, Bert met his present steady, Sue. Hood College became his official weekend address. First class summer proved to be another good time for Bert. He found himself in Germany for a month to study European partying at the school's expense. First class year has been even better than the first three for Bert. With Sue now living in Annapolis. Bert was forced to change his weekend address once again. Pensacola is next on Bert's list and we wish him the best of luck. Stay the same and keep in touch. SRN

Steven Karl Bibeau

Steve
Thompson, Connecticut
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Power

Steve knew he was in for a fun time when he ended up walking into USNA that first summer day after an arduous journey from Connecticut's northeastern corner. He immediately met his roommate for life from the "other" coast and his life has never been the same.

Youngster year brought stereos and another side to Steve as he decided that the words to his favorite songs needed some minor adjustments to fit his thinking. He also discovered that Kool-Aid was still as good at parties as when he was a kid.

The Coast Guard Academy was honored by his presence for a while as he continued his pursuit of long study hours and ridiculously high grades closer to home.

By the end of that third year, he realized that mid's sisters were people too, and his little MG logged more miles to and from Va. Beach than an RX-7 that lived there.

A disciple of Rickover from the start, Steve overwhelmed Marine Engineering to become one of the few to remove any suspense from the dreaded interviews. The Nukes are definitely gaining someone who plans to contribute both inside and outside of his submarines.

REJ

Patrick E. Buckley

Buck
Vienna, Virginia
Operations Analysis, Navy Pilot

Buck comes from a Navy family, and it was only natural that he should wind up at USNA being a third generation member of this glorious institution. Buck laughed his way through Plebe Summer and was always able to crack up the firsties with his irrepressible grin. Academics were not part of Buck's vocabulary plebe year, or any year in fact. He soon found friends in Quatts, Vinnie, and Murph, and from then on his antics were covered up by his first class mentors. Buck never ceased to amaze the boys on the weekends when a car full of girls would come by and whisk him away for the night. He loved his liberty, and rarely returned on time for taps, usually because he found the wall and a few too many beers in his way. Youngster year saw Buck living with Louie and Chris; a room destined for destruction. Capt. and Mrs. B. always made tailgaters interesting for the boys providing them with much food and many good times. Buck gave up the weekend hunting ritual with the boys deciding instead to rejuvenate himself in Jean's arms. It's OK, Buck, she's old enough now. The Army excursions to Philly in the wagon are unforgettable to us all. Buck also took his madness to the Rugby field where he excelled both during the game and afterwards at the parties; can you say "boat party"? Buck started the Boys' Porsche Club, eventually dragging Suki and Bonkers in with him. Buck owes money to every bank on the East Coast, but he plans on making a million as a P-3 pilot. Fly high, buddy!!! Pat, Chris, Louie. Separately they came, together they were, forever they will be.

CRK

Kevin T. Burke

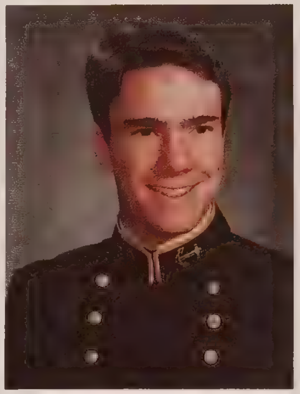
Kev
Marlboro, Massachusetts
Physics, Nuclear subs

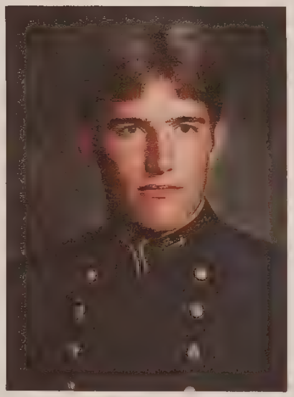
Kevin came to the Academy from the small town of Marlboro with the expectation of changing from boy to man. That he did. Not only did he lose his shyness, but he also lost several other of his lifelong attributes (punker, barge, and insulin). Aside from sex, he managed to devote his time to other hobbies such as scuba, painting, and weight lifting.

Freshman year proved to be a year of frustration; Jumpin Joe could vouch for that. As a youngster, Kevin showed his streak of ambition by switching his major from oceanography to physics (later becoming the resident physic's expert). Youngster year was a mixture of fun, and more fun - crutches up Blake's —, rubber bands in Norv's mouth, Vicks birthday party, and living with his buddies B.R., N.L., and M.M. Second class year was a dark period in Kevin's life which deserves no mention. Finally, during First class year, Kev showed his true colors. A new man because of his engagement to Lynne, he strived to become the best. He proved that work and play go hand in hand by representing 84 as class secretary as well as attaining his four year goal of becoming Fun One Company Commander.

For a while Kev was caught in the glamour of the Marine Corps, but he finally came to his senses. For all the nukes, we can be glad that we have not lost him yet . . . there's still Nuke school and the fleet. Good luck Kev.

MM





John D. Cable

Cabes
Republic, West Virginia
Applied Science, Marine Air

John came to USNA from the tall pines of Washington, er, the state that is, via NAPS where he earned himself a free (-load) ride to USNA for football and fieldball. John's plebe year passed relatively uneventfully, passing the hours away not studying and recording fricatives on his "stored" tape recorder. John's next two years were highly goal-oriented during which he pain-stakingly searched for ways not to study, and how to beat anyone and everyone at anything. John's youngster year brought him a new set of roomies and even more varied study hour activities. As the year progressed John became intimately familiar with the admin-conduct system, as a small demolitions operation blew up in his face and he learned old Seals never get out of shape. And so the restriction began . . .

Second class year, the restriction continued and John realized he had had enough. An attitude change was in order. John redirected his efforts ever so slightly to being more professional, ie. not getting caught as much. John found the work load about as difficult with second class lacademics as he did the previous years, a firm believer in the old motto "2.0 and go". First class year arrived and John found himself in a position of . . . shall we say "responsibility". His weekends were occupied with visits to all the girls who found him cute — nose, ears and all — right, Hank? John opted to fly with heads de Jar when the Nukes laughed at him and he found out the Navy doesn't fly F-18's. It's been great knowing John and we all know he'll be having fun counting the toe prints on the windshield of his 280Z and carving notches in his buddy's holster.

MJM

Lance S. Carr
Married
Sanger, California
Economics, Nuclear Power-Subs

Inspired by his favorite group, Pink Floyd, Lance left sunny California in search of "The Dark Side of the Moon". He found it one day later when he arrived at USNA. Never the one to let such a thing get him down, Lance enjoyed himself when he could. At his first Dining-In, for instance, Lance found it difficult to remove his face from the table after sampling the port. Later that evening he bought the Buick and drove it back home to California.

When it came time to choose a major Lance opted for Economics so he might better prepare himself to become a Navy pilot. His theory was that the best pilots passed the eye exam. When Lance wasn't saving his eyes, he was on Red Beach working on the essential tan, or on the phone with his high school sweetheart, Sharon.

Junior year found Lance rooming with his sidekick, Buffy. They didn't see one another much that year, for Lance was gone alot. How often? Let's just say that he became the only Junior to take more weekends than the Seniors. He was just checking up on Sharon who was now enrolled at American U. Later, Sharon moved to Annapolis and we saw even less of Lance than before. Nevertheless, Lance was active within the Brigade as Alpha Co. Cdr. over the summer, and as Batt Cdr. during the fall of his senior year. Lance then discovered that the marginal benefits of Air were not as great as those of Nuke Power, and thus he surprised us all by going Subs.

We would all like to wish Lance and Sharon the best of luck in Orlando and wherever the Navy will take them from there.

NJL

Clement C. Chen
The Yellow Shadow
Silver Spring, Maryland
Applied Science, Surface Line

Clem came to USNA from his faraway homeland of Silver Spring, Maryland where he had succeeded in graduating from the quasi-military institution of St. John's High School.

Clem began plebe summer as an undercover plebe and practically remained out of sight except for a few racial slurs, until youngster year when Clem decided to shock everyone by volunteering his 68-inch, 140-pound frame to be abused by the heavy weight football team. To everyone's surprise, Clem turned out to be a regular Charlie Brown (Washington Redskin type) by always being open but seldom being touched. Needless to say, Clem was a favorite on the first company squads from then until graduation.

Academically, Clem could compete with the best of sweats in any academic subject. He could be traced anywhere in Mother 'B' by following the trail of water being shed from his brow. First class year saw a different Clem when he discovered that service selection was upon him and the coast button was easily within reach.

Clem leaves USNA for the 'mighty fine surface line' where he hopes to continue as a management major. Clem, a dedicated man in Christ with a Godly desire to succeed, will always be well thought of by his classmates of '84. Fair winds, following seas, and God's protection be with you throughout your career.

Charles M. Fish
Chuck
Milwaukee, WI
English, Surface Line

Chuck must have been wondering why in hell he left Catholic U. for the Uncollege that first night of plebe summer when we found him sitting in the lotus position on his rack (I'm sitting at the bottom of a lake, watching the bubbles). But starting off on the wrong foot didn't bother him, he just pulled the noose tighter. Chuck had a unique way of dealing with authority, every bit of crap he caught he threw right back, which made him very popular with the upperclassmen. But singleminded pig-headedness wasn't his only virtue. Chuck was also an outspoken, Marxist, suburbanite pack-rat. Seriously, Chuck did his best work on the debate floor. Having carried the Forensic Society for 3 years, he became club president senior year. Procrastination was another of his strong suits and it was only the leniency of his profs that kept him afloat. Literature was his lifeblood and he owned enough books to rival the collection in Nimitz. Chuck became a member of the EMBC early in his career, so it was no surprise when he earned his Black N. (with oak-leaf cluster in lieu of second award). Chuck had his own idea of leadership and was never hesitant to help the underclassmen increase their professional and personal development, in his own unique way, of course. We all know you'll make a damned good officer, despite your lack of certain "concepts". Fish and Hamm. What, no vegetables? See ya in Japan.

JJH

WASHINGTON
REDSKINS
GTON
INS

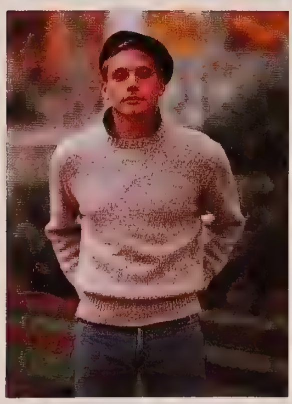
Andrew Richard Gallotta
Mr. Obrien
Economics, Submarines

Andrew, I guess you could say, was destined for USNA from the very start. Born to a family with an active rear admiral in Uncle Albert and a captain, his non-ring knocking pop. During his time here at Navy, Andrew used the many opportunities afforded him in unique ways. For example he was an engineer until he got into heavy math (1.87+2.10)/2. Yes his QPR first semester. Youngster summer was full of professionalism for Adm. Andy. He was a counselor for 45 screaming 17 year olds at ESS, and he was a proud rider of the greyhounds of the Severn where he contracted mono. We're still trying to figure that one out. Always a physical stud he had to prove it by dislocating a FRIEND'S shoulder during a wrestling test. As time passed, Drew used his new found major and moved on to bigger and better things: VKG Ent., EDITOR of the LOG and subs. During his interview he actually asked McKee for his address and got it. SMACK!! Always one to steal the show, with service selection night among them, old twinkle toes has promised never to skate again, or eat prime rib. Take care, my man, for many will miss you. Be proud too (someone has to be).

RJB

Affectionately known as Salty to some. God knows why.

P.S. Don't forget to bring the mud pies to Orlando.

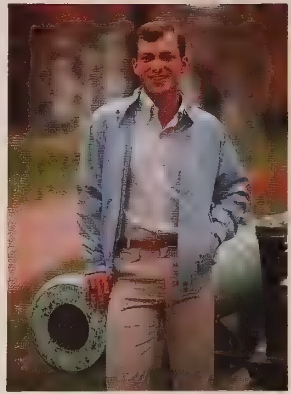


James J. Hamm III
Jimmy Jack
Cumberland, Rhode Island
Oceanography, USMC

Jim: a mystery inside an enigma wearing a pair of docks. Or leather jeans and a flannel shirt, incongruous. It all settles into a pattern. Tuesday he'd be full of resolution - to write the many escaped friends, to study, to workout. OK, fine, but workout meant hitting the cemetery with Herb, or study meant his eyelids. Wednesday was for Harry's if he skipped practice; and dtill, which Jim liked at first, though his military ardor later sparked jump wings, a scuba mask, and a platoon at NAPS. Thursday. Only one more classday, so why not wrestle with joeclyde and pb or attend an ill fated but exciting concert? The weekend began Friday, in Washington or the steam tunnels or Frederick or First Wing. Saturday brought tailgates (Boy Scout cooking@Natty Bo — 1st Co ambience), juggling wenches (look guys, 2 . . . 3 . . .) Sunday, Jim too tired to do anything but waste time. Monday crowed hours too early, crept along, slithered between the sheets to an early afternoon end . . . Jims diligence at study, his widely respected sense of duty (though lately acquired) won him 2 prize summer vacations in Annapolis. And the friendship of most everyone worth knowing. He belonged in a Hemingway novel, brusque and sure and kind — "there is infinite hope, but not for us."

Alan L. Hollingsworth
Al
Milton, Florida
General Engineering, Navy Air

Al wasn't appointed to the Naval Academy, he was transferred. When he said "All me blooming life" he meant it. He got into plebe summer like a pig into stink. The addition of academics and his disappointment in the state of the Academy combined to demotivate him enough to drop thirty-one notches in the company ranking in one semester. Recovery was a long time in coming, but nothing could keep him down too long - his hope is in a world to come. After a brief encounter with EE, he discovered the General. His 50% roommate retention rate made him a perfect man for Tango Co commander. Most people thought Al was a quiet guy, but some knew better. He always tried to keep an open ear to listen and a shoulder to cry on. A lover of fast cars and fast motorcycles, he soon hopes to find the world of fast planes. In God's grace he came to this place, and in it he goes.

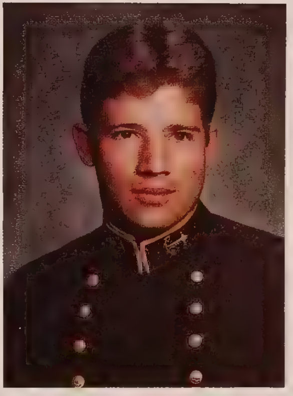


Louis M. Holtkamp
Louie
Titusville, Florida
Applied Science, Marine Corps

Born in the Central American paradise of Costa Rica and raised in the tropics of Antigua, Louie migrated to sunny Titusville, Florida, where he began his streak of terror. He came to USNA where he quickly learned that the police were not the only people in uniform who could cause him problems. Louie led the company during Plebe Summer and volunteered to live with Opie, an impossible and short-lived arrangement. Plebe year saw the beginning of Louie's affair with the restriction squad, and his membership in that club became permanent.

With Buck's advice, as well as that of the Academic Dean. Louie abandoned his engineering major and entered the realm of management. His weekends with the boys were spent in various gin mills throughout the eastern seaboard. As a result of the tragic Georgetown experience, Louie entered a period of reformation senior year. Louie's partying style has changed but his spirit of adventure and good times remains. He was an important member of the awesome USNA Rugby Club, abusing his body in every way. Louie's keen sense of competition was not restricted to the playing field, breaking many a young girl's heart whit his irresistable Latin charm. Louie has decided to offer his many talents to the Marine Corps, and we all know that he will find great successes in his career. It's been quite an experience living with you over the past four years, buddy. None of us will ever be the same. Louie, Pat and Chris. Separately they came, together they were, forever they will be.

CRK



Richard Eldon Johnson
Rick
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Systems Engineering, Surface Nuclear Power

Rick Johnson, the only person to be carded at McDonald's, has managed to remain looking young. When asked, "How old is that kid in the back?", Rick immediately knew he was being addressed. Rick comes from a navy family, having endured all those demanding moves from one home to another, living in such places as Panama, Spain, and once again, Virginia Beach. Looking as though he just crossed the Mexican border, there is no doubt that he has a natural aversion to cold weather, you know, below 70°F. His size made him a shoe-in for coxswain. However, the combination of the balmy January weather and early morning wake-ups didn't agree with his metabolism. Being no idle fool, or at least idle, Rick decided that his future lied with Systems Engineering . . . he still woes the day of that decision. Who needs weekends, particularly first class year, when one can spend them studying ES 402 and ES 408, etc. It did give him a good background to be one of Hymie's boys. Ah, but life is so much better when the Super Bowl rolls around to find his Washington Redskins in yet another Super Bowl. Being such a devoted fan (who else has a Redskins pillow case?) Rick could be heard talking about next year, or was it last year . . .

SKB

Christopher R. Karnbach

Bonkers
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
History, Navy Pilot

How did Bonkers end up here at the uncollege? For four years Buck and Lou have searched for an answer, without success. What we have learned is that in spite of his mentality and inherent wildness, Chris is one helluva guy. Who will ever forget those plebe summer nights when Chris jammed on his banjo, rocking his classmates to the sound of Foggy Mountain Breakdown. The native New Yorker spent plebe year rowing crew and finding new ways to convince his roommates that his threats of physical violence would be backed up by his mafia connections in Brooklyn. Life as a crew jock was short lived for our boy. Returning from France (where he got lost in Paris), Chris decided that youngster year was going to be a good year, dropping Mech E in favor of History. He spent most of his time in search of women, beer, rock&roll, and more beer! Drink beer, drive fast - right Chris? Second class year brought much of the same madness. His sweetheart picture frame could be compared to a revolving door as he lived up to his personal motto of "I live to love." Chris journeyed to France once again during first class summer, finding himself surrounded by many European beauties. Chris returned to USNA for one last time, joining Buck's Porsche club and finding out that he could pick up high school girls in his smooth machine. Weekends found him with the boys at local woman's colleges, area nightclubs and of course John's, where the party never ends. Never losing his partying intensity, Bonks continually raged throughout the year. He finally got his nifty little car out of the shop, and the only direction that he's headed is north to Goucher. Chris is destined to raise hell in P-cola with the Buck and fly high forever. Chris, Pat, Louie. Separately they came, together they were, forever they will be.

PEB

Carlos P. Kizzeé

Dallas, Texas
Operations Analysis, Marine Corps

Carlos arrived at the Academy via Dallas, Texas, and this place has never been the same! Although living with him for these years has been an "experience" in itself, he wasn't around much because he was always out meeting the rest of the Brigade and ensuring that morale was high and encouraging those of us who desperately need it. If he didn't know at least half the members of Canoe U., it would be surprising. He was obviously practicing for his career as a ground pounder, especially when he started getting E.I. on his "OO-RAH" technique.

Z won't be remembered for being class president for 2 years, or his ever encouraging words, or his radiant personality; his faith in God and the desire to share the peace and joy of Jesus Christ is his trademark and was, and is, his number one priority. Colossians 1:28-29 says it best; "And we proclaim Him, admonishing every man and teaching every man with all wisdom that we may present every man complete in Christ. And for this purpose also I labor, striving according to his power, which mightily works within me." Los cares about people like no one else and is loved and respected by all for his dedication to serving others.

What a grunt this Cowboy is gonna make! Is the Corps ready for him? With that extra muscle, he can't lose. Thanks for being a part of a great "Academy experience!" Take care, God Bless, and keep shining His light with all you meet!

Joseph Stephen Konicki

Jumpin' Joe
Houston, Texas
Physical Science, Surface Warfare

Jumpin' Joe came to Fun One in the summer of '80 with no more insight than a 1976 USNA catalog could supply. Heck, this certified "Good Ole Boy" felt he would make Admiral in six months . . . plebe summer changed all of that. A 5 semester battle with the Mechanical Engineering Department and two "Axe Boards" convinced Joe Phi Sci would fit him just fine. He battled not only in school but also in track. The Williams brothers kept him in check with 7-Ups and the captainship never materialized. Momma V's chow and VKG enterprises kept him going while his Cadillac Fleetwood gave him a means for escape. Joe did earn his Pilot's license but saw his NFO hopes shattered. After all Joe, who ever said justice exists in the world? Besides, Fleet Oilers can't be too bad. Joe found out early that knowledge comes to those who seek it and after 4 years, JRV, a Med cruise, a Pac cruise, and trips to A. C. and the Ivy League, he learned plenty. He departs while wishing all those who follow the best of luck in reaching their goals. Petroleum Engineering looms close on the horizon as does his very own airplane. No doubt he'd do it again, in a heartbeat.

Norvan James Larson

Norv
Golden Valley, Minnesota
Oceanography, Nuclear Power — Subs

In July '80, when the Minnesota tundra finally thawed some, Norv came to USNA in search of reality. Though still looking, his short (it really wasn't that long, was it?) stay in Annapolis brought some swell times. Buffy took this place very seriously plebe year, being top ICOR for Dickie, the token minority, and K-Fart. An independent type, he took it upon himself to spiffy clean the room alone for formals, matching his stellar personal appearance. We still think he brassoed his teeth.

By the time Norv figured out real mids don't study, his life was indelibly changed by those wild and crazies KTB, MM and BDR. A good time in that room was growing under-desk fuzzies and testing Bloke's fury (they're lucky to survive).

Many damp nights passed until 2/c year when he roomed with his twin (they still get us confused). Norv discovered Georgetown and the thrills of looking at girls but didn't believe in talking to them. Buffy was destined to be a megastriper as stars appeared, but spitting beer at the CO's wife wasn't career enhancing. Gator's were Norv's forte (free beer), and Saturdays were spent watching the ceiling spin.

The Nordic warrior couldn't get no satisfaction until he flipped for fun in P.I. Beckoning 1/c year and a change of pace with Kev. Now Norv and his go-kart could ramble to Bev's or Sha's (where he traded to drive the bus to N.Y.). Norv finally saw the glow the day before the Nuke deadline, much to the gain of subs. His adopted parents consider him to always be their best man, and all his friends wish him the very best. Good luck, Norv — press on.

LSC

Mark McDowell

Marco

Goldsboro, North Carolina

Mathematics, Nuclear Subs

Marc had a thing about bizarre places. he was born in Teheran, moved to England, then North Carolina end finally showed up at Annapolis.

The man has become a legend. He tried hard enough. Wherever he strayed, he always came back with a story. He'd wake you up most of the time so you could be impressed. Stories of countless girls left crushed and abused in his wake. He'd just flash that naughty grin.

Mark's career at the Academy has been filled with fun and achievement. Plebe year he incited riots between his roommates JSK and KTB. He got involved in a few of his own-poor Krems, he should never have fallen asleep in boxing class. Worrying about Brenda and her "not yet" letters made the year a tense one. Youngster year he buckled down and set his sights on a sword. His power-lifting and grades brought him to the top of the company. But never one to be dull, he kept instigating attacks - this time directed at BDR - as he sat back laughing. Second-Class year was another good one, except for the unwanted visitor his roommate had. The year ended in grand style with an "N", an RX7 and an upcoming 3-striper job out of sight. Firstie year, Marco grew tired of regular 3-striper libs and cut out on Secretary Weinberger. For Shame! But nothing slows him down.

Mark is destined for fame after USNA. A little nip and tuck here and there, and voila! a GQ model - finally. So look out you sub-surface guys, here he comes, Groucho and all. Best of luck, Bubba.

KTB

Michael J. McGivney

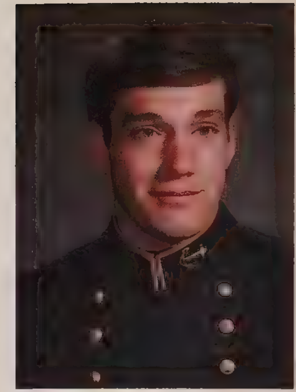
Moke

Flemington, New Jersey

Mathematics, Navy Air

Mike hails from Flemington, which is located deep in the heart of that Sanitary landfill known as New Jersey. After spending a year trimming down his bloated form at the Marine Military Academy, Mike met his ultimate destiny coming to Annapolis as a member of the class of 1984. A rugby player and a geek from start to finish, except for a quick distasteful experience with football, Mike learned (like Steve did) that kool-aid can taste different too when he pulled up stakes and moved in with a couple of real men. Mike met his future spouse at a rugby party and has never been the same. Mike's dedicated roommates have spent many hours trying to convince a thoroughly "smitten" Mike that there are other fish in the ocean, but Mike would hear none of it as he spent most of his free time oggling diamond rings and drooling on pictures of Sharon. Mike's 280Z has logged so many miles between Annapolis and Pennsylvania that he spends most of his time sitting around broke. We told you so Mike. With graduation in his sights, Mike has become a Navy NFO with high hopes for P-3's. This decision really upset Hank who thought Mike would have made an excellent Marine.

JDC



Michael Dean Mueller

Mules

Bartlesville, Oklahoma

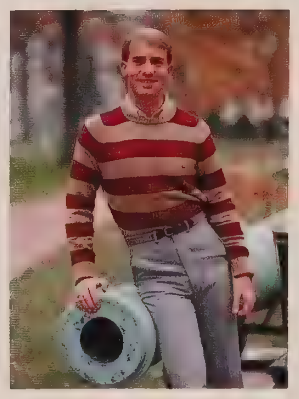
Oceanography, Marine Corps

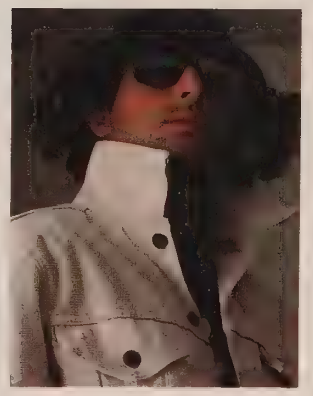
Young, naive and impressionable, Mike left Bartlesville, Oklahoma in search of an adventure, a great way of life and with a desire to be all that he could be. From day one, he joined the proud at USNA (he never understood why they were few) and set a strong pace for the rest of us. Mike majored in sleep, minored in Oceanography and managed to do well in both. A prime candidate for a fixture in the Midshipman sample room, Mikey has been the "model mid" in everything he's done. He took max grief for being in D&B plebe year ("Dad-gum guys, I could be Commander someday!"), jumped out of perfectly good airplanes second class summer ("Shucks fellas, there's nothing like it!") and continued to lead as a company commander first class year. He'll be most remembered in FUN-ONE for his drilling expertise ("Column left-Halt"), his eating habits (peanut butter sausage with mayo and catsup on rye, hold the pickles), and his concern for others.

We know Mike will "Touch the face of God" in high flight for the Corps, and continue to touch the hearts of people as well. As he departs Mother "B", Mike leaves an outstanding example of faith in God's guidance. As Psalms 139 says: "Where can I go from thy spirit? Or where can I flee from thy presence? If I ascend to heaven . . .

If I take the wings of the dawn . . .

Even there thy hand will lead me." Press on for Jesus Christ, Brother - Semper High - Fly High.





Scott R. Noreika

Norky

Mystic, Connecticut

Oceanography, Surface

Scott was a normal, partying maniac at Kutztown State until, with a little help and prodding from his dad, he was accepted at Canoe U. Ironically, when he showed up for plebe summer he was put in a room with Glen, one of the few people older than him. Plebe year was a time of decisions for Scott. He decided to stay at USNA and his girlfriend decided to leave him. He next turned his efforts to converting 65 Kutzstown credits into 18 USNA credits. Kind of disappointing when they told him that he'ld have a good shot at a master's degree.

The rest is only a blur now but we will never forget Scott's water battles with the boys, his acclaimed collection of designer underwear, and his never ending pursuit of the perfect and most timely fart. Glen may never forgive Norky when he was caught coming in with civies on while Scott, also in civies, was on the back seat floor. I know I'll be permanently scarred after seeing Scott dance in a red, lacy teddy in front of two local mid-chasers. But luckily, Scott eventually met Michele; the only girl wild and crazy enough to keep up with him.

First class year gave Scotty plenty of time to workout and save money after his "concept of duty" slipped and he got 7 weekends for blowing-off Cap Weinberger. He needed the money to fix his vintage 240Z which spent a record breaking 7 weeks in the shop. Now Scott's off to Pearl to drive a ship and I'm sure that wherever he is there'll be a party.

Best of luck and have fun!!

CRB

Larry P. Ondrey
Larry
Houston, Texas
Mechanical Engineering, Surface Nuclear Power

Larry's arrival here at Canoe-U was a learning experience from the start. Each new day of Plebe Summer introduced him to new people and places . . . for instance "Dudley" and Manila Bay.

Larry's plebe year was distinguished by study hour wrestling matches, the tightest sock rolls in Texas, an "A" on the PCR and many memorable D&B trips.

Youngster year was Larry's bid for stardom. A high QPR, another "A" on the PCR and the starring role on the slow-pitch softball team were a few of his less outstanding achievements. During Dead Week Leave Larry went for all the beans. Larry decided that he would take on your average, everyday OOD, who just happened to be a SEAL, in a foot race. The result was, yes, count them, 31000 reasons why this was not a good idea.

The remaining portion of Larry's stay was distinguished with bigger and better reasons for going to Dahlgren, a championship softball team and encounters with the "Rocket", "Wild Bill" and Admiral McKee. Good luck at Nuke School and in the fleet

BDR

Blake D. Ratcliff
Bloke
Paden, Oklahoma
Computer Science, USMC

Blake came to USNA from the land of spreading farms and cattle, where, yes, they do have running water. Believing the Navy was more enticing than bailing hay or squeezing cold cow teats with freezing fingers, Blake sought an appointment to USNA. However, his somewhat small high school, no it wasn't just one or even two rooms, hadn't prepared him properly. A brief year at SJC geared him academically for USNA, a real college. Blake initially was confused with the slightly different accents and amazing speed with which people conversed, but he was quick to adapt. Computers proved to be more his speed. They didn't talk all he had to do was read, his strong suit. Well, computers were a snap and soon everyone came to this wizard of the computers for help. Blake was now ready to try his sea legs, the big blue enticed him even submarines were not out of the picture. A few hatches, bulkheads, and low overheads proved to Blake that Naval vessels were not at all like a barn. Blake, one always quick to realize the sensible thing to do, now chose the Corps as his goal. Being from that Southwest stock, few plebes failed to learn to fear, of avoiding his large frame, his deep imposing speech, and his threatening demeanor. No one can deny the prudence of avoiding Blake's wrath when the glassy-eyed expression is seen on his face. We wish Blake the best in his future, a friend always.

SKB

Glen R. Romero
Scooter
Edgewater Park, New Jersey
Physical Science, Marine Air

Glen graduated from high school while most of us were still in diapers. After three prep schools in three years Scooter finally made it on sheer determination and a talent for soccer.

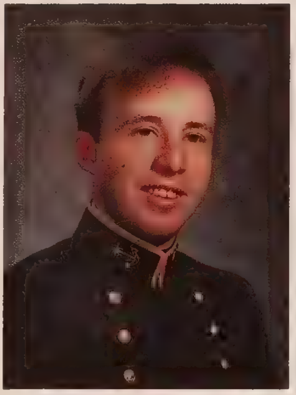
Plebe year saw Rip Van Romero log more hours in the rack than your average youngster. Scooter made many friends, too . . . mostly firsties.

By youngster year Glen had established his motto that "older women make easier lovers". Also, he was all but a resident at Franny O's. In fact, Scooter enjoyed Annapolis so much that he spent all his summers there. Over four years Glen has probably had less summer leave than he had in a single Christmas break.

Rome was on crutches and in white works for most of his first three years. In fact the quantity of Glen's P.E. tests were a lot like his hair; a few less and he wouldn't have had any.

Finally, after four years, a quick move from Mech E. to Phy Sci, a run in or two with the axe board, Scooter chose Green. Good luck in all you do, Scooter, especially Quantico, Pensacola, and your career as a mean, green, fighting machine.

BDR



James Roger Vann
Jim
Miami, Florida
Oceanography, NFO

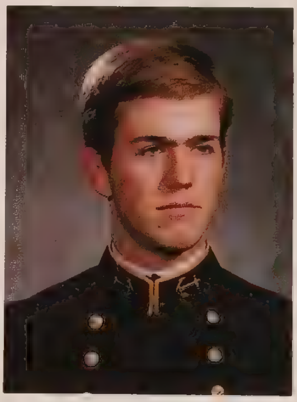
Jim came to us from Miami via Newport. His Plebe year he spent swimming and receiving inspiration from Mr. Wizard. On Saturdays he and his roommates enjoyed relaxing at the Library - the one out on West Street.

Youngster Summer found JR on a Sailing Cruise up and down the East Coast. When AC Year rolled around VKG Enterprises was born. He continued with his swimming, this year claiming Varsity Additional Status. Also, it was this year he made his debut with the Log.

2/C year found Our Man Vann running around in an Orange Dhoti Robe chanting "Hare Krishna" and in two more Log layouts - thanks to his roommie, Mr. OBrien. He had quite a love affair with Sustacal after his oral surgery and we had great fun trying to make him laugh while he was wired shut.

Being an Oceanography Major and President of the SOC Club, he thought it fitting to take an Oceanography Cruise out of Subic. After Jim's late return from cruise the trio split up and 1/C year found him rooming with Jumping Joe. Midn Y was in charge of the most important "papers" in the Company as 1st LT.

Every Wednesday he could be found in the Express Office picking up the ol' chow package. We thought Mama V owned a bakery and held stock in UPS. And, of course, over his four years Jim made the circuit: Hood, Goucher, Dalghren, Annapolis High, Bancroft . . . Look out Pensacola!



Jeffery L Amerine
"Jeff"
Harrsion, Arkansas
Physical Science, US Air Force

Even though Jeff was an Air Force brat, he entered this fine "institution" as an open minded seventeen year old. Having had all the benefits of the best High School education Arkansas could offer, Jeff nevertheless managed to avoid being taken to an "Axe" board. This is not to say he didn't belong to the "square root club" at one point. That same semester Jeff managed to pull out a 2.00. From there on out he made a resolution to never worry about academics again - and he didn't. But Jeff's grades went way up, the next four semesters he averaged over a 2.9 and jumped three-hundred places in class standing. Even though Jeff is officially single he was one of the first to be under the thumb of a local cutie. So much for going out with the guys! Jeff's only problem with sports at the Academy was which to play. He found with a little effort he was good at everything but not great at anything. So he at one time or another played golf, boxing, rugby, battalion football, and even arm wrestled a time or two. So much for getting a letter! When Jeff started considering service selection he realized he had developed an allergy to being on a "grey island" surrounded by water for long periods of time, so he opted for interservice transfer to the Air Force. In case anyone is worried, Jeff will not forget his roots, he fully intends to root for Navy at next year's Air Force game. Off he goes into the wild blue yonder . . .

Kevin R. Andersen

Vin
Keizer, Oregon
Physical Science, Navy NFO

'Vin came all the way across the USA to make his mark on the Naval Academy. And he's done that a million ways. Kevin started off by getting tight with the Academy's academic brass Plebe year. They left a lasting impression upon him.

But never let it be said that Kevin let books get in the way of his fun. He found plenty of time to spend on moontanning, Tequila, beer and any female that moved.

'Vin has always managed to stay just outside the ordinary world. His sense of humor and playfulness always kept us amused and alert.

As for 'Vin's professional life, he had always been a die-hard Marine. At least until Service Selection Night. The men in green couldn't get Kevin a backseat, so the Navy did. The Marines will never know what they missed. Kevin's Midshipman life was as diversified as the Navy itself. He was known to spend much of his time with the Marines at Mountain Warfare School and sailing the Atlantic Ocean. He's truly a man of all trades.

Good Luck at P-Cola and in the Fleet!

Susan Christine Borden

Lizzy
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
Computer Science, Surface Warfare

When Susan came from her not so tiny town of Pittsfield, she was under the impression that USNA was a "real" college. Ha! Even through the horrors of EE and knee surgery, she never realized the grim truth.

Sailing helped Susan maintain her sanity. At first, she was racing in 420's with her roommate - & coming in 2nd - once! Next came the Varsity Dinghy Team, and with it a skipper with whom she is still sailing true. Sailors really do have more fun!

Susan's other indulgence was the Protestant Antiphonal Choir. Road trips carried the group from NYC south to New Orleans and back; it is amazing what that choir can pull off, as long as it still sings well!

Youngster year dawned brightly with the revelation that graduating was more important than a EE degree, so Susan swiftly followed suit with other Co. 2 engineering defectors. Applied Science, here we come!

Somewhere along the line, Susan's view of a service commitment metamorphosed, too, for she graduated from Canoe-U junior college and reappeared at the 2-for-7 night the following fall! Let's hear it for those of us who stuck it out.

As 2/c, we had a short-lived notion that we ought to flame, but Susan had to look at the deck so a poor Plebe would not see her laugh at come-arounds! What a softy.

Soft or not, she's pulled it off, sailing, singing, and computing her way through.

Susan can proudly claim to be the only woman from '84 with a CompSci degree, but that's not her greatest achievement: Being my roommate for a steady 4 years surpasses everything. That's fortitude!
Love,

- Amy.

Hey — Keep having more fun!!

Peter Owen Brannigan

Tito
Freeport, Long Island, New York
Applied Science, Supply Corps

Pete began his naval career along the banks of the NARRAGANSETT. After he tired of Newport he moved to Annapolis and here begins the "Greatest Story Ever Told" or "Five and Jive" if you're from the Island. Along the way a barroom misunderstanding and some time under the knife changed Pete's ambitions from surface line to the "Corps". Many thousands of hours partying in the Annapolis area caused many "how you doin', ladies" and many broken hearts, and due to space restrictions and in fairness to "T" I will not list them. Pete has been the prime roommate and his jovial nature has always inspired a laugh. Take care, and good luck in your sure-to-be successful career Pete.

Slater
J. J.

James J. Brennan

J. J.
Dunmore, Pennsylvania
Marine Engineering, Surface Line

The Brennan legacy began in a little Navy town in Rhode Island where he spent 10 delightful months preparing himself for the land where fairy tales come to life, USNA.

J. J. spent much of plebe year in obscurity having been through it all before at Naps. Rates posed little problem for J. J. on account of the fact that he had had a subscription to Proceedings since the second grade. J. J. became close with a local gal that first year, enjoying the fact that a date was always within an arms reach.

Third class year was for the most part typical. Girls came and went until Miss right tickled J. J.'s fancy. After a short courtship the engagement was announced and that's the last I've seen of him. (the rest of this is made up)

Second class year brought a new room arrangement as the second roommate in so many years headed for the (holy) hills. The old pair had done it again, forcing yet another innocent youth to the depths of despair.

Now that first class year has arrived the fairy tale is coming to a close. J. J. B. is living his lifetime dream downstairs as company commander; while his roommate of 4½ years holds together what remains of second company's underground leadership.

What the future has in store for James J. nobody knows but with a little luck and the encouragement of his bride he'll as always do fine.

And until we meet again my friend, good luck and much happiness to you and Laurie Beth.

Later, T

Mark J. Desens

Babybear
Hickory Hills, Illinois
Applied Science, Marine Air

Mark came to USNA from the land of the Illini, eager to attack the world. He endured Plebe year with ease, and except for one obnoxious roommate, life was fine. Youngster brought him a lasting friendship with ED, who we all miss very much, and his first challenge with the all mighty computer. Mark went into Second class year with the flames on and soon became the terror of any unfortunate Plebe who crossed his path. Second class year also brought Jill and the weekend pilgrimages to Catholic U. Grades were never a problem and Mark skated through his first three years.

Mark went into First class year a lifetime aviator, but the Corps found him and now he's a Quantico bound aviator. Good luck to you at TBS and I'll see you and Linda at P-Cola.

Gina M. DiNicolo

Gina
Arnold, Maryland
History, Marine Corps

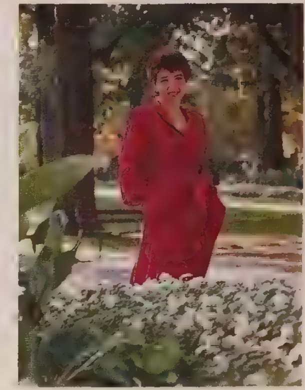
Gina has epitomized the essence of "professionalism" since the 11th grade, when she got her first job at the Boat School. Skate issue, gift shop saleswoman, anything to walk the hallowed shores of the Severn. Not that she was interested in the men — that's why she walked out Gate 1 to Marina's. Cute outfit - snug white pants and a black T-shirt (What? No glittery "Foxy B . . .?)

Despite 2 years of pre-abuse, DiNic showed up I-Day with her pink polo shirt and black fish-net hose. Not one to let indoctrination cramp her style, Gina proved herself a strong supporter of plebe-firstie relationships. She snagged the definative Bancroft Hall gigolo plebe year but gave him up temporarily to pursue more diverse entertainment. so what were those leadership techniques you learned at Coast Guard again?

First class year and Gina was still in pursuit of the plebe-firstie relationships. A little case of lust for the untried man, perhaps? Well a little reflection and she realized that only B. S. could fulfill her dreams of the illusive "real man." Gina always gets her man — but does he know it?

Does the Corps deserve all this talent? Maybe not - but they'll never find a harder working, more persistant, dedicated person than you, Disco babe. Take it easy on 'em, Gina — a gentle breaking in does wonders for the long term relationship! God bless you and remember those of us who love you!

RB



Kathy L. Eaves

Kathy
Versailles, Kentucky
English, Marine Corps

Coming from Versailles, Ky (not pronounced like the famous city in France) Kathy had to leave her house in the forest before donning on the white works of the Naval Academy. In the four years that I have known Kathy I will always remember that she was the most conscientious person at the Academy - a person who is as unlimited as her dedication to principles and her devotion to ideals - a person who takes responsibility quietly but firmly. But she also values other things in life like her devotion to Jesus Christ, and to her fiance.

It wasn't a surprise to anyone when she chose the Marine Corps at Service Selection because of her dedication to the high standards that she requires. She will surely do well, and with God's guidance she has the knowledge of what she is to do in the future. All of us will surely miss her but I the most. Thanks for being the sister I never had.

KAS

Daniel Everett Eldredge

Elrod
Ayer, Massachusetts
General Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Elrod was a timid young buck when he arrived at USNA from Massachusetts. Well-tanned and lean as a Plebe, Elrod found that sports were what made a man a man and went out for crew. Half a year and a thousand blisters later Dan found that "individual workouts" were more to his liking. By the end of Plebe year Elrod has new goals in mind: eating and drinking. Considered a mortal enemy of beer and food, Elrod set off on his quest with a vengeance. By Second-Class year, while armed with the two force member, Elrod was well on his way to becoming a quiche-killer. Elrod was often spotted in bars, decked out in leather, jeans, and high-tops, slamming brews and cavorting with women. Elrod spent his cruise time perfecting his sleeping, drinking, and sexual education. Elrod knew by the beginning of First-Class year that Nuclear Power was the only way to go. This was aided by his love of fast cars, expensive women, and leather. Although a serious blowout kept Elrod from continuing to lift weights, he kept the 50 pounds he had gained by working out. The Thrift Inn will never forget when Eldrod, the Mayor, Dave-O, Dean-O, and Ayer buddy Philliam painted the town red (and a little yellow!). Hopefully, Elrod will continue to have fun pursuing his hobbies of skiing, mountain climbing, ostrich-busting, driving, and eating Chinese food. Good Luck, Eldrod, and remember 'Any love is good love' does have its limits. And, Oh yeah, stay away from bridges.

Timothy L. Goff
Timmy
Dyersburg, Tennessee
History, Navy Air

Tim came to us from the thriving metropolis of Dyersburg, Tennessee. A hick of the first order, Tim's idea of a ship was a bass buster with a sixty-five horsepower outboard motor. But it didn't take Tim long to catch on and although he was unable to change Navy Blue and Gold to Dixie, Tim has definitely left his mark on the Academy. Under the guidance of the upperclass, Tim transformed himself from a backwoods hick to the perfect model of a modern military midshipman. Between tossing footballs and baseballs Tim found time to become a member of the History Honor Society, collect stars, an even go on an occasional date (actually quite regularly with Mary). After graduation, Tim will be heading back to his home state of Tennessee to turn a few heads before going on to flight training in Pensacola. At the rate he is going Tim might just end up giving hicks a good name and who knows, someday, he may even write some poetry.

Harold William Hoffmann
Spunky
Annandale, New Jersey
General Engineering, Navy Air

How this tall, scrawny kid just in from Holland, Michigan made it through Plebe Summer will never cease to be a wonder. On the very first night he composed a panic letter home by the sole light of his digital watch! Whether his parents ever received the letter is doubtful, since after he left they moved to New Jersey without even telling him. But, somehow, he managed to be the only one of us who did not suffer through Black Sunday!

The next two years saw Harold studying his tail off so that when the stripes came he could dedicate himself to them. And who says that he hated the Puerto Rican kid? Just because one time he took him skiing in the Poconos and on the first lesson pushed him down the most difficult slope . . . Like Harold used to say, "Go for the Gusto!"

It came as no surprise when Harold became our first set Company Commander our senior year. He did much more than was expected; he even used 3-striper libs nearly every night and was consequently admitted to the Square Club. Good luck as a pilot! (GML)

Now that all of the truth can be told, none of the truth will be told. For 4 years Harry (HTD) has enjoyed many things, including 10 roommates, 11 enemies, 3 years of enjoyment, 1 semester of torture and another one of freedom. He looks forward very much to enjoying his USNA stay, in retrospect.

Harold is a current member of Co. 2's underground leadership, which lost a great deal of power recently (thanks JJB). The future looks good, so get yourself (or a reasonable 4-letter substitute) together, and "Go for the Gusto" before it passes you by!

Brian T. Jones
B. J.
Kettering, Ohio
Applied Science, Surface Line

In the past people have pulled strings to get into the Academy. Brian however, pulled himself over 15′ in the pole vault his senior year to become perhaps the last candidate accepted to the class of 1984; he wasn't notified of his acceptance until a week before "I" day. From the moment Brian walked through the gate it was clear he was not to be an ordinary midshipman. The barbers fought for the privilege of cutting his hair and the Firsties were surprised to find Brian singularly unimpressed. Since that time Brian like everyone else has had his ups and downs. Both on the track team, where he was a four year varsity letter winner and in the classroom where he consistently waited for finals to pull out his grades. Lately we have learned to expect the unexpected from Brian. Just when we thought that he would go on breaking hearts forever Brian got caught himself by one Trishia Buckley and will head into the fleet a married man. We know Brian's ready for the fleet, but we are not sure the fleet is ready for Brian.

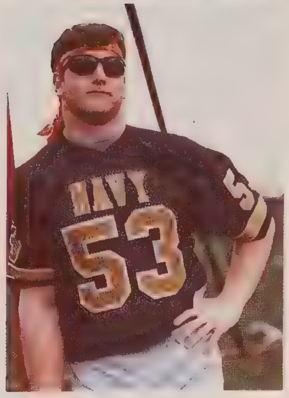
George Michael Lancaster
Mike
Ponce, Puerto Rico
Political Science, Surface Line

Mike Lancaster, a born naval officer? Anyone who spends two years at a naval prep school, then NAPS, and then comes here must be . . . sick. Seriously, Mike is as professional as the next guy, almost. Few people knew what this little guy was really like with his many "comforts of home." Special congratulations are definitely in hand for the H's, so "Thanks." Well, Mike has done a lot here at the Boat School. He consistently earned over a 3.0 in his demanding political science major. (He never had more than 15 hours per semester after youngster year). Academia wasn't his only strong point as Mike excelled in many ECA's. Sailing took up most of his time the first three years. His climax in sailing came when he became foredeck captain on the offshore racer Spitfire. As a member of the USNA Flying Club, Mike terrorized the skies in his Cessnas. Also, the Trident Calendar was put out under his leadership, which included the privileges of his own private phone. Nice! And let us not forget that little red '64 MG of his. It was nice of him to lend it out, even though you got wet and froze from no heat. Mike hits the "real Navy running (on a new Spruance), so watch out everybody, especially you Harold!

JFW

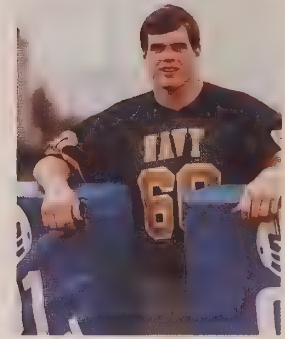
Peter G. Oswald
Pete
Bellingham, Washington
Ocean Engineering, Surface Line

GOOD-BYE



Rick Alan Pagel
Rick
Phoenix, Arizona
Political Science, Marine Air

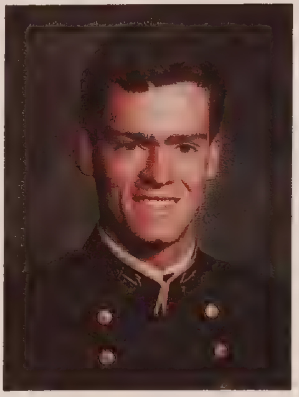
"Rick Pagel, defensive end, Phoenix, Arizona. Hi, mom."



Dean Christopher Schmidt
Deano
Houston, Texas
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Air

Although a true Texan, Deano came babbling out of that North Eastern mecca of kingpins called Long Island. Deano is a firm believer in that saying "you rate what you get away with". In fact, as a Plebe, he had a better stereo system set up in our room that most upperclass had. Dean managed to get three tickets in the yard as an underclass, and somehow keep his driving privileges. It was youngster year that Dean decided some classes weren't that important so he decided to show up when he felt like it. He continues this practice. You could always find 2 or 3 fans, a space heater, a TV, a case of road sodas, or a bottle of bubbly in his closet. Dean's pursuit of exiting experiences has been unending. He's found them in places like his motor boat on Great South Bay and his first car, "Old Betsy". After going to Houston with him spring break I could hardly call him a prejudiced Southerner. Two at once? Dean has been accused for his longing of very local women (like down the hall), but I can say that it's only wishful thinking. Dean will do anything anywhere, but our best times have been on the road. Cold beers, stogies, and loud music. Not to mention Ph . . . Philliam. Dean's one weakness is his occasional forays into babbling. Some of his favorites are, "Yo Davy, Hey Bob, Yaaaaaaa, Ah good morning - good morning, Young John, she was on to me, didja hook her up?, coke, spirte, egglow, What's Up?". Dean was sometimes hard to live with for Plebe Summer and seven semesters, but I don't regret any of it. Have fun flying Deano and stay away from my sister!

DEE



Linda M. Schumacher
Schu
Princeton, New Jersey
Marine Engineering, Surface Line

In July 1980, Linda arrived at the Naval Academy. In May 1984, she left. What happened to Linda during her years at the Academy? The world may never know, since she spent so much of her time in Rickover learning to be an engineer. But, we her roommates know the rest of the story!

Every person has his own little quirks - but Linda has some goodies. On a typical evening, a visit to Linda's room would find her at her desk in a multi-striped or tiger bathrobe. During the visit, she might search her closet several times and try on half of her clothes. You might also notice an old pro keds box in her locker. Among other unusual things, you will find a very expensive desk stapler in the box - be sure to ask the story behind this. If you are staying the night, be sure to remind Linda to brush her teeth, or else she will remember at some odd hour in the early morning and you will wake up to see her brushing them. Also remind her to put her mouthguard in or you might be awakened to the sound of her grinding her teeth. Quirks are fun and Linda, we really enjoyed living with you. (I'm glad you never brought a cat in!) Good luck always - have a happy marriage and lots of kids!

KLE and KAS

Kari A. Standard

Kari
Festus, Missouri
Oceanography, Aircraft Maintenance

In July 1980, blond-haired, blue-eyed Kari arrived at the Naval Academy from the great state of Missouri. Since then, she has experienced, learned and grown more than she ever dreamed. Kari is a very inquisitive person who asks questions about a lot of things that are unanswerable. Kari likes to know everything and it is this quality that let her learn so much. Her questions manage to keep us all expanding and growing, not always looking at the next day of classes, but thinking ahead to what our future may be and how to change it. Her enthusiasm is a source of enthusiasm for us.

During her years at the Academy, Kari was a member of the Judo team. She worked consistently with the team from practicing, to competing, to stuffing envelopes.

Kari's greatest accomplishment at the Academy was her growth as a Christian. She started out knowing very little, but her persistence allowed her to become an understanding and loving Christian, and an inspiration to us all. With God's guidance, she has a knowledge of what she is to do in the world. I thank God for allowing me to share a room and many meaningful conversations with her.

Good luck, Kari! You will always be in my prayers. And remember, you will never be good enough for Kermit, but you will make somebody very happy!

KLE

David William Stender

Dave-O
San Jose, California
Political Science, Cryptology

Dave came to us from that never-never land called California after a short stay at a normal (?) college in D.C. Dave seemed to enjoy Plebe Summer and once academic year started he never studied, a tradition he has personally upheld for four years. If you're looking for Dave he can usually be found in the company wardroom or sleeping. Dave bought a gorgeous Austin-Healy for first class year and totaled it before the new year arrived. Since it was the fourth car Dave had totaled he decided to give them up. He went out and bought his dream machine. A brand new Harley-Davidson that weighs more than your average import car. Dave was never a slouch for having a good time and a clogged sink and a bush under a certain bridge can attest to that fact. He claimed he got sea sick on his Belgian Foreign Exchange Cruise but 31 pints of beer in one night in heavy seas may have contributed to his illness. Dave's choices in women have often caused me anxiety, fortunately he is not planning on marriage any time soon. Dave will always be remembered for his different attitudes. He was the Company expert on Far East Religions, martial arts, table etiquette, punk music, languages, and World Travel. I feel that while Dave is spending his Cryptology career trying to figure out the enemy, his friends will spend their time trying to figure out Dave. Good luck Dave-O, and remember, tying your shoes after you trip doesn't help you.

DEE

Charles D. Swift

Charlie
Franklin, North Carolina
History, Surface Line

Charles Swift . . . "Chaz" . . . From out of North Carolina came this great, unknown philosopher of our time. He is a man of many diverse talents; historian, wrestler, swimmer, backwoodsman, and his latest — dancer.

The Naval Academy will never be the same after Chuck leaves — and neither will the people that knew him. If there ever was a person that could make things happen, it would have to be Chuck. From Charlie's West Side and dirty trou, to hospital wards and strange parties in the middle of the night that will haunt the consciences of him and his comrades forever, Charlie could always be found in the middle of it all having the time of his life.

Chiz had his share of broken hearts and some of us thought that after visiting Baltimore he would never be able to "go Back" until he met Debbie Breaden — his duplicate of the opposite gender and queen of the dance floor.

Charlie, we will miss you very much, but no one will miss you more than I — those late nights. Guam?! It figures. But we know that any place that you go comes alive — and I'm sure Guam will be no exception. You and Debbie show 'em how it's done. May God always be with you and never forget those of us who love you.

BJ GD

Amy Elizabeth Thomas

Aimless
Statesboro, Georgia
Applied Science, Navy Air

Amy arrived at the Academy on I-Day much as she had on her previous visits, with one difference: this time she was there for herself, no longer just the daughter of a grad or the little sister of a mid. She was about to foist her entirely obnoxious self upon the Brigade on a full-time basis for four whole years!

She and her roommate sailed loudly through Plebe Summer in their favorite 420. Academic year arrived and Amy met it without trepidation. She was the first in her company to wildman a squad leader (you can also ask him about the dead fish she left in his rack)! Aimless will undoubtedly remain in the hearts of the Class of '81!

Our years at Canoe U. progressed, and so did Amy's antics. Her wise choice of a major let her maintain good grades while pursuing other hobbies — remember the six-pack that Patty deposited in our room before she left, a victim of the Axe? I thought Amy would have a stroke!

Second Class year brought out the maternal instincts in Amy. The Class of '86 warmly referred to her as "Mom" — all but the one plebe who chased after her, crying out, "Oh, Miss Thomas! Let me marry you and take you away from all this!"

Well, first class year sets its sun on many accomplishments for Amy: Co-Editor for the Trident, Company Sub-Cdr., 3 times on a Brigade Champ team . . . she can even acknowledge the existence of Julius the Iguana (by the time this is printed he'll be out of the locker). Her greatest achievement: 4 years of Susan; 8 continuous semesters plus Plebe Summer with the same roomie! I'll miss you, Amy. Fly high and safe!

John F. Weigold
Johnny
Riverside, Connecticut
Applied Science, Surface Line

Riverside's very own John Weigold came to USNA with his personal formula for success: sweat it. Plebe Year he secluded himself on 3-3 from where the stories soon filtered down about John's idiosynchrosies. His roommates favorite pastime was to hide his slippers while he was in the shower (he would never walk one step barefooted!). Yes, John always had his special way of doing things and if someone did not agree, his simple reply would be "if they can't take a joke . . .". He was a loyal member of the Catholic Choir and the Glee Club with whom he traveled across the nation on many tours. Early in his academic life here John realized that being a EE major would not make him a millionaire quite as fast as he would like, so he changed to Resources Management to learn the secrets of the finance world. First Class Summer was his most memorable one, most notable being the fact that he took some undisciplined plebes to Bermuda on a yawl and brought back a few good youngsters for his future squad. We will always remember John for his good taste. He was considered by some to be one of the best dressed mids around. As for girls there was no limit for John, not age, distance, time, nationality, class, or even money (believe it or not). And, of course, the tags on his BMW read "YGOLD". Finally, he earned a 5000 series award in recognition of his exceptional hair cutting abilities. From your classmates John; "Thanks for the haircuts".

Jason Scott Wharton
Sundo
Madison, New Jersey
Applied Science, Civilian

Sundo came to us from the fast paced life of Jersey. Full of life and vigor, Jason determined to get the most out of life at USNA. And it was here that he found life to its fullest. Everyone puts their faith in someone or something. Jason put his faith in God. The mark of a man is someone who will stand up for what he believes, regardless of the consequences. Jason has stood by what he knows to be true, and God has been number 1 in his life ever since.

"For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." Jeremiah 29:11. As we each go on to bigger and better things, Jason will also be heading for the biggest challenge of his life, civilian life with Rhonda Kay.

Scott B. Woessner
Scottie
Towson, Maryland
Applied Science, Nuclear Submarine

Scottie came to this establishment all the way from Towson, MD. Boy, was he homesick by the second week of Plebe Summer. For him it was more like a community college instead of a military academy. But who is complaining! The Sco's life here can be broken up into phases or attitudes: Plebe Year Scott was the kind of guy that had to carry buckets around to keep from drowning in his own sweat. He even used to wake up at 0545 every morning to shine a light on his grease belt buckles to make sure they were perfect. Youngster year Scottie chilled out a little bit. Why he even blew it at the striper board when he explained to them that long hair was the in thing. Second Class year Sco's favorite saying was "If it's not on the test I'm not going to learn it". As a result he was dubbed "The Mind" for his extraordinary rote memorization capabilities. He once read his leadership book five times before the final. It must have done some good, he finished 70th in the class. He almost cried when he realized he could have been 69th. What a letdown! Somehow Sco managed to be on both sides of Lady Luck. One minute he was an ace student, womanizer (been with only one woman in three years) and the next minute he was a confirmed invalid with a broken elbow, mangled ankle, or cracked forehead. No one would say he was accident prone or anything though! All in all Scotty was one of the best liked guys around and he made a lasting impression on a lot of us. Scotty, you'll go a long way $$.

Michael David Yu
Doctor
Annapolis, Maryland
Applied Science, Marine Corps

Since Mike is a Crabtown native and grew up with the Academy in his backyard he felt he knew the ropes around here well enough to sleep through Plebe Summer. Well, "THE DOCTOR" made it through that unforgettable summer without sustaining any serious neck injuries and we all cheered. Since then Mike has stayed awake long enough for us all to learn to appreciate him in everything he has done for us. His unwavering faith in God and his concern and care for others has encouraged all those who have crossed his path. Mike has left a lasting impression on us all by his willingness to obey the Master's voice in everything he does. Although we hesitate to give Mike up to the Marine Corps we can be assured that we will see him soon enough on a very distant shore.

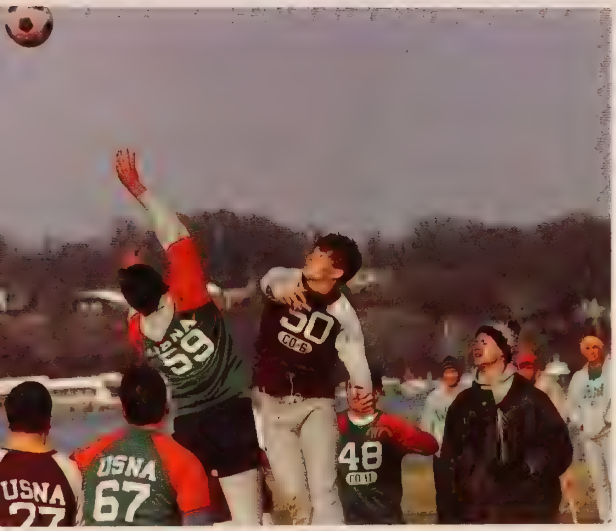
"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Three

1A
NAVY
BROWN

Robert A. Beach
"Screech"
Marion, North Carolina
Physical Science, Navy Air

Bob Beach came to USNA from the beautiful mountains of North Carolina with an ardent desire to fly off a carrier. Along that path lay such names as Beacher, Screech, and Space Cadet. During Plebe Summer, Bob learned the meaning of "corkin' off" so well that he later earned a varsity Z by his skill in the classroom head jerk, and advanced studies in osmosis. Bob's other interests included company sheet posters, army projects, women, and model building (or the lack thereof). It must be noted that the bizarre proportions of Bob's unbuilt model collection has nothing to do with his famous airbrush waxing for floors. Always sober, Bob will be remembered for his sensitivity, good nature, and inability to wrestle. He offers his companymates many thanks for helping him through, and his classmates the best of fortunes. We will, as always, be looking for him in the skies overhead.



Byron E. Bond
Bondo
San Bernadino, California
Computer Science, Surface Line

Bonda came to USNA after a year at Cal State. For the first two years here, he devoted most of his time to studies and day-dreaming of his fiancée back home in San Bernardino. About this time, Bondo saw the light and found that East Coast girls could be just as much fun as West Coast girls, and broke his romantic ties to California. Bondo's social life blossomed, and soon his 'San Bernardino Shuffle' became the hit from Annapolis to Georgia. Spring Break second class year saw Bondo playing the tourist in Florida. With camera in hand running shoes on, and a newly found sunburn, he assaulted Florida. No one could keep up with Byron, his stomach was better than a clock, and we made sure he got three meals to keep him happy. The rambling spirit had gotten into Byron though, and it was off to the far east for 1/c cruise. Japan was an educational experience for Byron, and Subic Bay was a physical one. Although Bondo cut loose during his travels, back at USNA he was always an easy going guy. Byron could be found many a day working on a favorite model, and we'll never forget his galactic fleet which grew and grew and . . . Byron had time for much more than modeling though, and was always eager to help anyone with academic problems as he was a whiz with the books. When the Nukes started chasing Byron for Service Selection, he found a quick solution to his problem. Who else would have told a Captain that Submariners weren't cool?! Successful both professionally and in academics, Byron will always be remembered as a hard worker. Bondo always knew he wanted to be a Surface Line Officer and will be a great asset to the Surface Navy. Good luck and God bless to a good roommate and a great friend.

JBN
TDM

Alex T. Casimes
Aldo
Seattle, Washington
Systems Engineer, Surface Line

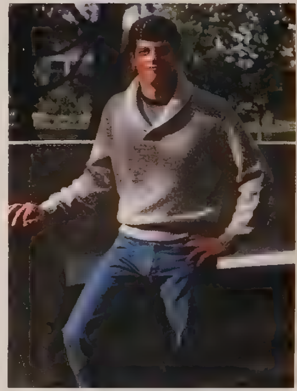
Aldo came to the "uncollege" after a year of prep school and a year of real college. He was a service brat and claims his current hometown as Seattle, Washington. Al fell from singledom a bit earlier than the average mid and is also one of the honored few that retained the same girl for all four years of his "controlled happiness". He also has the unique situation of being outranked by his lovely fianceé for she is a 2nd Lt. in the Army (I guess Army isn't all bad). Although Al will not be getting married in the yard, he will be getting married only three days after graduation.

Plebe year, Alex got a reputation with the upperclass in our company for punching a second class during a raid on his room. But even though he wasn't a smash hit with the upperclass, he was popular with his roommates. Alex, being a staunch Greek, has an inbred love for food and always brought back his homecooked specialties from his fiancee's house.

Youngster year Al was a hard pedaling member of the bicycle club "Team Navy". He was also a dedicated member in good standing of his favorite ECA, the MSA club, for three years. Finally, in his first class year he became a loyal member of the Shakey's pizza club with his own monogrammed table at the pizza parlor.

Aldo came in wanting to fly but fate would dictate otherwise, and soon he lost his 20/20 vision. So Al decided to go surface line, the surface fleet is lucky to have him. Break a "kick" Al.

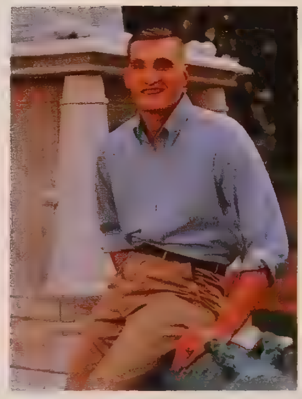
CAR



Raymond S. Clark
Ray
Cincinnati, Ohio
Ocean Engineering, Naval Aviation

If the Naval Academy had not happened to Ray, he'd be sitting in Cincinnati right now eating a sack of White Castles and watching Caddyshack for the 98th time. Instead, Pensacola is getting a sharp aviator and a fine officer. How did the Academy make Ray what he is today? It sure wasn't plebe year - Ray never had one. Basketball and a Spring Break SCUBA expedition were 4/c Clark's only challenges - no upperclass ever phased him. But then, Diff. Eqn's hit him youngster year. For the first time, he actually had to study during study hour. It was a long year for both Ray and his plebes (what a flamer!). Actually, most of his frustrations were taken out on his guitar in his rock-and-roll band - Blind Alley. Second class year kept Ray busy becoming an Ocean Engineer. Of course there were always band trips on the weekends and Benny Hill at nights. Ray left our company for a while first class year to serve the battalion. (What does the Batt Sub-Cdr really do?) His 3-striper liberty saved us more than once from Neeb's Loaf or Ham Fransisco. That Christmas we found Ray's second home - Mexico. We never realized what a fascination he had for sombreros, serapes, and switchblades. We also discovered his major obsession - downhill skiing. Mach speeds in jets will be nothing new to Ray.

Ray has proved to be a good friend to everyone, and a quality Ocean Engineer. The skies of Pensacola will get used to seeing Ray in his happiest hour. Ray is truly an officer and a gentleman. We hope Navy Air treats him right.



Charles Richard Donnelly, Jr.
Dick
Savannah, Georgia
USMC

Dick came to the Academy a southern boy. Although he always looked as if he'd just stepped out of GQ magazine, Dick actually stepped out of the fleet, spent a year an NAPS and then came to Navy. Always a competitor, Dick played JV football his plebe year. Through good times and bad, Dick's easy going attitude seemed to get him through. When youngster year rolled around, a number of Donnelly traditions started: long hair, weekend rendevous (even some weeknights) and the Honduran moved in. As if plebe year wasn't enough torture, Dick cut 25 pounds and earned his letter on the 150's team. Second class summer saw Dick and Fust playing SEAL out in Coronado. Somehow they both made it back from BUDS in one piece. Second class year, Dick spent many "all nighters" in the wardroom hitting the books when he wasn't watching the tube. The summer finally arrived, and Dick set out for Australia. We wouldn't have believed the stories except he brought back pictures. After that, everyone in the company tried to figure out a way to get to the land down under. First class year saw Dick coaching the company basketball team to its best record in a long while, making road trips with the rest of the "G-Team", and continuing romantic forays in the area. Always a good friend and dependable classmate, Dick will be a valuable addition to the Corps. Good luck and God Bless. Thanks John.

JBN

Maurice A. Fairley
Moe
Concord, New Hampshire
Physical Science, Marine Corps

Moe started out his Academy life with a number of exploits Plebe summer. While the rest of us were sound asleep, Moe would conduct individual recons on other companies. Moe went on to Plebe year trying to decide whether to be a track man or a hockey player — hockey won out. After Plebe summer decided that to calm himself he would have to get up at 0430 so he could jump out of airplanes at Ft. Benning-Airborn! Youngster year Moe was a cornerstone of the "Thirsty Five" — I buy, we fry. Moe continued with Aero until the Aero profs finally shot him down. The Green Toad smiled on Moe and the Ac-Board lost! Moe decided that he needed a real job so he decided to become Mr. VTNA — besides, he got the only phone in the company. First class summer was a big time of change for Moe. A Marine option Cruise (and the eye test) changed this hardcore flyer into one of the few, the proud, the you know who. Wendy changed this hardcore bachelor into one of the many, the proud, the soon to be wed. Nobody saw much of Moe first class year, except Wendy that is — I wonder if he even worked up a sweat jogging to her house? Moe is destined for success in the Corps. We all wish Moe and Wendy the best of luck and God bless. -Semper Fi-

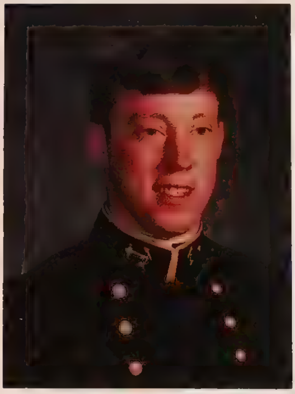
JPS

David Neal Forney
Forn
Greely, Colorado
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

With names like Forn Dog, Fornicate, Corn Dog, and Horney Forney, Dave has faired well. He came to us from the Colorado Rockies, where he attained his easy going manner; which also left him in good stead for plebe year. It seemed for Forn that he just laid down one plebe summer night and woke up to find it was youngster year . . . with no more plebes brought alot more time for parties. To this goal, Dave found his sponsors and their boat and their beer and the time to enjoy them, while still holding over a 3.0. He got smart and changed his major from math to something real like Mech E. Much to his advisors disbelief, Forn has blown them away. Even the Rocket couldn't slow him down. Then he met Anita! Somehow we couldn't believe he could continue when every evening he would spend 2 or 3 hours on the phone, but he did. He even got the bonus of getting Anita to say yes and became the last to fall to the sound of wedding bells in his room. I guess he had to after getting caught low level necking by Capt. Cub Scout in the midstore parking lot. During Second class summer, Forn went on a crash course in money saving - Girls aren't cheap - and ended up eating only P & J sandwiches which makes it difficult to believe that while at Quantico he was in the color squad. You see Forn is only 5'8" and weighs 140 lbs. Even though Forn is little he is loved that is why for Christmas he was given an anchor so he wouldn't blow away. Fortunately, Dave opted to go submarines, I couldn't see him dragging that weight topside of a windblown ship. Speak truths and break a "kick".

John W. Fusto
John
Silver Springs, Maryland
Oceanography, Navy NFO

When the discussion turns to max guys, the conversation is not complete without mentioning Big John Fusto. John is one of the older generation. He spent some time at Merrimak college and then enlisted in the navy as an Intelligence (?) Specialist. He then entered the BOOST program and found out how much fun it was to watch the sunrise in San Diego day after day after day. Long days and nights proved worthwhile, though, as he found himself in Thirsty Third with a short, obnoxious squad leader Plebe Summer. After several thousand trips to the library with his little index card boxes, John realized that you sometimes got ta say "what the heck!" John's final selection of a major in Oceanography came just before his selection of Laura as his beautiful wife. The traumatic experiences as an upperclass left an impact on John that he'll never forget. A short jaunt to San Diego to BUDS (hey, whats in the mud?!) netted a picture of John in the catalog. I'm sure he'd rather forget that. How many all-nighters John put under his belt in the pursuit of academics will probably never be known, but the credit card, ring, and car loan came along to soothe the pain. (say YAAAAAAH) He always enjoyed a good beating if Greg's coffee just wasn't right or if the 'fish' got out of hand. What else can be said about an all around great guy? With God, a loving family behind him, and Laura by his side, Big John will undoubtedly be set for a bright future in the Navy.
GWP



Thomas Kelly Gehan
Tango
Rochester, New York
Applied Science, Marine NFO

Tom came to USNA because his Blue and Gold officer told him that it was a "Party" school. Instead, he received the shock of his life. Fortunately, the Academy was able to adapt . . . Plebe year saw Tom keeping a low profile, except for playing cards with Lemon and tormenting Hickory. Youngster year and Tango opened a textbook for the last time, prefering sleep to academics. But that didn't keep him from qualifying for 'stars" (except for a low performance grade.) Second class summer came and Tango went to Hawaii with Zieg and Schultzie, where he gave his traveling companions demolition derby lessons in the Fairmonster. Protramid and P-cola saw Tango and Zieg going straight from 5¢ beer night at Rosie's to the X-country course at 0500. The dynamic duo set the record for the slowest time ever recorded in P-cola, not bad! Second class year and Tom roomed with Porky and Willie for the first time. Every weekend meant road trip, and Tango was totally unselfish at Hood's spring parties. He was almost willing to exchange the shirt off his back with one of Hood's finest; Indian giver! First class summer and Tango's travels continued this time to Europe. Besides having a good time, he taught a certain Italian businessman an important lesson. Plebe detail had time spent between the rack., Mr. Pip's, and the visa money machine. Academic year was spent trying to perfect the no work, all play lifestyle. Finally, service selection night and Tango signed on to be a Marine aviator, much to his mother's dismay. Good luck in the Corps . . .

Michael K. Hile
Zeig
Lisbon, Ohio
Ocean Engineering, Marine Air

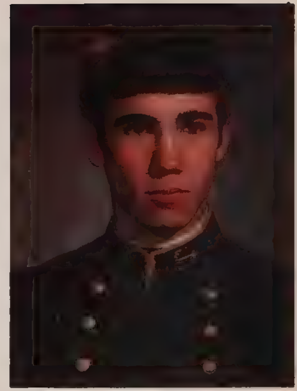
Mike came to us from the thriving metropolis of Lisbon, Ohio, a town famous for its proximity to "The Nail." Starting out with his best foot forward, Mike impressed me by returning from our first night out and mistaking the trash can for a urinal. With no place to go but upward, Mike set a new low by ending behind bars in Providence, R.I. and initiating "marathon drinking." Along with youngster year came more vices: cars, weekends, and women. Who can forget the "360 cinema" Mike treated Tango, Bake, and myself to. Soon after this he reached the top of the driving pinnacle by four wheeling at the University of Maryland in the thunderchicken. Driving was not all Mike excelled at, shortly after Christmas he discovered that he made the Machine's top ten list. Second class year began with the inaugural trip of the flying Hawaiians and Mike proved that one could exist on cornhorns, ding-dongs, sun, surf, and beer indefinately. Protramid immortalized the flying Hawaiians; free beer, stumpy, inexpensive beer, pilots in P-cola, the "nuclear lounge", the guardian of peace, and the beaver dash exemplified the summer. During that academic year, Mike was not around much. Mike demonstrated his true professional attitude by cheerfully volunteering for plebe detail. First class year was then thrust upon Mike. After a grueling six weeks in L.A. for summer cruise and a delightful stint of plebe detail, he returned to USNA to captain the men's varsity swim team. That was also the year he led the Marietta bridge burning feast, which was quite a feather in his cap. I wish him all the luck in Quantico and in P-cola.

Richard M. McBride
Bake
Houston, Texas
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

Out of four years of determination we put together our own little volume of history that we may finally place upon the shelf of life. It is unique to each of us, yet, it binds our lives in a way no one else could ever know.

It could be a game at times, a challenge, or an adventure. But at others it could be as brutal as a nightmare. Still, it was four years of our lives. A part of you and a part of me. And that will remain with me always.

Thanks for everything guys.



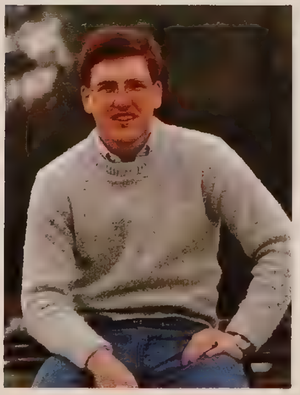
Robert J. McGarrity
Bob
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Applied Science, CEC

Bob hails from the land of soft pretzels and "cheesesteaks", Philadelphia. After a short stunt at Wyoming Seminary Prep School, Bob "rolled" into the Academy at 5-8 and 191 lbs . . . "Firsties" were afraid to harass him for fear he would bite. Since he never talked, several rumors surfaced about his identity. Some pondered what crime he had committed for the judge to give him the option of this place or prison. Others thought he was the younger brother of John Belushi. We were all relieved, however, when Bob uttered his first sentence. Well, actually he "tested his lungs."

As academic year started, Bob quickly established himself as a man of action. He certainly wasn't a man of words. After getting down to a trim 158 lbs. Bob made the varsity lightweight football team and began an illustrious athletic career here at the Academy. He gained All-League honors 3 years in a row and was elected team captain in his last season. Academically, he also established an excellent reputation as he was honored as a USNA scholar-athlete.

Bob's favorite pastime is getting as comfortable as humanly possible. He was often found wrapped up in a warm blanket with both the heater and fan on. He says he doesn't like being too hot or too cold. After graduation, Bob plans to pursue a career with the Civil Engineer Corps and a life with Lisa, the special girl who has supported him these past four years. Best of luck and God bless. It's been great!

CRD



Terry D. Mosher
Mosh
Baudette, Minnesota
Computer Science, Surface Line

Mosh came to us from the wastelands of Northern Minnesota, or the Great White North as he liked to put it. Living with Terry was better than taking a personal finance course, he coined the phrase "why save today when you can borrow tomorrow". And who will ever forget the 'Mosh-mobiles'? He spent almost as much time driving them (he went through 4!) as working on them. If he couldn't work on them, Terry brought bits and pieces back to the room to keep him company. If anyone had car trouble, he was 3rd company's Answer Man. Terry also had the answer for girls - don't call me, I'll call you. No campus was safe from Mosh. Hood, UMBC, Georgetown; if the Mosh-mobile could make it, Terry was there. We'll never forget names like Louise, Ronnie, Kathleen, Mary, or Anna, but Terry will. But Terry was active in many other areas as well. He was the company Hockey Stud for three years until his knee convinced him that ice was better in mixed drinks. And speaking of drinking, never to be outdone by a roommate, Terry earned his very own Black 'N' second class year. Guess the OOD doesn't like togas, huh Mosh!? Who would have thought a Halloween party could amass a 15000 series for one person! But Terry also knew the dividing line between work and play. A computer whiz, Terry has helped many a company mate through tough projects. Professionally, Terry was a walking "Ships and Aircraft of the U.S. Fleet". After much thought, Mosh decided that "Surface Line is Mighty Fine," and he'll make a valuable addition to a proud service. His classmates, and especially his roommates, will always remember him as a thoughtful and understanding person and wish him fair winds and following seas throughout his career.

BEB&JBN

Bret J. Muilenburg

Bert
Titusville, Florida
Mechanical Engineering, Civil Engineer Corp

Bret came to USNA from the Sunshine State, where the girls and beaches are plentiful. Bret spent most of his spare time in high school with "the boys" pulling pranks, and listening to no music. His plebe year roommate can attest to this because Bret had some trouble finding out who John Lennon was. Bret got along with everyone during that first year, even the upper class, which his plebe year grease reflects. Also during that first year away from home a certain youngster (who would eventually become our roommate a year later) put Bret back in his place by telling him he had a "smart-ass attitude."

Youngster year saw Bret earn a varsity letter - a Black N that is. Bret and four of our classmates thought Friday nights were getting a little boring and decided to have a party. This escapade earned Bret a spot on the early morning breakfast club for a month.

Bret hopped through second class year, even though it was a tough one for the mech. eng. major. He spent many hours with his nose in his books and a ruler in his mouth. Bret studied hard during the week, but when the weekend came it was time to take a break. His first three day break saw Bret making a road trip that he will never forget. Even since that day he has had "Georgia on His Mind."

Bret took off for Europe on a well deserved two week vacation during first class summer where he managed to get himself in some trouble he almost couldn't get out of. Another trip to Georgia earned Bret the nickname of "The Rooster" for his dancing ability.

Bret will be joining the CEC on graduation date knowing that he will always be on land. Bret, we wish you the best of luck in all that you do. God Bless.

PJW

Michael J. Murphy

Murph
Willingboro, New Jersey
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

Mike Murphy came from New Jersey (exit 14 A I think) to be a navy pilot and an engineer. After his experience with Joey Head, though, he has found that management gives him much more time for the better things in life than did engineering. One of them is **not** *studying. Instead Mike spends his weekdays running up a $200 per month phone bill and going out to buy food if they do not have steak or filet mignon in the ward room.*

One of Mike's most amazing accomplishments has been to keep his million-dollar car in various garages and body shops throughout three states. But he has managed to try it out on a few of his infamous midnight donut trips.

In between donut trips Mike has spent a lot of time rowing. He was on plebe lightweight crew and varsity crew for two years.

Mike is going to Pensacola from here to become a pilot. Navy airdales will be glad to have him join them and all of us in third company wish him the very best of luck, the opportunity to fly whatever he would like to choose, and a great career in the navy.

John B. Nowell

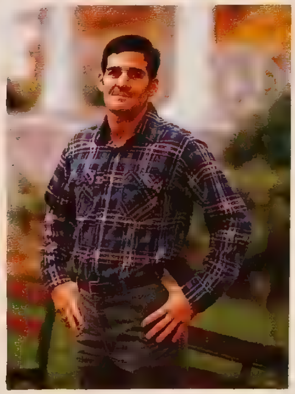
Hickory
Hickory, North Carolina
Ocean Engineering, Surface Line

Hickory has established a reputation of putting forth a maximum effort, academically, physically, and alcoholically. For his efforts in academics and performance he was awarded the lofty position of 3/C Brigade Commander. A short three weeks later he was awarded, for his efforts in alcohol awareness, a black 'N' and prompt relief from the burden of command. Hickory was also a successful boxer and varsity sailor. During 2/C year he found, quite by accident, that he was also an exceptional swimmer. (Right, Oscar?) As a firstie, Johnny could be found either running the company or running around in various stages of (un)dress, ranging from nothing to red tights al a Bud Man.

Johnny had a penchant for long distance love affairs. Between Michele, Shelly, Mary T., and Denise, many hundreds of miles were put on G. G., his 240-Z — and all without a spare! After every road-trip we endured many days of Johnny staring at a picture of his latest love with that puppy-dog expression we'll always remember. However, none of these girls were lucky enough to capture John before he left for San Diego and Surface Line.

Johnny will always be remembered by the members of Third Company as a thoughtful, dedicated, yet fun-loving person. We all wish the best to someone who truly deserves it.

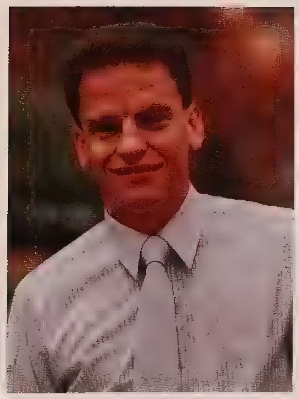
BEB
TDM



Patrick D. Olivier

PO
Redondo Beach, California
Political Science, USMC Pilot

Patrick Olivier came to the Naval Academy from sunny California as a member of the Class of Eighty-three. He quickly became famous for his 0900 five o'clock shadow that even a titanium razor was unable to conquer. After a great youngster year with the other members of the "dirty half-dozen", Pat took a sabbatical from Navy. But alas, he could not stay away long and rejoined thirsty third as a proud member of the Class of Eighty-four. As a second class he made his infamous burger run and did his time. Not one to be found in the rack, Patrick spent many an afternoon in the ring as a Navy boxer. He was also well known for making maximum use of his liberty time. If you heard PO say "ramble" you knew that liberty wasn't far away. He studied hard and as a squad leader ran a tight ship. A more reverent mid you would have trouble finding. Third Company wishes Pat the best of luck as an aviator, and let it be known that the Marines are looking for one fewer good man with Pat in their ranks.



Gregory W. Pease

Peaser
Baltimore, Maryland
Physical Science, USMC

Peaser came to USNA the hard way. After spending one and a half years in the fleet and fifteen months at BOOST, the "old man" finally made it. Taking charge at once as guide-on bearer, Peaser led THIRD COMPANY through many march-overs and P-rades with his dad and brother always on our left flank.

Greg went through more pounds of coffee beans in his four years at USNA than King Hall has since its original existence. You could always count on Greg for a cup of home brew when burning the midnight oil.

Although at times considered a sweat, Peaser was in fact a very hard worker whose diligence made life in Bancroft a little more tolerable. Who else would have thought of providing donuts and juice for the whole company before the march on in Pasadena? First class year as company commander, he was even accused of conning the company officers out of Friday inspections. It almost worked Greg.

Through the influence of one of our interim company officers, Peaser will be leaving the Navy to wear the uniform of a Marine. With the support and love of his parents, to whom he is eternally thankful, Greg will accomplish many things in his life. The Navy's loss is the Corps' gain. SEMPER FIDELIS and God bless you.

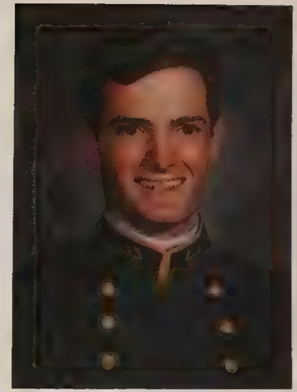
JWF

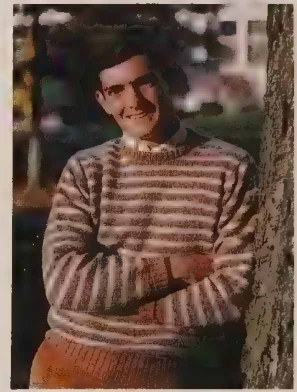
Michael R. Pease

Fish
Alexandria, Virginia
Operations Analysis, Navy Air

The "Fish", as he was affectionately known, came to USNA from, who knows where? Navy brat you know! Mike wasted no time in making friends and daily schedules (even included when to brush his teeth)! Mike became the recipient of weekly beatings by some of his most popular classmates, which he normally provoked upon himself. Fish came to the Academy gung-ho on submarines but those Nukes showed him the light! He now wants to fly P-3's (NFO) and hunt down Soviet Subs. Michael chose Operations Analysis for his major and forever told us how wonderful the computer was. It was so wonderful that Fish got to tuck NATS into bed at 0400 on several occasions. Third Company clocks were synchronized at 1900 daily when Mike sped down the hall to make the news on TV (never missed it!). Fish took on the job of fencing captain his senior year and hoped to go to Nationals (again). His other hobbies included bicycling, skiing, running, and occasionally a visit to Italy, where he grew up. Mike's fluent Italian was only surpassed by his financial prowess. With any luck, this guy is going to make bucks. Anyone who drives a '63 Rambler that he called the "Sex Machine" (we strongly doubted this one) and fences, can't be all bad. The Pease Family shuttle will always be remembered and appreciated by those who needed a helping hand. Michael always looked out for his classmates. You're not the neatest person in the world Mike, but you're working on it. Best of Luck in all you do Fish! Go For It! Go Navy Air!

GHW





Patrick C. Rabun

Pat
Farmerville, Louisiana
Applied Science, Surface

The pride of the Farmerville Farmers came to USNA without any knowledge of the sea. He sure made up for it though, with a 4.0 PCR average and command of his own YP. Pat was not quite sure what was going on Plebe Summer, but he kept a low profile and managed to catch on to the routine very quickly. A firm believer that gouge never really helped anyone, he managed to excel without it, amazing us with back to back 4.0's youngster year. But Pat's accomplishments never went to his head. He would always put down his own homework to help a classmate. Indeed, he saved many a soul with hours of E.I. the night before an exam. Much of Pat's hard work was directed to YP Squadron. Perhaps the most capable mariner in the class of '84, Pat was the CO of our Battalion's boat, and probably earned more color points for our company than two people combined. Pat's greatest refuge was Burger King — he went there so much on the weekends that we thought he had a part-time job. First class year saw Pat in the position of Academic Officer, where he undertook the title of "the Originator". During his reign of terror, Pat clearly put the fear of God into anyone who skipped a class. Pat is one of those guys that you do not come across very often in life. Who else would take your duty on the weekend? (except when he was skiing) Integrity, intelligence, and a sense of humor are all trademarks of this fine classmate. Pat, the Navy is fortunate to have an officer such as you. Good luck in Surface Line to a faithful friend.

Clay A. Richmond

Clay
Sonora, California
Electrical Engineer

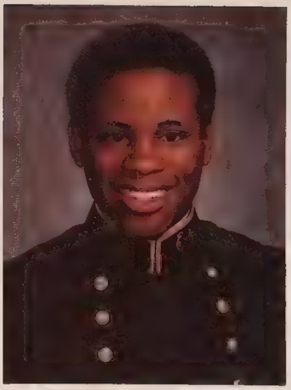
Clay was a veteran of the Navy school system when he came to the open arms of Mother B. He never got use to the plebe way of life and thus became The Organizer, planner of parties and arranger of recon raids. All of the fun of being a plebe got to Clay, though, so he became a dedicated member of the crew team. It didn't take long for him to discover where his energy was better spent, so Clay said so long to Hubbard Hall forever and went to the Phillipines for Youngster cruise where he recuperated nicely. Come Youngster year, Clay became an adopted family member of the MacCoys. It was here that Clay learned how to drive a boat, catch racoons, build bombs, and deliver newspapers. Once when he was in a professional mood took the initiative and taught the 4th class family members how to paint the heating vents green. Fortunately it wasn't long after when Clay met a lovely lass from Severna Park. She bought him some nice clothes and the rest is history. Clay did the right thing by becoming the 2nd member of the married room. The last year at USNA was spent in pursuit of academic excellence and hands-on experience in Electrical Engineering. Clay never failed to log less than 20 hours a week on Qbert and he became the last surviving EE in our company. Well, here's to the best of memories and we all wish you and Kathy the best. Break a "kick" Clay.

Glen A. Schultz
Schultzie
San Mateo, California
Mechanical Engineering, EDO

Rumor has it that Glen's mother filled out his application to the Academy, but once he arrived he adapted well to the system. Most people can be catagorized by their living habits, but Schultzie is not like most other people. During the weekdays he can be found in Nimtz with an armload of books and his H-P 330. (with reverse polish notation). But during the weekend he can be found in the nearest gutter face down. The stories start with spring break plebe year by being thumb-cuffed at Brown. Here Glen began enduro-drinking for five days. It made for an interesting return trip as Schultzie (passively) cleared an entire box car. Youngster year he took up a new hobby at Disco called "Pour and Run." This was also the year he earned the "Punctuality Award" for his remarkable metabolic clock. Second class summer Tango and Mike learned that Glen did not know his left from his right as he "toured" them around Hawaii. Another adventure that was encountered was "Death Ride with Stumpy, the One-legged Outlaw." First class year has been no different from the other years. It started with a weekend of jacuzzing with "Party Slut" and "Party Pig". The last "great" reported of Glen was a burning bridge in Marrietta. With these memories in mind we wish Glen the best of luck in the future.

David H. Smith
Dave
Indianapolis, Indiana
Physical Science, Surface Line

Dave, or D.B.D., as he is known back in his native home town of Indianapolis, came to U.S.N.A. by a rather strange route. Dave came to the Navy by way of the U.S. Army. After spending a long strenuous year at the United States Military Academy Prep School or MAPS as it is more commonly called, Dave joined the blue and gold team highly motivated and dedicated to the Navy way. He had a hard time ridding himself of the brainwashing placed on him by the Army, why once when told to lead a cheer at the table he pounded on the table and then yelled at the top of his lungs "Go Army!". You can imagine the hazing he received for that. Well plebe summer soon ended and Dave turned all of his energy into trying to meet the academic challenge placed before him. While not always successful at his academic endeavors he is one of the few people that can say that they have lived through ***five consecutive*** *Ac-Boards. While having to spend almost all of his leave time here at U.S.N.A Dave was still able to find time for a social life. Yes, Dave is also joining another team . . . "The few, the proud, the married". Yep despite all of the obstacles placed in his path Dave will make it out to the fleet on time and married yet . . . well the Army has lost a good man and the Navy is gaining a good officer, and Danielle is getting a great man for a husband. Good Luck and God Speed.*



CHUBRICK CLEMSON

John P. Stamos
Stames
Ann Arbor, Michigan
Naval Architecture, Navy Air

Stames came to us from Ann Arbor, Michigan. We were hoping they would take him back but no such luck. From the start, Stames proved that he was the typical Mid. He won his Black 'N' youngster year as a member of Thirsty-Thirds Famous Five. Matter of fact, John even happened to be running the bar that night. Always one to enjoy a little female companionship, the Greek, as he was affectionarely known mastered the complex art of G.U.E. (Going Ugly Early). Stames always maintained his girls really weren't "all that bad," but we saw 'em. Of course there was the beautiful older woman he picked up in Norfolk. (Humm, we never did see her though). While girl chasing and carousing took up a good bit of his time, John still managed to be a member of the Varsity Sailing Team and took command of the Navy's finest offshore racer. Always a winner John showed Army how to sail in a special match race in Pasadena. Somehow, Stames even had a major. Why a guy who always planned on being a fighter pilot went Naval Architecture we'll never know but at least it got him on the ***Today Show.*** *Course, who ever watches the* ***Today Show?*** *Somehow we've managed to survive three springbreaks, college road trips and "appropriating" Boston Whalers at Block Island. After all that, landing on a carrier should be nothing. No one could ask for a better classmate or friend than John. Navy Air couldn't get a finer officer. Good luck in the future and as the airdales say "Good Hunting and Check Six".*
J.B.N.

Jean-Francois Turner
Francois
El Paso, Texas
Political Science, Surface

Francois came into Plebe summer from El Paso, TX without a clue. It was quite an abrupt change in lifestyle from his laid back Texan atmosphere to the rigors of USNA. But Francois quickly (though not necessarily pleasantly) met the squad leader Mr. Gerbig and element leader Mr. Davitt. The result was a long plebe year. But, Francois proved he was tougher than the system, and survived plebe year. He even earned his Airborne wings. Youngster cruise turned out to be the light at the end of the tunnel. Francois quickly found the California lifestyle to suit his favorite tastes: Prestige and a woman in every port. He always had an eye for flash. Never did a year pass when there was not a sports car displayed under his blotter. Between skiing, flying, and a love for fast cars, one could not help but think that he was James Bond's protegé. But life at USNA was not always smooth sailing. Youngster year found Francois battling out academic obstacles until he was rescued by the Poli-sci department. After finding his niche in foreign languages (after all, how else do you meet those French speaking ladies?), he began to cruise through academics with an occasional poli-sci paper (all-nighter of course!). As far as first class year, it was only a matter of counting down the days for Francois to reach his ultimate goal: a USNA grad - What prestige! Francois - fair winds and following seas be with you. You are the kind of guy anyone would want to serve with. Look out Surface Line (and liberty ports), here comes a dynamite officer and a super guy.

Rafael Emilio Ulloa
Rafael
San Pedro Sula, Honduras
General Engineering, Honduran Navy

Rafael wandered into the Academy from Honduras. He was all eyes and ears and could barely speak a word of English. After realizing this could be used to his advantage, homer, Rafael could reply to a rate he didn't know. "Sir, I don't understand". He also sidestepped another problem by being allowed to give his chow calls in Spanish. Little did we all know that we were being told all about the weather instead of the noon meal and officers of the watch.

Rafael did catch on to the "slang" English language, however, and soon was able to curse with the best of American sailors. He also managed to keep his head above water under a demanding engineering load, and under water before haircut inspections. The clean cut "wet look" gave way to the Georgetown civilian look on Friday nights. As of this date he hasn't been caught yet.

After graduation, Rafael will leave his collection of "dreamy-eyed" American "babes" behind, when he goes back to serve in his country's navy.

Rafael's friendship and sense of humor was an inspiration to us all, even in the most dismal of times. Good luck Rafael, we wish you a safe, happy career and life. We'll miss you.

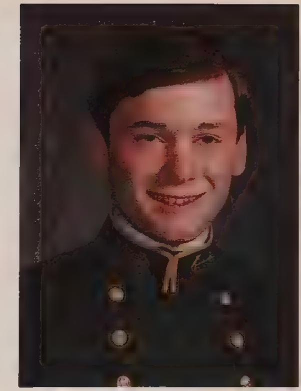
CRD

Patrick J. Walsh
P. J.
Kalispell, Montana
Applied Science, Navy Air

Coach Walsh came here from a far off land that the rest of us have only heard about - Montana. He has suffered through four years of ribbing because of his origins. P. J. spent more hours defending Montana, "Bobeat" basketball, his state's buffalo to women ratio, and the renowned metropolis of Kalispell than he spent sleeping. Originally, P. J. was rather shy and introverted. His interests ranged from sports to sports! Hence the nickname "Coach". He was a little bit of Jimmy the Greek, Ara Parsegan, Jim Thorpe, and Howard Cossell all rolled into one. You name the sport, date, and time; he'd give you the teams, the victor, and the play by play. It didn't take long for him to succumb to the social pressures of his buddies. A metamorphosis occured and soon P. J. was in the thick of the pack. His biography would not be complete without mention of sailing dates, Hood College softball and postgame activities, Yale University, San Diego summer cruise apartment, his ability to sleep in any car at any time, spring break in Florida, wrestling at Shippensburg State, perfect attendance at football games, "polyhester pants", "oooh sad", and his unparalleled performance as a Hall of Fame member of the "G" team. He is truly an inspiration to us all.

P. J. now leaves us for his calling as a Navy pilot. He has won our upmost respect and admiration as a friend, a colleague, and as a person. He is an inspiration for anyone who is trying to better himself. We thank him and wish him a safe and successful life. Good luck and God Bless.

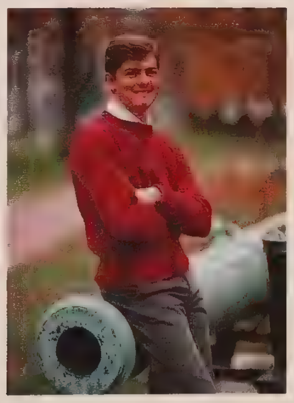
BJM



Gary H. Watson Jr.
Guy
Audubon, New Jersey
Naval Architecture, Nuclear Submarines

Gary was a model mid; the kind that belongs in the sample room. He had a funny habit of intently studying, getting good grades, being meticulously neat and organized, and being a fountain of engineering gouge. On top of all that he was a top notch drummer and a star goalie on Thirsty Third's fieldball team. It was the drum set that became his escape from the daily grind. Guy always had an ear for music, whether it was listening to his radio after taps plebe year or blasting Ted Nugent at 150dB before a p-rade. A member of "Blind Alley", Gary helped his band to become the premiere rock group at the academy. For his efforts, he was elected president of the Modern Music Bands and keeper of the keys! As time passed, Guy came under the spell of the "Nukes ($) and fell in love with our silent service while his roommate saw the light and went air. Some say that he sold his soul to rock-n-roll and nuclear power, but when it came to first class cruise, he chose an ARS and the ring dance over a sub in the Atlantic. Tough choice? Not if his fiancee, Barbara, had anything to say about it! Best of luck to you and Barb in sunny Florida . . . "May the elite force be with you!"

MRP



Micheal M. Wilson
Mookie
Richardson, Texas
Economics, Navy Air

Through four years of some very close calls we have finally made it! (The entire First Class year, Second Class Summer, Jimmy Buffet Rum Parties, and who could forget Newport, R.I.) We have definitely had some good times but then it has always not been a bed of roses. However, we all managed to pull each other through. The friendships we have made are something I will always treasure. As we all go our separate ways good-luck in the future, and thanks for everything.

To Mom, Dad, Pat, Rose, Scott, George, Kate, the MacCoys, the Clintons, and John V. it seems the support was always there - thanks for it all 'cause y'all know that I needed it.

To the boys of Third Company, and the Animals of 3-C -

I want to party with you Cowboy,

M.M.W.

Beverly M. Baker
Bev
Newport News, Virginia
Economics, Marine Corps

Bev came to the Naval Academy from Newport News, VA after a year's detour at NAPS. Apparently, NAPS refined her study habits, and she could often be found looking at wires, steam, and navigation in between Harlequin romances. As for her own romances, there was this guy from a place called West Point, then one from Bancroft Hall. Both were eventually abandoned, and she discovered her true love at the end of second class year - a '66 Corvette. First class year, little thought was given to anything else until Christmas leave, when her 'vette caressed another car and Bev, out of jealousy, rediscovered her West Point friend.

Bev set her sights on going Marine Corps from the start and, except for a brief look at Navy NFO (what do you mean I'm too short?), she has not abandoned that goal. Nothing will stand in her way - not those #@!! swimming tests or the PCR - and she will get what she wants. Good Luck and Semper Fi.

Kevin M. Blum
Gramps
Coon Rapids, Minnesota
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power, Submarines

Kevin steamed into Annapolis straight from the fast attack sub **U.S.S. Flasher.** His unique approach to plebe summer and plebe year included teaching Mid./Ens. Marrin a few things about marching; he shouldn't have grabed Kevin's arm. One would think that the old man knew better than to greet upperclass with, "I'm Kevin Blum, glad to meet you."

As a second class his enjoyment of Marine Eng. began to show as did his love/need for coffee and Pepsi and anything else which contained caffeine. For three years, he had to sleep as a plebe, Kev was often up until 3 or 4 AM doing work. A true hall rat, many Saturday nights he would spend at his desk dressed in his brown bathrobe - a cigarette in one hand and a coffee cup in the other. All that work seemed to pay off; an A in heat from the Rocket is proof enough.

When not working, Gramps could be found watching T.V. His favorites were Hill Street Blues, Emerald Point, and Remmington Steele. Perhaps his fiancee, Janice, will find more productive uses of his free time. Throughout the years Kevin has become a close and trusting friend. Good luck in marriage. We'll always remember you!

M.E., P.F.

Ruth Ann Christopherson
Ruth
Mondovi, Wisconsin
Applied Science-Management,
Supply Corp

Ruth came to us from Mondovi, WI with high aspirations and a winning smile. She's leaving after 4 years with even higher goals and a wider smile. She never lacked companionship and, not being one to waste valuable liberty time, always made it back seconds before the clock clicked. The upperclass never seemed to understand such things, especially the calamine lotion. They never managed to break her cheerful smile though, which was put to good use on the cheerleading squad. Rah. Youngster year she spent much of her time away from 4th company, but 2/c year she did manage to develop in-company subspecialities and finally settled down with Jim. Yes, an unlikely combination, but one which gave her ample justification for not studying. I'm sure the reason she was NPQ'd was for using her brain too much, but that's the price you pay for grades. (khhee-hee-hee) Good luck in Supply Corps Ruth - a financial whiz like you will do well once you get your calculator figured out.

Thanks for all the pep talks and rationalizations about life, and for always being able to bring out the positive (a little more blush always sets things right.) Your guiding philosophy has been to enjoy each day as it came along; and well Ruth, you have! The four years have merged together quite happily with alot of fun times and great memories. Bertard Russell's quote will always remind me of you:

"There is always the pursuit of private excellence."

CLE

Jeffery Alan Conklin
Jeff
Los Angeles, California
Computer Science, Marine Corps Air

Conks came to us from L.A. via Newport where he spent a year at NAPS making real money. He came to "The World's Largest Skinner Box" and because of deep masochistic tendencies, he chose computer science for his major. This was fine for me because he would spend many a late night at the confuser and leave me a room to myself where I could crank up heavy metal music which he detested. Also, these deep masochistic tendencies are probably the reason for his being a cheerleader for three years and the goat for one year. He was a fun loving individual and could be found at every rumble, including those that he did not instigate. He always had girl trouble. He would chase girls out here but his heart was always with some girl from the west coast. His one fault was his indecision about service selection. He would change his mind about once a day but he finally decided on Marine Air. The choice cost him his hair. And to think that he became qualified in submarines on his Youngster Cruise. We wish him the best and when our paths cross, we'll be happy to see that crazy Californian.

TCM

Gary Scot DeBode
The Bodes
Sedro Wooly, Washington
Applied Science, Nuclear Submarine

Gary entered the Academy as a quiet, mild-mannered, soft spoken person. In other words, he had "mellow" written all over his face, just ask our plebes. During our plebe summer, his most memorable acts included calling our platoon commander, Lisa, "Mom" when reporting the muster and being flustered at a come around to the extent of adding profanity to the Oath of Office. Poor guy, he was so embarrassed! Well, as youngster year arrived, it became evident Gary had two weak spots: women and money. He has proved this statement true time and time again (Subic, MWC, and USNA). As far as women go, a pretty smile and a sweet personality was enough to hook Gary. For a period of time he was known as "Gary Lion" and his motto was "always Wynn and never lose." I prefered "all for Wynn and Wynn for all." Anyway, after Wynn came Marie. Once again my boy was hooked. But due to circumstances beyond his control, the relationship was put on hold . . . or should I say, "to be continued?!" As far as money is concerned Gary has no control. He likes to buy outrageous clothing or else take a girl to Georgetown. In fact, when the boys from Nuke Power came knocking at his door, they seduced him with the green stuff. It was all over after that — Orlando, Florida better get braced for some heavy partying because Gary DeBode is on his way. Good luck 'ole buddy, I'll see you in a year even if you end up glowing in the dark, I won't hold that against you.

LSH

James J. Dorbin
Dorbs
Boulder, Colorado
Oceanography, Surface Line

With a pretty girl named Amy on his mind Jim came to Annapolis from mountain-wonderful Colorado. Plebe Summer found Jim hot, tired and busy, taking care of himself and his roommate. Together with his other four roommates of the "Sweat Smack and Choke Barn," Jim survived Plebe year. Youngster year and Second Class year found Dorbs heavily into heavy weights, studying, frisbee and "No Fun Allowed."

With a horizontal stripe of a first class Jim knew his time had arrived. First semester the first Battalion learned to fear Jim's half of the "Stanley and Black and Decker Power Tool Corporation." As Batt Admin Jim had a lot of work but also a lot of freedom to do things he had been putting off for three years. With his pretty girl Amy married, Dorbs was due for a new girlfriend. After Sandra came on the scene his buddies have seen very little of him but are anxiously awaiting their steak dinners. Whatever Jim decides to do we all know he will give his best. Good luck SWO and take it easy.

RGS

Cynthia Lynn Eppers
Cyn
Kenosha, Wisconsin
History, NFO

Cyndi came to us from Kenosha, WI, determined to be herself. As a result, her hair was reg., only with her reefer on, and anything that went under her wuba, wasn't.

She lived through plebe summer and strolled through Ac year - one of the privileges of destroying her legs at crew.

Never one to waste any brain cells on trivia, Cyn proved that it is possible to graduate without learning to do mo-boards, take a derivative, or figure out the steam cycle. She carried this conservation of effort into her private life as well, and is now capable of talking with anyone without letting them know she doesn't know their name.

One of Cyndi's major accomplishments was her success in breaking hearts, including a townie and whoop. Obviously Chuck was able to bring her around, and the past year and a half found Cyn quite content to study out of company.

Cyndi is now off to an exciting career as a NFO. Fear not Pilots, for her potential as a Naval Officer is only beginning to unfold. If she is as dedicated to Navy Air as she is to her friends, she can be nothing but a success!

RAC

Matthew M. Eves

Matt
Syracuse, New York
System Engineering, Naval Pilot

We knew that it was going to be quite an experience here for Matt when his plebe summer squad leader showed him how to chop, square corners, and sound off and Matt laughed at him. What a way to start off the day!

Matt joined the crazy band of brothers and turned into an excellent oarsman. From all the hard work he put into crew he managed to be a very sound sleeper. How many people do you know who can get a water balloon in the face and sleep through it?

As a first class Matt discovered that there was a little more to life than crew and academics. It was always fun to watch Matt's face light up when he got psyched to party. Matt also learned about California girls. There were several trips made between California and here in just one year and there are more planned. The problem is he likes it out there.

Another one of Matt's better traits is his organization. His room on a weekday looks like most do on weekends. It's hard to describe on a weekend, if you can find it. Once he even tried to teach his brother how to be organized.

Matt's post-graduation plans will start off with the rest of the gang down in P-cola. We wish you the best of luck flying those sleek machines.

T.S.R.

John H. Fellows, Jr.

Hilton
Annapolis, Maryland
Applied Science, Navy Air

Few can boast of size 12½ shoes, or a nose that moves when they talk, or being awarded the title of CINCRAGLANTFLT

John had a relatively tough four years at Annapolis in that if anyone felt like dishing out abuse, John was a handy recipient, not to say that he didn't deal out his fare share! Academics and conduct were two of his favorite subjects; especially the latter! Moving planes in '80, "quiet" disagreements in '81, 3-striper libs when he only had 2 diagonal ones. Thanks to a little PW action on route to Ca.!, and of course missing formations thanks to his well earned varsity Z! The whip struck John the summer after youngster year (You learned well from King-whip and Alabama!) Since then, John proved himself time, and again in the art of female relations, J. T. should talk! the rug, Wanda, german doorsteps, violet, hands-off, the wild-one, the mad kisser, and the free army tickets (use me, please!) Can't neglect a couple company actions either, can we?? With the aid of the other two Musketeers, Ben-rag, and Beeker, "Tinkles" found the true worth of liquid carbohydrates - perpetual pitchers, pizza and a six, Beefsteaks, and "studying beverages." Are you sure there's nothing in that parachute bag?! - Yuga-Buga!

In his quiet, unassuming way, the OOD's will agree with that! - remember, officers don't part their hair that way! John has made many friends at USNA who wish him the best of luck - blue skies, shiny wings, and luck in finding that mysterious chest hair! Remember - peace, joy, and tranquility!!

J.S.T.

Moreatha Y. Flaggs

Mo
Toledo, Ohio
Political Science, Unrestricted Line

Mo arrived in Annapolis fat, dumb, and happy and left slim(er), smart(er), and cynical. She was well known for her sarcastic wit and always told the truth, regardless of the consequences or the enemies she made! Her roommates often doubted her sanity when she would set her alarm for 0530 just to turn over and go back to sleep (without shutting off the alarm). Go running? Yeah, right. Actually, Mo was a dedicated athlete, from coming back in the summer for three practices a day (beginning at 0500) to giving up every weekend first semester each year just for Volleyball. Plebe summer she was unofficially but unanimously voted "Least Likely to Succeed" but Alaska (or wherever the — she went) got a professional, highly motivated, outstanding officer. (What? Get a clue??)

Priscilla Ann Futcher

Pete
Lewes Beach, Delaware
Ocean Engineer, Civil Engineer Corps

Priscilla, 'Pete' or more affectionately known as 'Mom', sailed to USNA to keep above the sinking shores of Lewes Beach, Delaware. For 2 years she sailed with the dinghy team traveling up and down the east coast. Having given that up, intramurals and drill then filled her afternoons when of course, there wasn't liberty.

Priscilla always managed to find time for others. She was often found returning from weekends with baked goods for her friends who were stuck in the hall. It only stands to reason that this was learned from her family who brought the 'Delaware Food Service' to the home football games and put out the largest display of food than any tailgater in the lot. All of course were welcome.

Many of us in fourth company have 'Pete' to thank for satisfying the late night cravings for munchies. An accomplished food taster, I could always find something to eat in her room. We won't even mention a book of hers referred to as only T. T. Her hospitality and kindness will long be remembered. KB

Priscilla has been a true friend to everyone she has met and with her drive for perfection she should do very well in the CEC. Best of luck always, Priscilla, can't wait 'til our reunions.

GH

Scott Fitzgerald Griffin

Griff
Eden, North Carolina
Mechanical Engineer, Naval Flight Officer

Scott came to us from North Carolina. The state which he claims led the South in the War of Northern Aggression. He began his quest for a varsity letter as well as his naval career wearing stars through both plebe and youngster year. Scott went through second class year with a bang, terrorizing both plebes and motorists. First class cruise found Scott in Sweden having the time of his life and finding, according to him, his third "only true love". He claims to have denied himself many earthly pleasures due to his love for Anna. However, we all know that had he not denied himself these pleasures, the girls would have. First semester first class year Griff could always be heard praising the Mech. Eng. department as well as the "Rocket." Also, he finally received his well deserved varsity letter in lightweight football. Second semester Scott became a first class, and even got his driving privileges back, though his Jag XKE was still in the shop from the second class escapades. None of us will ever forget his singing (in 1814 we took a little trip) or his Little Debbies (especially Murph). This wild-eyed southern boy chose a career in naval aviation. They couldn't be getting a better man! Good luck always Griff.

JHM

Lorenzo S. Hiponia

Hip
San Diego, California
Mathematics, Surface

Pony, Lorenz, Hipman and 'Lil are just a few of the names Larry answers to. He's flexible. If you know him from class, church or plebe detail you would probably say he's a very quiet person who's into the wood, but his bite is much bigger than his bark. Revenge is his middle name, so watch what you do. He may be too short to fly, but he does everything in a big way.

One big thing is his stubbornness. You can talk all you want, but almost nothing will change his mind. That usually goes for women too. He let one play havoc for three years, but gave up that bad habit after detail. The magic of 3 stripes can go MILES.

Another big thing to Larry is his appearance. If GQ ever did a spread on the "Men of Boat School" he would be on the walls of every girl's dorm in the country. Everything is just right. If he spent his time studying instead of combing his hair he would have a 4.0. If you look in his closet don't expect to find uniforms. It looks more like the racks in Chesskíng. He even chose a ship in San Diego to keep his year-round tan going for the final touch.

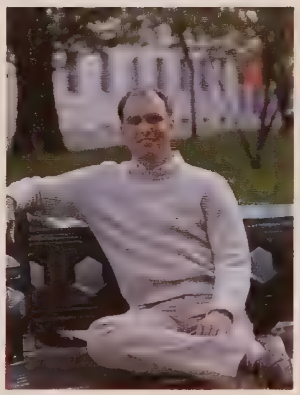
Who knows if he will be a career man. If so, expect to see him in ***Proceedings.*** *If not, look at the leaders in the Fortune 500 in a few years. Either way, you'll hear more from Hip. See you at Black's under that great California Sun, Cat.*

GSD

Kristine Holderied

Weed
Woodbine, Maryland
Oceanography, Geophysics

Kwis Holdaweed came to us from Woodbine, Maryland. Nice and close for homeward-bound weekends - which we all took advantage of. Notwithstanding the "accomplishments" of: Trident Scholar (how anyone can become a Trident Scholar by making little bugs glow is beyond me. But it did give you ample 3-striper libs.), Regimental Sub Cdr First Set Plebe Detail (Atten' hoot!), and Deputy Bwigade Cdr., it's been a pleasure knowing you these four years. You gave new meaning to study hour and regulation room equipment. Guess the company officer thought your good grades would rub off on your roommates - no such luck, 'cause we held out (it could be because we went to bed way before you ever did). Memories of spring break excursions to sunny Daytona Beach will be treasured for quit a while - and don't forget the side trip to Orlando, Remember that teddy bears make good companions when all else fails and never stop being an optimist. Good luck in Geophysics - even if that does mean you'll be "stuck" in Spain, and you don't even hablo espanol. I'm sure someone will volunteer to teach you, no problem.



Douglas Paul Mitchell

Mitch
Yorba Linda, California
Physical Science, Surface Line

Mitch arrived at USNA, a quiet, laid back, Californian track star. He also had a healthy, full head of hair. He was slow adapting to the quick-paced, regimented Academy life. During Plebe Summer Doug must have been on a different time zone since he was late for almost every evolution, but that didn't matter, he always showed up in the wrong place anyway. He slid thru Plebe year almost unnoticed by all, except for "Patty" who loved to play with his belt buckle at formations. Youngster year proved to be the time for Mitch to come out of his shell. Friday nights he became a man of many faces. He amused us all by dressing up as Rufus (our janitor), Hitler, CHiPs, and Shiek Abdul Mohamed just to name a few. He also was the keeper of Prince Bytor - the Mighty Cowled Falcon.

But the Yongster year antics took their toll on his grades. He promptly changed from engineering to Oceanography. But this was still too much for Doug so he went Phi-Sci. Second class year mellowed Mitch since he ended up living with two Offshore "sailor baggers". His only two happiness' were eating and sleeping, both of which he performed with great expertise. He still has the rack burns from this era. First class year Mitch turned into a miracle worker - how could he get a 3.1 and not study an hour. He again enjoyed his Friday nights but this time it was either at the "Mustang Ranch" or Frans. He started to work on his "SWO physique" early showing his enthusiasm for getting into the Fleet. Doug - I wish you all the best - May you always have fair winds and following seas. "Be careful out there!"

RBR

James H. Mooney

Moons
Waldorf, Maryland
Operations Analysis, Navy Air

Moons strolled into Canoe U. in 1980 dragging his high school Knockout, Lori. Being from Waldorf and having his girl's family as a sponsor kept his EEE factor high while we were all dating Rosey. Being a cocky dude he boxed in the plebe smoker and won and also got his letter plebe year in 150 FB. His athletic career ended as a 2nd team All-American D-Back for the 150s. I forgot his Z star with oak leaf clusters. 3/c cruise he traveled all around the Med. and due to his love for Lori denied himself many earthly pleasures only to get dumped at the end of 3/c year. We celebrated during June week with a 1/5 of Smirnoff & O. J. Being a squared away guy he broke all the rules and didn't get caught until the end of 2/c year. His car at St. John's began his EMBC career. His next exploit? You guessed it, he went black. Yes, he went WUBA. And I've had an extra roommate 1/c year. But Ruthfu is pretty gouge, he says. He leaves Annapolis to the party life of P-cola and whether he makes flag or a million, USNA will miss this guy that gave Lt. Holman ulcers during plebe detail. Navy Air all the way for this son of an old salt.

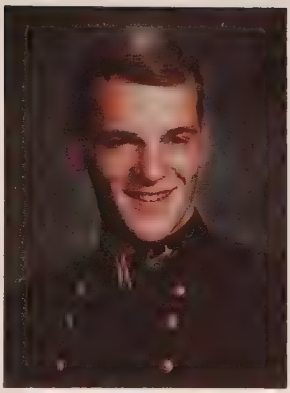
SFG

Thomas Charles Mortensen

Mortimer Mid
White Bear Lake, Minnesota
Operations Analysis Marine Corps Air

Morty left behind his reportedly shoulder length hair, juvenile delinquency and his job as a professional killer in order to attend the Severn River Institute of Naval Technology. Soon after arriving he found out that that despite what the catalog said this was not the world's only co-educational monastary and it was possible to go here and still have a good time. Setting out on a four year attempt to prove this, Tom was always the first into any rumble and the first out on any recon. Morty also met his fair share of girls, unfortunately if he was destined to meet five girls in five weeks, he met five the first week and didn't even see another one for five more. Always more motivated than most mids, Mort was a Cheerleader for two years, besides giving him the opportunity to man-handle the opposite sex, he had the opportunity to travel to exotic places for the games including Memphis, Tenn. for the Liberty Bowl. The Marines are looking for one less good man now.

JAC



Brian Murphy

Murph
Saratoga, California
General Engineering, Surface Line

The Smurf came to us from the foggy banks of the Gay Bay with a bowl of chili in one hand, and a football in the other. Since then, he has manufactured his own brand of chili, both here in the O.D. shack, and as far West as Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Thanks to some careful guidance from the Lash, Smurf's football has since been replaced by a somewhat rounder ball, and as a result, Murphy's Mustangs were born. A trip to the Nationals, through the fine support of the U.S.N.A. administration, ended similar to Murph's state finals with St. Francis.

Despite his cross-country escapades with Greg, trips to Chi-town, and other adventures with Karen, Brian managed to walk the straight and narrow virtually unscathed until first class year. Maybe it was the gambling with Gene or trips to Tahoe that made the difference. Whatever it was, it kept Bamp happy!

Good luck you Wild Turkey. The Riverside Inn, Hardee's, and of course Wendy's chili and cheese will miss you.

TJQ

Se-Hun Oh

Doc
Margate, Florida
Applied Science, Management Surface Warfare

Doc started off at this old school with the highest contacts of all, the Supe was his sponsor, and he ended up . . . (it's a long story!). Doc's plebe year was one of the more interesting cases. The pranks pulled on him by two upperclass (Chuck & Virg) are truly classics. There are too many to mention and they might even embarrass him so we will spare him, this time. Another amazing thing about Doc was his athletic ability. This kid was tremendous in the pool & on the track, those situps gave him a tough time also. One thing that he was amazing at was soccer. He made the varsity soccer team plebe year, but had to quit. When Doc arrived here plebe year he was pretty innocent, but then his roommates taught him the ways of the world. Doc will never be the same again. The terrible trio will get together again some day and Moons (Jim) and Rans (Tom) will teach Doc a few more things, or maybe Doc will give them a story or two, maybe even some good ideas! You did well Se-Hun. Good luck to you out there in the surface fleet. Give em Hell.

Sharon E. Pfeiffer
Sharon
Easton, Pennsylvania
History, Marine Corps

Sharon came to conquer the Naval Academy from the sticks of Pennsylvania. Having found that studies were not difficult she set her sights on the net. Realizing that her skills were better utilized behind the scene, she traded in the volleyball for folded nets, statistics, and dirty laundry. First class year we found the real Sharon when, during the day she was a ***mild*** *mannered Mid, and while at night swapping "Wuba" for jeans she became a radical at American U. while the rest of us struggled to get a B.S. Sharon decided to work on both her B.S. and M.A. at the same time. Who ever said Marines had to be dumb didn't know Sharon had chosen the Corps. Academics, volleyball, and Marines were not the only things on Sharon's mind. She was not without charm for the opposite sex when she easily captivated the heart of a West Pointer to the tune of roses after only one week. First the Academy, next the Corps, and soon the world. Good Luck and Semper Fi.*

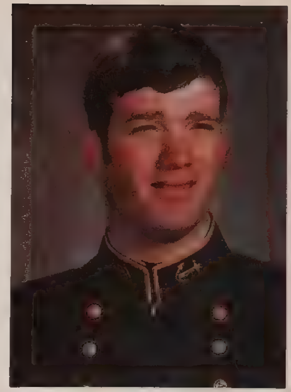
Timothy J. Quigley
Quigs
Chicago, Illinois
Marine Engineering, Navy Air

Tim came to the uncollege from the Windy City. After I-Day Quigs hit the deck plates running when he was fried for not knowing the location of T-Court. Wanting to become the complete squid, Quigs got involved in many ECA's. Quigs became a charter member of the EMBC when he decided to hunt some strange after taps. Tim also received a gift membership to the No Nukes Society from Izzy, Rocket, Smitty, and Prof. Awlright. Quigs, still looking to get involved, joined the Death From Above Society. Here he met two cool dudes named Sgt. Tuffy and Sgt. Rock. For some reason Tim didn't like the way these guys partied so he joined the elite force for youngster cruise.

Tim's megastriper career got off to a gouge start being selected a second class squad leader. Due to superior performance Quigs was meritoriously advanced to company Rufus. Tim excelled in the Rufus capacity by keeping the sweating Hol supplied with tp.

Quigs also got his road quals while at the trade school driving to Old Dog Conventions in Chi-Town and visiting Marg, Dano and the boys.

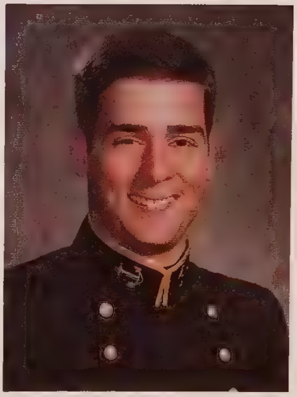
Quigs plans on hitting the white sands of P-Cola after graduation. Crabtown will miss Tim, especially Bob Ward's and the people of pinchoff.



Robert Ben Rabuse
R. B.
Queens, New York
General Engineering, Navy Air (Pilot)

Rob sailed into Annapolis with three goals in mind: to become an engineer, to excel on the Varsity Offshore Sailing Team, and to fly Navy. He achieved all of these goals and even received an added bonus by the name of Kate. Mother Rabuse began plebe year professionally and by the book, however he soon learned the ways of deviance by eating lobster after taps with some of his firstie sailing friends. This act earned him a black "N" and a membership in the early morning breakfast club. On the sailing team, Rob's prowess was unmatched. How many collisions and man overboards did you have junior year? I forget. Rob's misfortune even extended on land, as he became a member of the Navy driving team by crashing his 280-ZX (way to go Sheik of Arabic). As first class year rolled around R. B. REALLY began to mellow out and concentrate on two things: sailing and partying. He was host of the "Mustang Ranch" which was located across the river and entertained many mids with it's supply of Molsons. Rob is a classy guy in all aspects, from the beer he drinks to the cigars he smokes. Those H. Upmann's added something special to our great American "tokeouts". Rob has been successful in all his endeavors and knows how to have fun along the way. Navy air has gained a great man in Rob. Good luck in all you do!

D.P.M.



Thomas S. Ransom
Rans
Honolulu, Hawaii
Oceanography, Surface Line

Tom plans on heading to Newport upon graduation. This may be a wise decision considering his initial exploits with naval aircraft. Rans was a part of the ill-fated expedition to move the F-4 plebe year.

Youngster year he graduated to throwing toothpaste bombs into Main-O. The true killer of that prank came when he called back posing as a Lt. to get the damage report.

Tom majored in Oceanography and although had us worried on a few occasions managed to pull through quite nicely. Tom may still be a little confused however, as to the primary use of the desk: poker table or dance floor?

Rans also had his share of adventures with the babes. The end of second class year saw him juggling four women simultaneously. One or two of whom may still be weeping.

Tom has left his trail on the highway of Annapolis in blood. A motorcycle accident 2/c year left him bandaged for quite a while. As if that wasn't enough first class year he was in the Thompson machine when it went down in all of its glory one Monday night.

Take care Tom, hope you can steer your ship as well as you can a crew shell.

MME

David Michael Schmode
Frank Purdue
Portsmouth, Rhode Island
Ocean Engineer, Navy Air

Dave came to us from the area around Newport. The Schmodez (as his WUBA shirts were labeled) had a most interesting Plebe Summer. He not only battled the first class but also his roommate (who to him was a firstie.) His Second Set squad leader had a favorite phrase for Dave, "Get with the program Mr. Schmode!"

In spite of his precarious start at the Naval Academy, Dave made great strides during Plebe year. Most notable was Dave's help with our entire class in computers (Doc will forever be in debt to him). When Dave wasn't busy helping someone in their homework or taking their watch because they had eaten too much, he was either coaching the first class on how to play Volleyball or in the famous "Schmode Mode" (with a long o in Schmode). As Dave flew into Youngster year, he became totally involved in Volleyball, Statics, and Strength of Materials (he was the only guy I knew who could play golf the day before a Strengths final and still ace the thing).

The best thing we can say about Second class year is that Dave survived it. As a firstie, The Schmode became the best training officer 4th Company will ever know — the Class of '87 will always have a special place in their hearts for Dave - that is, Mr. Schmode. With a little luck Dave made it through first semester and became an air dale instead of a submariner. Good luck Dave, you have lots of potential and have always been the best friend a guy could want.

RGS

Thomas D. Stubbs
Shroom
Corvallis, Oregon
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Power Submarines

Tom "There isn't a reg I didn't break" Stubbs blew in from a place called Corvallis. They say it is in the U.S., but it isn't on any map. He quickly proceeded to demonstrate that the amount of trouble he could get into was inversely proportional to his physical size. Somehow he managed to survive the likes of the "Clay tool", and "Ivan the Terrible," you should have seen the way he dressed and found himself in the Vegetable Patch. Here he flourished like moss on a rock. His idea of studying was reading Heinlein or the latest by Clarke. Then it happened. He fell victim to the Bane of all men. Yes, despite his best efforts, he stood face to face, well maybe face to chest, with his wife-to-be; Diane, who was bound and determined that Tom would be free no longer.

Well, the nukes got him so I reckon I'll be lookin' forward to some more galivantin' around with this dynamic duo. The best of everything to you and your gracious Lady. Who knows, maybe together you two can put Corvallis on the map. It is in California isn't it?

MAT

Robert G. Syring, Jr.
Bobsoid
Muncie, Indiana
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

In an ever continuing program to improve himself and his life, Bob left dull Muncie behind to head east. He wanted a more exciting social life. Annapolis and West Point immediately came to mind, but the Woops lost out. Bob did the impossible during his stay here. Using the "Tizmo efficiency factor" (minimum input for maximum output), he disproved the theory, "You can't be a mid and have fun too." Bob got good grades in a tough major, although he couldn't do the homework, three stripes and became a physical biomass in a variety of sports. Not one to blow things off, he worked hard at having fun too. Bob was always out of control (o^2c). *He even managed to keep a Muncie girl for 4 years!*

Bob's brilliant career will take on an even brighter, though green, glow as he heads to Nuke school.

Good Luck, Bob, You Rage!!

JJD

Jeff S. Thompson
Jeff
Centerport, New York
Aerospace Engineer, Navy Air

Jeff came to USNA from New York after spending a year at NAPS. Although he was a top-notch performer and a hard worker, Jeff always set aside plenty of time for a few laughs (as well as a few beers and plenty of rack) His plebe summer antics and his formations in the CO's office during phone calls will never be forgotten; esp. by me! Jeff could usually be seen hitting the books at night with a break every now and then to consume "studying beverages" or to watch Hill Str. During the afternoons and w-ends, Jeff was either acting as a nav/rag dispenser for RB or was playing Time Pilot and chugging "Buds" at Petes. While being somewhat of an academic stud, despite majoring in Aero, and a pretty good athlete (b-ball?), Jeff did have his weaknesses:: money, wisdoms, backrubs, Cables, picking out movies and sleeping in class to name a few. His biggest problem was women. Need I mention any names, How's Boston and the honey, crack that whip, Oh Christy! His true love, however, will always be F-14s, 280ZXs (2nd to Z-28 of course), pepperoni pizza, and Pepper. Best of luck to and I'll see you in Pensacola.

J.H.F.

CAPTAIN
MORG
SPICED
RUM
$5

Mark A. Thompson

Southern
Hermitage, Tennessee
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Power Submarines

Mark wandered into Hotel Bancroft back in '80 with nothing more than the clothes on his back and the "Stars & Bars" under his arm. His rebel persistance manifested itself as he battled everything from, "The Lingus" to "The Rocket". This is not to say that he is a master of finesse, but rather he has that good ol' southern stubbornness that never dies.

Mark has had all kinds of roommates, such as the "California Condor" and "Cornelius". However he really went off the deep end when he became a member of the "Vegetable Patch". The Carrot, Mushroom, and Fertilizer grew with amazing speed and strength (similar to a slug) for three semesters, while oblivious of the outside world. Equally so, the outside world remained oblivious of the Veg. Patch. Somewhat ignorant of the regs. the "Garden" was always a source of fun, humor, and entertainment. Mark's singing and supply of jokes will never be forgotten by 'shroom and Fert.

When Mark wasn't crawling over Gate 1 in a drunken stupor after hours or flashing obscene gestures at people in the hall, he was with the only lady in his life, Debra Jo. Sunday, after a weekend with Debbie, he bragged about his bazaar activities.

Now, the Nukes have him. Good luck wherever you go.

TDS

Victoria A. Wall

Vic
Daytona Beach, Florida
Oceanography, Navy Air

Vicki's dedication to both athletics and academics represented how she always strived to do her best. In the words of Barbara Burrow - The Woman of Success. She loves life and lives it to the fullest. She has discovered and shared her strengths and talents that are uniquely her own and leaves each situation better than she found it. She seeks and finds that which is beautiful in all people . . . and all things. She has found joy in living and peace within herself. Vicki - you **are** *a success. I'll miss you.*

John Westerbeke

Beeker
Milton, Maryland
Ocean Engineering, Navy Air

Beeker or Beke, as he was known by most of the brigade, came to Annapolis with a Molson in one hand and a tiller in the other. Beke was so shocked plebe summer when they told him he had to march that he decided never to participate in that "ECA" again during his remaining 4 years. Instead, Beke pursued his true love-sailing. Sorry Buffie, "Beach Boys", and the puppy-dog!! At times, John was subject to much abuse by teammates on account of his usually "reliable (?)" engines that most of the Academies' boats were erroneously equiped with. Obviously not too slandered since he was given his own command senior year. In the halls, his name changed to Westergeek as his QPR will justify. As with most mids, Beke earned his varsity Z early, and then kept it with alarming consistency. There was never a night that Beke was up past 12 despite the efforts of such "great" profs like Rocket. Beke's mobile home was a green jeep which came complete with copious amounts of Molsons and was used often for perverbial road trips. R.B. & J.T. won't forget! how tough it is to go through tolls sideways!! Best of luck down in P-cola, Beke. We'll see you there, and if you practice hard maybe you'll be able to pound with the big boys!!!

J.T. & J.F.

CAPTAIN
MORGAN
$5 69

Dale J. Zevotek

Zev
Kannapolis, North Carolina
General Engineering, Surface Line

In July of 1980, the state of North Carolina got wise. They took Dale to the border and told him to take a hike. Certainly a strange beginning for a future CNO. As the Naval Academy only accepts the best, it immediately took him in with open arms. He endured and eventually became another inhabitant of the "Vegetable Patch".

Here he thrived like a fat old horsefly in a cattle pen. When not in the rack, he could be found riding around on his pride 'n' joy, Bobbie Sue, four cylinders and four hundred and fifty pounds of pure pleasure.

Through thick and thin (a lot of the former) Dale has endured with his common sense and his simple care-free nature. May your road rise up to meet you wherever your journey takes you.

MAT

Five

UNITED STATES NAVY

John F. Abbot
Abbey
Birmingham, Alabama
Systems Engineering, Surface Warfare

Abbey swept through USNA on a crimson tide. He never settled for second best in anything. Perhaps it was the southern aristocrat in John that pushed him to success; in any event 3.9 was not part of his vocabulary.

The hard work took its toll, however since no amount of desserts or Sustical could add a single ounce to his 130 pound bulk. An unquestioned champion at hide-and-seek when flag poles or street lamps were abundant, John prefered the sports of the elite - squash anyone?

Abbey observed all the niceties of dress and manners. His festive wardrobe with a little help from the Bavarian Motor Works attracted numerous nice girls - perhaps a little too nice. Better try 100% Dacron and a Plymouth Valiant.

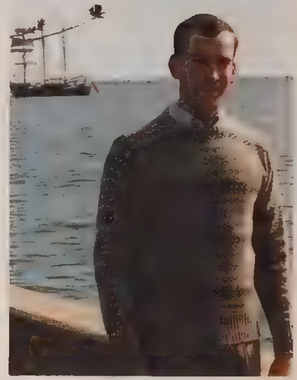
John's forthrightness and outspoken manner will serve him well. Surface Warfare will certainly benefit from his commitment and talent. In five years, however, John will face a very difficult decision; an MBA from Harvard or a career as a Sumo Wrestler?

Alan J. Abramson
Action Al
Cranston, Rhode Island
Physics, Surface Line

Al came to the Academy a shy, deranged little boy and he is leaving a shy, deranged man. Al has the kind of humor that requires observation from the inside out. Though he seems at times to be catatonic, those of us who know him know that he's waiting, for each response is to be well executed at its proper moment. Al is from New England, and you can tell. Though he says that he has lost most of his accent, you can still find yourself straining to interpret the barrage. Despite these setbacks, Al is 100% Irish — by choice, not by birth and has been known to tip a few pints of Guinness on both sides of the Atlantic.

Because of his distorted perception of reality, Action Al chose to drive ships and see the world for a living and not make lots of money.

— Kevin A. S. Hays



Steven J. Berninger
Yoda
Dunedin, Florida
Marine Engineer, Nuclear Subs

Steve, the only surviving member of the world famous Flying Berninger Brothers, came to us from the sprawling mudhole of Dunedin, Florida. Determined not to let physical or mental disadvantages stand in his way, Steve dedicated himself to standards of excellence far beyond anything expected from a Floridian redneck. Amazingly though, Steve has lived up to his expectations and during his four years at the Naval Academy he has had a great many successes. Academically, Steve easily stands near the top of our class. Additionally, Steve has often been recognized for his dedication to duty and thorough professionalism. Steve's efforts were recognized first class year by his being selected as Brigade Drill Officer for the entire year.

Although Steve did dedicate himself to school work and his military duties during the week, he firmly believed in the adage of "work hard and play hard." When Steve did decide it was time to play he could almost always be found wheeling through the mud in Bowie, his home away from home. Steve's favorite toys for playing in the mud included an enormous red Ford 4X4 and an uncontrollable Honda MX bike. After a grueling day of slinging the mud Steve always found that a large dose of those sweet "M&M's" were just what he needed to revitalize himself.

Now that our stay at the Academy is rapidly coming to a close, I must thank Steve for being a great friend to myself and everyone else in the company.

Gonzo

James Howard Bishop
Jim
Jacksonville, Florida
English, Supply Corps

Jim made everyone aware that he was at USNA to stay from day one with those long, bellowing "GO NAVY SIR's" that echoed in every corner of the third wing. Many people came to know Jim anyway because he dipped his hands into a variety of activities around school and also delved into a world that is beyond the average Mid's conception. But Jim was no average person. How could you consider someone who drives through the crowded streets of Baltimore in Yoda's huge 4-wheel drive pickup (complete with a Rebel flag) immaculately dressed in his uniform blaring Beethoven from a stereo that has previously known only honkey-tonk music.

One could say that Jim's interest in females were as diversified as his other interests. He became well educated on both the good and bad sides of women and learned some lessons he will never forget, including how to get a good deal on a diamond. After near disaster with the "Laura Log" and those much anticipated trips to Richmond to see the wife and kids, Jim still has a healthy outlook toward women.

Always quick to make a firm decision, Jim has changed his service selection at least six times. He became convinced that Supply Corps was the way for him after his.excursion to the Far East during First Class summer. He brought back a vast amount of goods and, along with the boys from the "Cripoli", he tasted the spices of a far-off world.

The only limits you face will be those you set for yourself. Good Luck, Jim.

Douglas Patrick Cassidy

Doug
Newport, Rhode Island
History, NFO

From the "Misogynist" of "Studly Sailor", Cass' midshipman days marked many changes. Holding the lean green flying machines close at heart for three years, Doug got his wings clipped by the eye doctor. However, Doug decided that navigating the skies in return for the opportunity to stay up with the owls all night and soar with the eagles during the day seemed a viable alternative, even if he couldn't have a stick between his legs. Doug, your roommate thanks you for four fun years and countless "chow-packages" from home; AT&T thanks you for your prompt payment for all those marathon long-distance calls to California; and the Navy thanks God that the Corps didn't turn another soul green. May life give you tailwinds and "greased" landings.

TWH-FLY

Joseph R. Cook

Joe
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Navy Air

Joe swam through the gates of USNA from a place called Coraopolis, Pa. He quickly got the hang of the place. Who else would refer to plebe summer as a "summer camp for 18 yr. olds". He was looking forward to a Chemistry degree when somebody talked him into Mech. Eng. We became partners in crime second semester 4/c year. We went for a Sunday drive in the yard, and who could forget the Rush concert? Being the true friend he is he kept my hands full during spring break that year. His troubles began as he yearned for female companionship. He spent youngster cruise searching, in vain, for that special someone. He did set a new record, though, for the most strikeouts in one night. His prayers were answered at army, youngster year. She was tall, blonde, had long legs, and wore tight red pants. Right Clay to? Missy and the Mech. Eng. Dept. took their toll as his grades fell. He was further traumatized as his family moved to New Jersey (exit 4). The medical dept. did not help much as they played with his flying status. All stories have a happy ending this is no exception. By service selection the nuts down in medical gave him a thumbs up. He now looks forward to terrorizing the skies. They say the skies are the limit, but Joe will go farther than that.

RS

PS. Thanks Joe . . . for everything.

Claude J. Coucoules

Tacoma, Washington
Aerospace Engineering, Supply Corps

Claude, aka Coucs or Chuckles, came all the way to Canoe U. from Tacoma, Wash. After brushing off an early 75-2 drinking offense, Coucs quickly became a mainstay of Academy party life. From giving his fellow plebes carry-on during plebe summer, to "decorating" borrowed dinner jackets, to stealing his roommate's dates, Claude was always one to look out for his buddies.

Girls were never a problem for Coucs. After plebe loves, he soon developed the Dahlgren "handshake" and sprint. Quick to notice a lonesome female, Coucs earned the title of "The 7-2 Octopus". It's OK though, she still thinks you're cute. By the way, how many beers does it take to make that "older Woman" at the MCRD attractive?

Claude had a little trouble with regulations. He thought the Admin Conduct Book was a list of fun things one had to complete to graduate. It's a good thing he never stayed more than one year in the same room because one roof can only support so many empty bottles. Having already been a rugby player in mind, he joined "The Boys" his second class year.

Coucs is a lover of institutes and decided to enter the institute of marriage, whatever that is, right after graduation. From there he will be headed for Supply School. We wish you and Di all the best. It really was great rooming with you these last four years. Just remember, sometimes you just hafta say, "WTF"!

T.R.K.

Peter K. Dallman

Katmandu
Buffalo, New York
Ocean Engineering, Surface Line

Shuffling in from the ice box of the world (Buffalo), Pete Katmandu Dallman came to the Naval Academy for the "challange" of it all. But after a few weeks he realized that plebe summer was not exactly what he had in mind. During plebe year Pete quickly mastered the technique of acrobatically leaping from the upper bunk with grace and ease, "you gotta believe me Rob", but he specialized in doing neat tricks with cups of hot chocolate (have you ever tried drinking a whole cup through the top of your head - Pete has). Love has not been overly nice to the Katman, just ask Cheryl. And who could forget Kim the mud engineer destined to become yet another tumbleweed doomed to remain in Texas. He claims he is "playing the field" but sometimes he lets the field play him! Being an engineer has taken its toll on Pete, for who in his right mind would make a bet on who would get the lower QPR - only the boys from the Big Apple I guess! As one of the first members of the Partial Credit Engineers Society, it soon became evident that with midnight came the saying, "if I don't know it now I never will, ZZZ!" Truly the best friend a person could have, and through all the ups and downs (from curbs that jump into the middle of the road and inflict flat tires, to putting up with a thick headed Italian), Pete is a guy you can always count on when in need. May God always go with you my good friend - peace always.

Donald R. Dugan
D. R.
Hunington Bay, New York
Management, Navy Air

The Doctor made his first house call to USNA, for Plebe summer, in true Napster form, 6 hours late. After Donald's initial romantic escapades and subsequent wall hoppings, he managed to steer clear of the system while still leaving his mark and Dugé impression in such notable places as Ocean City, Penn State, Maryland, and the sorority houses of UCLA. Everyone is still baffled about how the Doctor managed to turn his absenteeism of second class summer, due to a mysterious clearance loss, into the longest summer vacation in USNA history. D. R. managed to find time between his professional endeavors and breaking hearts to become a mainstay on the Navy lacrosse field. There is not enough space and B. S. to elaborate on Donald Richard's romantic encounters, suffice it to say they have been on both persuasions, civilian and non. The one unique and memorable quality is his uncomparable b busting. D. R., our ringleader, the nitwit brothers are only temporarily separated. The sunny southland has all of our callings. Wishing you the best of luck isn't enough 'cause everyone knows you'll have it. See you in P-town.

Catch

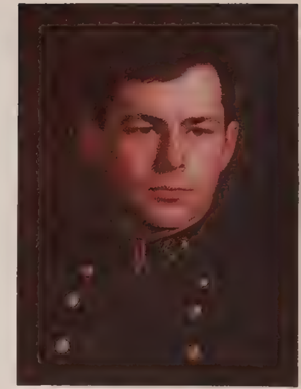
Bryan T. Gehringer
Bri
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Electrical Engineering, Surface Line

Bryan hit USNA with one thing on his mind, Being an Electrical Engineer, he succeeded, barely. Bryan was smarter than most of his comrades in EE Masochism, as evidenced by their constant presence in the room for EI. It seems Bryan kept getting distracted by police officers (he was a sucker for a girdle in Blue) . . . ZORK . . . Computer Games . . . Grinding a winch plebe year . . . the tool grinding him . . . An aborted exit for gate 8 . . . and anything that was new and interesting. He had 4.0 knowledge and 2.0 grades.

Bryan is going to be a good shipdriver. If the Captain can get him to shut up about wires, cables, transistors, IC chips . . . sometimes you would wonder if his brain is an integrated circuit. My greatest fear for Bryan's ship is if they let him be Navigator. He'll take the ship straight to Leehigh.

Bryan has a destiny and a mark to make, he will make it, the path will be unusual but that is his style. He is a good friend, good roommate, and he will make a good officer, good luck, a following wind, and calm seas.

KIT



John A. Glaeser
Glaze
Corpus Christi, Texas
Electrical Engineering, Supply Corps

Glaze, one of the old men from Fighting Five, hails from the Lone Star State. After a brief detour to Trinity U. in San Antonio, Glaze decided he couldn't resist the healthy atmosphere of Camp Tecumseh. His "Iron Clad" fists were feared by many a firstie during plebe summer.

Plebe year saw John involved with many extracurricular activities, i.e. asking his roommates to go out with a certain female mid's friends so that he could go out with that certain female mid . . . and having a relationship with a YOUNG maiden (was she really six years younger than you, Glaze?).

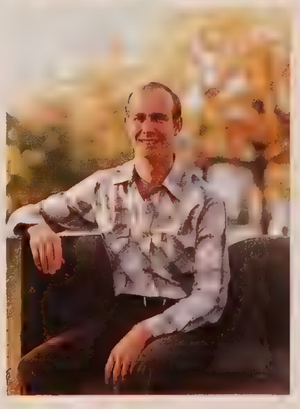
In the middle of this happy existence came SUSAN . . . (I guess the smell of a perfumed letter lasts longer if you put it under your pillow for weeks, right?) From that moment on, he was a man in love. I appreciated those care packages.

From Plebe Year, Glaze has come a long way. Academically, he loved (?) putting all his time into Electrical Engineering. Professionally, John deserves a BZ for his outstanding accomplishments as Bravo Company Commander and Glee Club Vice President.

Best of luck in the Supply Corps, Glaze. They're gaining a hell of a naval officer.

Your nuke bubblehead
roommate for three years,

G.O.



David Allen Goins
Dave
Sandusky, Ohio
Management, Supply Corps

One never to show much emotion, Dave silently manuevered his way through USNA for four years. Yet he always had a cool way of making his presence felt. Rarely did he raise his voice, but as one youngster put it this year, "he still scares me to death".

Dave's success in the Yard, from all I can gather, can be attributed to his consumption of chocolate chip cookies and M&M's. Call him a Mama's boy if you like, but "Mamachops" kept the room stocked for four years. (Thank you Mrs. G.)

The coiner of such words and phrases as "spackler" and "incompetency rules supreme", Dave had his fair share of "good" Navy deals during his matriculation here. However, he never let the chips get him down. His casual, calm and collected way of dealing with incompetency and disasters (the tools, the battleshaft cruise, and deerhunting with the Buick) show that he'll survive his required five with poise. Next stop, Athens, Ga. Good luck!

Robert Gonzalez
Gonzo
San Jose, California
General Engineering, Marine Air

After spending a year in the Marine Corps, Bob decided to take a five year vacation at none other than NAPS and USNA. Always a quiet person, Bob went virtually unnoticed our entire plebe year — a subject he is vaguely familiar with. A hard-core Electrical Engineer from the very beginning, he endured this demanding curriculum until first semester Youngster year. Terrified at the thought of getting less than 10 hours of sleep every night, Bob wasted no time becoming a Mech-E. This proved to be a wise move, but it soon occurred to him that he could make an even wiser move — from Mech-E to GE. The rack, however, was not "Blue-back's" only pastime: he had been caught on occasion in a state of unconsciousness at his desk chair — too exhausted to remove his reefer and cover. Our narcoleptic was also once discovered "getting horizontal" on top of his desk in order to avoid messing up his rack before class. Aside from sleep, Bob's only other love is Taco Bell. It was not uncommon for our hero to make three taco runs in a single week. Bob's charisma, sharp wit, and uncanny knack for having a comment for every occasion are going to be sorely missed in "Fighting Five" and will most assuredly be his stepping stones to success.
SJB

Andrew J. Graziano
Graz
Miller Place, New York
Ocean Engineering, Surface Line

Graz started out his four years here with a bang. The first time out, Parent's Weekend, the company officer caught him just a little too close to this young lady. The Major said he thought you were in New York City? Once Ac Year started, we saw classes weren't his strength, but he ground it out in Ocean Engineering with some of the toughest profs: a big nosed Strengths teacher, Awesome Dawson, the Birdbrain, and who can forget your worthy Weapons prof first class year? You could tell when he had had enough of the books: "If I don't know it by now, I never will." Slam! Zzz . . .

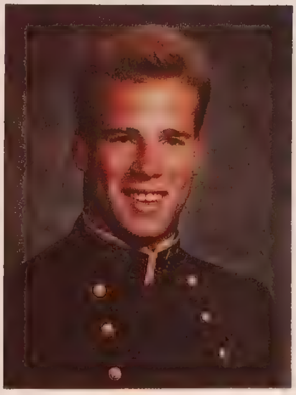
Once he got out on the sports field, it was tough to figure out what Andy wasn't good at, but golf and soccer seemed his best. You were 3 under par on the 16th tee, and you triple bogied it?

The last 3 years are dedicated to the Long Island debs and OBI East. Many very good weekends were spent up there. But Marona, those trips back and forth in the Capri. What happened this time, Graz? Then there was the time you thought you'd use Route 50 in DC as an overnight garage. It's OK, they only took all 4 tires, the stereo and tapes, and some uniforms.

First class year found Graz thinking more and more of Dol. Almost exclusively of Dol. "I'm going to call the wife." You'll make a damn fine SWO. have fun, and God go with you, my friend.

David W. Harris II
Woody
Chesapeake, Virginia
Marine Engineering, Civil Engineer Corps

Woody regretfully came to us from the bikini-laden beaches of Virginia with a baseball bat over his shoulder. As a plebe, Woody spent more time driving his car in the yard than most firsties. His ability on the diamond was reflected in his being a starter on the varsity as a youngster. This short-lived success ended suddenly when the almighty axe was propped over his head. His early retirement from baseball enabled him to spend more time on academics, weekends, and women and not in that order. Woody's friendliness and easygoing personality have touched everyone. (Just ask most of the girls on the 2nd floor of Thompson Hall) If hair length were directly proportional to intelligence, Woody would have earned himself stars. (nice picture!) While on the topic of hair, Woody was an active member in the 3rd wing barber shop. He has always taken pride in the fact that he went three years without visiting the basement butchers. Woody's marine corps friends could not influence him enough to choose USMC, but enough to select CEC. CEC is in for a treat and USNA will never be the same. Good luck to "one of the boys"!
Brock



John R. Herron
Wally
Bargaintown, New Jersey
Ocean Engineering, Navy Air

An anonymous letter received during "Plebe Summer";
Dear John,

As you know, the right of commanding is no longer an advantage transmitted by nature like an inheritance, it is the fruit of labor, the price of courage.
- Voltaire

As you endure laboriously through your next four years, and your own strength begins to fatigue, rely on your inner strength and the strength of your family. It is they who will carry you over any obstacle that you encounter. I am confident that you will continue to succeed and in time, you will command.
-Go Navy!

Dear Anonymous,

These strengths that you speak of are so very strong. They are as vital to my mind as the rich blood that flows to my muscles. The strength and love that I receive from my family is always with me; on the football field, in a rowboat, behind a desk, and in the near future, in the cockpit of an aircraft. These strengths enable me to persevere when I want to quit, to work when I want to play, and to laugh when I want to cry. They not only assist me in my journey of endeavors, but they also give me the integrity to strive for excellence. You were right, in time, I will command.
-Go Navy!

Thomas W. Huff
Tom
Louisville, Kentucky
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

Tombone, Sponge, TWH-FLY, Huffer, all one in the same. You can see him on his Prindle cat whistling across the bay with his lovely lady on the wire, cycling with team Navy on the Austro, sporting around in an MG-WHIZ? but you'll always find him with his head in the clouds. Flying is truly his best friend from 150's to space shuttles he'll go far - even as far as the wall, or do you have three striper liberty when you're a junior? Spreading his time thin from all his "toys for big boys", Tom always finds time for fun - especially when the urge to strap on a pair of wings becomes uncontrollable.

"... there is nothing in the world but me and an airplane alive and together and the cool wind lifts us to its heart and we are one with the wind ..." - Richard Bach

TT (MG-WHIZ)

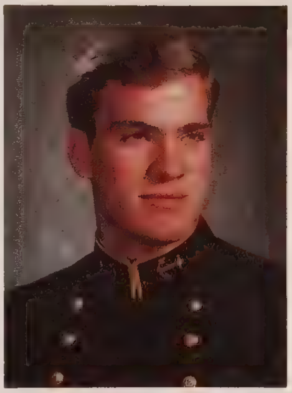
David L. Kiehl
Dave
Billings, Montana
Political Science, Navy Air

Dave arrived in Annapolis from the Big Sky Country as a legend in his own mind. With desires of following in Father's footsteps, he set his sights on the Navy Air Attack Community. He took Plebe year in style. He knew who was boss. He casually chewed out his squad leader for being careless with his Bible while trashing the room. An athletic sampler, Dave dabbled in football, sailing, powerlifting, and track. He has never been socially oriented. In fact, during 3/c year, he helped to disband his roommate's social fraternity. At the end of that year he met his wife to be. Although a high school junior, looks certainly did not reveal her age. During his final two years Dave divided his time between Tami and his Political Science studies. Now he is looking forward to P-cola and the married life. Good luck in the Nav and don't forget to check six!

Thomas R. King
Randy
Tucson, Arizona
Applied Science, Navy Air

Thomas Randolph King — his friends knew him better as Randy or even better yet as C. K. Whenever he laid eyes on a girl he always had something to say. By the way, what was it you said to Cubscouts sister that caused her friend to slug you? There was only one girl C. K. dated that I could honestly say got to know him very well, so well as a matter of fact he literally spilt his guts out to her. Randy will always be known as a "Party Animal", just ask any of the ruggers that went to the match up at Army and witnessed him swinging from a chandelier. If you're still not convinced ask "Sweet Lips" about their road trip to UVA. You can't mention Randy's name without saying something about Navy Rugby — Randy saw his first rugbyball Plebe year and has since earned three letters and two "N-stars". To some people playing the field meant nothing but words, to Randy it meant a juggling act. He always found himself telling the girl he was with "Of course you're the only one!" The truth is there was only one girl in his life but she was a Keg of the past. If you don't see Randy this summer trying to earn his wings by jumping off bridges you'll see him in P-cola learning to be a " — Hot Pilot". Best of luck in the future Randy!

CJC



Thomas C. Marnane
Kit
Honolulu, Hawaii
General Engineering, Marine Corps

First time I saw that mass of yellow hair I wondered at the genetic defect that created it and him. He almost glowed. I knew it not to be a halo. I was right.

Kit has a Navy heritage that dates way back. It shows in the way he parties, loves, jokes, lies, fights, and lives. He's learned so well that he is now a proud contender for the highest and best — USMC.

This man has escaped many trials and tribulations by being one step ahead of the rest. Can you imagine a Youngster Cruise 500 yards from home; all good friends at an Axe Two-by-Four; a woman with wheels; and a leisurely sailboat cruise for First Class swan summer.

He came for learning and wild fun. Negat the learning and he was a perfect accomplice in the class-A endeavors after dark. It took a $400.00 dinner for four to clear the way for physical fitness. Remember the 0545 runs, the weights we pumped, laps we swam, and fifths we killed. All for glorious beach bodies. You were the best to do it with and hopefully next January fifth you will be able to continue with your bachelor buddies.

Well buddy - the future awaits you and its avenues and doors are wide open for one such as ye. The Green and TBS is where we, the greatest and only, shall continue. Stay cool and be even so hard. CONQUEST FOREMOST.

MESO

Peter H. McDevitt

Doc
Fairfield, California
Physics, Surface Warfare

Doc eurailed his way to Annapolis with a crow and two chevrons only to be promoted to a plebe.

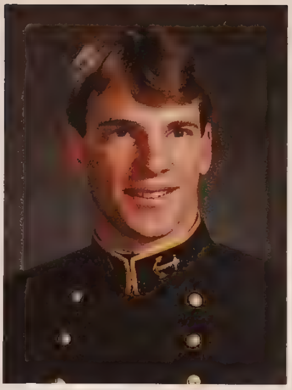
Despite being old enough to be called 'Grandpa', Doc managed to elude fur traders desiring to make a "Rug" out of his backside. Being a very active member of the Fifth Company Drinking Club, Pete is a living (almost) example that there is a free drink today. Pete finds refuge at his second home, Deja Vu, where many a girl has run her fingers through his locks. To say Pete is a traveling man is an understatement - this man has seen it all. The 'beauty' of the Netherlands enthralled him but future 'engagements' had to be cancelled. Although the Academy did not foster his desire to be an M.D., the real Navy is also finding ways to hold him back. Changing his service selection many a time - weeks, even days before the big night; Gramps determination to really be called 'Doc" lead him to SWO and a short tour aboard a Spruance out of Norfolk. Med. School will be a breeze once he gets there. The Navy just doesn't know what kind of health-care it's missing through all this procrastination. Hang in there Doc, just remember that it's possible to get better as you get older - even more decisive.

Craig W. Michael

Horse
Hamilton, Ohio
Economics, Surface Line

Commander, CincPac, Gary, Tool, Fleet Cdr., Danny Dockmaster, Horse finally got his first dream fulfilled when he got his appointment to the Academy the day before I-Day after not getting accepted to Naps. From that point on we saw a slim athlete increasingly progress to somewhat of a balding ffffat-guy. When he wasn't running his own 3rd wing barber shop the first two years, he ran for the top position in the hall as the killer. That skill carried into the summer months in the YP fleet. Somehow, Rob always woke up in the morning with an extra roommate (Gary took advantage of those double rooms with the interlocking doors; good ole Hatfield). Horsse found most of his success on the baseball field, earning All-League honors and tryouts with the Olympic team. But don't forget the celebration of #21 in the bathroom on Bourbon St., where the iced teas are made just a bit too strong for the big righty. Craig finally met his special dream love, Amy, from home. Love after 5 dates?? YUP! His last dream was met when he grabbed that MSO at S.S. Remember trips to New Orleans, Md., missing the "IN" dance, and having our own Ring Ceremony at Yale. We'll certainly miss the Cdr. Wishing the best of luck with Amy. 84 sir!

BMR



Mark Camillus Mohr

Marcus
San Francisco, California
Management, Navy Air

Marcus strode in from a big year at NAPS. Camio choose Cross Country over Baseball here at USNA. As a result of cross country He became a skinny fag from Frisco. But thanks to the Joe Weider weight program Joe Junior got huge.

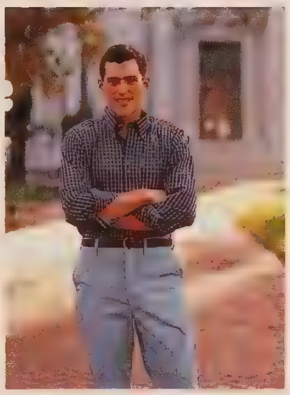
When We managed to drag Marcus away from his Surfer magazines and Beach Boy albums He managed to meet some really nice local girls. I mean REALLY NICE. From the streets of South Jersey to the warm summer nights of Texas, Camio put alot of miles under his belt.

Halloween, one of Marks favorite holidays, often found Him with more TREATS than tricks.

Marcus' dream finally came true - a blond surfer girl, and shes even agreed to marry him.

Best of luck in P-cola.

Adios Amigo.



David T. Neely

Toddles
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Surface

Dave will be leaving behind four years of academic excellence, professionalism, and some good times. Although he chose the toughest academic major at the Academy, Dave managed to come out on top. His being selected as Company Commander first semester was illustrative of his dedication to the Academy and the Navy.

Dave had a tendancy to lose things. Gnarly knew it plebe summer, "Where is your roommate Mr. Neely?" If it wasn't his roommate it was his own gear that sometimes disappeared. Gnarly caught him losing a grip one night when a late night horror story got a little too realistic.

Second and third class years were spent on Glee Club and choir trips, in the weight room, and of course on more academic excellence. Most of his first class weekends, Dave went home to the wife. Although they practically just met, he and Cathy tie the knot on June 2nd. All the happiness and the best of luck to you in the future.

Glen Otis

Goat
San Diego, California
SPH, Nuclear Submarines

Glen cut the cord and came to us from near the border in San Diego. The Mexican border, not the Japanese border. Goat possesses the knack of snoozing all day and night and getting the gouge from his books at a distance, though he has a talent for retaining and using his knowledge, and the Navy's nuke program knows it.

Captain Ozone floated through youngster year with a beer in one hand and the scuttlebutt of our female mids in the other. He did go out with civilian girls, though; in fact, he cared for one gal so much he almost let her keep his stereo.

Goat made his biggest step during first class summer ... that's right, he got that turbo-powered blue street machine. Who cares if he didn't have his driver's license yet?

Those days are over for Glen. He is now a top-notch leader and will make a fine addition to the submarine force, though he always has time to relax and smell the flowers.

Good luck, ol' buddy. Get that sub you wanted. Glaze.

Clayton D. Saunders

Richie
Frankfort, Illinois
Political Science, Surface Line

Clayton arrived at the steps of Mother B. with expectations of grandeur, a grin on his face, numerous freckles and, you guessed it, red hair! (How about those Mid-western boys?) In a short time he became "Richie" to those of us who will never forget those "Happy Days" in high school.

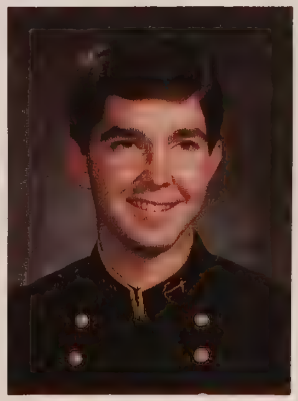
Richie gave up the "normal" college life of SMU to become an engineer at good old U.S.N.A. But, as fate would have it, Mother B. and the Board (those 'all powerful' advisors) felt that he was destined to be a "political scientist" Richie enthusiastically accepted this gift of fate and his career at the Academy was to follow the path of the infamous "Bull Major". "Clayton, aren't you studying tonight?" "Is Clayton in the wardroom AGAIN!?" "Clayton will you type my paper!?"

Clayton had dominated many things while at U.S.N.A. (the pistol team, the backgammon board, the company wardroom, Debbie), but he wasn't actually known for his dominance. Clayton ("Richie", "Douglas", "H. D.") was known for his easy-going, care-free attitude. Those of us who were fortunate enough to really know him will never forget him. Good Luck in the fleet. I hope those grey boats keep you happy!

Raul Silva

Rudy
Tucson, Arizona
Aerospace Engineering, Aviaton Maintenance

Raul came to the banks of the Severn from the Arizona desert. Fueled with Mexican food, tequila, fast cars, memories of roller coaster hill and nice dry weather, he charged headlong into plebe year. He cheerfully survived the rigors of that year (and Batchelor's boys) with a great attitude and a big grin. Spring break saw him really work on his technique, dee dum dee dum, but also didn't agree with him that final morning. As we moved into youngster year Raul began his major, aerospace, which he will, I am happy to say, complete. Later in the year he shifted focus to American University and his wife to be. However, he still had time for his friends many good times were had by all, never to be forgotten. Take for example those wild parties, in Kit's words, up at Tammy's. And who can forget the great times with USMC. Thank you but he'll pass. #$@&%!!! grunts. Rudy will leave here bound for the Ghostriders of VF-142 as a maintenance officer. A future aviator, I know that anybody having him fix airplanes can rest easy. Thanks for being such great friend and roommate. I wish you the best of luck and that our friendship continues in the coming years.



Robert D. Speer

Brock
Cheswick, Pennsylvania
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Surface

Arriving induction day as your typical All-American Boy, Brock was slowly introduced and transposed into "one of the boys". He learned much about life while at the Academy ... Road trips to Pitt. and Penn State, cruising the strip of Va. Beach and even the ultimate of staying overnight at a U.C.L.A. sorority.

School work was something unknown to this high school valedictorian. More time was spent styling hair than studying EE. However Brock did manage to squeeze in a few hours before finals to maintain the 3.00 mark.

Unlike many of his peers, Brock's high morals remained with him throughout his 4 years. Living by the phrase, "Loyal to one, fun with none", Brock was able to keep himself away from the poison apple, while at the same time keep his one and only Pitt. "Babe" happy.

Brock's friendship with all here at the Academy will never be forgotten even though some of us may never see him again. So once again, "Thanks Brock, I mean Jock, I mean ..."

WOOD

Daniel F. Adamus
Moose
North East, Pennsylvania
History, Marine Corps

One summer day, Moose made a wrong turn on his way to Point Park College in Pittsburgh and ended up at some military institution. Before he knew it, he was told his hair was too long, he weighed too much, and he could not see girls any more. Well, Moose was not one to let minor things get him down. Slowly but surely his hair grew back and he trimmed down to a low percentage of body fat. Next for the girls. While at the Academy, Moose successfully met the perfect girl for him at least ten times. When he wasn't fighting off girls, he was fighting off hockey pucks flying at him, or having fun at parties while drinking more beer than most people will ever see. Dan was a great friend and went to great lengths to keep others out of trouble, but he had his own trouble avoiding speeding tickets and restrictions for such serious offenses as a dirty room. While a DJ on WRNV, Moose featured Lionel Richie songs which lost the respect of his roommate but earned several female fans in Annapolis. As Dan moves on to service in the Marine Corps, many people who know him will miss but not forget his humor, warmth, and especially his friendship, and to some he was more like a brother than a friend.

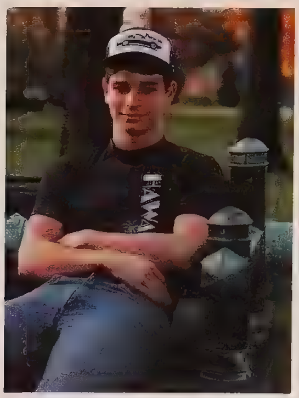
Daniel M. Boucher
Cripple
Ashland, Ohio
Applied Science, Civlant

After living through an average Plebe Summer, Dan was ready for his first Ac-year. Despite his claims that he worked hard at academics, he never let his roomies keep him from a good nights sleep (yes, Dan, you'll always be welcome to stretch out on the floor anytime). A recruit for baseball, Dan was a welcome addition to the Company Softball team in the spring. The next year, being one of the few youngsters having a car, Dan was not often found wasting his weekends in Mother-B. It was about the end of youngster year when Dan's trouble with girls were first noted (can't live without them, can't afford to live with them), a problem that still plagues him today. Early in second class year Dan tried his hand at parachuting. He was doing fine until he stopped on the way down to argue with a set of electrical lines; an argument that he not only lost but placed him in the hospital for the rest of the semester. On his return, Dan was determined to catch up in academics, and with a lot of long hours and a short summer containing three sets of summer school he was able to get "back on track" just in time for first class year (which he spent in search of the comforts of home away from home). Dan, try not to break too many hearts and watch yourself on that ultralight.

T.H.N.

Stephen Craig Brawley
Big Steve
Alexandria, Louisiana
Aerospace, Navy NFO

Big Steve came to us from the land of crawfish. He was a true confederate and never once did he let anyone forget that the South could have won the war or that everything is bigger in Texas. We spent weeks trying to teach him that a yawl was a sailing vessel and not a term for a group. Plebe year began in a 4-man room with a Leb, a Moose and Mickey Mouse. Steve's grades were higher than the other 3 put together and he took up one of USNA's toughest majors; Aero. Big Steve's grades never dipped below 3.0, a feat few can claim. Big Steve was not an egghead, as he enjoyed wine, women and if you can call that stuff he listened to song, as much, and sometimes more than, anyone else. His years at USNA were truly blessed with interesting adventures, like the trip to Trinity 3/c year (I still have the traffic tickets), Army-Navy 1982 and his time as a POM (Prisoner of Moss). Big Steve was popular on the girl's school circuit 1/c year and although he claims he always went only for the cheap beer, he always seemed to return with a phone number even when he didn't have his goggles on. The most important thing anyone could ever say about Steve is that he's a true friend. Steve was always there and he always cared. B. S. is on his way to Pensacola now for a career as a N.F.O. May your skies always be clear ones, buddy and I hope everything good (including Miss Right) is waiting for you down the line because no one deserves it more.



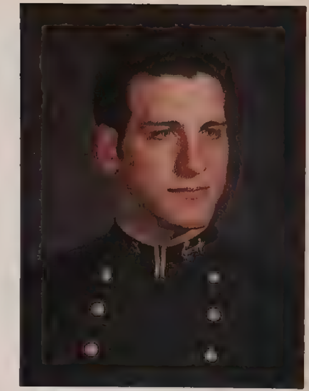
David L. Burg
Burgie
Collinsville, Illinois
Naval Architecture, Navy Pilot

Burgie appeared with a basketball and a pillow, a kiss from Timi and it was Navy-ho. What to expect? Who knows, who even saw Davo for the first two years! Is he in my squad, company? Club Pud! Civilian life is great . . . Where's Byron & Bill . . . who are they with now . . . how 'bout prep! T-shoes and blue jeans . . . That's my style? One last love shot. A $165 ring for one last date. What to do alone in Timmy's? Oh, Maggi, who is this girl? True love! . . . Youngster . . . sunny Cal . . . burn me oh Sun God . . . "Nothin Man!" . . . Sean, Back seat drain hole, What a great idea, Ice & fly . . . Long trips on the road & signal bridge . . . Blankets & beaches . . . Florida. Tampa . . . Mac flights . . . missed flights . . . overnights . . . drunk flights . . . the I-Hop . . . cowboy . . . you Iranian: You're gonna die! Charlottesville, train tracks. Face tracks, parties . . . Big Mac . . . bus stations . . . hard stuff. Dog's hair! Where am I? The unigreasy diner. Another year . . . How bout them libs . . . Wednesday afternoon . . . Timmy's . . . good fun . . . room tours . . . restriction . . . the bench . . . you sure can find them suicidal women, No officer, let my mother wake me up . . . Gray, what a guy . . . Ocean City . . . Quality Inn . . . Pool, beach and pork . . . real cheap . . . We need security let's sleep by the O.C.P.D . . . McDonalds . . . replay . . . corn . . . eggs . . . sun . . . "Bobs" by the country club . . . movies, thank goodness for large trunks . . . oh the crowd . . . What is fluids? I'm an English major . . . Davo is summed up in five ways: He likes to crank tunes, water ski, cook on a grill, drive his Porsche, and wax the floors for formals . . . he don't do windows!! oh . . . "I think . . . therefore I must sleep!!" . . . Seaberg's Raiders will never die!

Michael J. Cameron
Mike
Detroit, Michigan
Physical Science, Surface Line

Mike came to the Boat School prepared for almost anything Plebe Summer had to offer. He brought with him his fleet of toy boats, a rubber duck, a rubber chicken, and a rubber raft. Then, and now, he has shown a certain zaniness and enjoyment of life which has occasionally caught up with him. Such moments included ripping his leg up while running into a metal bench or breaking his shoulder while playing touch football. Mike's most engrossing hobby has been that of taking pictures, pictures, and more pictures. He was seen at various times out on green beach capturing the sunset or in Mahan clocktower during a snowstorm looking for the right shot. He successfully transmitted this passion for pictures to his Polish roommate. Mike has had to perpetually climb the steep hill of academics to achieve the summit of passing grades. It has been a tough journey but in the end a successful one. The Fleet benefits by gaining an individual who knows what it is to work hard and to be under pressure. Smooth sailing Mike. May you be in heaven half an hour before the devil knows you're dead.

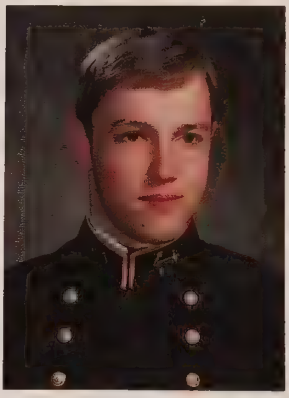
The POLOCK

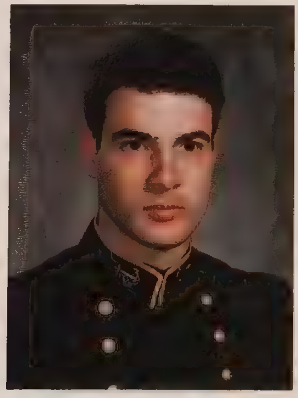


Glenn J. Carpenter
Carps
North Wales, Pennsylvania
Physical Science, Surface Line

Glenn came to USNA from the rolling countryside north of Philadelphia. He started his naval career by attempting, in one day, a round of fisticuffs with "Chi" and then taking out the company staff with a cross-body block. During his first academic year, Glenn was one of the few midshipmen to be allowed to choose General Engineering as his original major. Youngster cruise saw Glenn touring the East Coast on the "Grey hounds of the Severn," and learning the meaning of the word "intoxication" in Newport, RI. Returning from cruise, Glenn endeared himself to his new Company Officer by laughing at the idea of the six-pack placing first in a P-rade. Youngster year was uneventful until Dead Week, when Glenn was offered an opportunity to move up to the Physical Science major. The beginning of second class year found our hero road-tripping to Wildwood, NJ for long-weekend partying. This was facilitated after Christmas break by the introduction of a ten year oid, hundred thousand mile Pinto with a car stereo worth more than the car. It wasn't much to look at, but it got there. Then Glenn found himself the proud father of a new Mustang GT, his pride and joy. Glenn's first class cruise took him to Spain on a minesweeper with a stop in Bermuda long enough to be thrown overboard at swim call, by the crew. Glenn started his first class year by losing his weekend to the 'Cuda. How was he to know that a dirty ashtray was a major offense? Service Selection Night rolled around and Glenn decided that "Underway is the only way" and chose Surface Line. Good luck in the fleet,

Glenn.





Daniel Nicholas Da Cruz
Dano
Beirut, Lebanon
Aerospace Engineering, Surface Line

He came to us like the Sirrocco — the desert wind of the Sahara (and the car he sometimes wanted). Just six months after he arrived in the States for the second time, this combat veteran rapidly became known throughout the six-pak as the man with a most unique accent and hometown. He (along with Moose, Mickey, and Steve) had the rowdiest room on goat court. Youngster year brought the problems of an aero major and a roommate whose socks never did smell right. In addition, Dano found his own personal Menachim to plague him for conduct and room appearance. When he wasn't spending time at London or Paris or Cyprus waiting for a plane, Dano sought the girl of his dreams. He started out in Beirut and even found an angel in the States, but now he stands on the shores of Tripoli with his new and maybe final find. First class year found our hero safe with his major, but service selection became a problem. His summer cruise at Camp Pendleton convinced him firmly that surface line was mighty fine indeed, and it is there that I hope he'll find some happiness on the grey ships. The litany of a thousand "Dano, it's time to wake up" will remain in my mind for a long time and his numerous "praises" of the system will forever be his trademark. Good luck, Dano! The best of luck in your future, wherever it may be.

Alex Joseph Daverede III
Joe Dav
New Orleans, Louisiana
English, Supply

Joe Dav had USNA wired from day one. He knew boats better and had been in uniform longer than the better part of the officers there. He left Bourbon Street for the sea, "the institution" being only a brief respite for the journey, and a place to tackle Shakespeare, steam and wires. Shakespeare won. For a while, his obsession became building and destroying Navy ships, all the while having to cope with a reject from the Third World. German class put an end to all that, and ushered in his involvement with family planning. The lady from Ohio captured his heart and also 2½ years worth of study hours. He became the only non-monk in the monastery, living only for a fateful day in May. Among his most peculiar interests, an obsession with Apocalypse Now and Patton convinced us of his absolute suitability for the military, and a distinct Surface Look developed with the help of King Cake and Cafe du Monde. Two stones finally dashed his hopes of being a Black Shoe and thrust him to Athens, family included. Supply would be a cinch however. Hadn't he after all expertly managed the new (and illegal) coffee machine, and disposed of chow packages large enough to feed all of Bangladesh and end vitamin deficiency in Africa? His forte of course was indoctrinating the troops before PCRs, earning him the title of Training Officer several times. His room was better stocked with military pubs than Nimitz itself. His four-year stint at the penitentiary finally earned him stripes, and the privilege of sleeping through whatever formation suited him. Ahead lies a no-doubt brilliant career, which he will handle as painlessly as he has the years at Canoe U. Good Luck Pal, make some babies, and Allah Ma'ak.

DdC

Michael G. Devin
Mick
Physical Science, Surface Line

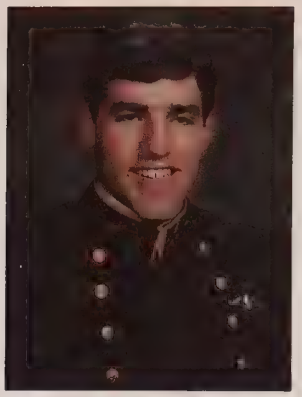
What a long strange trip it's been for Mick. It started in Upstate New York, leaving cold Bradors and Wasko lake behind, Mick found freshmen year wasn't that bad. Being one of the last of seabergs raiders, Mick made Bob Ward's, the docks and vince a weekly occurrence. During the week Mick decided that listening to contraband Dylan was more important than studying. After a short summer, sophomore standing saw Mick relive high school. Live concerts including Prine, the Stones and the Dead, kegs at Sandy point and a chick named Nutsy filled the time between restriction musters. He also found a hole in the wall that still hasn't ben filled. 2nd semester saw the Epigonic Cabal rise and fall, as snuff and Bert moved on to new things. Junior year Mick finally got his head above water. Army weekend saw Mick get his second Black 'N' with a flakey date. Mick ended the year by setting up a great Ring Dance party, which he missed because he got lost. Senior year found Mick with his 7th roommate, behind the black doors. Unicycles and bandanas became his new loves. At Xmas Europe discovered Mick. Well Mick, now that it's all over, I guess ya just sorta got to chuckle.

Gary E. English
Fat Man
Springfield, Virginia
Management, Surface Line

The Fat Man rolled into USNA Beefed UP To 235+. His Excuse ... I's gonna plea foobau!! freshman year was team tables & long nighters. He literally moved walls. Yup ... The hourly alarm clock ... Directions say use shoes or string to turn off! Youngster year saw 5 men (?) spade games ... and long trips ... Charlottesville ... If you do over 70 the cops won't see you ... We always fooled old Mac ... Whose foreigner album is that anyway, guys, it's not a frisbee! How'bout Florida cowboy ... 14 and more ... Those boots ... You sure fit in!! Cholocate milk tastes good but ruins the stomach. I'll finish the party! Sure you will ... Fran O'Brians and coco butts. You always were a gator from wayback. How do you spell "Bob" S.H.E.R.R.Y. I'll put an end to those 5th Co. mate deskers ... Army ... Get this pass Don't just rip your pants ... Dive ... Lights are cheap anyway ... We'll sneak in ... It's more fun ... Nancy reade, con I stay here? Where have you been? 7-11 ... Hey it's not my pool table ... Not my house ... Where were you sitting? Nope ... Once again Gary your memory has failed you ... Seems as though the bottles ARE heavier at my old school. "The right answer is" ... I've got the sleves: But ...? You're a bench bud, a JR. suds member ... and pres. of your own little "boy bashers" club ... We'll never make it. I can't pay for a ticket. Wake yourself up ... I've got a new mustang ... It's got 5 or 8 gears ... 1½ reverses and a nifty light switch/thief catcher ... One contact ... One glass lens ... and the even match ... Underwear cleaner ... And a door stop .. Capt. English watch us watch the Navy game ... Seaberg's Raiders will never die!

Thomas J. Goaley Jr.
T. J.
Alliance, Nebraska
Chemistry, Navy Medicine

Tom's Naval Academy career has been a potpourri of what every mid strives to achieve during his four years on the Severn. During plebe year, T. J. kept up his trumpet by becoming a Drum and Bugle Corps enthusiast. Of course, those plebe weekends on D&B excursions made it all worthwhile. In youngster year, Tom began to kindle a growing interest in the possibility of becoming a Navy doctor. Soon, Tom was overloading to get that well-rounded education that looks so good for those grueling med school exams. In the midst of all this, TJ was to meet the girl of his dreams. One a future MD, the other, a future RN. What an unbeatable combination. Soon, first class summer saw Tom sailing to Bermuda and then on to Bethesda for some invaluable TAD at the naval hospital. As a first class, TJ continued to pick up responsibility in his position as the first semester Battalion Adjutant. But now it's time to set sail from Annapolis to begin yet another freshman year. In the end, though, the Navy will be the big winner. Good luck, Dr. Tom.



Randal Scott Gustafson
Gusto
Phoenix, Arizona
Electrical Engineering, Submarines

Randy came to the Naval Academy from Phoenix, Arizona. He lucked out and got in Chi's squad and was immediately introduced to the fine leadership opportunities available. During Plebe Summer Randy amazed and awed both his classmates and the firsties with his amazing grasp of Morse code. This was due of course to his lifetime interest in Ham Radio. Randy was to eventually join and help lead the Academy Ham Radio Club. He was also very involved with WRNV. Plebe year was a hard time for us all — but for Randy — well, it seemed to us that it had affected him more than most. Or maybe he just always had a bizarre personality. When Randy returned from Youngster Cruise he was the proud wearer of Silver Dolphins. Sure, I'd give up liberty in Italy to stay on a submarine and study — not. But it was worthwhile since he was accepted to the nuclear power program and has chosen submarines. Youngster and Second Class year saw Randy study and sweat his EE major. And many, many late nights. But he has done well in "one of the Academy's toughest majors." Along the way he amassed the largest stereo system in Sixth Company. Randy led a squad of plebes around during the summer. When he returned in the fall he drove back in a brand new sportscar (Thanks, Grandma), to become the First Regimental Sub-Commander aka MIDN Blooddrive. The tail-gator after the Air Force game will long be remembered — Randy met his "true love." How often do you call up your girlfriend and have your Company Officer answer the phone? Randy will always be remembered for his — unique — personality. And his antics. Not to mention his stupid straw hat. Good luck in the Submarine navy, Randy, from all of your friends. We'll miss you, but we know we'll meet again.

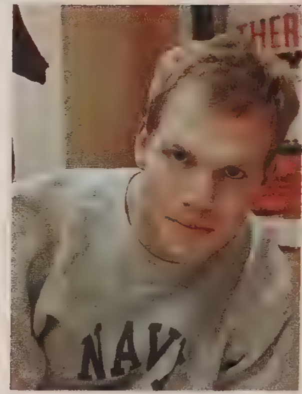
Sean T. Hilferty
Hilf
Haddon Heights, New Jersey
English, Surface Line

Sean Hilferty came to USNA from South Jersey via NAPS four years ago, bringing to this venerable institution the makings of a truly . . . unique future officer. Unique is the only truthful term one could apply to him because he is indeed . . . different. You see, Sean is an artist. But there are a lot of starving artists, actors, and musicians out there, so for the meantime he'll be sidetracked in the Navy while pursuing art, acting, and playing guitar.

These are by far not the only interests in Sean's life at USNA. There's always his major, English, in which he's excelled — mainly because he's good with a shovel. He began as an aero major and had aspirations to be a pilot, but then he saw the light and was SAVED by switching to the humanities and a career track in surface line. Ah, but his alter ego in ***The Log,*** *Carl Pursor/Darior, lives his fantasies vicariously. "Darior" began as a quick-sketch comic strip and ended as a major endeavor occupying entire weeks. Sean never did do much homework and he didn't sleep a whole lot either.*

Those weekends Sean didn't spend laying out ***The Log*** *or drawing he occupied by finding various and sundry Oriental women, for whom he has a particularly soft spot in his head. Being as he's headed for the Pacific for his first tour, we may just never see him again when he finally gets to the Far East. If they play reruns of* ***Star Trek*** *in Japan, he'll have found heaven.*

JMJ



John M. Jorgensen
Jorgy
Peoria, Illinois
Political Science, Surface Line

John established the tenor of his stay at USNA early on — by volunteering to show us how to brace-up at the beginning of Plebe summer. He planned to double-major in EE and Econ. We laughed. He was professional, though; the second best source of info on Naval hardware and the acknowledged expert on foreign and domestic affairs. Thus EE gave way to Poli Sci and Jorgy had a goal: world domination. This dream decreased in scale and he eventually decided on Deputy Director of the CIA. He had to settle for Company adjutant.

One of his favorite hobbies was opening himself up for slams — and we took advantage of it. His "0.3 mm pencil" will be long remembered by all those who knew of it. First Class year found John with a car that only made an occasional trip across the river for a case of Mountain Dew. Not one to smoke, drink, dip, chew or socialize, he wondered about his underwhelming success with women. Nonetheless, San Diego should be a good time for him. The first words out of his mouth as he meets the CO of his Spruance will undoubtedly be, "Well sir, this is how I think we should run things . . ."

Good Luck, Yon . . . and may the Force be with you. Banzai! —

Don Q

Patrick J. Kolbas
Pat
Tacoma, Washington
History, Nuke Submarines

Pat left his wet and rainy but comfortable backyard for a record-smashing hot, humid and uncomfortable Plebe Summer. He made it through Plebe Summer only to be absorbed by Plebe year. Not much on the wild or crazy side Pat got down to the nitty-gritty grind of academia and got off to a good start, which he never lost. Academics were never a problem for Pat but swimming was a challenge.

Youngster year found Pat on a "Love Boat" for his cruise where he gained a knowledge of what the East Coact was like. He found himself rooming with a crazy and zany guy very much different from himself. The fights between these two "roomies" were vicious to an outside observer, but each one knew that a deep friendship had developed between them.

As time went by, Pat met the challenge of the 200yd, 400yd, and 40 mile swims. A Firsty at last, Pat was a different man by now, he had learned how to let himself go and have a wild and crazy time. The Plebes won't dare forget the raging Polock during Plebe Summer in which Pat marched 6th Platoon into 4th place, lost his voice "talking" to Plebes and had a great time being POLISH.

First Class cruise aboard the ***Michigan*** *convinced Pat that Nuke Subs was the way to go. I'm sure he'll succeed as he has here. He won't be forgotten by his former roommate, take care of yourself My Favorite MARTIAN and good luck to 'ya.*

Your Roomie, Mike

Todd C. Lutton
Cuddles
New York, New York
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Todd Lutton came to the U.S. Naval Academy from a Coast Guard family and has called a number of places home. Navy has been a rather special place for Todd, though, and of course he's loved it since the start. Todd smiled his way through Plebe Summer and drew all sorts of abuse from '81 — while they were trying to play with his mind he was always making them wonder if he had one.

Mostly he's enjoyed Navy for the resources available. Todd is one of those people who never has enough work to do and his ambition is enough for two. He did decide that he never wanted a youngster afternoon, so he double-majored — but he's always had a head start on everyone else because he speaks computer fluently. Being a computer god has had its advantages, since Todd has enjoyed more access to NATS than most of the people who run it, but it's had its down side as well, i.e. having 22 hours seven out of eight semesters.

But it's not been all academics for Todd. He's managed to annoy everyone with his continual singing, and being in Glee Club has allowed him to annoy the public, too. Just kidding — he can usually carry a tune without changing keys more than twice. Todd's also been a fencer these last four years with a good record in foil. Perhaps someday he'll discover a good weapon like epee.

Todd also discovered lasciviousness while at the Academy. But alas, his bachelor days appear to be ended and soon he'll have a ring through his nose. Farewell to bachelorhood and fare thee well under the sea.

JMJ

Matthew M. Marron
Matt Sioux Falls South Dakota
Ocean Engineering - Nuclear Power

While at USNA, Matt's personal motto has been one with the class' - ***Destinatus Excello.*** *Matt's academic excellence was rewarded by his successfull design and construction of a turbine, his acceptance into Tau Beta Pi, and his commission into the Nuclear navy. His outstanding leadership skills were also reflected in his D and B command and his Company CAO duties.*

Matt also seemed always to excel in good times. He got an excellent start with "Sir, You need a haircut"! This was only the beginning - Matt's four years continued with good times like: flying back from Towson; flats in D.C.; an old friend in Tennessee; Muldoon's Rent-a-Car; Skiing at Killington; Powder Ridge; Leaky ***bodega*** *bag; Boston Halloween; "Get your *#! in gear"! a Sop tradition; Blondie; D & B swimming party; Villiage Idiots; Daa-ditDaDaDaDaa Daaa-ditDa-DaDaDaa.*

Good luck in subs - we're sure you'll continue to excel in every way.

Michael M. Martinez
Marty
Parker, Colorado
Mathematics, Navy Pilot

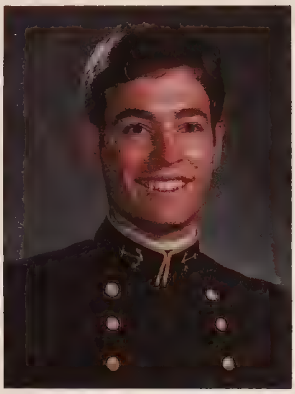
Marty came to us from high in the rockies via NAPS. His stay at the academy has been an interesting one, filled with many misadventures. We can't be good all of the time, now can we?

Plebe year found Mike doing a variety of things: from getting caught water-ballooning Goat Court, to falling asleep with a future Deputy Brigade Commander on a hotel bed after the Army game. We know, Mike, nothing happened . . .

Youngster year, Marty plunged forward into Systems Engineering. However, he soon found it to be too much like work, so he took the easy way out, and went Math instead.

Second class year, Mike moved into a 3-man room equipped with the essentials: a toaster oven and a popcorn popper. We also found Mike locked in a semi-romantic death-grip with a lamprey eel named Addie. She had her hooks into him so deeply that's doubtful he'll ever get them out.

Many great landmarks in the life of "The Mex" were passed during firstie year. Amy: he met her on cruise, fell in love, talked about her constantly, got engaged at Christmas, and married her after graduation. The only drawback to this relationship was that she taught him to snore, something his roommate didn't appreciate. Another of his dreams, flying, was also realized. Now it's off to P-cola to learn how to beat Ivan in the air. Good luck in the future, Mike, in whatever you do!



Michael Joseph Massee
Mike
Tucson, Arizona
History, NFO

Mike abandoned the fun and sun of Tucson, Arizona in order to excel at the Naval Academy. He completed the academic requirements of his history major in three and a half years, allowing him to commence work on a Master's Degree at the University of Maryland. If all goes as well there as it did here, he'll be able to earn his M.A. before he reports to Pensacola in January. Undaunted by missing one letter on the eye examination, Mike chose an NFO billet to stay with the aviation community.

Mike's interests and involvements in the brigade have varied widely from D&B to VTNA to being vice-president of Phi Alpha Theta, the history honor society. Mike has achieved some degree of fluency in Spanish as a result of seven semesters of Spanish and participation in a foreign exchange cruise to Mexico. Despite almost being thrown in jail by the Mexican police for not having a passport, Mike plans to visit Mexico again this summer — this time with a passport. We all know Mike really wanted to attend the University of Arizona, but the closest Mike could get was by participating in their summer seminar at the University of Guadalajara.

Buena suerte, Mike. Think of me on those days when the sky seems to go on forever, knowing I haven't seen it for the past sixty days.

Peter C. Mayer
Petesy
Cinnaminson, New Jersey
Oceanography, Surface Nuke

Pete was the one ordered not to sweat during Plebe summer. That didn't stop him, physically or psychologically. He never smiled in front of his firsties — a trend that stuck with him much of his USNA career as he began to take himself more and more seriously. When he realized that he had a shot at stars, he hit the books harder than ever. When Company Commander came within his reach, he tried his hardest to shine brightest. And if the thought of CNO ever enters his head, watch out!

But life wasn't all books and Brasso for Pete. He had a few diversions. One at home, though, fell thru during Plebe year. Youngster year found him with a new hobby, which turned out to be a cool mistake. But after a rather dull year, Pete turned to a new acquisition from second class year — which almost cost him his three stripes. But Urchin decided not to pursue the matter, and the rest of the year went smoothly.

Always one to work harder than necessary in order to be better than everyone else, Pete took the ultimate challenge and went Surface Nuke. If he keeps plugging like he is now, he'll be either CO of a CGN or dead of exhaustion in eighteen years.

Have fun, Han —

Love, Luke

Kenneth D. McGann
Ken
Greenlawn, New York
Physical Science, Surface Line

He came to us from the heart of "God's Country" with a lacrosse stick in one hand and a sheep in the other. He spoke to us with phrases like "Oh, say it though, you wouldn't like to be me," and "I didn't just hit a hemmie." It took another person from "the island" to even come close to a translation (JPO).

Ken made his mark at USNA on the lacrosse team. Starting out at the bottom and eventually achieving fame and fortune by the spring of his junior year. His picture was plastered all over lacrosse paraphernalia from calendars to yearbooks until his name eventually became a household word.

Ken's prowess on the lacrosse field has been exceeded only by his skill with a beer bong. The big question in everybody's mind is, what will he do after graduation? A.) Go to SWOS school in Newport. B.) Go to Europe in search of sheep, or C.) Hack her to death with a kitchen knife. Well Ken, as "fric and frac" according to some, we've been through thick and thin. Good luck and fair weather and following seas. I hope you don't forget what to do with your trash can when the enemy is coming over the hill. - You cut the cake with the blings.

GTM

Trevor A. McIntyre
Mac
Palo Alto, California
Physical Science, Naval Flight Officer

Trevor came to USNA from one bay (S.F.) to another. Plebe summer saw Trevor's squad leader (Lil) hemming up his pants on I-day. Plebe year was uneventful save for his flaring temper and his receiving a six pack of beer in the mail from his girlfriend. Plebe year also saw the start of his illustrious crew career which led to his stroking the team to a national championship second class year. The end of plebe year found Trevor sucking face with Tricky Vicky after a party. He claims to have been drunk but we all know his attraction to women in uniform.

Youngster year saw Trevor go through two roommates. He started his first affair with a girl bigger than a breadbox and his Dahlgren ventures included kissing snails. Mechanical Engineering presented no major problems until second class year when he found that it wasn't challenging his intellect to its fullest so he decided to move up to Physical Science.

First class year found Trevor accomplishing many milestones. he quit the crew team when he found that he wasn't enjoying it. Who enjoys self abuse anyway? A prospective company sub-commander, Trevor found his quest for stripes foiled. The beginning of second semester found Trevor's weekends occupied by restriction and second class privileges. Service selection night saw the NFO billets rapidly disappearing but the force was with him and he got the last one by the hair on his chinny chin chin.

Good luck in life and cover your six.

George T. Mesora II
Moose
Palo Alto, California
General Engineering, Supply Corps

The "Moose" went on the loose here at USNA from day one. He came here from California via a one year detour up at the watering hole in Newport. Sir Blackington had many conquests during his stay, many of which he can't remember and others he may not want to. This half of the Knit-Wit Brothers' reputation spread from the shores of Ocean City to the sidewalks of Fran Mesora's. However, all was not work for Tom here at the boat school. He spent many a winter day oyster diving, water skiing and surfing. When spring rolls around Tom's motto is "Batt Lax is where it's at." Many women have come to know the "moose", but a special southern belle of Admiral descent seems to have tickled his fancy. The Big Bad "Woof" is off to Athens, Georgia, to the land of "them dogs", pork chops, and Navy Supply School. Good luck in all you do in the future, continue to have fun in life and take care.

KDM

Thomas H. Nelson
Miller
Dixie, Idaho
General Engineering, Surface Line

When researchers found Tom in the Idaho mountains, little did they realize they had found an evolutionary throwback. Tom was raised by a group of destitute bears until he was discovered by a desperate Idaho Blue and Gold Officer. Tom soon came to realize that bears sometimes have better dispositions than some firsties. Shields ring a bell Tom? Having been raised by bears, Tom was naturally accustomed to hibernation. 3 formations a day quickly disrupted his routine, but he did manage to sleep through about 65% of the Naval Academy experience.

Tom was never one to worry about homework when he could be sleeping. His academic life was not a total breeze. He ended up fulfilling his desire to go general at the Naval Academy's request. Tom learned economics first hand when it came time to buy a car. Evil and wicked thoughts of sports cars were not allowed in his mind. I don't think they had a blue Ford Escort in mind when they developed Blue Thunder. And let's not forget the Ring Dance. Being from Dixie, Idaho, population 19, Tom had little contact with females. Tom proved that he did indeed know what they were and how to charm them. You still owe me one for supplying your beautiful date.
D.M.B.

Randall L. Nixon
Randy
Willingboro, New Jersey
Economics, Surface Line

In coming to USNA, Randy turned his back on the ivy covered walls of Harvard. A decision he thought about more than once in the past four years. The better apart of Randy's first two years at the Academy were spent trying to decide which college he would attend after youngster year. But after much thought he decided he couldn't leave all his friends and so he stayed. Down deep we all knew he would.

Randy's first love in life is following sports. Especially the Cowboys and UNC basketball. Randy could be seen spending many a study hour in the wardroom pursuing this interest. And if there were no sports on TV he might just decide to do a little studying to pass the time.

Weekends were Randy's own time, and few were spent around USNA. If he wasn't home visiting his girlfriend, he was out getting rowdy with the boys from sixth company.

Randy is indeed a true friend. One thing he has been heard to say on more than one occasion is that when he leaves here he won't miss the Academy so much as he will his friends. Well, that goes double for all of us. Good luck on the seven seas and please keep in touch.

JPO

Kerim Lamar Powell
Kerry
Chula Vista, California
Systems Engineering, Surface Line

California Beach bum with great ambitions of becoming mature, taking responsibility, and making the college life the best it could be! Just what happened to these last four years. Schittehed was quick to find his long life academy friends, Charlie's Brother and ODR. Bob . . . Wife in California . . . The very few regs he didn't commit . . . But no restriction muster . . . Sailing (on the real team - civilian . . . Cowboy (the one in FL.) . . . Who is driving this car! Not me, not my car! . . . Pass this test, pass this test, nope - nose is still there, Denny's raceway, Sean got us out of it, who was out of it! . . . Cloves . . . Chaw . . . Crackers that fly everywhere, no problem crank the stereo . . . Sister in the bleachers. Your watch, how immature . . . Physical fitness good thing she's a female! . . . I.D. here is some ID . . . Cross country cycling, wait you can't have those . . . Expensive ocean city, Thanks cops? . . . Georgetown, Clarkes, Hamlains. TJ's, Babes, The Bench, Fannys Red Apple, Capones, Timmy's Pyramid of Cans . . . Bos'n. The General . . . Shoulder surgery, We wouldn't want to walk up stairs with a hurt shoulder . . . car, What car? . . . Clean room & on time . . . Thumb cuffs, Hurt me hurt me! . . . what co. are you in? Depends on who is throwing the party, Wait you don't need these lights . . . Wild turkey . . . More cloves . . . T.V. . . . Charter member, Executive assistance & social affairs of the "suds" . . . "life was a bitch, then I graduated!" . . . Seaberg's Raiders never die!

John P. O'Sullivan
Num
Farmingdale, New York
Management, Naval Flight Officer

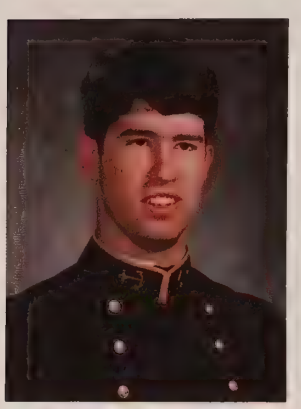
USNA brought many changes in ol 'Nums life. The adjustment was not his alone though. The rest of us had to adjust to his strange accent, such as going out for "pizzer and beah".

Saturday nights were often times to go out and get rowdy. We were always sure to bring Johnny along, since he was the only one who could keep his cool in a partying situation. Many a night his friends watched in awe as Num swooned women ranging from local college coeds to colonels' daughters. Not to worry, ladies, chivalry is not dead.

Johnny was able to endure an interesting first semester first class year as Company Commander, which is a credit to him. He was able to maintain his sanity through a difficult and ever-changing situation. When service selection came around, he chose to be a backseat driver. This was an especially risky choice for John, since he is known to have trouble picking the right controls for the right system. Hopefully, however, memories of the soap dish incident will not follow him into the cockpit.

Num, it's been nice. Seems like just yesterday when we were talking about how much we missed home on a Sunday afternoon during plebe summer. But, as I discovered, home doesn't seem that far away when you have "family" living right down the hall from you. Good luck to you, and hopefully, we'll see each other again while we are still young enough to go out and maybe have one too many. Love ya.

RLN



Brent E. Poynter
Poynt
Harrison, Ohio
Applied Science, Surface Line

Brent came to the six-pack from a small western Ohio town, but no one would call 6′7½″ Poynt-God small. The level-headed guidance of one 1c "CHI" got Brent's naval career off to a start with a lesson in negative leadership. Plebe year progressed and Brent managed one of the most low keyed "plebe experiences" in record history, I didn't even know who he was until the last half of second semester. Youngster cruise took Brent on a tour of the east coast on a "Love Boat". Youngster Syndrome and 3c year passed uneventfully with Brent most likely to be found in the rack after 2200. Second class year saw many changes. Wildwood became a hot spot and Labor Days would never be the same (How 'bout some lime vodka Brent?). October rolled around and Brent met a certain someone at St. Mary's College. Jacquie got her hooks into our stud with a real smooth opener; "You look tall. Wanna dance?". The Dark Ages saw Brent with a '65 Dart and a long haul of SMC, but Brent's scheduled runs were interrupted when he set off a fire alarm while wielding a flaming can of Lysol. Visa and Spring Break took Brent, Jac and the Dart south for some camping. The semester progressed and the Dart was hit and run to death at St. Mary's. First class cruise took Brent to Spain. Following an uneventful 22 day passage, Brent soaked up the sights in Rota for 6 hours. 1c year saw the coming of the "Barracuda, and the culmination of 4 years of sub-squad with his being named Captain of the team. Brent also waged a nip&tuck war with NAVMEDCOM over certain height considerations. When the smoke cleared, Brent had won and he is now bound for pointsunknown on an AFS. Well Brent, it's been real. See 'ya at SWOS.

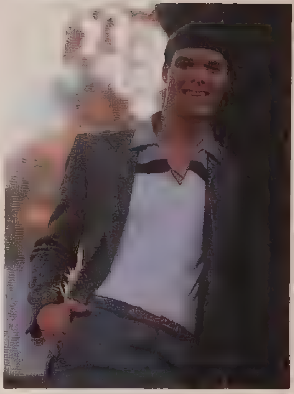
S — TBIRD

Scott H. Randolph
Scott
Mount Prospect, Illinois
Applied Science, Nuke Submarines

Scott H. Randolph blew into Annapolis from a suburb of the Windy City and proceeded to take this place by storm. Scott has earned just about every academic honor that exists on his way to graduating third in the class. He has been selected for the National Dean's List and his honor society memberships include Phi Kappa Phi, Sigma Iota Epsilon, and Omicron Delta Epsilon. Enticed by his advisor youngster year with the opportunity of earning a CPA degree upon graduation, Scott overloaded and completed his major's requirements in seven semesters. Plans changed a little, and now Scott is working on his MBA at the George Washington University. Just what you need for nuke school, right Scott?

Scott was far from one dimensional, however. Originally recruited for Navy's crew team, Scott returned to his first love - basketball. He anchored the Sixth Company's basketball team for three years and the team of the First Battalion for four years. Scott also got physical with his bed springs and a classmate. Oh well, one out of two possible victories ain't bad.

Good luck in the future, Scott. It was great having you for a roommate. Just watch out for the low overheads on your sub.

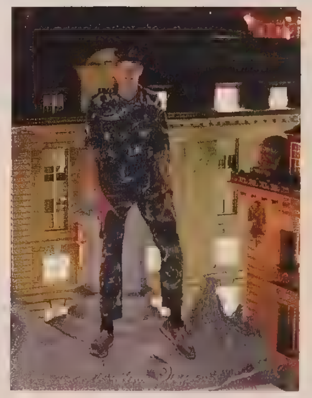


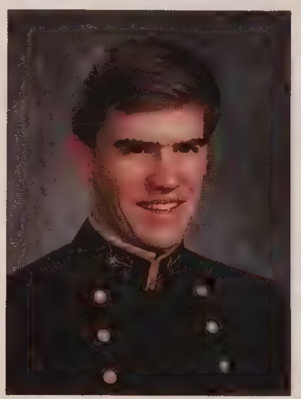
Joseph R. Thien
Mean Joe
Bellevue, Washington
Physics, Surface

After college in a real school for a year, Joe decided to try his luck at USNA. His long and somewhat skinny frame made him quite noticeable to the firsties. Though he didn't mean to, Joe took a lot of heat off his classmates when Chi went flaming. He finally did learn everyones names. Battling with Shields and Petzrick, Joe finally made it to youngster year when he began his battle with physics. In second class year, Joe got tired of homework and decided to build the Army Project. With the help of a few plebes, he created a scale model of Pegasus. It was so good that it fired harpoon missiles, and shot tootsie-rolls out of its bow mount — until the breach blew up that is. After the game, the CO of the Pegasus called from Florida and wanted the float for his command. So that spring break he went to Florida to help the real Pegasus in its operations. First class year, Joe participated voluntarily (what does N-A-V-Y stand for?) in anti-recon patrol to keep certain individuals from moving planes, etc. Maybe the reason the watch worked, was that most of the people who did the move the night before were now guarding against the next heist.

Have fun on the USS Sacramento — you'll do real good, but remember to duck under the low pipes.

T.C.





Eric Gardner Wills
Urchin
Madison, Wisconsin
Economics Major, Nuclear Power

Entering USNA at the age of 17, Eric became lost in the wild jungles of Plebedom with the rest of us. His membership as a C-Company Catotonic and his haircut of Year 1 earned him the playful name of "Urchin." The sailing team and the love for punk rock followed soon thereafter. Youngster year found Eric leading us all in our rebellious lives as tenants of "Youngster Alley." Higher grades, Dahlgren, late nights goofing off, loud stereos, and obnoxious writing on the youngster chalk board were all standards. What fun we had! By 2/C year, the plebes found a new friend affectionately known as Mr. Wills . . . "Sir!" Actually, the plebes feared and respected him at the same time; it was the firsties who were terrified of him. He had the guts to stand up to anyone and was always ready to make a stand on anything. He became a respected leader and friend among us all. Eric's USNA years had great memories including the Christmas Carolers of '84 who sang only during finals; the Punker (aka the girl next door in Madison); the great Russian language revolution; the battalion swimming coach job; Capone's; Big V; the R&R's to Arizona, Long Island, and Japan. Eric's desires to better himself found him harder courses than the matrix required and also holes in his chest from the gold jump wings he earned as a firstie. 1/C cruise convinced him of Nuc. Subs and The Admiral accepted him. NPQ status may put him somewhere else, but wherever he goes he will succeed. God bless you Eric. You're the kind of guy that's got the right stuff. You've been a great Midshipman and buddy. You're what a best friend is all about. Take care Eric and good luck in whatever you do. The Navy needs you! Good luck and Godspeed

2nd
BATTALION

Seven

CALIF
"7" COMPANY
abc
ARMY

NAVY
CLASS OF 8

MARBLEHEAD TO HALIFAX
1983
OCEAN RACE
B.C.O.C.
(BIG CAT ON CAMPUS)
GO
UNIVERSITY
MICHIGAN

John M. Augustine
John
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Physical Science, USMC

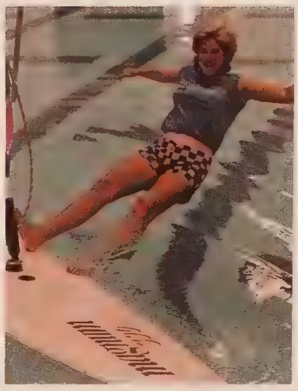
John came to Camp Bancroft from somewhere in Pennsylvania called New Castle (the same as the disease) and, considering what he had to work with, has since done quite well as one of the country's finest. To say that Augie was warped would not be giving him credit, but who needs to give him credit? Needless to say, his unique personality and amazing knack with song lyrics earned him a couple of uncomplementary nicknames; all in fun, of course.

He was much more gungy than anyone would give him credit for, given his extreme apathy and apparent quietness. But from his pre-academy days in the Civil Air Patrol to his summer at Fort Benning he proved that he was a natural for the Green. Okay, so that wasn't his first choice, but we won't rub it in. All he was really interested in, anyway, was Stevie Nicks, his Rack, his pet bat, and the cause of Cicada Man (but that's another story).

After two and a half years as a slave to the Engineering Department, the late hours and few results, he decided that Aerospace wasn't such a big deal and attacked Phi. Sci. instead. So what's it like on the Company Officer's list? Unfortunately, he hasn't been able to fully enjoy the extra liberty since he sold his family and went into debt for the rest of his life to purchase his Machine. Fast cars and fast women, right John? Well, at least fast cars.

Just about everyone likes John, but rumor has it that it's only for the waffles his mom sends. I couldn't say, but in any case we wish you the best at Quantico and in your career. I don't think you will have any problems though; after all, "the Commandant's your friend!"

B.C.



Ronda J. Beagle
Beas
Sacremento, California
Economics, General Unrestricted Line

Ronda, - no H - please, after graduating from H.S. decided to cut her hair and hop on a plane cross country to stay awhile at Dad's alma mater. Before she left home, Big Ron told Ronda exactly how to get through plebe summer at USNA. When Ronda arrived at the airport she was met by Coach Welsh and was issued a pair of crutches. Immediately so she could obtain a medical chit for her knee. This excused her from PEP and enabled her to ride the elevator. Ronda was the only plebe girl in USNA history that was allowed to sit on football T-tables. On occasion Ronda sat on company tables but she would keep a frown on her face in order to scare off anyone that might ask her a question. After plebe summer ended Ronda was still no ordinary plebe - she was allowed to attend dances with second class midshipmen and down a couple of brews. One Spring Break Ronda decided to visit Key West with the Boys - little did the "Bag Lady" know that she would be serving breakfast in bed, bar tending and baby sitting for three drunk fellows. Ronda made her athletic mark at USNA in both sailing and swimming. Before every race in sailing Ronda would check her hair and make-up and prop herself up at the bow as her skipper took charge and sailed by the distracted competitors. RJ has been a fantastic dinghy crew taking Rick to nationals twice. The NADS parties will never be forgotten or remembered. In off seasons Ronda swam, it was phun! phun! phun! She did spend time with others - Ponse's California girl could be found playing jacks with Doug. Remember . . . Clem - "entertain me", JP's bedtime stories, Moe, Flights, and "I'm so wasted". The dirty dog will travel further east - this time to Italy. Ronda has always been a special part of our lives. One of the fruits and nuts of California.

Love, ALVA STODJI!!

William Scott Biel
Big Daddy
Santa Ana, California
English, Submarines

Scott came to the Naval Academy an innocent Southern California beach bum and quickly learned that he was not destined to adjust to civilized eastern ways. Plebe year was a sobering time for Scott (in fact, he seemed to spend a lot of time sobering) and in his role as the Big Daddy, he soon became a 7th company institution.

Big Daddy will always be remembered as being a great-humored (if not somewhat warped) individual, whose literary talents and lack of devotion to studying made his choice of English as a major an easy decision. Many were the nights when Big Daddy could be found behind his typewriter, pipe in mouth, and chuckling to himself. Big Daddy was never at a loss for ways to entertain his classmates and an occasional company officer. His fearless ability to mangle his fists on a bedpost and his unique taste in interior decorating (depending on the availability of a bucket) were always good for a laugh. As the Rockhead Scott had a fondness for butting heads in scrums, against the bottom of a shallow swimming pool, or through night club walls. Yet for some reason this somewhat neanderthal appearing rugger always seemed to be fostering new and beautiful relationships with some very fine looking young ladies. Alas, it appears as though Big Daddy must finally settle down. Service selection found him joining the ranks of the few, the proud, the Nuclear Power English Majors. It's hard to believe that our steely-eyed, blood-n-guts, lady killing Rockhead is destined to be a bubble-head. Keep up the good work, Big Daddy, and good luck, you're going to need it.

A.C., T.P., Ponce, J.J. and "the boys"

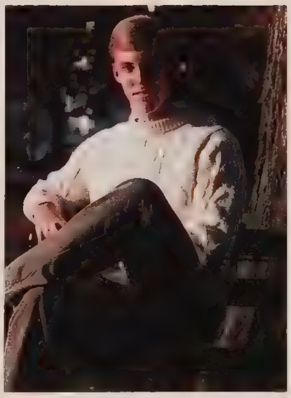
Douglas S. Borrebach
Doug
New City, New York
Oceanography, Supply Corps

Big Dumb Doug, the brain damaged child of Mommy and Daddy Warbucks, met us at NAPS and lived with us at USNA. I'll tell you, after 5 years, nothing has changed. The Big Guy still thinks he is special. Probably the best way to understand Doug is to listen to him talk. (However he does write quite well with a little help) With that in mind, I have assembled some of Doug's more famous quotes . . . "Hey, I play football . . . I'm special . . . I'm a genius . . . I can't go to class; my head hurts . . . The CO said I was a great performer . . . I can't believe my VISA bill; too many ice teas . . . It's time for lasagna at the Olsen's . . . Gee, my car is great . . . I gotta call Nancy . . . I adore my waistline . . . and again . . . I'm special." Although this all may seem conceited, it really isn't. Doug is sincerely special. Well . . . at least one in a million. He's been a loyal friend and we all appreciate it. So to Doug, ole buddy, here's mud in your eye and coffee in your lap. Good Luck and Best Wishes.

The Boys!

Edward George Butler, II
Jorge
Savannah, Georgia
Oceanography, Nuclear Power (subs)

Four years ago, George unplugged his guitars, left Georgia behind, and headed North to find civilization. By some freak accident, he ended up at USNA. Having attended a military high school, George appeared destined for big stripes. Fortunately, the inspiring examples of Big Bird and the Rudder convinced him that aptitude and rank had an inverse relationship at USNA, and his priorities changed. His goal now became that he would spend the next three years improving his guitar technique and waiting for graduation. His original goal of medical school was torpedoed by the consistent (???) Administration policy about medical school, and though he loved spending every Saturday night with Organic labs, Chemistry was soon replaced with Oceanography. This aspiring bubblehead could thereafter be found buying more and more bizarre electronic devices for his music (?) and the rude noises began emerging from his room. A physical wreck, Jorge was nevertheless a definite asset to the company fieldball team, and was the only player who might have enabled us to win a game. Though generally an easygoing guy, George would turn Crimson with anger whenever some uncultured buffoon asked him to put on some AC/DC. Between the ear-splitting sounds of ELP, Yes, and Genesis, George somehow warped his mind sufficiently to decide on Nuclear power, and the nuclear bonus checks were rapidly followed by yet more bizarre guitar equipment. Despite one unfortunate drive with the shore patrol during Protramid, he managed to keep his nose clean during his stay at USNA, and the submarine community can be sure that they are getting a fine officer when George unplugs his guitars once again to head into the fleet. Good luck in the fleet and your music, and save me a ticket!



Scott D. Chesson
Cheeseslice
Goldsboro, North Carolina
Mathematics, Surface Line

The hick came to the boat school from the dirt roads of Goldsboro, N.C. The "cheese-slice" was always bragging about ACC basketball and his purported beer drinking capabilities. Plebe year saw Chess obtaining a credit card at Bob Wards and becoming a charter member of the Marina drinking club. Chess became a notable casualty after one drinking spree with "murph" which resulted in a four minute mile back to USNA. Chess brought his wheels to Annapolis youngster year and became the chauffeur for "the boys." However, first class year saw Chess as a "passenger" instead of the chauffeur. Chess was always up for roadtrips to Hood, Goucher, Dickinson, and any other place which promised a good time. The sex kitten will never forget being dragged along I-95 by a fired-up Chess after a frat party at theta chi. Although not noted for picking up women of large proportions, Chess was occasionally seen with hogs while out with other infamous porker chasers, "Murph" and "Scrogs." Chess made history by being UA two nights in a row while accompanying "Scrogs" on the cannonball run from Goucher one night. The Hood Dog spent many successful nights at the O-Club drinking brews and slam dancing with various and sundry bims. Remember tools, the boys, the scags, toecheese, and losers.

GFM

Steven C. Clemency
Clem
Amherst, New York
Ocean Engineering, Navy Air

Steve woke up one morning with a wicked headache and a lot of new clothes. He had meant to make his escape from NAPS but never got enough clean laundry together for the trip. After fruitlessly searching for his separation papers under his blotter, he decided that he might as well fly high as a pilot. He maintained very respectable grades for a guy who never owned a textbook and only studied five minutes max on the way to class. Why study when you have a perfectly good guitar and plenty of deadly weapons? The only thing more brutal than his truck was the deer that caused him to roll it. (the deer was laughing) He loves to wrestle and would never fight dirty unless he was losing. In Ocean Engineering he specialized in beam theory and buzzard preservation. He has been spotted in certain areas of a particular nature and why not? But no. What's a kid to do in this day and age - assuming Willard isn't around to entertain. If the thrill of flying ever wears off for Steve, we should expect to hear about a mysterious disappearance over Tahiti, however, as long as Steve is in the air, use heavy duty adhesives on all roofing materials.

Brett A. Comstock
Brett
Westland, Minnesota
Oceanography, Geophysics

Brett was accidentally conceived in a freak sewage accident near Detroit. After years of mistreatment by his adopted family of Aborigines bamboo farmers, he left home to join the Navy. Noticing his complete lack of intellect and table manners, a recruiter suggested he try the Naval Academy. Brett did not really understand, but agreed, anyway.

He showed up a day late for Induction, of course, beginning a notorious 4-year span of being late or UA. Brett's unhurried manner and seeming obliviousness of reality earned him an honored place among the ranks of main office restrictees. Many a taps-taker appreciated his nightly transformation into the invisible man, vanishing for hours into some far-off telephone booth to chat with the wife (whose name I couldn't spell if I tried). Is marriage in the future? Are dead frogs squishy?

An avid member of the God Squad, Brett spent many nights curled up with a Good Book, jamming with AC-DC and the Plasmatics or, everyone's favorite, David Meece.

First class year saw Brett buy a truck and, soon thereafter, do a kamikaze routine on a certain 0-6's van. Oops! (He still swears he wasn't driving). Never one to take studying seriously, he spent hours reading comic books or trying to become Japanese. Somehow he still managed to get decent grades in his oceanography major. (An occasional all-nighter and bottle of No-Doze helped).

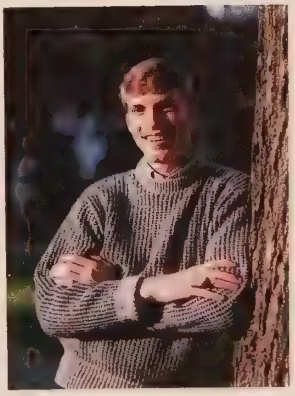
The future will find Brett up to his elbows in mud or pork chops. Either Geophysics or Supply Corps will be getting a fine naval officer. The other will get Brett. (Just kidding!) Best of luck to a very good friend, and long live Cicada Man!

Bradley Evan Flock
Braddie
Evergreen, Colorado
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Braddie has never been known for his good luck. Second Class year his car was found inside the magic circle when a 2nd class alley local called Main-o to report a vandalized Mid's car. It seemed that someone liked his car stereo and didn't like his windows, (he is still trying to find this anonymous samaritan in order to thank him properly.) I don't understand him being so upset. Even though he couldn't use his car to see his fianceé, he still had his Y.P. Many of his Squadron mates know how he used his Yippie to see her (unlike the youngsters with the spotlight, I don't know everything that happened, so I'll leave it to the imagination. Good vino, though, eh Flockhead.) I hope she doesn't take this wrong though; how could he live without the girl who thinks he looks "good as sh —." Besides, we all know how much trouble he gets into when he doesn't have his woman, just ask Elowyn.

Flockhead spends so much time in 31st Co. that I wonder if his company even knows who he is. After all, he went three weeks without showing up for taps because they saw him so seldom they thought he was a three-striper. Second class year he spent so much time in 31 that their plebes called him the "out-of-company-outcast." The question is, where is this going to appear - under 7th Co. or 31?

DAD 31

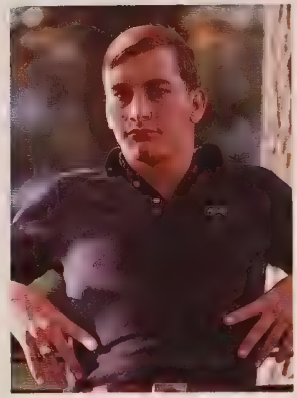


Mary Virginia Forehand
VA
Rockville, Maryland
Oceanography, Supply Corps

Virginia came to us running at full speed and hasn't stopped yet. A "Marylander" at heart, she put up with our "Maryland driving" jokes for four years. Plebe year was so long ago, but we're still together (minus the "Green One" who will always be one of the gang). We'll never forget the singing chow calls, RATS (in the ceiling too), Dr. Demento's Another one rides the bus, the Time Warp, the ice cream fork in your sock, and beaming aboard Scotty. I guess we've come a long way from the crazy yet "so innocent" Plebettes. The best years are yet to come. Home has never been too far away; Mom's Annapolis Apartment has always been a handy escape from institution life, huh, Tom? 1/c year has gone by faster than ever for us all. As Cross Country captain, the 7th company Studette kept the team moving at a quick pace despite her own injuries. Did the Poison Control ever help??? Not one to limit herself, VA kept up her skiing, going "Big" with the trip out West to see Big Ron and the Beagle Bunch, our extended California family.

Well VA has decided to head south to Athens, Ga. where she will attend Supply School. A closer friend there cannot be in times of high and low - you were there. We wish you and Tom the best in life - LIVE. As always . . .

ADW & MAR



Glenn D. Gurbach
Mr. Gurbs
Woodbridge, New Jersey
General Engineering, Marine Corps

Glenn is a redneck in the true sense of the word, despite his modest beginnings in Northern (Woodbridge) N.J. The Naval Academy wasn't sure what to do with Gurbs, so they pushed him off on NAPS. He arrived at the Naval Academy a little less than anonymously, and quickly made himself at home, complete with a spittoon. Plebe year came and went, and with a stripe, a 71 Lemans, and a little more freedom, he managed to make a lasting impression on Lcdr. Rudd . . . Within 3 months, Mr. Gurbs managed to redefine the word conduct case, with 2 black N's and 60 days restriction . . . As a new 2nd class on summer cruise he further distinguished himself as one of the "boys of 3c". Being a good redneck, Gurbs bought a 4x4 truck to compliment his wardrobe of flannel shirts and down vests . . . Just 2 days later, it was off to Hawaii for a 6-week vacation compliments of the Marines. This solidified his position in the mean green team, which accepted him despite the regulation against ugliness. Gurb's idea of a perfect weekend is going out to destroy forests armed with an axe, a bottle of J.D., and a few friends. Good luck in the Corps, we're going to miss ya.

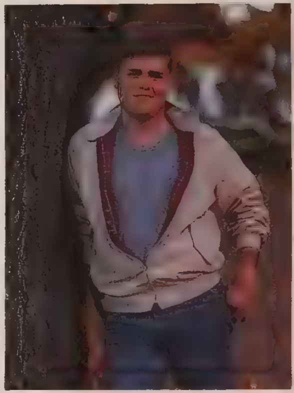
RAK and JSM

Thomas W. Horn
Tom
Springfield, Ohio
Political Science, USMC

Tom-Tom got off the hayride in Springfield, O-Hi and journeyed his way to USNA to become a lean, mean, fight'n, Marine. It was obvious from day one that Tom-Tom was destined to be a Marine. For some reason ships never agreed with him. Every time he went to sea on a YP, he would manage to fall off so he could hit the beach running. When Tom-Tom finally dried off he would put in a dip and hit the books. This Academic Scholar for some unknown reason did not like any class that dealt with V=IR or F=MA or any course requiring a calculator. But Tom did well in classes that required term papers. After reading the book in EE Tom would write a 12 page paper that evening and type 'til the sun rose the next morning. Only problem with this is that Tom would sleep through the class it was due for. Tom was also "Mother Hen" for his roommates - his duties included cleaning the room, putting out the TRAISH, folding and putting away the "landry" and occasionally he became the duty writer. His roommates appreciated Tom's effort and frequently rewarded him with a shin massage. Tom's roommates loved to party with Tom because they would always look forward to waking to find him sleeping on the floor with his head in the shower. Tom seemed to have a knack for breaking women's hearts' when he told them it was over. No girl could ever bring herself to date another man after Tom.

Well Tom, it was fun, Clem and I are sure glad you were there from beginning to end; The Boys will miss you —

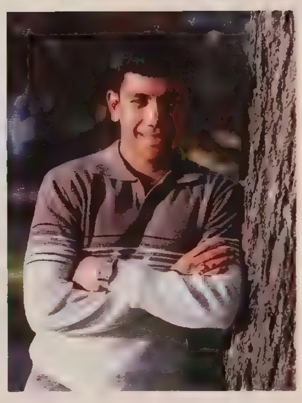
S&D



Russell Krause
Krash
Orlando, Florida
Physics, Navy Pilot

Russ came from Orlando via every other place in the world to USNA. The upper class immediately recognized his strong attention to details and set out to make Russ the best marcher. By second semester he had cleaned up his act considerably. He began his brilliant academic career every semester believing he was headed to an ac board. Even 1st class year with a 3.00 he swore he flunked his exams. 3rd class year, Russ began working on his image as a man who can hold his liquor. He nearly passed out at Gary's house, but did manage to navigate the stairs with uncommon grace. After an ill placed kick to Gurbs car, he quickly learned the redneck's revenge while flying through the air. A legend on the pool table, Russ was a good man to play if you were thirsty. 2nd Class year brought the discovery of the wonders of Dahlgren women, several of which left their marks on his collarline. Unable to control himself in the middle of a session on the upper deck by the AOOD, who was not amused by our hero. First class year went slow until "krash" decided to fly on instruments in his month old car, ending up against a tree on service selection night. Good luck in flight school and may your instrument landings be much smoother -

JSM and GDG.



Danny B. Kumangai
Dan
Spanaway, Washington
Operations Analysis, Navy NFO

This is the story of my life:

- born in Tacoma, Washington
- graduated from Bethel Sr. High School (Spanaway, Washington)
- attended U.S.N.A.
The End (for now . . .)

Andrew C. Litton
Andrew
Great Falls, Virginia
Political Science, U.S. Marine Corps

"Andrew C." Litton is a man of many guises and relatively few words. It's rumored that Andy, who spent his early years "all over the place" never really understood what he was getting into by coming to USNA. This fact became apparent to all of us on I-Day when Andy asked if he could have his WUB"D" shirts in a Hawaiian print. Spending his formative years under the heavy yoke of grade troubles, the Rudder, and last (but least), "My hands are Tied" T.V.P., 'ole Monkey Head's determination paid off in the end — and proved an inspiration (tee hee, tee hee) to the rest of "The Boys" (i.e. Scurf, Scrodfish, Chessdog, Burrow, Walt, Brownie, and Big Daddy.) Youngster year the humble abode of Captain Bob and the Mrs. became a convenient base of operations for The Boys' Georgetown-related extra-curricular activities. Also that year, A. C. emerged as a subtle operator when we discovered that he'd had eyes for "The Doctor" all along. Having wasted his summers at various "Gunge" schools, it wasn't surprising to learn that he's happily anticipating a bright future in the Corps as a "Ground-Pounder." His occasional evening cultural excursions with The Boys and Moms Freeman's Army parties made a lasting impression on this vulnerable young innocent from behind the "white picket fence." We only hope that sometime in the future — perhaps about ninety years, 'ole Andrew C. will appreciate all we've done for him. The Rabbits Are Coming! Hurray! Hurray!

Cameron A. Manning
Cam
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Navy Pilot

When his reputation prevented him from finding any unsuspecting maidens in Huntingdon, Cam chose to come to the Naval Academy. He was disappointed to find that there weren't many girls at USNA, but that didn't stop him. As a result the girls of Baltimore, Washington, and yes, even Annapolis suffered.

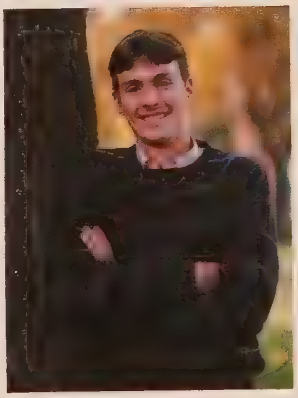
When Cam wasn't chasing women he had his nose buried in thermo, fluids and heat transfer. He survived the likes of Rocket Reed, Wild Bill Lee and all the other wizards of the M.E. department.

Cam rolled in one weekend second class year with his new ride and decided to find out how many miles you could drive without going anywhere. He decided riding around would be more fun if he did it in an airplane so he's Pensacola bound. The Academy might miss Cam, but that's okay.

John S. McCormick
Spock
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Computer Science, Nuke Subs

John emerged from somewhere in Wisconsin (was it Milwaukee?) to appear at USNA. His pointed sideburns and thin face quickly brought comparisons with Mr. Spock, generating a new nickname. Plebe year brought the introduction of his lifelong idol, Marshall Rice, who bounced himself out of Aero trying to enhance John's professional development. Swimming brought about an escape from the drudgery of plebe year. John's education in women began on a sour note at the close of plebe year, when he proceeded to try to educate a young lady on the fine points of life at 11:00 on a Wed. with 100 proof coursing through his veins. He never saw her again . . . His education continued in this tradition with two "almost" dates to Homecoming. A memorable moment of youngster year was Q-ball's party, where too many beers and crabs brought about a uniform conflict where every one came back in civies. Big Daddy and he had an argument over who had responsibility for the uniforms, which resulted in his narrowly escaping a flying fist which hit the rack behind him. John thought it was only fair to let him connect with another punch. Second class year brought road trips to Westminster, which included a game in which he drank 12 times before he realized that the others were cheating. Good luck bubble head, and may your kids not glow.

RAK and GG



Gerard F. Murphy
Murf
Williston Park, New York
Political Science, NFO

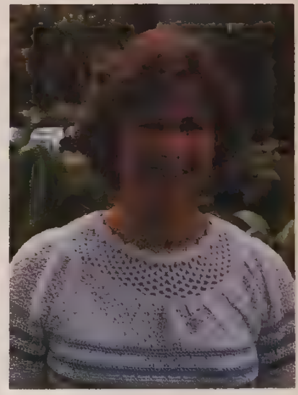
Murf came to U.S.N.A. from this land. He quickly managed to impress everyone with his razor sharp wit and dashing good looks. During his four years at the institute for rehabilitation and correction, he was a regular at restriction muster and the conduct office. He will always be remembered as a man who could party with the best of them. Good luck and good riddance.

Mary Kathleen Murray
Kathleen
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Political Science, Supply Corps

Pecs, pecs, and more pecs. That was the main reason we could always find Kathleen at Navy Wrestling matches. Besides, Guy was there — the second class who Kathleen swore she would never date. It's hard to say just who was the real love of her life — her Columbian pooch, Mini-Can, or Guy. But it doesn't make that much difference, anyway. They were both short and furry (in her own words!). But Kath always did have a way with words — a unique, MKM style. If something ever needed to be said (and even if something **didn't** need to be said), we could count on her to fill the gap. They must never have covered the topic of discretion in the poli-sci department. Kathleen's quick wit, good-natured personality, and eternal teasing always made her the focal point of conversations. Her way with words even kicked off Plebe Summer ("But, Sir! I was chopping so fast that I didn't see you!") and lead to the defeat of the Ax Board — multiple times. First class academics finally left her some breathing room, though, and she took up Navy cheerleading and headed the Catholic Choir. Despite all of her official activities, however, the Small One always found time for fun. Between playing tricks on the plebes, baking cookies (well, she got out the chocolate chips, anyway), building a chaplain snowman, and shopping, Kath still had time to listen and share confidences with anyone who wanted to talk. Squeezing pecs, leading cheers, wearing an 84 jersey when delivering Easter baskets after taps as a plebe . . . although she's small, Kathleen will never fade into the woodwork, and she's always remembered with love. And Kath — Guy called.

Lou Anne Nesta
Lou Anne
Waterbury, Connecticut
Mathematics, General Unrestricted Line

"Hell on the Hudson . . . damn the Class of '81!" Lou Anne was the first plebe in our class who learned to "wipe it off." But the smile remained, despite the unending disapproval of the 2nd Batt CDR. And her smile caught the attention of at least one 2/c in 7th. "Oh, Mith Nethta! I'm thtanding under the mitheltoe!" But maybe he was just there for the potato chip cookies sent in chow packages by Lou Anne's mother, grandmother, and aunt. Awnt, I mean — she's a New Englander! Youngster year Lou Anne was either in the gym working out, in Mark's room with her coffee cup, or in Ward Hall at the computers. She should have given up on computers and taken up writing: "How to survive on All-Nighters!" When Lou Anne's coffee partner graduated, She needed a replacement. But one wasn't good enough; enter Tom (x2). The "youngsters of America" were a highlight for Lou Anne in her firstie year. No wonder she had to stay up all night to study. Between her visits with the Toms and her time in the gym, only the nights were left for studying. Despite her grace on the beam, bars, and floor, Lou Anne's characteristic Rocky Balboa walk in her Navy issue B-robe could be spotted a mile away in company area. It was even identifiable at the company officer's wedding — one of the three documented instances of Lou Anne in a skirt. Now Lou Anne is heading for Charleston, SC as an 1100 officer and to a billet in electronic warfare. No computers, but close! Good luck in the Fleet, Lou Anne . . . where coffee pots are reg!



Andrew Craig Ponseigo
Ponse
Littletown, Colorado
Applied Science, Navy Air

We all know about Ponse's illustrious football career. Somehow Ponse convinced reporter, Joe Gross, to print that he was an all-American boy who had girls waiting in line to see the god from Navy. Well, at least they got the all-American right. Ponse was in bed every night at 11 PM to make sure he got his 8 hours of beauty sleep. Heaven help you if you woke the slurp monster with the cotton in his ears. Occasionally, Ponse had nightmares about his roommates snoring and woke up screaming. Although he annoyed his roommates doing so; he made up for it by always being able to get his friend the Army 1st LT. to fix the plumbing anytime he asked. Ponse could always talk his way out of anything that was too physically exhausting. If it wasn't getting out of weight training, it was convincing the coaches that he should not play spring ball because he might get injured. Although Ponse was not on the gridiron out of season he was always working hard, playing baseball for Stiff and taking early morning runs at Univ. of Md. When not involved in sports Pons had other endeavors to take up the time. Whenever on a road trip he could always come through as the travel agent and find housing for all - such as O. C. Other things went from chasing to his constant fight against campers to his medical degree in lip sores. Ponse will leave his friends to go to flight school to continue his so-called all-American life. We'll miss you Ponse, especially Spoon (13). Gobble Gobble.

DaJ

Marjorie Ann Rawhouser
Mar-r-r-j
York, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering, Surface Line

Who would have guessed four years ago that the Navy was a nightmare, not an adventure. From one Systems course to another and from Statics to Fluids, they made "Pyscho" look like a Disney movie. If it wasn't one of Prof. Olsen's problems keeping us up late, it was one of our many men problems. But you solved that by getting engaged. The poster in Smoke Hall ("Congratulations M/LT Marjorie and M/ENS Jerome") added a little levity to Parents Weekend.

Believe it or not every storm ends in a rainbow. They never let us forget that "this is the number one System Engineering school in the country" so a degree from here isn't too bad. (Neither is a husband.) I wish you all the best. You've been a great friend.

CMG

As plebe year roommates, we'll always share good memories . . . At least the RATS never got us — we had the "Green one" to protect us — and the beloved Dr. Demento! Yes, just "another one rides the bus!" The Orangemen and "California Dreamin" kept us busy. Strange? We understand.

D&B kept you out of trouble — never mind those "late night" practices. I guess you learned then that you would have to straighten out the Corps as sub-commander. It developed a "FUNK-Y" beat and lots of headaches — but we loved you and your xylophone! Halftime will never be the same.

There's so much more ahead — who knows what surface/EDO will bring — but remember, you can be the best. Go for it Marj — you're a sure success (at least that's what they keep telling us!)

VA

James M. Schofield
Jim
Glenshaw, Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering, Surface Line

Jim, from do'n Pittsburgh, graced us with his presence for four years. His is a story of transition from naive innocence to Company Commander/thug. For three years, Jim studied hard, dedicted himself to crew and engineering, and generally watched his ego grow. Then first class year, Jim wised up and his attitude changed. Now it was time to put certain trucks to the impact test, engage in fiscal insanity, and pursue many a clandestine adventure. But with all this Jim still found time for helping and such, as it might be. The only thing left unchanged was Jim's inflated ego. Furthermore, at Army, Jim discovered girls could be more than sisters; the girls at UCLA really blew him away. No one could have anticipated the change to overcome this one time Shirley Temple. Although he still keeps the fifth wing awake with his snoring, Jim basically gave up studying and going to class; "If I don't sleep now I'm liable to miss a lot more school." After all an ounce of natural intelligence is worth a pound of study. Good luck in Surface/Diving and hit those deckplates skulking.

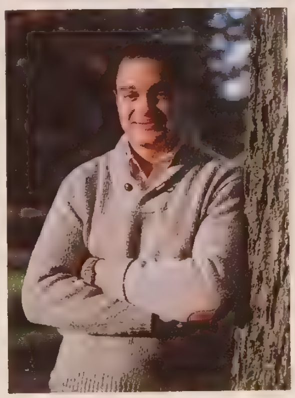
Willard Tillman, Jr.
Boro
Mount Holly, New Jersey
Physical Science, Surface Warfare

Willard Tillman arrived at the Boat School directly from the garbage state at exit 5 of the New Jersey Turnpike. He came with high expectations of doing well in academics. His efforts were thwarted as instead of becoming a Trident Scholar the Boro became a Tri-Board Scholar. Willard is one of the only surviving mids on a first-name basis with the officers of the Ac-board. He tried to improve his grades by obtaining tutoring from the "schoolteacher" up at Rutgers.

Willard and the boys were always up for a hike into Chocolate City in order to obtain a few pints of MD 20/20. Sex Kitten and Cheese Slice brought the Boro on a magic carpet ride down to Florida. Willard earned the respect and admiration of the Georgia Bulldogs by chugging a pitcher of beer, but soon lost it by losing it in the parking lot.

Willard was always spouting the virtues of the Boss, Winston's, The Riviera, Philly cheese steaks, and Billy Penn. Good luck and good riddance.

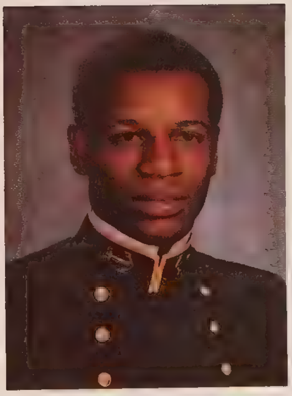
S.K.



Scott O. Vogel
Scrodfish
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Oceanography, Navy Air

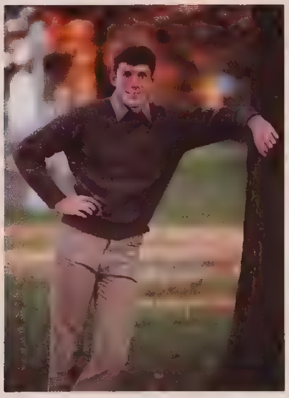
Scott Vogel came to USNA with a beer in one hand and a baseball mitt in the other After I-Day they were replaced by a form 2 and a rifle for all the ED he accumulated. Plebe year was made a little easier by visitors from the Hawk and his "sister" Patty. After enduring the unnatural horrors of being under Gay Ray, he had an easier time second semester. Youngster year brought new roommates (AC and Sex Kitten). While fun was had by all in the Disco Shack, many weekends were spent at restriction due to frequent visits by the Rudder. Second semester saw a successful baseball season as Vogues recorded two saves and his N in the College World Series. After "the Boys" and the tenement room was officially disbanded, second class year saw more studying and even greater partying. Roadtrips to Hood and Goucher became a graduation requirement. One particular adventure occurred after partying at Theda Ki and Goucher where Mario Andretti Vogel picked up 3 speeding tickets and still managed to return 45 minutes late for taps. Baseball was made a little easier by the gentle teachings of "Stiff". First class year saw the break-up of his romance with Patty, and romantic interludes with Slimy Sue, Fatty Addy, and Bonzo Bonnie. You always knew you were in trouble if Vogel ended up with the better looking girl. Who can ever forget the beer bongs, "the wild things", Moms Freeman, party animals, Billy Penn, and the Jersey Shore. Good Luck in P'Cola. I rank him 5 of 4.

"Murf the Surf"



Terrance B. Walton
Walt
Piscataway, New Jersey
General Engineering, Marines

From the rockies to the Jersey shore never before has any seen the likes of Terrance Bernard Walton. He came to U.S.N.A. via NAPS and a KZ650. Terry became an aerospace engineer for a couple of years, but somehow we all knew that wouldn't last. Later he went to general as was expected. His academic ability was nevertheless up to par Plebes loved chatting with Terry about menues and major events, even when he woke them out of a sound sleep along with anyone else in the area. From boxer to pimp, from afro to skinhead Terry just couldn't make up his mind. He knew he wanted to be a marine and a marine he'll be. See you later guys and gals, old Terry will only be around for so long.



Jeffrey James Weber
JJ
Massillon, Ohio
History, Marine Corps

JJ got up one fine morning in God's country, Ohio, pulled his boots on, hitched up the wagon, and set out to take a load of pierogis to market. Missing the turnoff to Cuyahoga, he ended up in Annapolis where he traded his pierogis to an evil man dressed sharply in green and black who was sent by The Great Deceiver (Genl. Barrow). In return JJ signed numerous pacts to enter the Few, the Proud after a purgatorial stay at USNA to thoroughly pollute his impressionable young mind.

Jeffrey was soon crushed into the proper mold of an officer candidate through the faithful, guiding hands of great leaders of men such as Moe man, and the omniscient Man in Black. How could he not succeed? Being of unsound mind and sound body (are you kidding?), JJ joined the lightweight crew team for a tour of pain which lasted several months until he wised up. Or did he? Soon he was heard to say, "But sir, you didn't say we couldn't meet young ladies in the library." And so he went on in his mediocrity and his history major.

Come second class year JJ opened his eyes and found out that he was smart and had a twisted penchant for bombarding his cranium with tons of old information and war strategies that define the History major. And so his QPR did soar and he did feast upon the Gabriel, and Fripp, and Emerson, and other eccentric musicians that played unto his eclectic ear.

His pacts have now been called up and he is ready to embark on the great life of a married, evil man in green. Here's hoping you live to hit many a beach, JJ! Good luck.
E.G.B.

Allison Dee Webster
Al
Birmingham, Michigan
Naval Architecture, Navy Pilot

"Big Al" sailed to Annapolis on a windsurfer from the "M-Go-Blue" state of Michigan (or state of mind). She surprised us all when she earned an honorary seat with "The Boys" by coming up with a few surprises of her own. Also, as one of "The Girls" she found Tahoe skiing to be the best around. Back at school, the offshore sailing team offered an outlet for her abilities and her frustrations. When "which boat" was the choice for most members, Allison was busy choosing "which Skipper" Only she knows if tall, blond, and blue eyes is the "Right Stuff." (We think so) Sailing was great for Al - races, overnighters, and Spitfire at the "Christman Yacht Club." But all things grow old at some point, and sailing for the Academy "coaches" was no exception. Red tape took its toll. However, we know she'll have the last laugh on them. If sailing on ships weren't enough, Allison chose to draw them too. She chose the toughest major at USNA - Naval Architecture. A struggle, yes, but hey, wasn't it worth it??? We all knew Al was destined to lead, and finally, when someone with a **mind** recognized that fact, Al became our Seventh Co. Sub-Cdr. We'll never be the same.

Well, finally Al's on her way to Pensacola (via Kingsville of course), bound to be Navy's finest pilot ever. No one could be prouder than we are of Allison. Her spirit, determination, good nature, and great sense of humor and fairness easily earned her the respect and place in the hearts of her good friends. When you need a friend, Al is always there. And, although far away, Al, we'll always be here for you. Best of Luck - The Sky's the limit!!!
VA

Rose-Ann Leonie Wix
Rosie
Columbia Station, Ohio
English, Marine Corps

"Misss Wixx. We are not here to observe your ——. GET 'EM IN!" And such was the beginning of Rose-Ann's career at USNA. Her chronic inability to do chow calls (except at Christmas, when they took on a musical flavor) and membership in the "square club" characterized Rose-Ann's plebe year. Rose-Ann was always active in social life at Navy. Her bubbly personality made her a natural on her version of **Let's Make A Deal: Let's Make A Fiance.** Behind Door #81 was Jim Stewart, and behind Door #83 was Jim too — Duran, that is. The Mexican boxer was Rose-Ann's harlequin hero come to life. One wedding dress, two engagement rings, and a full wardrobe later, Rose-Ann found herself looking at Door #85: the Piano Man. Sgriggs. Finally, there was someone who enjoyed music as much as she did. Consequently, if we saw one, we saw the other, and, in any case, we could always hear the duet. That was expected, though, because it was Rose-Ann's singing that made her life at the Academy both happy and exciting. How many mids can say they shook hands with the CNO and the SecNav, danced with the Sup, and wore the 'Dant's cover? That was not enough, though, because after two starring roles in two Gilbert and Sullivan operettas as the soprano, she finally got what she had always dreamed of: the soprano solo in the Easter Messiah. We knew she had it in her. Everyone knew that Rosie was unpredictable, but the biggest surprise to us all was when our soprano decided to go Corps (and not Supply!). No one really believed it until she started locking her door between 2230 and 2300 so the plebes couldn't shave her head. But Rose-Ann — they never told you. Music isn't an MOS.

Diane Marie Wuestenberg
Lady Di
Carson City, Nevada
English, Supply Corps

It's hard to say whether this should be about Diane or the Carson City crowd (that's Nevaaada): Kiffer, Jess, Wizzy, Mama, Papa, and of course, Teacher. Diane wasn't too homesick, though; she always had Froggy and Captain Kirk nearby. And she maintained her hug quota in the Navigators, but once the cute guys graduated, she had to go elsewhere, like the conditioning squad. We all knew why she **really** failed the mile: Tim and/or Rich. By firstie year, it looked like she'd even follow her 2nd LT to the Corps. O.K. So there's a difference between supply and semper fi. Diane's roomies' motto was, "If you want something done right, do it wrong, and Diane will fix it, just like 'Mama.'" She was our mom and could be counted on to hand out bandaids, hugs, or candy bars, depending on what hurt. She was also our "Abbey" and Betty Crocker, yet could break doors like Bruce Lee. These traits, though, did not reduce her literary skills. She devoted so much time to our papers that it would have been quicker for her to have written them, and then she might have gotten her own in on time. All of this (and her experience as a 2nd grade CCD teacher) prepared her for firstie year when she spent a semester as an English prof. drilling reluctant plebes in "poetry and the novel." And no one got up quite like she did: bright-eyed, bushy-tailed . . . We know. Consider ourselves counseled. But after 9:00, her mood improved, and she became the talkative girl with the cheery smile that we all loved — even if the talk **was** occasionally in German. Maybe two summers in Germany were too much. But one word we did learn. Good luck, Lady Di, and . . . Tschuss!

Eight

Richard J. Babicz

Rick
Peabody, Mass.
Oceanography, Navy Air

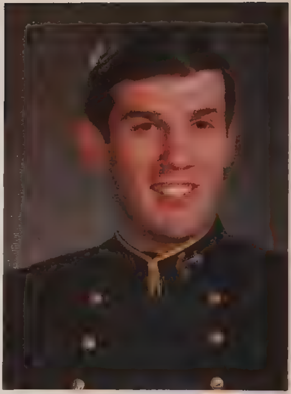
There are few Bostonians that will tolerate listening to hardcore country music; but then, Rick wins the award for tolerance. Having gone through ten roommates from ten different states Rick has put up with all their quirks and activities, which were many. Plebe year it was the strange Belcher-Lluy comedy routine and the effective studying that was accomplished living in a wild four man room. 3/c year, Bernie's throat clearing was even too much for those who lived across the hall, and the wild nocturnal antics of Stu and Chim brought Rick to the verge of "Red-Eye." After all this excitement Bov proved boring, so Rick moved into the Tavern. Through it all Rick has somehow remained friends with these former roomies, a credit to his "merlowicity."

Hobbies have eaten up Rick's time here. Basketball, magic, scrimshaw, scuba, investing, tarantula-raising, photography, and bowling have claimed Rick's undivided attention at one time or another. Actually, it was not so undivided when considering that the only remaining plebe relationship was the one between him and Marianne.

Until 1/c year, Rick had been our class company commander. We suppose this P-3 bound boy was just not the right type for a Nuke Company Officer. Rick however, received his per diem, namely, a piece of mind and lots of sleep.

Rick will be remembered most for his unlimited 2/c weekends, the H's, and his future marriage with his Boston beauty. Good luck with the marriage, Rick, and make sure you can sing your kids to sleep with Jed & Mo Christmas Carols.

Nostrovia! *CHIM*



David R. Benson

Walpole, Mass.
General English, Navy Air

Dave's career at USNA had a strange turn of events. He spent more time in Dahlgren Hall and took more weekends as a plebe than he did first class year. Plebe year was very exciting. He spent many Saturday nights entertaining his young female admirers in his Penthouse hockey loft. It's also great having upperclass friends you can borrow letter sweaters from; except dancing on the dance floor as a plebe is bound to attract attention mainly from second class element leaders. Dave took hockey seriously, he needed his pre-game nights sleep so bad that he would actually tape the lightswitches so his roommates wouldn't come in and wake him up. Dave took academics seriously, gouge was his middle name. If he had studied as hard as he worked gathering gouge he'd be a 4.0 student with honors. If he had ever shared his gouge with all his "buddies" they would be 4.0 students as well. If there was one thing that Dave never took seriously was his feet which smelt so bad that his own mother sent care packages with odor eaters in them. In all fairness Dave's career at USNA was very successful. He set high standards for himself and worked hard at achieving them all. Dave, we will all miss you very much and we wish you the best of luck. Remember Dave, all good men come out on top.

"I go to the fleet with many fond memories of my family, my friends on 5-3, those who I skated with in Dahlgren Hall and thsoe who encouraged me in the faith. I thank you all." John 1:12, Romans 12, 2 Cor. 4:6

Samuel Roderick Bovington

"Sudden Sam"
Helena, Montana
Aerospace, Nuclear Submarines

Montana, the "Big Sky Country" where men are men and sheep are nervous. Especially when Sam is around. Roderick needed a break in the action so he came to USNA. Chased by women whose names he couldn't remember and by drunken Indians was almost too much for Sambo. Besides, the Academy is "like falling off a log, it's cake!" Sam was in for a surprise, though. He had to survive many a "blizzard in suitcase." The Aero Major put his gouge-hunting techniques, and his un-ending luck to the test. Youngster year saw Sam trying to be a 150's stud. "Sam I Am" lettered the first season and played out his contract the following year, and then became a free agent. Instead of pursuing football further, he found the rack more appealing. During that tumultuous second class year, tumultuous for any Aero, he avoided public drunkenness by passing out in a sailboat at the Afterdeck. Captain Cub-Scout still wanted an explanation.

First Class year brought us the "VISTA CRUISER", the ultimate touring machine, and a number of new global tragedies. Sudden Sam suddenly decided to go Nuke Subs. Quite a shock to everyone, including Sam. Yes, his eyes cheated him out of an Air billet (The Navy's Loss), So he decided that if he could not fly a navy jet, he'd make enough money to buy one of his own. The fun continues at USC for TAD. No Geek, no A.C., but he can still have tasty-treats and pick fights with drunks.

Mark W. Chimiak
Chim
Wilmington, North Carolina
Economics, Marine Corps

Early in July of 1980 the gates of Dixie opened up and sent north a semi-cultured hick from North Carolina that we affectionately grew to call "the Chim". Being a legacy and with backing from "the Captain", Chim was destined for the waves. What happened? What caused him to go with the Green Team? Was it his love of late night pyrotechnics, amphibious landings with captain Smith, exercise (impossible situps), uniform standards (working uniform Sahara), camping trips, or just green things (pet moss) that drew him to the Corps? Whatever the reason for joining the killer Boy Scouts, We'll never know.

After a quick bout with crew and soccer Plebe year, Chim settled into academics. He chose physics only to learn later that he loved the penny more than the proton. Econ allowed Chim to indulge in his two favorite pastimes: bull&%#@ing and foreign languages. Hours of German practice out on the balcony led to two trips to Germany. Will Europe ever recover?

Chim has left many fond memories: hulk underwear ... special request chit to the deputy for his N.C. flag ..: deposits by monuments throughout the yard ... Prof. Perchesterminson ... country music come arounds ... red eye ... a 25 hr. semester with a 3.6 ... prehensile toes ... Merlism ... his service sélection dilemma ... The list is endless.

Whatever the future holds for you Chim: Good luck, Godspeed, and Nostrovia.

RJB

Tito P. Dua
Hindu
McLean, Virginia
General Engineering, Surface

Tito hails from the far away country of India actually he lives in McLean, Va. but don't tell him, because he might go home more often.

He came to Canoe-U (what seems like an eternity ago) with a ready smile, a happy go lucky attitude, and a mother who can cook.

Tito divided most of his time here at the Boat school either working out, chasing women, playing cards, drinking with the boys, chasing women, watching Dynasty and Dallas on the tube, chasing women, reading Nick Carter, and studying only when absolutely necessary (if his weekends were in jeopardy).

His easy going & laid back manner combined with his sauve and debonair personality always seemed to get him what he wanted & at times more than he bargained for.

A few things to remember along the way: chow packages from Wash., dentist mirrors, Timmy's, the aftermath of the Dynes final, Franny's, ski bunnies that just were not there, the lights (in Dahlgren) and in Wilksbarre. The Big Guy, Spider man, camping UVa, DFWMB, flights to France and Spain, Sullness, Stu, Bone, Chim, Proch, Plum, Bird, Steph, and last but not least Dealta Change — The list could go on but who has the time.

Well good luck you little Hindu - May James (Shaken not stirred), Nick, Conan, and Rocky protect your passage to wherever you are going, and may someday you meet the girl of your dreams (Indian or not) and settle down (once and for all).

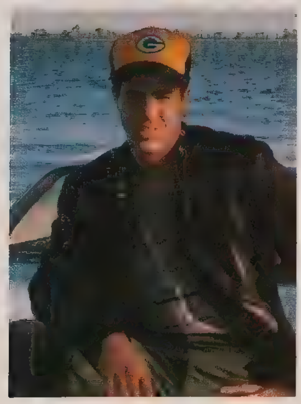
T.A.R.P.

Alexander E. Farrell
The Wildman
Denville, New Jersey
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Subs

For Al Farrell, the Academy was a place to recover from the alcohol culture and to escape New Jersey. Systems Engineering was a way to learn more about stereo equipment. Study hour was a time to catch up on sleeping and to drive his roommate crazy with his strange musical tastes. He filled the airways with the noises made by his favorite punk rock bands on WRNV. Unlike most of the clowns at RNV, Al was at least a "Rock 'n Roll DJ".

The Wildman danced from tabletop to tabletop in such places as the Georgetown pub, Dahlgren Hall, and the Wardroom. Warning: To avoid this sort of impulsive, hedonistic behavior, never play the songs "Shoutt" or "Jungleland" within earshot of Al Farrell. To avoid other violent behavior, never blaspheme Mr. Springsteen by calling him "Bruce" unless you are a bona-fide Jersey loser.

Young and impetuous (disgusting and intelligent, goodlooking and ugly), Al went Nuke Subs hoping that the sea would hold him in (Lord knows no girl from Mary Washington could). Al has always liked smashing things. I know that its not a Ferrari 308GTSI, Al, but your RX-7 was certainly above collision testing. Maybe you can find a cheap 308 in Naples. Remember "you can't always get what you want", but if you try sometime, you just might find ... that you **are the weirdest** guy I know. Remember, every day is "cake day".



John P. Gelinne
Yorktown Hts., New York
General Engineering, Surface Line

Three long years as John's roommate was my blessing. "Who wants to be a Mechanical Engineer anyway," was our motto, and we lived by it very well after the smoke cleared. I knew from the start that John was a hard driver. Who else could lay claim to four speeding tickets in the course of seven months after buying his sisters Camaro; not to mention kissing a few bumpers here and there. John loved to dance and actually did alright after a few beers and in good company. In fact, the only thing that prevented John from having a good time was himself. He had a strange knack of inflicting un-do damage upon himself (ie breaking noses, ankles and slicing tendons in fingers with peanut butter jars. At least we won the race.). John comes from a warm and close family from the West Point area . . . but we are truly glad that he decided to come to USNA instead. We will all miss John as he hits the deckplates running as he reports to his reserve frigate USS never sail out of Newport RI. May God grant you fair winds and following seas and enable you to always "organize your light."

DRB.

William A. Guerrero
***See Below*
Ocala, Florida
Physics, Nuclear Subs

Geeker, the Ocala Kid, The Big Guy, The Apparently Big Guy, The Seemingly Big Guy, The Pedantic Big Guy, Slim, Slick, Sly, Scooter, Sport, Sped, Ace, Aerial, Babe Slayer, Object of Every Female Desire, Commander of the Imperial Cruise Ship* ***Amar*, The Sustacal Kid, Khadafi, Klink, Klinger, Alpha, Omega, Squire, Esquire, The All Being, . . . and a five stripper to boot.*

Bill has made countless trips to A.C. confident that he will win the Playboy Hotel in a single craps game. Every sourjourn brings Bill back to Earth (for a few minutes at least); poorer, but with a song in his heart. Bill is now contented with more realistic goals such as conquering every undergraduate female at the U of Maryland.

Bill's one moment of hedonistic frivolity centered around evading Capt. Cub-Scout while relieving himself of J.D. while on the run. Bill is also a regular at the Odenton Tastee-Freeze/Dragstrip where he makes weekly appearances with his Rocket sled (when he can get it started). Bill still has one thing yet to conquer, and even a romantic trip to LA with Ann the Man could not make Bill a real man. Good luck to you, Bill, may your freezer be always full of Tasty-Treats.

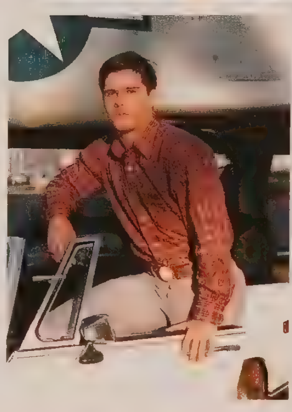
Thomas R. Ivan
T. R.
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania
Physics, USMC

First, the thanks. Mom, Dad, John. For believing even when I didn't. For everything. Not for just 4 years but for 22 years.

Second, the memories. There are good and bad times to be remembered, the difference being that the good are not forgotten.

Third, the challenge. It's time to leave USNA and "hit the fleet". What we always thought would end after four years is just beginning. Good Luck.

Fourth, Barbara. You made First Class year better than any car or ring ever could. Thanks for caring and understanding, for believing and having faith, for everything.



G. Scott Kirschner
Kirsch
Davie, Florida
Chemistry, Oceanography, Surface Line

"Kirsch" arrived not knowing where he was from or where he was going. This uncertainty didn't however, cause him to lose any sleep. Scott found his niche early in plebe year. Getting into bed was no problem for Scott, it was getting out that gave him difficulty. After receiving a score of a perfect 10 from his roommates for a "face dive" from the top bunk, Scott realized that it was better to get out of bed feet first. He solved this problem by never getting out of bed again. One time however, he was forced from bed by his own secretions. Scott loved his coffee no matter how it was prepared; sugar, cream, or butter. His music tastes were a little odd also with his all time favorite Pippin. On many weekends Scott could be found out in the woods curled up in a fire. Scott will now be spending at least the next five years in the grey Navy. Good luck and goodnight.

Bernard J. Krueger
Berne, Red
Vail, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering, Marine Air

To say that Berne was wild plebe year is an understatement. His affinity for good bourbon and tearing off his roommate's underwear set this big Colorado native apart.

Berne had some quirks in his character too. It took him a week to learn his plebe summer roommate's name. Bern was also fond of turning on every light when he walked into a room. He was considerate of his roommates though, as he would awaken them to let them know that he was about to flip on the lights.

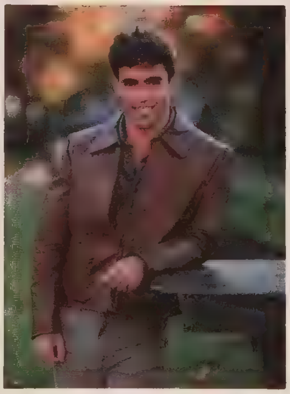
Youngster year, Berne met the woman of his dreams. Unfortunately, Wendy became the cause of some of the coldest showers Bern has ever taken. He still has hopes that he won't have to shower alone forever . . .

Second class year brought Bern back from USAFA and into contact with the Conduct System. His drinking spree on the docks behind the Hilton shocked everyone, except his friends, who realized that this was just another typical Krueger stunt.

Berne was equal to the burden of responsibility as Co. Cdr. first semester. He always found time, though, to bust a few heads (including his own) in fieldball or hockey. As his Navy career heads for a close, Bern has simply to decide who he has to hand Capt. Cubscout's favorite tie down to. The Marines are getting a great officer and pilot in Berne. Best of luck and God bless you in the years ahead.

Paul A. Lluy
Paul
Annandale, Virginia
General Engineering, Navy Air

I reckon blondes ain't much of a livin', boy. A former Annandale Atom, Paul came touted as a superstar athlete. The swimming coach couldn't find him, the baseball field was to much of a walk, and the 150's coach didn't care to look. Finding varsity sports too easy, Paul turned to academics. Always climbing the mountain of knowledge, he volunteered to evaluate the statics course twice, in order to improve it for future generations. From pink shirts, red bandanas, and neat sunglasses (not his), Paul set the standards for GQ. Naturally, the car was a black Bimmer, willfully purchased with his own money. His pension for blondes seemed to vary annually, in name only. Always a sweet talker, they loved him. That one in the middle he has a flapped wallet, he ain't gonna pull it out. Never the less, Paul always had a drink in his hand, when his buddies were around. After he had my great time in Hawaii, we looked forward to the set-up on the coast with his new found contacts. No go. Back to sleep. A future stud Navy pilot, Paul is a career man. Keep up the hard work for promotion is a matter of time. Good Luck.



Art Lopez
Arturo
El Monte, California
Mathematics, Supply Corps

Arturo hails from somewhere in California, I am not sure where and it really does not matter. He and I started from day one plebe summer. I am not sure that I ever would have made it through that summer without Art making my rack, showing me how to fold laundry and keep my uniform in shape. Just like a mother. Rooming with a napster has its advantages.

Art left all of the plebe summer stuff which was no real task behind and hit academic year hard. Over his course of time at USNA Art has had his bouts with the academic department and at times I thought that he was not going to pull through. But Art would have it otherwise and between his rather lengthy rack times he managed to get the required studying done.

Art has always been a good friend especially in letting me use his car. Supply Corps is the route that the Navy has chosen for Art and he will no doubt do well. Art will not be hitting the Fleet solo as he has decided it's time to get married. He has found a wonderful woman who knows how to cook, and Art has always shared his weekend supply of baked goods.

Art may God grant you fair winds and following seas throughout your career. Take care and good luck.

Charles Paxson Melcher
Chuck
Lexington, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Chuck has been an interesting roommate and friend. I'll miss waking him (or not waking him) for 5 A.M. crew practices. Chuck rows hvy wt crew, and despite a nondescript body, has managed to pull an oar in Navy's varsity boat. In Hubbard Hall, Chuck is most famous for the countless hours he spent on the ergo (a rowing machine that turns your mind and body into something that resembles a baked apple)

"That he which hath no stomach for this fight, let him depart . . . But we in it shall be remembered — We few, we happy few, we band of brothers . . ." Redline Baby.

In his spare time Chuck studies Mech. Eng. He started out with a bang - you really shouldn't have cut your own hair! Plebe year was fun, But youngster year was better. After all the room came with its own punching bag! The punching bag moved out and its been the two of us since. Chuck has continued to knock'em dead. Nuke school should be a breeze. Good luck

A.J.P. & B.K.

"Brethren, I do not regard myself as having laid hold of it yet; but one thing I do: forgetting what lies behind and reaching forward to what lies ahead. I press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus" Phill 3:13-14 "Christ was killed for us, that His death washed out our sins, and that by dying He disabled death itself . . . ***That is Christianity"*** *C.S. Lewis*

David Daniel Myre
Dave, Mid-man
Paducah, Kentucky
Aerospace Engineering, Surface Line

Dave's had a good time here at USNA, he told me so. Perhaps he missed whatever there is to miss in Kentucky, but he never thought about leaving plebe year. Cooksey and Shelter were too close behind. Dave lived in a war zone 3/c year. Only he and Sam knew it was just an act . . . it was just an act wasn't it? You know, the screams, threats, pushing, and gunshots. Dave had nothing but fun 2/c year. Fun. Fun. Fun. We all know how easy a major aero is. The long nights almost drove him sane. Living with ET might have been pedantic, but at least there were no hopes to abridge. Dave lugged two guitars and his huge amp from home each year to be a guitar ace for many an unknown band. He also picked up a habit of smashing things in alleys. Too much bourbon, or too little. Army saw a new D. Myre, Esq., a British exchange midn. who could scale a horizontal sidewalk with the greatest of ease or stop traffic with just one finger. This year it's been different, not normal, but different: Hours on the phone (my credit card, of course) were not enough. The route to Philly was often traveled in the Porsche (there is no substitute). But was two hours really worth three weekends? Even when he did stay in Annapolis, Dave preferred to sleep on the porch than in his bed.

I hope you get to realize your flying potential, Dave. Good Luck and keep rocking.

Mark C. Newman
Newm-Deeek
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Oceanography, Navy Air

"Well it was all, that I could do, to keep from crying." How's that for an explanation of the Pood-Newm antics over the years. With the help of David Allen Coe and John Prine, Well never forget the road trips and the bus rides. Mark has left his tracks at L.S.U., I.S.U., O.U., (Canoe U.??) When we think of Mark, the thought of a beautiful girl is sure to follow. Perhaps it was the red Celica and the numerous overland speed records that added to the charm. But Mark would always know when it was time to forget the women and concentrate on more important things. Take the spot for example. George Dickle will never taste the same.

How can we forget the running. It controlled our lives from 6 AM to the late evening. Everybody was proud when Mark won the Heotagonal Steeplechase Championship. He showed that he had the ability to be the wild man on the team and still produce. In the words of our great mentor, "He knew when the RENT WAS DUE!" And now some after thoughts.

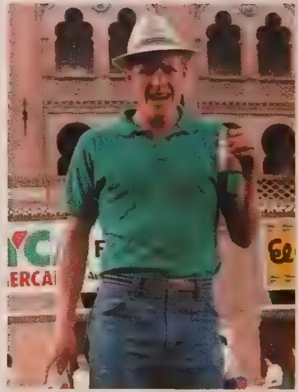
Does life really make sense at Rudy's?

How many Cantlers are there?

What does FELDSCHLOSSEN mean?

And - Is it your turn to go to Chicago? I'm gonna miss you. Godspeed.

J.J.P.



Robert M. Olsen Jr.
Ose
Annapolis, Maryland
Economics, Navy Air

Rob arrived at Crabtown via Crabtown (in between which was a short stay at NAPS). He spent most of his life in Annapolis, and to boot his father was an Annapolis graduate. During his formative years however, the last thing on Rob's mind was the Naval Academy. Fate won out however, and guided him into the halls of Bancroft. Luckily his family was behind him, "you'll never make it" said his mother. Full of confidence, he plunged into four of the most enlightening years of his life. No longer was a 'hospital corner' an intersection of two hallways at Anne Arundel General. Rob learned that sleep was not nearly as bad as people made it out to be, but studying was. Surprisingly though, he made it through with respectable marks; miracles never cease.

Early on Rob spent much of his free time 'entertaining' in downtown Annapolis, but thanks Elizabeth for pulling him out of those dens of sin. Rob also says that Eighth Company was the 'SLLEST' of them all.

On his way to Pensacola, Rob plans to fly the 'SLLEST' plane of them all, the P-3. We know he'll make it - he's too tall to fly anything else. Fair winds and the best of luck Rob.

James J. Pagano
Jim
Westbury, New York
General Engineering, Marine Air

When Jim came to us 4 years ago, he was confident he could go the distance against any obstacle. He was in for a few shocks, though. The first came when he met his plebe summer roommate, a jovial Coloradian with a formidable quantity of flaming red hair. Jim's pappy had warned him that hippies like this would only get him into trouble. They persevered, however, and became fast friends after countless wild, underwear shredding brawls on those late Saturday nights that left them searching many a time for a decent pair of briefs to wear to church the next day.

After overcoming the obstacle of Systems Engineering (by going General) Jim set his sights on a pretty, young nymph with a bewitching smile who, unfortunately, wanted nothing to do with him. He persevered, however, and he and Tracy are still going strong. Except for an unfortunate incident with a steel weightlifting bar following a typical drinking binge, Jim's 2/c year was mostly uneventful.

After spending 3 semesters with a new roommate with an obsession for R&B music, Jim succumbed to the overpowering urge to become "squared away" and he was given the reins of 8th Company (and stars too, by God!). After May 23, it's off to the USMC to fly helos. Hang in there, Jim buddy, and next time, nail that steel bar before it nails you!

Augustine J. Ponturiero
Augie, Ponch
Red Bank, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Surface

There are very few people in the class of '84 who can say they've never heard of Augie (though many probably wish they could). This golden-throated "lady killer" hails from the "Joisey Shore". He turned down an early invitation to join the Long Grey Line in order to come to Canoe U. Never one to be satisfied with the simple existence of a regular midshipman, Augie threw himself into an assortment of activities. As president of the Glee Club, "Ponch" came to be recognized as a powerful talent as well as a reliable leader. He also found time to play his heart out for the Rugby team and his efforts were not wasted on those who played with him and consider him a valuable asset to the team. Even with all of these activities, Augie still managed to survive the Mech. Engineering program, and was gladly welcomed into the Nuke Navy as a "skimmer." Augie found his "special purpose" second class year and the ladies have never been the same. His way with women has made him friend of many (abuser of more) but somehow going steady never worked out. We'll miss Augie and his friendly words and cheerful smile, but we rest assured knowing that Augie will be a success at whatever he does.

Edward M. Renda
E. M., Edro, Eddy
Lower Burrell, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Air

Just a Steel-town boy on a saturday night, Ed, or E. M. as he was known to many, knew since his early days that his destiny lay within the confines of Bancroft. He had to come; I know. He said he came to play tennis - but his efforts to make the Navy team was "Squashed." Even so, he ***managed*** *to avoid marching. Various tennis contacts should be blamed for this. As an academian, he was never one to shun the gouge when it was placed in front of him. He had the sun to his back, I reckon he had the edge. Luck was never an issue he contends, though many still wonder how he got by Thermo without passing a single test. It seems classes were never a problem for E. M. either; I reckon they were just another place to catch a little shut eye. In fact, Ed could be found sleeping in the back of the class any-where, place, or time. His Co. Officers were always quick to point out his Shining Professionalism and his "Positive" attitude towards a naval career. A very low-key, laid back individual, E. M. is happiest on the beaches of North Carolina with nothing but his rod and a good lure. The Jeep-Man was never quite sure what service to select; his choice varied with the seasons. He finally settled on Navy Air and will soon be on his way to Nasa to play ball with the Astronauts. Stay cool Joe, and Good Luck in everything you do . . .*

PA & MG

Jonathan J. Smith
J. J.
Newport, Rhode Island
Systems Engineering, Nuke Subs

The Beanhead came to USNA from Newport with the most amazing "brace" ever. Seeing J. J. with his mouth under his left ear was enough to make anyone laugh. J. J.'s first dip was also a cause of laughter, as Cope didn't quite agree with his stomach.

Youngster year was a banner year, as he devoted much of his time to his new sport, boxing. All his hard work and dedication paid off, giving him the Brigade Championship. How he managed this, as well as keeping up with Systems (getting a 3.6 no less) I'll never know.

J. J. learned to enjoy some of the finer things in life from his new 2/c year roommate. He learned to sleep more and study less. He also discovered another new sport: chasing women. Some think that this was J. J.'s true calling in life. All his roommates knew was that it made getting up on Monday mornings a little tougher. That Regimental Duty weekend when he had no less than three dates was the highlight of J. J.'s love life.

J. J. spent a lot of time with Michelle 2/c year, but an exciting cruise in the Philippines and a brand new car made him itch for his freedom. So now, he's regular trips to the Big Apple and the Black Tahiti, jamming all the while to his favorite tunes.

J. J. has been a great roommate and a better friend. Don't let those Nukes keep you out of touch with your buddies. Take care and good luck.

Steven M. Smith
Smitty
Indiana, Pennyslvania
Mathematics, Supply

Steve came to us from Indiana, Pa. Unlike most incoming plebes who came with the standard 3 pairs of underwear Steve brought only his roll of Cope. Steve's main goal at USNA was to graduate. Next on his list was to work his schedule to allow two 15 hour semesters 1/c year. He did get his 15 hour semesters but unfortunately most of his free time was spent at the computer center.

Among Steve's interest are camping and fishing. Of course a perfect trip does not imply he has hiked 20 miles in a day or caught many fish, it simply means he has his Cope and his brew with him and that there are several "jobs well done."

Steve has always been a great sports fan and also took an active part in baseball. He did learn youngster year that the object was to hit the ball and not Jim's face.

Most people think that Steve became NPQ because of his three knee operations or his allergies. The truth of the matter is that the surface community caught wind of the fact that Steve along with his first mate "the Chim" lost his first command, the USS Budweiser, during intense night operations on the Severen.

Good luck in the Supply Corp and may your tin never be dry.

Allen J. Stuart
Stu, Stu-bro
Brea, California
Ocean Engineering, Marine Corps

East Coast mothers have fallen in love with Allen, the quiet, red-headed, all-American boy. His friends even felt safe setting Allen up with dates like a beauty from N.C. and an Amy from the garbage state. But just like the cockroach out of Kafka's "Metamorphasis", the real Allen came crawling out at night. What turned our innocent Allen into "the Stu" began plebe year when "Mother B" made him come around 6 to 9 times per week and when a cope-dipping northern redneck convinced him to lay his "rate-light" down.

Displaying artistic ability, Stu's 3/c transom was taken down by order of a blushing RADM. McCawley. The next commandant exiled Stu's famous bulletin boards; but to top the list, he sent a half-nude portrait to a fundamentalist christian's daughter. Stu modeled too: a certain army weekend would attest to that. Other jobs done and not so well done were the Pagano Destruction, the Ivan Biermeister, the Davidsonville mosquito, and the 15% in Strengths.

Merlism forever changed Stu, inspiring him to single-handedly establish Country Corner and Tavern 5302. Stu also began to involve himself in ECA's like the Black N club, the Hall Pyrotechnics club, the Steerage Runners, and the FHA (Firechief Helpers of America). He was also the president of the 8th Co. Nocturnal Warriors.

Although Stu will get his B.S. in Ocean Engineering, he deservees a B.S. in B.S. too. There is one thing about Stu that will never change: Stu, you're not the reason God made California!

Matthew G. Waldschmidt
M. G., Guy
Wichita, Kansas
Mechanical Engineering, Nuke Subs

Just when we get to likin' somebody, they go nuke. Matt came from the "land of ahs", wherever that is. He was an intense midshipman, and early morning formations sometimes caught him with his pants down. His major obstacle in his first year was combating the constant influx of the gross, disgusting habits of those around him. Throughout his era Guy thought mechanical engineering implied high grades. Enter the Rocket. The ride was long and he exited with slight academic burns. Never the less, we always had the "greatest times", no matter what we did. From seeing the bums in Pittsburgh, to throwing my lures into the ocean at North Carolina, fun times never seemed to end. In the hall, all-nighters were a must - I'm an engineer. Plebes walked in fear, for Matt would never hesitate to "point" out their shortcomings. Matt, coke in hand, was red-shirted his senior year. He let his grandmother pick his car, and always enjoyed cruising to "church". From the pizza-girl to the salami-girl, and all in between, Matt spent his money freely. He was a professional on the outside, and a country-boy at heart. He's the one on the left, the one with crazy eyes, I reckon he's gettin' out. Best of Luck.

Dana Scott Wilkes
Jack
Rockville, Maryland
Oceanography, Supply Corps
Surface Line

YEAH! YEAH! Dana's love for the military routed him through FUMA and NAPS after his boyhood in Rocktown. His military prowess flew him through Plebe year. As an upper class, it was books, a little Lax, Pete's, plans for the weekend and entering sweepstakes to pick up that cash for a Tahiti Transit. On weekends it was off to Rocktown for some brouhaha with the boys and interaction with the ladies.

His dreams of Tahiti took him to Key West for consecutive Spring breaks where a good time was to be had. His militarism continued first class summer as he opted for pistol detail over Ocean City. But then came his jeep and Dana could be seen carousing the local area at a fearful pace. "Jack" was game for anything. The Scrambler may be the sole reason Jack made it to graduation.

His dreams and ambitions may be impossible for others, but Dana will live his to the fullest. He always shines when the Surf's Up!!! Best of Luck to Ya!

Gregory Patterson Wilson
Swils
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Ocean General Engineering,
Surface Line

Greg came to Navy via the Marine Military Academy and although he claims it had no lasting impression on him it was obvious during plebe summer that he was already a step ahead of the game. But he attributes this to the fact that he is a product of the fact that he is a product of that small milltown called Pittsburgh and like the steelers, success is just a way of life. But Pittsburgh is more than just a hometown for Greg, it was more like belonging to a fraternity. From the first week of plebe summer Greg was already getting visits from his native Pittsburgh buddies who would keep him up on the latest Pa. happenings. It wasn't long before he was on the road with them back to the Steel Mill country. Roadtrips became a second major to Greg and roadtrip he did. By second class year Wils had made more trips to PA than Trailways. It wasn't long before our hero had mastered the Annapolis to Pittsburgh trip with an occasional slip that usually resultec in a small contribution to the authorities or local gas station. Although, when Wils wasn't venturing the highways he was out on the "links" with the golf team. But I feel we will all remember Greg for his cool and logical approach on life, his many successful escapes, and for the great hospitality his parents showed the boys during the darkest of ages. To a solid individual and a true friend, Good Luck.

Nine

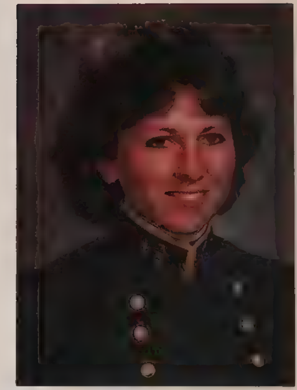
Gordon P. Catlin
Cat
Scottsdale, Arizona
Economics, Surface Warfare

Cat. I'd need this whole book to fully describe this guy. He came to USNA Academy from the Fatherland, with short visits in AZ and the enlisted ranks. Being of the Master Race and knowing how to shine shoes made plebe year easy for him. Come time to pick majors, Cat went Z-con. An easy major and 50 hours of German validated meant long weekends and many Cat-naps, or, on Tues. and Thurs. when we were all in labs, extended hibernation. A dedicated believer in Nelsonianism, Gords introduced us to the classic combination of Euro-Californian culture. Cat knew all the girls because of his love boat cruise youngster year. But he always managed to get to Europe every summer and travel to all those little countries and sell our military secrets so Europe can rise again. Service Selection brought Cat his wish, the chance to excel in the surface community on his way to CNO. (Fife and out?) He'll miss the weekly German banquets and drill, but as long as there is Letterman and if Overnight comes back, Gordon will be happy. Destined to excel, as they say. And so it goes . . .

Jan Elizabeth Chinn
Chinn Bear
Plantation, Florida
Mathematics, Cryptology

Chinn Bear made her pre-Academy debut as a Company Cutie. Thinking four years at USNA would be fun, she arrived with a bottle of suntan lotion under one arm and a volleyball under the other. C. B. continued to catch the eye of many a male especially as she carried her fainting roommate through Plebe Summer. No one was ever sure what Karen, Niki, and Jan were up to; but, you could always find a little mischief in their eyes. "The Brigade returned" and we all met the upperclass - especially C. B. There was the gungy little Marine who took special interest in her "professional development." Did the Marine ever check for dust on your pockets? Then there was "R-man" and the breathing exercises. Funny, most guys seem to think C. B. has pretty healthy lungs. On to Youngster Year . . . well, on the other hand, maybe we should forget about all the good times C. B. had as a Third Class. Second Class summer C. B. found her long lost twin, aerobics, and cloves. When Ac Year rolled around she was a little wary of the rooming arrangements. But, C. B. found someone else who liked aerobics, cloves, and gummy bears. Who will ever forget tag-team wrestling at all hours of the night, Flight Ops, Lady's Night, the morning munchies, the neighbor who refused to knock, 'Dillo's and chips, or oysters at McGarvy's? Most of all, who would ever believe we would room together . . . and like it? It's been an eventful four years and it wouldn't have been the same without you. I'll miss the great times and the late night talks. And, no poems please!

Shep



Robert E. Everist
Rob-Roy
Avalon, California
Oceanography, Surface Warfare

The Catalina Cat rode in on the crest of a wave into the Boat school. A cool and reserved chap, Rob soon won the hearts of all his classmates. Rob could always be found slinking down the hall in his boxers and left his paw-print everywhere. He is a true Navy man (dad was USNA '46) and yearns to be haze grey and underway in Subic Bay. A reincarnated Horatio Hornblower, Rob sailed, played tennis, and hung out with the old crew. Mount Gay was his favorite drag, but so was the old crew. Rob's bonked nose and pipeline will be sorely missed, as well as his back scratcher. There were no real flames in his life while at Navy, but there were a few bearable weekends. This well-muscled Conan will set the fleet on fire and plans to drive a mean cruiser. Aces, I love my striped shirts!

Richard E. Farrell
Richie Rich
Guymon, Oklahoma
General Engineering, Navy NFO

Where do you start with a person who reports to USNA with orange painters pants and mirror sunglasses? Fresh from the Bible Belt of Oklahoma, Rich did not smoke, drink, or swear. Luckily Navy taught him all three. During Plebe year, Rich managed to confuse the entire Corps of Cadets by telling them he was from ninth company and by giving a pro-report on the Nimitz while wearing a gray woop suit. Rich spent the majority of youngster year discussing the meaning of life with our favorite free spirit - usually until two in the morning. The man with the red face showed his love for the service by going to both jump school and Junior Barking Seal School in Coronado. It was at the completion of this intense summer that he met the love of his life - JuJu. As a result, Rich retired from the office of the President of the He-Man Woman Haters Club. Exit overalls and cowboy boots, enter pleated pants and loafers. Another lesson he learned was that Kamikazies and beer shooters were not the secret of happiness. ("Never Again"). He also learned that, yes, sooner or later you will go general. Rich was the best friend a guy could ask for and is sure to go far as a Nasal Radiator. Good luck in the fleet. May you and JuJu live happily ever after.

G.T.W.

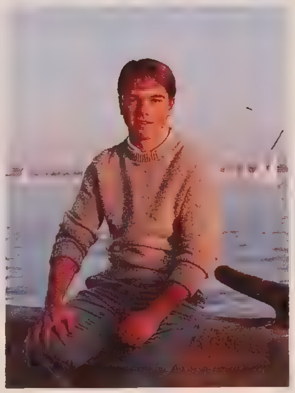
Gail M. Haberlin
Gailie, G. M.
Marco Island, Florida
Naval Architecture, Civil Engineer Corps

Transplanted from MA to Southwest Florida just before plebe summer, this Irish Catholic showed up at USNA with a grin that stuck with her for four years. Sailing took up most of her time, whether she was working hard or playing hard. Plebe year was tough for Gail. She was the victim of not only a few wayward kisses but also the whims of an egotistical powerlifter. In the next three years her room became a shelter for homeless MIDN. First they were homeless - then they weren't midshipmen. With second class year came the "barn" and what seemed to be a revolving door. How did we ever get any studying done? But, alas, the terrible trio managed to have fun and pull out the grades.

The second class 12 wk party at Flight's will always be special for Gail. The guys were so impressed with her cooking, the blue-eyed Bullet followed her home. Maybe Bancroft is more co-ed than some people think! Then again, let us not forget that private collection of poems that Gail so enjoyed. Gail's hard work paid off with her acceptance into CEC and with her determination she will go far in whatever she does. Best of luck!

Robert A. Hammett
Cheesehead
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering, Strategic Weapons/ E.D.O.

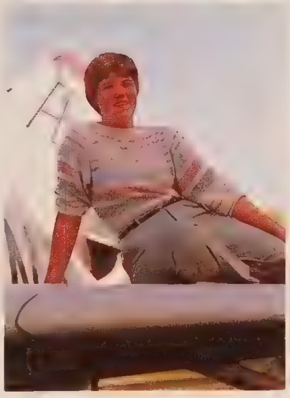
Hamm strolled through the gates four years ago with his pictures of Tracy and high school yearbooks ready for whatever they could throw at him. He aced plebe year and was off into the Systems world. Youngster year he studied more and more until he grew these weird ears. He wore these things to keep out the noise, then would turn up the stereo so he could hear it again. Most of his time in the summer was spent on the foredeck of a sailboat or sleeping on the rail. Second class year meant weekends in Shippensburg with his grease girl (She's almost legal now), and rogue waves and sand bars in the Bahamas. Cheese popped out of his sub cruise green faced and headed into first class year, where he did so well as a platoon cdr. that they put him in charge of all the Coke machines, grease pencils, and paper clips in the batt. Free time he spent playing ultimate frisbee and enjoying golf on 5-4's indoor course. SSN (Service Selection Night) brought Cheesehead the E.D.O. billet he dreamed of so he could go subs and not be a Nuke. He's looking just ripe for a career man and will always be successful in the future. So go on riding the escalator of life and finding the best deals in those human malls. Good luck in the future, Brah.
M.R.Q.



Derek D. Hudson
Hud
Grantville, Georgia
Physical Science, Surface Line

A native of the Peach State, Derek weathered Plebe Year with an abounding tenacity and resolution to succeed. The "Ninth Company Novelty" quickly became the fastest thing on two feet at Canoe U. As he "chopped" past the sound barrier, following semesters brought some academic struggles for "The Kid", but he enthusiastically bounced back with faith in his God and with the knowledge that struggles build character. During the summer of 1983, after wrestling with rattlesnakes in Camp Pendleton, California, Derek met the love of his life and future wife, Angela. The Naval Academy opened a big door in Derek's life, and it couldn't have happened to a better guy. To my roommate and good friend, I propose fair winds and smooth seas for D. D. H. and his Georgia peach.

PHIL 3:12



Jane T. Lochner
Annapolis, Maryland
Marine Engineering, Surface Line

Jane didn't have far to hike to this higher institution of learning seeing as though she was born & bred in good 'ole Crabtown. How appropriate!

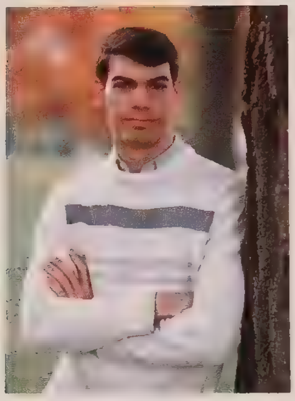
Charged with enthusiasm, Jane jumped right into plebe year, always paying particular attention to detail, like who was in her Screws class — her future husband, of course! It was actually with the aid of Bob Hope at the end of the year that brought Jane & Bob together.

As youngster year rolled in, she got her feet wet as swim team manager and as a member of the YP Squadron.

Firstie year is when we all got our introduction to Jane as she left 27 for 9. She became a new member of the 0-6 club. This year also found Jane as the first female YP Commanding Officer. It's no doubt seeing as though she has a strong will & a fierce sense of competition. I hope that this won't rock the boat seeing as though her future hubby is the YP Commodore. I thought they didn't allow husband & wife to serve on the same ship?!

Well, Jane we're glad you were able to grace us with your determination & drive; remember — Mahan is Condemned!

Best of Luck with Bob & Surface Line. Remember: Loose Lips sink ships.



Laurence J. Naeyaert
Lar Bear
Roseville, Michigan
Physical Science, Supply Corp

Larry ventured to Canoe U. after a short stint in Newport, RI. He, however, hails from that illustrious state where the wolverines run wild, or so he never lets us forget. "Lar Bear", as he is more commonly known, came to the Academy prepared to do well in academics, sports, and professionalism. He soon became one of Al's graceful puddle jumpers, yet never seemed to be able to get over the 'hurdle' which faced him each day. His dream was to one day serve on the bridge of one of those grey ships. Lar's bubble was burst when he learned he would have to settle for the title of "Pork Chop". That's right. Lar will be heading down to Athens, GA, for Supply School. His consolation, however, is that his lovely Florida Gator, Neta, will be close at hand. "Hey Lar, are those wedding bells I hear looming off in the distance?" Well, what ever the future brings, we all wish Lar and Neta the best of luck and that everything they strive for is obtained.

Michael J. Nevins
Nev
Cobleskill, New York
English, Surface Line

Nev ventured into the Academy as a 3-sport athlete from a small town in the mountains of N.Y., where his Coby Cubs produced several "third in the state" teams. Having been recruited as a catcher and Qb, he had expectations during the heat of plebe summer of being Navy's catcher, but found himself with the 150's after refusing to field fungos at 2B with his catcher's mitt. He then transferred into the lax program for two seasons before retiring to the company muffins with all that natural athletic ability. "Imagine?" Remember the UM excursion when it somehow took 3 hrs to get from the Vous to Scott's dorm. "Imagine?" Maybe a few too many tall cool beverages of choice? Mike's raquetball workouts during the latter half of his tenure at USNA succumbed to BUDS workouts with Fat Ole Waters and frequent rack sessions in the afternoon. But then there were the Flight 'Lite' Nights that became a part of the weekly routine. Nev was a great guy even though his love for the Heels had to be tolerated; a sports nut with an easy going personality; a true and dedicted LTM. We'll all be waiting for you to use that English background to write a book: "1000 Ways to Prepare Chicken." To a great friend, I wish you the best of luck as you join the "hazegrays." . . .

BMR

Robert R. Paulk
Bubby
Sarasota, Florida
Oceanography, Surface Warfare

Bubby blazed into Annapolis tan from the Florida sun and full of spirits and spirit. Despite separation from Lin and Mom, he has fared well at the Naval Academy. With the help of loopers, a big spoon, and raisin bread, he has found a brave new existence and has been designated sub commander. A potential "ball" player, he has unselfishly sacrificed his career for Mexican meal and nuclear rack sessions - a feat we give our highest medals for. Bub promises to give Surface some tips on dressing and studying. Bub's appearance is perfect, but so is his heart. "Although many are called, few are chosen" and Bub is always chosen to do the dirty work.

Mark R. Quigley
Cap'n Quigs
Bristol, Rhode Island
General Engineering, Surface Line

The development of Quigs is a unique story. He came to Annapolis a mild mannered young man from Bristol, Rhode Island. He quickly developed and nurtured a handful of bad habits that he now performs to perfection. Most of these will help him in the fleet though. (gallon of coffee and 2 packs a day). Plebe year allowed Q to build up a lot of gravy in his QPR. Systems Engineering whittled away this surplus until it finally got the best of him youngster year. With an easier major (degree in graduation) and a rotary rocket there was no stopping Quigs although quite a few tried. (How many demos?). Despite the frayed tightrope Q walked academically he always managed to close down the wardroom in the small hours of the morning. A welcome asset to any wardroom Q is ***ready*** *for the fleet. Good luck.*

Dallas Roy Roper
Doctor Doper
Pittsburgh, PA
Chemistry, Naval Flight Officer

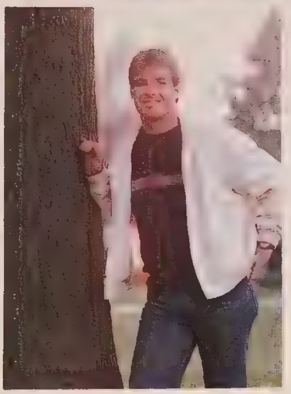
The last person on the young doctor's mind as he saw the comely city of Pittsburgh in his rear view was Al Cantello. Little did Dallas know but the head coach of the track team and he would have one of the most popular love-hate relationships (mostly the latter) at Navy. After conveniently acquiring sprained-ankles during Plebe summer, he worked very hard to attain that same level of popularity through his everyday dealings with his classmates. After numerous varsity track records, a change in majors, having to put up with little brother, several amorous advances by those of the fairer sex, and of course, the overwhelming demands of his new major, chemistry, Dallas surprised us all by selecting NFO on selection night. Whatever the future holds for Dal, we're sure it will be a bright one. We wish him the very best to both he and his lady-bird, Robin. Best of luck.

LJN

Barton M. Rowe
Brad
Brooklyn Park, Maryland
Physical Science, Surface Line

Bart came to the Academy with just about one thing on his mind - baseball. After spending a year as a Hamster, Bart drove all the way down Rt. 2 from Brooklyn Park to USNA. Bart's dedication to baseball was incredible. He just wouldn't let the "other" aspects of Academy life distract him. Academics were certainly no distraction. Bart's another dedicated LTM who managed to cram 2 semesters of EE into 3 semesters, and he still built up all that "negative gravy" along the way. Bart did, however, have a few distractions in his four years. He managed to keep himself under the watchful eye of a certain Batt Officer for most of First Class year. There seemed to have been a mix-up over football game attendance and performance? The many Flight "Lite" Nights also brought a distraction or two. How about the night three of us were "water-skiing" in the heads? Or the many times Greg's favorite article of clothing was removed from his body! There is also THE distraction in his life - Colleen! It seems the one time "woman killer" is going to make that distraction on a permanent one! Bart will take many friends and memories with him when he leaves. I can only hope you have the best of luck in San Diego and wherever else you go.

MJN



Mark S. Sakaniwa
Sak
Fayetteville, North Carolina
Economics, Special Ops

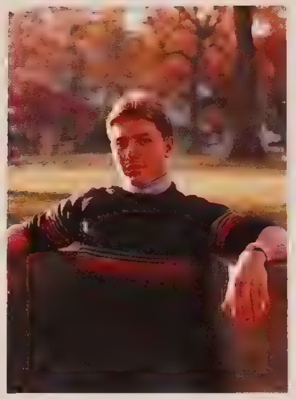
Mark cruised into good old USNA from beautiful downtown Fayetteville, NC. Mark always seemed to have his act together, but no one really knew just how much until he became one of the biggies first class year. Mark had spent a lot of time with L.P.Q., the island, then with the boys when the island bit the dust. One of Sak's greater disappointments was the search for that elusive Sunset Strip during Army '83. Mark didn't connect on Sunset, but he did manage to make the Sheraton the next best thing to a KOA Campground. Luckily, no one was caught.

Sak partied here and there, but he saved most of his partying for that Main Squeeze back home. He did manage to save some of that partying for the plebers. Who can forget those mornings at PEP after a late one at Frannie's? We probably won't see much of Sak, because he's going to be one of those "special" Special Ops boys. Wherever he goes, Obnoxious Nine wishes Sak fair winds and following seas.

SAKKO!
I said SAKKO!!

Arthur K. Samora
Artie
Salt Lake City, Utah
Mathematics, Surface Line

Art came to USNA from Salt Lake City, Utah, fresh out of high school and a life of fast cars, fast women, and hard drugs. The first years of transition were tough for this hard line partier, but he vowed to become a professional Mid. He gave up drugs for "cope", and he became heavily involved in sports as he lettered in varsity sub squad. In a further assault on professionalism he let "Guch" shave his head and he even shaved an N onto his chest. Although he refused the homegrown (ha, ha), he even brought the military into his lovelife in the form of a ROTC. But Artie's true state of professionalism wasn't realized until he finally met up with the "Dank". Art, we'll all remember the good times and laughs you gave us. Good luck in all you do. God Bless.*



Robert L. Sawyer
Syracuse, New York
Political Science, Surface Line

Rob came to USNA via towtruck. His Mustang convertible just couldn't make the trip from old Sore-Excuse. Fortunately it only cost him four arduous years of his life in extracurricular activities. Academics played no role whatsoever in Rob's career. Much to his surprise this was how they evaluated people here, so "KITTYHAWK here I come!" is now his creed.

Rob's other abilities enabled him to sing and dance his way through two different companies, a feat achieved by only the most elite individuals here at USNA.

Knowing Rob has been like knowing Charlie Brown or Murphy (Murphy's Law), which should make following his career in the fleet nothing less than an incredible adventure. Good luck on the High Seas Rob!

PRO

Deborah Lynn Sheppard
Shep
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Political Science, Supply Corps

In 1980 Shep decided that she was having too much fun at the U of Michigan and entered USNA in the class behind her baby brother. After two years you'd think she'd be able to drink. Well she could, but it wouldn't stay down (Army Plebe Year). "Mom" had lots of words of wisdom - wanted or unwanted. Until she found Karate to keep herself occupied. Youngster year she learned a lot about her two former roommates. She experienced the real meaning of "things that go bump in the night." She was the last to know C. J.'s real meaning of "good friends." Airborne-Mamma couldn't keep her feet on the ground. If there was a tree nearby she landed in it, resulting in "Sheppard's Woods." Second Class Year she found her stick-man two floors down. Her firstborn will be Steven-Stephen Shepherd-Sheppard - or maybe he will be the "Big O". First Class Year the old lady enjoyed knitting in her scarce spare time. Weekends were spent with the in-laws. As Honor Chairman her weeks were spent - well that's private/official. Deb stretched herself in all she attempted because she knew the importance of two inches. Good luck to her with the Fleet and the Air Force and the little ones.

Chinn Bear

Michael A. Strano
Stranman
Hammonton, New Jersey
Oceanography, Surface Line

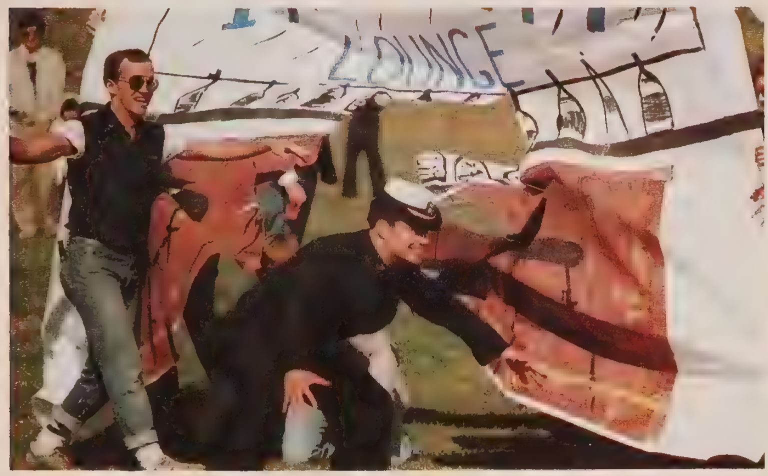
Michael came out of the Garden State, and after a short stay at MMA of Texas, he arrived at NAVY, with the goals of getting married and going Surface (and both ASAP). Surface was a cinch, and he met the lady of his dreams in no time at all. It was a sure sight to behold when Mike disseminated the news of his engagement to Teresa. Mike's industry is illustrated in his decision to begin planning for his honeymoon while still in high school. The Dr.'s favorite pastimes are writing to his lady and playing his guitar. Good ole Mike has a true admiration for ships of the U.S. Fleet. By the end of his first tour of sea duty, Mike will probably be known as "Salty Strano" Here's to you, roommate. There are many bright horizons ahead of you; therefore, KEEP YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND AND KEEP REACHING FOR THE STARS! God bless you.

Gregory T. Waters
Gerg
Casper, Wyoming
General Engineering, Cryptology

The Gerg Unit was destined for excellence. Upon arrival at Canoe U. with his frizz factor, he quickly showed us the epitome of a great American fighting man and lover. A constant irritation to officers and his flakey room mate, Gerg was **always** happy. He showed the Navy his military prowess by stabbing himself for Todd's camera, by choking himself for the parachute club, and by going to every gunge school instead of leave. He is habitually seen talking to Bandit or Denise and staring at his tattooed car. Greg is the last of the He Man Women Haters and has been known to be a "raging tiger". Praise the Lord for the Gerg Unit because who else would immature '84 abuse? EFSD and rotsa ruck in Crypto. WATERS! YOU IDIOT - BREATHE, quit being so happy!

R.F.F.

Ten



Mark E. Cedrun
Box,
Los Angeles, California
General Engineering, Surface Line

After deciding he didn't like the Army, "X" came to USNA via MAPS. He shrugged off the meager physical requirements of Plebe Summer and delighted in singing bawdy cadences in steady tempo but varying keys. Plebe year was spent in occasional studying but mostly he wandered from room to room with his favorite phrase, "Hey, pal, you got a dip?" With his high mass flow rate spit cup, Mark quickly became a favored customer with the Skoal Corporation.

During the next two years, Ced made lasting and "SERIOUS" friendships with Spoon and Crum, the latter because Mark was so often called upon to nurse him back to health after football injuries. At every home gridiron contest, Mark could be seen in his bumblebee suit, holding the down marker in one hand and a cheerleader from the opposing team in the other.

As a firstie, Mark loved going home for Thanksgiving and setting himself up as a blackshoe on the Ranger two months later.

They should put him in charge of the Deck Division — even boatswain's mates don't mess around with hot-headed ensigns, especially when they don't say anything and just lunge at you when they're mad.

Finally, many thanks to COL and Mrs. Le Cornu who were Mark's family away from home. He will miss you very much.

TBP

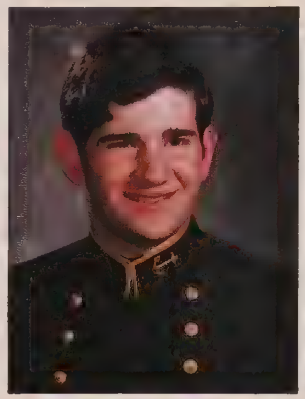
Salvatore J. Ceraolo
The Dancing Bear
Nesconset, New York
Aerospace Engineering, Surface Line

Sal arrived in Annapolis with a huge smile, mom's pizza in one hand, a case of disco cassettes in the other, and a penchant for aircraft. If it wasn't aircraft it was Camaro's. Sal broke the land speed record to "The Island" with his first Camaro. That car was on its way to break its own record until a tree got in its way. That was a great disappointment to the 15 yr. old who illegally borrowed the car. Sal, who would not be influenced by his mustang loving buddies, got another Camaro. Until now, no new speed records have tumbled.

Sal struggled through Aero and the cripple crown, but made it without any scars. Sal's great optimism may have been the reason. Even though those roadblocks got in the way, it didn't stop Sal from partying with the boys and searching for the perfect Italian wife he could bring home to mom. Sal was a member of the Dirty Dozen, a mid-week concert goer, and part of the peace-keepers in Lebanon. Sal was even willing to end his Ring Dance night early to help out in the Mid-east. (What a guy)

Sal was as good a friend as you could've wanted. He would never think twice about helping a friend in a jam, which is something very special. We all wish Sal the best, let him get his pin quickly, so he can join all his buddies in P-Cola.

S"J"S



Stephen D. Chachula
Gabby
Orange Park, Florida
Political Science, NFO

If it's food you need, Steve is the one to turn to. From a box of cereal to a truckload of SHO-ETA-PS, Steve had it, right next to the glass of Diet Pepsi, with ice, which was only 3 weeks old.

Not originally a nocturnal beast, Steve learned this quality here at school. Rarely an afternoon passed without Steve in the rack, and it was the eighth wonder of the world if he was in bed before 1 a.m. As a Political Scientist, Steve earned a B.S. for more than just academic effort. It never seemed to occur to Steve to do a Poly Sci paper anytime other than the night before. "Hey, Bill . . . are you using the computer tonight?"

What would Steve have done without the Meck's? Something just short of nothing, we'd presume. "We might drop by the Meck's this weekend." Oh, really, I'm surprised. Honestly, we all owe the Meck's a lot, for all they did for Steve, Sandy, and everyone. When's the next Ring Dance?

Steve didn't come to the Academy looking for love, but he certainly found it. After some work in the field, with the likes of Donna and Connie, Steve got what every super guy should get: An even better girl. Steve sure got that. Thanks for draining the girl market, Steve. A lot of hearts were broken when Sandy was taken.

Unfortunately, Steve didn't fulfill his life long ambition of being a Surface Line Officer, I suppose he'll have to settle with that lousy aviation community. You can be my backseater anytime. Yeah, buddy.

WCM JFP

Jarrell R. Dunson
Greenville, South Carolina
Applied Science, NFO

If I thought myself serious, I reconsidered when I met Jarrell. Soft-spoken though he is, and brimming full of Southern hospitality, Jarrell is one of the most diligent and intense people I have ever met. And he gives God all the glory. From the outset we knew we had a top notch musician in our midst. He could play the drums (and later the guitar) with the best of them - and give God all the glory. Second Class year, as we learned the rigors of upperclass leadership, Jarrell stood out distinctly as one who would go out of his way to make sure that the plebes were motivated. He knew he cared. Through First Class year, finally, though there had been some rough water and a lot of growing up to do for all of us, Jarrell showed us all what it meant to be a time servant through the giving of his time and diligence in not just the OCF, but the Body of Christ throughout this institution. May God richly bless you, Jarrell, and establish in your life His Word in a way that will astound men everywhere you go, and all through His Son Jesus Christ.
JDE

Mark Alan Ehlers
Kelvin
Yucaipa, California
Oceanography, NFO

Mark left the warm desert valley of Yucaipa, CA for the humid Annapolis Bay air. He loved the bay so much that he majored in oceanography. He was definitely an affirmative action student. He gave more than enough time to television watching and sleeping. At one time during his illustrious academic endeavor, he was known as Kelvin — because his knowledge of Chemistry was absolute zero. While at USNA Mark gained a reputation for being a party animal. This he learned well from being a Rugby letterwinner. His real nickname, however, was "Wheels" because only he could drive from his home to Mother B in 40 hours. On the weekends he was Hood college bound with his favorite buddies, a full tank of gas, and a full cooler of beer. On the way up, he made record time; however, on the return he was known to enter the freeway through the exit ramp. Impaired or sober, he was always in control. His charisma and smoothness with women made him a ladies man at local bars and at Hood.

He took a marine option cruise first class summer and was a "die hard" marine through and through. So much so, that he grunted all the way to the Navy Air NFO line. He must have remembered how much fun he had during third class summer with the Black Russians. Anyway, Mark will be with his brother and after the fiasco with the boat sinking surface line was definitely not for him. All jesting aside, there is no doubt that Mark will be an outstanding leader. Listen man, listen . . . good luck
WCL

John D. Escobar
Guido
Richmond, Virginia
General Engineering, Surface Line

John (aka Guido) came to USNA from Richmond, VA with joy in his heart and a smile on his face.

When I first met John, I thought "geek", but it wasn't until later on (academic year) that I found out how much of a nice guy he really was (i.e. "cool" and "mellow"). It seems that as much as I remember USNA I remember John. He has always been calm, self controlled, and extremely mature. (More than most folk). He is a peaceful guy — with a funny, spur-of-the-moment humor.

The biggest thing in John's life has always been God. I have always been amazed at the amount of revelation he knows. During the first years here, he was highly involved with the navigators and later, with other ministries. His presence at USNA (and graduation) has been a blessing from God — to whom he (and all of us) owe the glory. When I think of John, I think of a "brother"; I think of peace and joy personified in a way that lifts everyone up around him. As he goes on to his cruiser, I know God will use him — as He's used him at USNA. John, may God continue to bless others through you wherever you go — with all the glory to Jesus Christ the Lord. Amen. (P.S. I Cor 16:14)
JRD

Joseph A. Fijalkowski
Ski
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Oceanography, Marine Corps

What can you say about someone you've experienced the Academy with? He's picked up a lot from me, charm, talent, finesse, and good looks. I'm proud of him.

The thing that brought us together was our similarities. Who would have thought I would go 1200 miles north and find another short southerner who was just as prejudiced . . . but he's polish. Let's get that difference straight.

Over the years, he's developed a love for four wheel drive trucks, camping, the USMC, and firm feeling women.

Our room deserves a separate paragraph. Let's just say it was homely. At times it was like a thick swamp. Last time we made our rack was plebe year. Besides that, only when we had formals. As far as sweeping the floor, let's just say the broom we stuck under the desk was never seen again. But if you like coffee or our pet tarantula, it was a good place to hang out.

The boys on the Battalion football team called him "instant O" for his running in the backfield. I always assumed he played back there because he needed to be handed the ball.

As far as I'm concerned, anyone who can survive our room for so long deserves the challenge of the Marine Corps.
MCP

Nicholas E. Freeman
The Raging Bull, Fred
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Applied Science, Surface Line

After a spectacular career at Valley Forge Military School, Nick came to the Academy only to prove that would be as far as he would ever get in life.

The master of the BEMHO, Nick once or twice gave up the rack for Rugby or Wrestling practice, but in the end, sleep became his preferred workout. Never daunted by consistent academic failure, Nick amazed us all by pulling it out every time. (At least there was one thing he wanted to pull out.)

Early on, Nick demonstrated his natural inclination towards Surface Line by piloting a stolen rowboat on College Creek, and sinking it. Along with the rest of us, Nick had always thought he was GREEN, but those role models can catch you by surprise when the choice has to be made.

Nick always made a point of his good looks and athletic physique. However, with the face of a pre-historic cartoon character and an extra 20 pounds after every vacation, we began to have our doubts.

Girls, to use the term loosely, were Nick's major endeavor. Somehow, he always managed to work his way into the heart of every girl he met, and from there . . . How was 8-3, anyway?

Nick swore he would never go out with anything in a uniform; little did he know they felt the same way about him.

Nick was a great road-trip companion. It's hard to be a nuisance when you're passed out after the first 100 miles. One Spring Break, Nick vowed to drink 10 cases of beer, which ended in unconsciousness on the 4th day.

But whether it was girls, beer, or machismo, Nick always had a story to tell and a smile to go along with it. Though we can't really figure out why, we all love him, honestly.

August Howard Hein
Howie
Depew, New York
Political Science, Navy Pilot

August Howard arrived at Annapolis bearing a reputation of enormous prominence only typical of valedictorians at educational institutions such as NAPS. However, this former Buffalo resident is not limited to excellence in academics alone. After many seasons of watching hapless Buffalo sports teams, Howie launched his own athletic campaign. When the challenge of playing Navy soccer ended, Auggie shelved his letter sweater and became a demon on the intramural scene. Whether on the football field or basketball court, Howie is truly one of the few, the bold, the testosterone-laden.

On a more professional note, this former project 21 member can best be described as a steady sine wave. How many senior class presidents have maintained a "D" in conduct. Political Science proved to be the perfect outlet for the sharp wit and barbed tongue of this New Yorker. No officer or teacher at the Academy is too important to feel the bite of Howie's off-the-cuff sarcasm. Nor would any professor dare give him less than a high "B" on a ten-page paper slopped together at the typewriter overnight. ***Bismark - The Diplomat*** *and* ***Cold War - A Conflict of Interest*** *are on permanent reserve at the Nimitz library.*

Socially, Howie will soon be tying the knot with another former Buffalo inhabitant - Lynne Sroczynski. Every weekend Howie can be found high-speed cruisin the Beltway in his black Vette en route to his fiancees' humble abode in Va. Let this not be misconstrued, Howie can not party with native Virginians as evidenced by his attempt to take on two good ole boys downing shots on his birthday. Nice try Gus.

RPD

Walter C. Lee
Wally
Huntington Beach, California
Systems Engineering,
Submarines

If anyone in Tenth Company enjoyed the good life it is certainly Hunington Beach's favorite son. Wally was a typical California boy with few, but well chosen vices. From Hood to Goucher, from the river to Marines the east coast will never forget him.

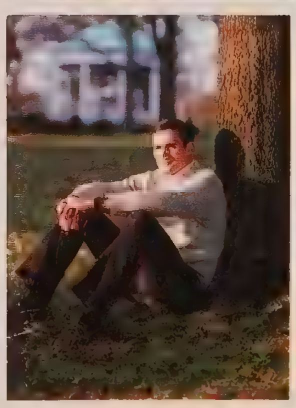
Champagne taste was Walter's hallmark. Fast cars and hi-tech stereo equipment were 'must haves' in his lifestyle. To support these expensive habits he tried a brief stint as sales representative for Escort fuzz busters but there was no future in it. In the end the dollar signs beat a path to the doors of the elite force and Walter was 'goin' down" for a price.

Wally was not without his talents of course. How many times was the planet saved by his fast hands at the Defender controls? And who else could locate the OOW with such certainty at such appropriate times? Yes, he was great to have around at times like those, when his smiling face lit up the night with its warm glow.

Style was another of Wally's attributes. He switched with ease from beach boy to prep and was never out of place on either shore. A real trendsetter, he pioneered the collarless SDB look. If only we had seen what you saw that night, but you are an officer and a gentleman.

Now you are off to another beach town to lead the simple life and our hearts go with you. Keep air in your banks and watch out for flappers.

MCP



Gregg Marvil
Marv
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Political Science, Surface Line

Marv went from the sands of San Juan to the shores of the Severn as a professional scholarly giant. This image was quickly lost whenever he got a beer in his hand. He transformed instantly into "The Latin Lover Maaan, the women, they need me." Marv's spread his philosophy to all who would listen — He even had a book published with his greatest quotes. The first chapter discussed the question of "Why do people know?" It went on to discuss Marv's most famous quote, "He had a feeling, that's why he shot it."

Even though you might not agree with his philosophy, you had to like Marv. Who else would go UA twice, get class A'd twice or who else could have been chosen for company commander, just two weeks after being fried for going to a concert on Tuesday night? Marv had the talent of completing three 10-page, A+ papers in 3 days. Not all the cards were dealt his way, though. Gregg wanted to go to graduate school in his senior year, and through hard work and determination qualified for this. But this was not to be as the Navy interfered. This just led Marv to hit the coast button First Class Year.

Gregg excelled in sports and academics. Marv was a great partier. Local bars and colleges gave him the chance to use his Latin charm. Often times he would just end up with some "chili" at the end of the night. Marv went on to be one of the most popular company commanders in 10th company's long and glorious history. Marv, may you go on to have a successful "5 years" in the fleet and good luck in law school.

S"J"S

William C. McMasters

Mac
Royal Oak, Michigan
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

The only good opening for this man is a quote from Max Guyll in a recent letter: "I remembered a vision of a pristine figure in the rack at 8 pm every night, waxing his skis before that, hanging moose heads, building everything else, B.S.ing for countless hours, but never doing anything which had to be done." Mac makes even the most laid-back man look like a sweat.

First, THE BIKE. Mac learned early that the ticket out of the USNA was on wheels. But trying to beat the drawbridge isn't always healthy. Storage is another problem, keeping it in the shower makes the Major nervous. It's also a good thing Gary is so understanding. He understood how easy it is to spin a car on the longitudinal axis. Count your blessings, Billy.

If it had wires in it, Mac wanted to take it apart, or build it. They never did find out anything, did they? Three phones never hurt anyone. But when we needed a ladder to put that last stereo component on the stack, we knew it was out of hand.

As the spearhead of many downright insane trips, Bill kept his sanity by just thinking up new ones to top the rest. I suppose the L.A. weekend was about the best. Zan sure thought so, right Mac? "Bill and Joe" became a household word, somewhere.

After deciding marriage couldn't possibly be in his program, Mac decided firmly on Navy Pilot, and a dedication to uphold all the reputations that go along with it. Don't break too many hearts, Bill. Some day you'll meet a girl to match what we've always talked about. Give James your best and Shrubba. Yeah, buddy.

JFP SDC

Joseph W. Mongan

The Monge
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

Joe gave up a perfectly good middle management position aboard an LST to come to USNA. He arrived with a wealth of practical Navy knowledge and about $300 of the Navy's wealth that wasn't exactly his. As the Ancient Mariner of the plebe class in Good Times Ten, the Monge was immediately looked up to by his less wise and less aged classmates.

As a youngster, Joe's deep friendship with Jack and Jim of distilled spirits fame became much less close. This imbibulatory decline was due in part to the Green Woman's watchful eye and in part to the old man's waning health. Between a separated shoulder, a screwed up lower back, and Bancroft Medical's electroconvulsive shock therapy, he was a physical wreck. Roomies Eel and Max chipped in to provide some mental anguish at night in the form of a quick descent to the bottom of the coffin due to the absence of bedsprings.

After Guyll's chuteless jump, Joe lived with only Kelvin at the beginning of second class year, while he studied and studied some more. Throughout all of those hard times, Joe's salvation was Jan, the woman he has loved since his second year in school (not USNA, elementary school). Jan and Joe are married now, and he's out racing over the oceans of the world with a pilot billet he managed to get because his eyes were the only part of his body he bothered to preserve.

Fair skies and following jetstreams to you, JO-WEEEEEEEEE!!

TBP

John Hampton Oberle

Hamp
Fairfax, Virginia
Applied Science, Surface Line

After graduating Magna Cum Laude from the prestigious Wyoming Seminary Prep School, John Hampton came to Annapolis in search of a Rhodes Scholarship. His 1.1 CQPR first semester plebe year severely hurt his chances for this and Hamp's heart was broken. Luckliy for Navy, Hamp took out his resulting frustrations on the gridiron where he was a four year letterman. Incidently, that feat was equaled only by a somewhat heralded linebacker. Hamp was hoping for a USFL tryout this spring, however there are no teams in search of a "steady, consistent performer" with a "B" in military performance. By the way Hamp, what seems to be this problem you're having with Miss Hittle?

Hamp found in a fiancee someone who could finally match him in pectoral size. Kim will be taking her accounting degree along with her to supplement Hamp's substantial 0-1 pay. While Hamp was not known for conduct violations, he saw nothing inherently wrong with an appliance filled room - gotta have something to keep the beer cold right?

Hamp's naval future is still somewhat undecided. Actually, he is biding his time until Uncle Harry becomes CNO at which point Hamp predicts there will be marked improvement in all his fitness reports. Disappointed that there were no forest ranger billets on service selection night, Hamp will have to store his camping gear for a while - along with his talents at four-wheelin'.

Hamp can be seen on the beltway in a black, tinted window Trans Am, but what can you expect from a bonafide member of the "Testosterone Team".

AHH

Marshall Clay Parsons

Parsh
Sweet Springs, Missouri
Electrical Engineering,
Submarines

Though a world traveler (from the Great White North to the Andes and 53 plus other countries), Marshall must always be remembered as the country boy from "Misura". He came to us plebe year from the town out west where Debbie and the President Killer lived, with 41 submarines and the gift of gab at his command. This master debater started his Academy career with a square deal, and his consequent skills in wedgy war and spit fighting will always be remembered. Youngster year saw Marshall change from "25 cents a word" to the level 42 nuke puke, and his new roommate was pushed out by his ever-increasing collection of Hardware. Though a world class debater, Marshall is also a skiing union man from Utah (which brought him fame as the great white spanish speaking world class skier) who enjoys a good time. As a nuker to the rapture, Marshall should be CNO in about 30 years, and we'll be laughing along with him all the way.

JZ

Joseph F. Pasternak
Joey
Scotia, New York
Chemistry, Medical Corps

Joey. Enough can never be said in this short biography.

After wanting to be a doctor all his known life, Joey finally got his chance. And who ever thought he wouldn't? Ranked first in our class after two years, with only one "B" in his academic life, Joe was on his way. Anywhere he wanted.

Not too many people know the value life like Joe. Losing his brother and mother within a year makes a guy find out what he really wants. And Joey knows.

But the life of strict academics wore thin on him. After all, who wants to spend an entire Spring Break in the Scotia library on a research paper, and not even finish it? Second Class Summer broke the mold of the old Joe, and brought in the new. How many people can cut their QPR in half in one semester? Sure enough, Joey found girls. And they found him. He had a lot of catching up to do.

8 hours to Boston? No sweat, why don't we leave early. Twenty days in Smoke Hall, that's why. A weekend in L.A. for a party? We were just there two months ago . . . OK, let's go. It's all worth it in the end. The memories never fade.

He showed all the doubters by finishing the USMC marathon with the fastest time of anyone in our company who ran it.

First Class Year also brought three Honor stripes, and all the privileges, too. The phone was great, but, somehow, making nachos and yogurt had to be a fringe benefit. James thanks you for your support, too, Joey. Take all those teeth and run, Doc, you're the man to know. Shrubba.

WCM SDC

Timothy Pence
Floss
Aberdeen, South Dakota
General Engineering, Intelligence

Tim came to Crabtown on the Bay from that bustling metropolis of Aberdeen, South Dakota where "coolies" and Esters made for a good time Saturday nights. Plebe year brought a continuous order form the first class of "Eat, Pence, eat!" Tim was not only the tallest guy in our company, he was also the lightest. This led to some good-natured "ribbing" which he always took in stride.

Youngster year brought the docile Dakotan out of his shell as he began to stalk the streets of Annapolis with "The Boys". After a black eye, cut face, 20 days restriction, and ten room tours, he was back at his Naval Arch books to stay. Second Class year Tim was in his glory as he finally got to impart his enormous professional knowledge onto some people who had to listen. If he wasn't on the road with the Gay Club, he was improving half the Plebe's minds. First Class year brought wanted stripes but it also brought something much more important: A lovely Georgetown co-ed, his own height. Tim's lifelong dream of humming engines and 130° temperatures came to an abrupt end due to color blindness. His hardwork and desire will benefit whatever field he chooses. Good luck and God speed. That's what she said.

JM

Gerald Keith Peoples
Jerry, GQ, Peeps
Columbia, Maryland
Applied Science, Surface

The journey for Peeps (who hails from Columbia, MD) to Annapolis is normally a 45 minute drive, but sometime in early July, 1979, he left headed for Annapolis only to arrive one year later. (Seems he got lost in Newport for a year.)

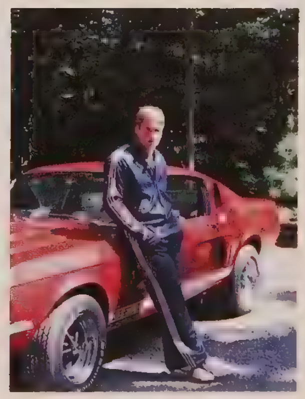
NAPS! Why?!! 1090 SAT, that's why. Speaking of being "sat", we'll just say 4 of 8. But Peeps was one of the few who proved that after three strikes you're not out! Four has got to be some kind of record. Jo med!

Speaking of records, Peeps has compiled many, besides academics. Beginning as far back as Plebe Summer, he blazed the W-Course and on to an unhuman 1:53 in the O-Course. Luckily, all is not as his track career and the life of misery with Al C.

Jerry is one of the dying breed of total optimists who fear no evil (especially raging bull Freeman and 27 year old school teachers from Baltimore). GQ claims that if he had to do it all over again, he would be a Political Science major, since politics is the biggest joke in America, second only to Spring Break '84. BEGO, Sance, 'Ski, Party 'till ya puke.

This man loved majors (we're not talking USMC, either) so much that he had at least three before becoming one of the elite. This man is a military animal, born to battle and geared for glory.

GKP



Randall D. Pierce
The Dragon
Manassas, Virginia
Systems Engineering, Navy Pilot

Nicknamed after a prominent part of his anatomy, "The Dragon" emerged from the depths of nearby Manassas, Va to a roller coaster career at USNA that ranged from whole-man multiple perfection to project 21 stardom. Those unfamiliar with the Dragon's bite are forever warned not to cross his path for he is armed and extremely abusive. He has practiced his incomparable sarcastic wit on marine majors and NIS agents alike. His 3.00+ CQPR in Systems Engineering made him a prime candidate for nuclear power yet he chose the path of testosterone, and is bound for Pensacola. The Dragon left Navy football for a very rewarding career on the intramural circuit and a shot at the superstars competition. Randy's company ranking was fixed for two years after some Christmas skit antics got out of control yet that made the ensuing years productions more challenging. The Dragon was also a victim of a bizarre series of thefts youngster year and kept his sanity only with the aid of "The Shaft". Known by the company he has kept, the Dragon has periodically played host to Jack and Jim in his room, and hey nothing like a couple shots of Tequilla before the PCR, huh?

Thanks to his newly acquired Escort, the Dragon's Shelby Cobra is now nothing more than a blur on the beltway. Always noted for his sweet tooth, the Dragon has, of late, taken a particular interest in a certain piece of Candy, will one Barr be enough? The Dragon has come to the conclusion that four years with the likes of Fran, "X", the walkin' dude, and the biggest man in the yard are enough. To end I'd like to quote the profound words of a bouncer at Charlie's addressing the Dragon some three years ago, "Yeah — you're cool."

AHH

Marc C. Plaisance
Coon Ass
New Orleans, Louisiana
Naval Architecture, Navy Pilot

Hailing from the swamps of Louisiana, this Ragin' Cajun' came to the Boat School loaded with a squirrel rifle, no shoes, and the ambition to be an architect. Marc started his training by learning to read and write — then progressed to harder courses such as thermo — twice. His persistance or bull-headedness caused him to finally get on track until he became one of the boat people. That weekend made the Class of '84 very popular with Fran.

He matured and brought a '67 Mustang only opened the opportunity to go to further places for trouble. At one time he was so common at Hood College that USNA forwarded his mail there. As a senior it was also the perfect time for concerts, except going during the week may cost a few weekends.

His leadership ability was best shown by having the WUBA gang disbanded after he took charge. Navy Air should be proud to have him as a member.

JAF

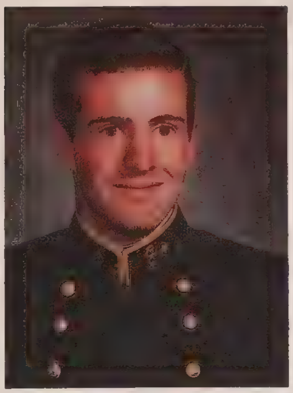
Stephen J. Shepherd
Shep
Springfield, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering, USAF Pilot

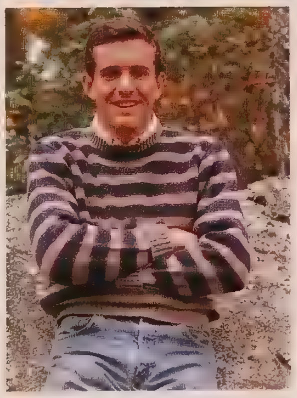
Steve came to the Academy after a year at NAPS that enhanced his professionalism and sharpened his mind academically. It also gave him the inside track on a little brown-nosing. One of the truly great procrastinators, you could always find Shep kicked back at his desk, can of Pepsi, dip cup and mocassins, pretending to be doing homework. He was truly one who lived and died by the gouge. Rest assured if there was any, Shep had it. Shep always found great excuses to skip the banana picking festivities for watches. Does SOW watch count for BOOW, too, Shep?

Soccer was Shep's claim to fame until the coach didn't see things the exact way he did. He took up distance running to the tune of 26+ miles. This kept him in good shape, if you're attracted to "sticks". Shep did eventually find romance, one which saved him a tidy sum on stamps and phone bills.

All kidding aside, Shep has been one of the boys and a good friend to all. Remember, aim high, fly straight. Oh, yeah, you've also got two extra miles of runway to screw up on.

SJC





Scott E. Szymanski
(Classified)
Ivoryton, Connecticut
Oceanography, Navy Pilot

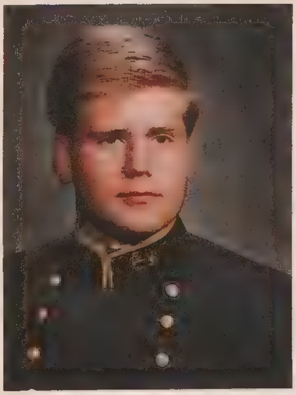
You would think that after four years at the Naval Academy Scott would have changed a little bit. But Scott hasn't changed a bit since day one. He's still as laid back as ever. His casual attitude and pleasant smile quickly made him famous among upperclass. Scott was the greatest buddy that a plebe could ever have, because he did such a great job of attracting all the attention from the upperclass to himself. Needless to say, Scott became well liked by all of us.

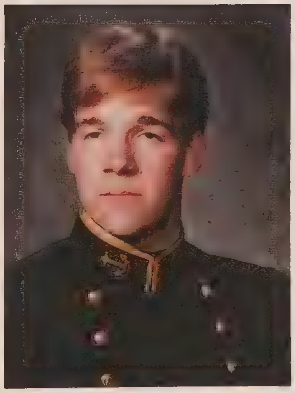
When it came to weekends and partying, Scott was always at the forefront. He knew all the local bars and colleges better than any of us, and he will always be remembered at a couple of them. During his first two years, Scott did a lot of research, but he finally found the answer in his hometown high school honey. When it came to drinking, Scott never fell behind, although he did fall down a couple of times. As a drinking buddy, he was the best. You could always talk him into going out in town for a couple, even when you weren't supposed to. Scott was always participating in anything eventful. He was one of the dirty dozen, the Moody Blues concert boys, and the Winnebago bunch.

When it came to academics, Scott figured out very quickly how to use his study time most efficiently. He never spent more than 3-4 hours a week studying, and the rest of the time, he would be either at WRNV or in the wardroom watching TV.

Scott made a decision to go to Pensacola after graduation, because his casual attitude and personality will enable him to blend right in with the rest of the airdales.

GPM





John Zwirner
The Dead Man
Palmyra, New Jersey
Chemistry, NFO

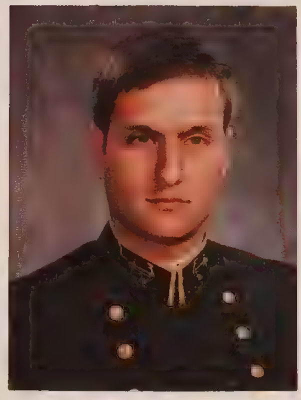
It was only four short years ago that the gates of this fine institution opened to admit John with a cynical, doubting gleam in his eyes. The Zwirn would never be the same again. Despite the miseries and woes of plebe summer and a near fatal bout with the plague, he steadfastly maintained his grim outlook. It appeared that he would live out the rest of his naval career believing that the light at the end of the tunnel was only an oiler out of Norfolk. But that was not to be.

The first sign we had of a sense of humor beneath that fatalistic front was a nearly successful attempt to suspend the Box from an upper bunk by his waistband. But plebe year went by with no one noticing this subtle change.

The next two years left John with a deep respect for the surface Navy. He returned each summer with exciting tales of life aboard oilers and amphibs and we began to see a wiser, saltier Zwirn. Suddenly there was more to life than Chemistry and bicycles. Even the loss of four weeks of leave in exchange for an "opportunity to excel" did not break his stride.

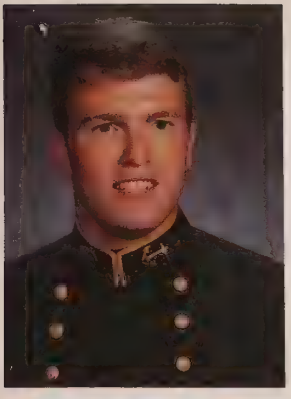
The story at least has a happy ending that points to another, even better beginning. One might even say that the Zwirn is satisfied with his lot. Despite the dark prophecies his smile does not lie. It was not so bad after all, was it John? Best of luck, keep smiling, but don't forget when to punch out.

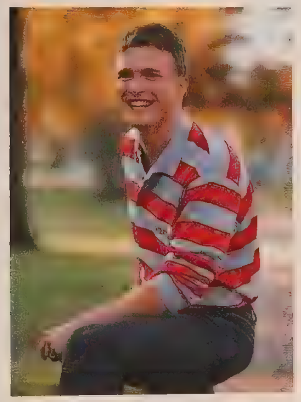
MCP



Joseph R. Albergo
Joe, Chief, Bergie
Brooklyn, New York
Applied Science Surface Line

Chief, as he is known (looks) to his friends, is our resident from Brooklyn, New Yawk. Once the skinny kid, Joe has really developed into a "whole man." Always a hard core Surface Liner, Joe is looking forward to some good times in sunny Norfolk. Never will the Company forget who his sweetie is as everyone has been asked at least once to give him the message, "Call Mary." His little inside connection to the Galley has really settled old Chief down, but not since the birth of little "Z." Some wild times are in store for him and his little baby and for his roommate who has had to learn everything there is to know about a "Z." Memories include the Frazier-Ali fight before a Goat Court audience and the "Breakfast Club" in West Palm Beach, and the T-shirt contests witnessed while on Cruise. Gail force winds and high seas be with him.





David F. Aumuller
Junior
Worthington, Ohio
Ocean Engineer, General Marine
NFO

Junior hails from Buckeye town (Worthington) OH to USNA via the Bridgeton Academy. With his excellent preparation at Bridgeton Junior, he came to us with high hopes and a promising future as a Mid. In fact, he began plebe summer running on the deck plates (ugh!) and shined all through the experience. Junior's high aspirations met their demise in his new roommate, Habib. Habib, who practiced breaking regs and the happy go lucky life was a complete opposite to Junior's "hard work" approach to USNA. Dave would room with Habib for two years during which he was indoctrinated to this random life style and WOMEN. Dave did not reach his full potential as one of the "laid back 10%" until Habib departed the tigers of 11th to become envoy to 23rd. The next summer "it" happened. Since then Junior has been a basket case. At least nowadays people ask "can he get it" instead of "does he want it", you see he's been in a 3 yr. slump. Chin up Junior, odds are with you now.

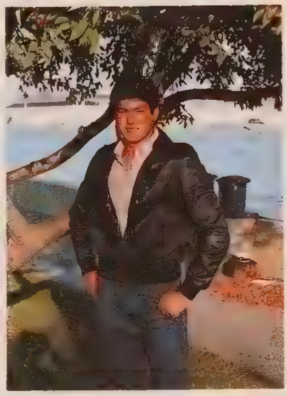
Junior has played 4 yrs. of varsity lax and maintained a 2.7 GPA almost entirely by hard work. Dave wants either to fly or go to law school. Whatever he does no one doubts he will be an **excellent** *officer. He was also a 4-striper his last semester here. Best of luck Junior you'll make it big.*

H

Thomas W. Baker
Bakes
Spring Grove, Pennsylvania
Physical Science, Marine Corps

Coming from the small town of Spring Grove, Pa., Tom didn't know what to expect in this place called the Naval Academy. They gave him uniforms, papers to fill out and a roommate from California - Mark. Tom was never the worrying type. While his plebe roommate studied his rates, Tom leaned back in his chair, looked out at the bay and fell asleep. However, the easy going days ended when academics came. Now, while Mark read his sci-fi novels Tom struggled to pass. Youngster year came and Tom learned how to drink. It was also the year that one of his roommates "Mark" got fed up with the Navy and decided to go Civlant. Second Class year brought Bakes and Skin a new roommate. "Tex" had weird study habits but he showed his roommates how to have a good time. Yes Bakes, it's going to be hard for the Mex and the Skin to forget those walks from the stadium, Halloween parties that ended in enforced Navy football spirit, heaps of SKOAL boxes, four years of baseball, and of course, California.

WGC, BPI



Tracy W. Bowman
Wade
Natrona Hts, Pennsylvania
History, Navy NFO

Wade or Tracy (whatever he wants to be called) came to us from Natrona Heights, Pa. Where? We heard his name often plebe year as his big brother was a big striper, maybe this is why Wade was translating German in a nice easy major while some of us were stupid enough to try and figure out why F=MA and why you can't push a rope. Another hint he got from his big brother was to get as much travel as possible. If Wade wasn't busy explaining why he wasn't the company's best marcher to the Company Officer, he was on a movement order or out "scoping". Well, Wade was determined to be unmotivated by Eleventh Company's favorite nuclear motivator, but the luck of the tiger company prevailed, and he became Company Commander. He gave up Glee Club only to participate in a new ECA: Diane. With plans to be a P-3 NFO in God's Country, we can only wish Wade the best in the Navy, and hope this Bridgton boy makes good.

Yvonne G. Bressler
Ginger
Oakhurst, New Jersey
Oceanography, Civil Engineer Corps

Ginger, our red-headed, mature woman, arrived here from the armpit of the U.S., New Jersey. Attracted here to play basketball and softball, she threw us all off and settled on cross country and track. Winning numerous varsity letters, Ginger had the hardest time with maintaining her minimum weight. Loaves of bread and jars of peanut butter were her salvation. She was a sheltered geek until the end of 2/c year and especially 1/c year when she started rooming with the bad influence who introduced her to nights without studying, abuse sessions with Munzo, and, of course, men. Still, Ginger managed to wear stars through it all. Memories of losing many battles to Yo and I and the amount of blood and broken windows she always ended cleaning up will always be there along with many Gina stories she could tell. Ginger is a great person and a great friend so I won't say anything about married LCDR's or Marines. She will excel in the CEC as she does in everything. We'll miss ya, "the kid" most of all, so good luck!

-B.

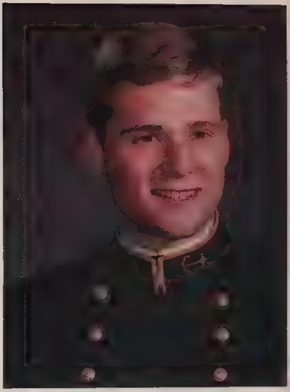
William G. Castaneda
Mex
San Antonio, Texas
Management, Surface Line

Billy, alias "Tex" or "Mex" as he was called by "the boys" in the Hall, claims he is a real cowboy from Texas only he never heard of country music until the "skin" and the "Bakes" told him what it was. In his first two years at the academy, Billy was dedicated to the management major and his favorite sport, tennis. His life changed drastically when the "Turfman: the junior Birdman" landed at USNA. Unlike the Colorado Flying School, Mex showed Turf that you don't need an airplane to find where the fun is. Being a good host, Tex volunteered as a Zoomie scout and as a ladder when it just didn't feel right going through the main gate.

However, Billy wouldn't let things end. He felt it was his duty to show Bakes and Skin how to have fun. This led to the Cellar, 'Vou, Bayou, and Annie's. His luck ran out when coming back from another "gigolo" night when he and the Skin thought that second class rated civilian clothes and parking in the yard. This event was the start of his professional life-haircuts, restriction musters and selling thumbs at basketball games. Casanova's party days ended with Turf's return for the Zoomie game. Of course Mex volunteered to play host again. Little did he know but the end was coming. What was the end you ask? A good looking brunette from Baltimore named Lisa. The cowboy was finally lassoed. Good luck Billy, the world will need it! Surface Line, mighty fine.

Edward L. Collins II
Ted, Coins
Middleburg Heights, Ohio
Management, Marine Corps

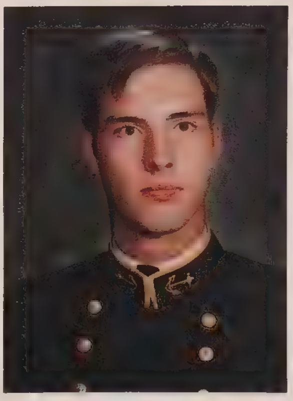
Ted arrived at the Sea School after surviving life on the North Coast - Cleveland, Ohio. Not exactly sorry to leave, he came to Navy looking for a challenge and a future. He immediately found his challenge in the form of plebe year and academics. Fortunately though, Ted survived Plebe year with some good memories and a unique nickname. Youngster, Second, and First class year, "Coins" evolved into a roadtrip man with a race to the Cape that culminated in a 47 minute "ride for life". Not to be outdone by previous feats, he worked long and hard on many other roadtrips with Frank, Linus, Mike, and his brother Kip. He also gained an undying interest in finance when he began to realize that money could be fun to spend. Even more fun than money though, he made extensive searches all 4 years for the perfect woman. Ted's four years were also spent in the pool swimming or playing Polo, with his nose in the Wall Street Journal, in the library, and looking at the future. Despite a close call with Subs, Ted's future is as a U.S. Marine; A future he'd been working years for. "Coins" is grateful to his friends (Mike M., Tim W., Joe A., Mark P., Perry H., Bix) for making tough times enjoyable and having been blessed with a Mother and Father second to none. He's dedicated to the Lord and will give his all for Corps and Country.



Gregory D. Crabtree
Crabber
Bellingham, Washington
Aerospace Engineering, Navy NFO

Gregory Crabtree came to us from Bellingham, Washington via the Naval Academy Prep School. God has always been first in Greg's life and the Naval Academy is part of the Lord's plan for Greg. With all the hustle and bustle of plebe summer, Greg soon became boggled. But he seemed to rise above it all, and rise and rise. Plebe year ended and Greg was thrust into a new challenge - "The Room". With Ted, Bill, Perry, and Munoz around it would have been easy to go crazy but Greg didn't. Youngster year brought about added studies, added work, and added altitude. Greg always had time to sit down and talk about life, love and the Lord. His sincere concern for everybody adds a comforting touch to his character. He has helped those in need and he will continue to do so. A major in Aero brought Greg many sleepless nights his junior year, and Dave Blank provided more spiritual leadership. Although Greg tried not to show it, his loneliness for Gayle hurt. Greg and Gayle will marry in July. (YEAAAAA) The Navy has a very capable NFO coming its way. A man who is thorough in his work, sincere in his heart, and honest in his actions. Good luck Greg and may you and Gayle be forever Blessed. We love you. THANKS

fmp



Janet M. Giron
Jan
Sierra Vista, Arizona
Electrical Engineer, Civil Engineer Corps

Janet "I'll never date a Mid!" Giron came to the Boat School from a tiny town in the Arizona desert. She left home with high hopes, lots of spirit, and a compulsion for neatness. (How can I forget meeting you I-day as you cleaned your room?)

*Her spirit led her to cheerleading and her high hopes to EE. Now all she has is double E and many memories. (Well, to **all** . . . your cruise to Bermuda will always be special.)*

A June week wedding follows graduation. I wish you and Bill all the best. You've been a great friend and roommate. I'll miss you, "GI".

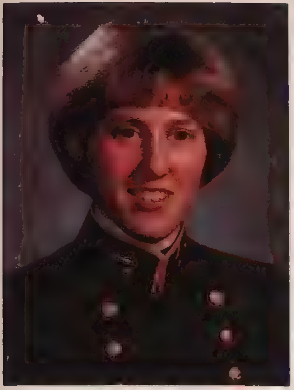
Miss "G"

Janet was one of the first people I met on I-day. By the end of the morning her laundry bags were bigger than she was. She worked hard but had lots of spirit and drive in her.

First it was Bermuda, then 2/c year it was New York — I'm glad they're so special to you. Our room looked like a florist shop with all the roses. How about the marathon phone calls — Ma Bell loves you too $$$$.

Janet's two big days in '84 will be May 23 and 24. Jan, you've been a good friend and almost a sister — thank you. Get that EE masters — you and Chris better watch out for a Columbian named "Munzo" who'll be hiring his engineer friends from 11 to start his own company (or is that country?). Here's to your future, Kid, and to '84!!

Love, Dawn



Christine M. Gromek

Chris
North Brunswick, New Jersey
Systems Engineer, Navy Pilot

Miss "G" came to USNA from Jersey — Which exit? 8A to be exact. She was sweet, she was innocent, and she had us fooled for almost a month. That's how long it took her to sneak her civilian boyfriend down for the weekend plebe year. As time passed, so did the boyfriend . . . now how many are there?

Chris is an optimist. Remember when you kept that tape in your desk all plebe year, in the hope that you could actually play it? Or how about going over the wall in the hope that some day you could go out ***legally*** *on Friday nights?*

Her successes have been many; her trials anything but few. Making All-American Youngster year was a high point - but was rising to company commander a success or trial? How she put up with those guys in 11, we'll never know!

It's on to Pensacola to pursue her dream of Naval Aviation. Barb and Lisa.

P.S. Forget it Gromer - you're not getting off that easy. How could I forget watching you get sick on board the "Humble Holt"? Or watching you pilot the ship into harbor with Clark Kent at your side? Funny how those birth control glasses didn't deter you for very long!

What a gruesome threesome we were - you, me, and Clark. Or was it Ken? Or a favorite classmate? A good time was had by all — you learned how to dodge whoever you weren't with at the moment, and I learned how to pick up guys at whatever bar!

You know, I'm glad we both made it, as impossible as it seems. God bless you, Chris — He's always there for you.

Rebekah

Todd Hastings

H
Fredericksburg, Virginia
Physical Science, Surface Line

"H" came from Fredericksburg to play Navy Football. His freshman year he played with the J.V. team. Then his qualities enabled him to play for the Varsity team (Linebacker). With this advancement, the girls came along: first Barb, then Jan, Dace, Slash, and finally Mary. Academically "H" was not too hot. As part of the requirements to be Munzo's roommate, he had to go to an Ac-Board. He successfully fulfilled this requirement by visiting the Superintendent and his staff at the end of sophomore year. They changed his major from Oceanography to Physical Science. Needless to say, he knew the Sup's daughter. That year he also earned a N-sweater. His junior year he struggled through grades and football; Coach Morrison became his favorite person. Senior year, he improved academically and in his relations with Coach Morrison; he got to play in more games than ever before. He also earned a N-Star and surprised his friends by becoming the most laid back company sub-commander ever. "H", good luck as a Boat Driver.

ADM.

Perry Gene Higgins

Piggins
Mililani, Hawaii
Mathematics, Nuclear Power (Submarines)

Perry came from the land of sun and ocean looking for a chocolate-chip cookie and a dollar. Immediately recognizing the good deal to be had at Canoe U., Perry breezed through Plebe Summer. Few of us will forget his General Hospital version of "My Girl's a Good Girl." With Academic Year in full swing, Perry realized that the best place to be was between a zero and a hard place and slightly to the right of the squad "screen." Anybody want some pie? Cruising to Herndon, Perry got his halo by presidential directive and has kept it ever since. One sub cruise later, "Piggins" thought himself under-involved in the company and subsequently volunteered for every job except the Supe's. Jersey Joe was the primary beneficiary of Perry's gunginess, yet even he found it wise to be somewhere else when that final watch was assigned youngster year. Second-class year Perry seemed to be the only one on the company officer's nuclear level, and did his usual best, academics being one of Perry's strong points. After a nuke surface cruise and plebe detail, Perry found his niche: Batt Sub-commander under Charles the Magnificent, a tough job if ever there was one. Hae those rack burns gone away yet, Perry? When it came time to sign away his life, Perry remembered the CA and went subs. Admiral, you got one of the best. Perry, let the equation always equal one. Good luck to the best friend and roommate a guy could have.

MEP

Dawn M. Holloway

Dawn
Peoria, Illinois
Political Science, Unrestricted Line

Dawn came to the Good Ole Country Club on the river from the snowy regions of Peoria, Illinois. Really. I realized just how much she really loved snow Youngster Year when she got me up at 0600 to go out and play in it! Daily newspaper articles were about the only thing she never left behind after Plebe Year. Poli-sci kept her busy at her typewriter — RAT-TAT-TAPPING to all hours of the morning all the way through First Class Year, and especially then . . . And the sound of the Post being delivered, PLOP!! Poli-sci's write their best in the middle of the night anyway, and what theories she's come up with for the future!

Dawn, you've come a long way. For better or worse, who's to say?? Wait a sec — isn't that a cartoon strip? Oh, yes, and speaking of cartoon strips, are you taking Garfield with you to your first duty station??? Now that you're used to getting up when the plebe chow calls are going, I guess you'll have to go back to 5 alarm clocks when you get out into "The Real World". (Told ya I'd remember that for your 1/C bio.) Well, Kiddo, we've been through a lot together . . . No one knows just how much, besides, who'd believe it all, anyway? How about that book 20 years from now!!!

Congrats, Roomie!!!! WE made it!!! Here's to the Future — It's OUR's and the CLASS of '84's!!!!!

Jan

Bienvenido P. Intoy
Skin
Chicago, Illinois
Computer Science, Marine Corps

The first two years Ben was at the academy he was shy, quiet, hard working and stayed away from trouble. Second class year he found himself with a new roommate and the real Skin showed himself. If he wasn't arguing with his roommate about toothpaste, desk space or Forum, he was manipulating someone in the company with a devious plan. Nobody ever realized Ben's potential as a con artist and he soon had people, including women, wrapped around his finger. As far as staying away from trouble, that ended with the late night out with Tex. Skin and Tex couldn't remember who said that second class couldn't park in the Yard, but the OOD did! They went from the Cellar to the doghouse (restriction) in one short weekend.

First Class year found Ben as one of the best high power rifle shooters in the nation and with a few more "notches" in the belt. He also continued to venture out on more memorable "gigolo" weekends. Some would argue that he paid his dues for such outings. His hardships included computer class retakes, late night studying and academic restriction. However, it all evened out on the Labor Day weekend '83, Mao and Reisterstown experience of the closest kind, and all those senseless Cheech and Chong flicks. Hopefully the Marines will be able to harness Ben's energies.

Good luck Ben. I hope someday you meet your match. When you do, I want to meet her.
P.S. Good luck Mark!

Andrew J. Karabin
Apollo
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Management, Surface Line

Bravo zulu to midshipman Karabin as he launches into his career afloat. Drew came aboard from the steel town of Bethlehem, Pa. . . . via the Naval Academy Preparatory School. Drew started his career here by working hard in his classes and playing football. But sophomore year brought out the best of midshipman Karabin. No more football, graphics and running with some shady characters (Haddad, Petro, Plog, Davey, Todd, Z, Bakes) brought some troubled time into Drew's path. But did that bother him? Of course not. Drew still smiled, he still kept his great attitude toward people and USNA. Drew brightened everybody's life and he still wandered into dark silent rooms to ask "Are you guys asleep?" Drew entered his junior year as a management major and the star of the Batt tennis team. He suffered through 6-n days, MCBO's, and Bum gouge, Mega bummer man. The high point of this year was the end of Kehoe's domain and the arrival of Cathy (Haddad's Sister). Then there was Subic Bay and more of Cathy. Senior year came and Cathy went but Appolo Still was busy juggling two different ladies. Drew passes graphics (finally) and went skiing with Davey again. (Don't ask about the cold floors and the girls next door.) Drew has lived life here at the academy and not just gotten-by. Smiles, laughs and good times. We love you Drew, keep in touch, you crazy knucklehead you.

FMP

Rebecca L. Lewis
Beck
Wallingford, Pennsylvania
Political Science, 1100

Becky came to us from the streets of Philly with basketball in hand, and one thing on her mind and that was to play "hoops". Soon her interests grew and she reached her peak 2/C summer running through the all male hallways at Fort Myers, stealing government property, and hanging out at 7-11's. To know Becky is to love her and realize just how talented she really is. Not only does she play basketball and throw the javelin, but she plays piano, guitar, and drums as well. Always the thoughtful friend, she tried often to share her talents with others. Becky took special pity on one poor spastic neurotic paranoid and attempted to teach me to play the guitar (thank goodness you finally got the pick out). Beck, in short, is one of those people you can't think about without smiling. For her roommate Ginger, thoughts of a certain Marine and broken windows brings about grins. For me it's memories of Tolger's daring plastic spoon attack, your solo food fights at various mess halls and the way you came to my aid the night of the terrible tick attack. Let me apologize once and for all for giving away your shoes. Beck, you've been the greatest friend - thanks for the assists. The best of luck wherever your bobo's take you -
Loider.

Michael D. Matteo Jr.
Mike
Medford Lakes, New Jersey
Political Science, Marine Corps

Mike came to Camp Tecumseh from the South Jersey town of Medford Lake after a one year stopover at the Marine Mental Asylum in Texas. Looking towards Navy Air, one really wonders if Mike won't actually turn into a little green man at graduation. Never a really quiet guy, Mike has really settled down since he met his better half, Dottie. Wedding bells will be ringing for Mike and Dottie come June. Some of Mike's fondest memories include the "famous" Ali-Frazier fight plebe year and his yawl cruise to Bermuda youngster year. The Marines treated Mike to a free "vacation" in Hawaii this past summer. His roommate has learned a very valuable lesson, never ask Mike for directions to his house. Fair winds and following seas to Mike and Dottie.
P.S. Hey Mike was it a street light or was it a street lamp?!!!!

Andres D. Munoz
Munzo
Bogota, Colombia
Systems Engineering, Foreign National

Mr. Andy Munoz hails to us from Bogota, Colombia. Yes, that's Mr. Andy Munoz, not Ensign, Seaman Recruit, or Second Lieutenant. How he swung it we will never know, but Andy is going to the civilian world and hopes to be a big success in the business world. "Munzo" as he was affectionately known by all including the Plebe Summer 'dant', was always a bright spot for eleventh Company. When he wasn't standing in a trash can giving chow calls in his shower, Munzo could be found studying in his dad's office. But Andy, how about those great experiences with the females? We will all remember what a great chauffeur you were at the ring dance, but what about that weekend at Goucher? or how about the weekend in New Jersey? Andy will do well in the real world because we all know how hard he worked here, holding the record for all-nighters. Rumor has it that Munzo is attracted to New Jersey females, but we will just have to wait and see on that. For now, we just wish him the best of luck, and a big thank you for four years of his friendship.

Frank M. Petrosino
Mikey — Petro
Rockville, Maryland
Ocean Engineering, Marine Pilot

Stories could be told forever about the "madman." Along with his fellow bad influences, (Haddad, Karabin, Ploeger) Petro made waves at USNA more than once. Probably the most memorable being the assault at U of Maryland where he scared 10 yrs. out of a couple college boys for being called a squid. Petro still maintains it was Haddad's fault for stopping the car even though **he** *spent the night in jail. This classic bought him many days in smoke hall and a trip to striper school (didn't help, only 2 stripes). His top priorities were women, fun, & sports. He applied himself and excelled in all 3. Women, many considered, a talent of his (as Linde, Patty, Debbie, Terrie, Lisa, etc. will attest to) not however by the way he dressed (a steady downhill trend - come on Petro, "elf" boots!). Petro lettered in 150 lb. football, played rugby and now "hulks" out.*

For service selection he picked Marine Air, a characteristic choice. What is the Marine Pilot mentality? The 1st time he ever rode a snowmobile he saw how fast it would go! and almost died. Look out Corps and somebody help Pensacola. Best of luck Petro, you'll be the 2nd best Marine Pilot ever (2nd to Habib the Horrible). No one doubts he will be a fine Marine Officer, it's the perfect profession - he might even get married some day, Nah! . . .

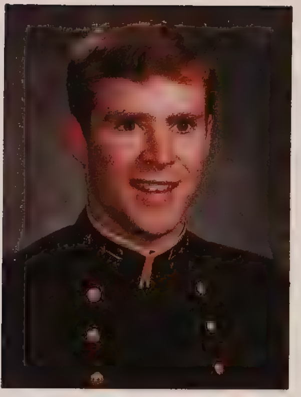
Terry Ploeger
Terr
Los Vegas, Nevada
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Power - Submarines

Go Navy
Beat Army

Mark E. Porter
Marcus
Cleveland, Ohio
History Nuc. Surface

Mark came to the Naval Academy and immediately went to work trying to put a little culture into everyone's life. However, after we all grew sick of hearing how great history majors are, he game us up for lost.

Although he didn't come from the culture capital of the world, he explained this away by pointing out that he went to a private school on the East Side. Mark is best known plebe summer for the "white walls" that Mr. Tracy graciously provided him but his biggest achievement came plebe year. Tracy, his fiancee, must have seen the intellecutal beyond beergoggles and companions of doubtful character to pick him up in a joint like Timmy's. Mark has had his share of trials at Canoe U. Despite help from his loyal friends, he managed to learn to cut pies correctly. He also overloaded his classes so that he could disappear first-class year to U.M. Has anyone seen him in uniform since? However, he did lead the class of '87 to drill proficiency, after he learned to call half the commands on the right foot. Road trips with Mark will always be remembered, too, for the White Russians, San Miguel Dark, and the vast number of Grand Prixs he pointed out to us. For service selection, Mark picked Nuc. Surface - a good choice for him, and a great officer for the navy. Mark is as loyal as friends come - we need more like him in our history. Best of luck, Mark.



David W. Stevens
Red
Greenville, New York
Physics, Nuclear Submarines

Dave came to the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology from the small town of Greenville NY, bringing with him dedication, good morals and a sense of humor. Putting his true love, motorcycles, on hold Dave managed to survive plebe and youngster years pretty well. Second class year was a different story. Red had to forget about the morals and dedication when he found himself in a room with Turf, Mex, and the professor. Life was always interesting (right Turf?) but eventually the events that took place in 3150 resulted in a Kehoe backed maneuver that split them up. Second class year also marked Dave's return to battle on the motocross tracks of Maryland, Virginia, and New York (thanks Beef, Fiddler, and Apollo). Although pilot was not to be, Dave still takes to the skys aboard his trusty ironhorse YZ. First class year saw more racing action. It also found Mex and Dave with the same problem. The question is; who is going to give in first?

After graduation (finally!) you will find Dave under the deep blue seas. Good luck Dave!

WGC

John Alfred Sylvester
Silver Spring, Maryland
Political Science, Navy Pilot

I'm not sure exactly how I met John or where he claims to lay his hat. My earliest memories of John were in Chemistry lab where his Copenhagen tin often found its way into other's titrations. Youngster year found John, John's brother, Tom; and "Stone" (who is rumored to be the missing link,) engaging in hijinks and planning future expeditions in the library. The first expedition introduced many good things: that cool refreshing drink - Jack Daniel's snowballs; hearty meals such as "Camper's Compote," and other delightful delicacies like "Bananas Sylvester." Second class year began with Protramid in all of its glories. The death ride with Stumpy, the one-legged outlaw, the beaver dash, ripping apart gym shorts for fun and profit, the nuclear lounge, the golf game, the guardian of peace, the female bigfoot monster swim, mechanical bull-riding, and Andy's 50 or 60 little pets he picked up in Quantico were all banner moments of the summer. The entire situation only got richer the following academic year. John convinced his parents of his dire need for a Porsche and found himself a girl. First class year continued John's spiraling decline into decadency. John met Betsy and bought a truck; pawning the Porsche off on his little brother. A mere skeleton of his former self, John fasted away the fall playing 150's. John is a truly remarkable person; probably the most intense individual I've ever met. Be it studying, playing, or gotcha-last, John goes all out. He'll make one hell of a wingman. Good luck in P-cola melon jaw!

G.A.S.

Timothy Lee Williamson
Tim
Forest Hills, Kentucky
Ops Analysis, USMC

Tim came to the Academy after 3 years in the enlisted Navy. He found Canoe U. challenging and rewarding. He had an avid interest in leadership, people, space, finance and hundreds of other topics too numerous to mention. He studied the local history of Williamson, West Virginia, his place of birth across the river from Forest Hills, city and county government, colonial American history, guerrilla tactics and business management. He also studied the stock market and was interested in real estate development. He had, literally and figuratively, his first class year, a deep and somewhat untested interest in his car. It was a Mercedes nick-named "Lisa".

He is an ex-Navy Cryptologist who wants to lead men in an elite corps and looks toward a career in the Naval Space Command by becoming the best Signals Intelligence Officer the Marine Corps ever had.

Joseph B. Ziemian
Z-Man
Cinnaminson, New Jersey
Computer Science, Navy NFO

Joseph B. Z-Man, hails from exit whatever of wild wonderful Jersey. The "beak", "schnoz", "Z-Man" was a constant source of entertainment for 11th Co. We will never forget the Red Balloonmobile arriving 5 minutes before march-on in Philly or the time Joe's clothes were locked in the trunk with no key. "Spaz" was a sailing stud for 3 years, but decided to take up rugby as a senior. Joe was a natural, as his muscular and immense physique contributed to a broken clavicle near the end of the season. He was a charter member of such elite clubs as Project 21, and the Society Against Kehoe. Joe always offered excellent road trips to the shore in one of his three Mercedes. He even had a permanent one here in Annapolis. We'll always remember Joe as the organizer, as he was the ultimate man for tailgaters and can recycling. Joe never got anything but the best, deal that is, for us in eleven. Joe plans on going in the back seat of an aircraft, but we wonder if the helmet will make it over his facial features. Joe has been more than a great friend here, and we all wish him only the best in those P-3's. Good Luck Z-Man.

DFA

Twelve

Pedro R. Alicea
Dro
San Juan, Puerto Rico
General Engineer, Marine Air

Pedro spent the first year here, trying to understand the Continental US. We spent the remaining three years trying to figure out what he was saying about it.

Dro skated through Plebe Summer totally confusing the First Class with trilingual chow calls. Plebe year soon passed and third class year brought the Major's greatest fear . . . Youngster Syndrome. This year also brought the first appearance of a girl whom Pedro has snaked away no less than three times. Protramid brought a new dimension into Dro's life, Pensacola, and his service selection rapidly changed direction. Second class year saw more things than a mere list can possibly describe: the Army party, our exchange student, João, ROTC mess nights, Company mess night, Forex, Aunt June, Cherry pies, throwing stars, etc. First class year wasn't easy for Dro but it could have been worse — like all D's, an Army ROTC brother, and a girlfriend in the Foreign Legion.

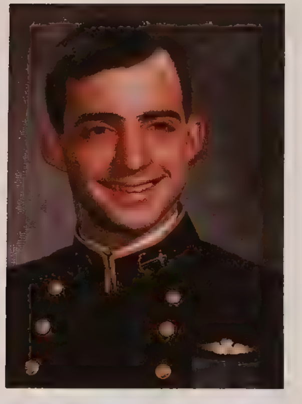
Pedro's still maintaining an even strain, and we are all standing by for the helo pilot. Take care, best wishes.

RBS, KA, PVB Jr., and the guns

Eric G. Baker
Bakes
Monroe, Michigan
SOC, Geophysics

Unlike most midshipman, Eric Baker never heard of or knew of the Naval Academy until contacted by a coach. Unfortunately that same problem still exists. Eric was a three time letter winner in gymnastics, having mastered the art of landing on his head. This scrambled his eggs enough that he took senior year off and devoted himself to his two favorite pastimes, the grape and the rack. Eric frequently lost touch with the concept of moderation resulting in his often losing control, even with his bodily functions. He reminds one of a chemist who has the ability to produce one thing three different ways in the course of a night. But he must get an A in reliability for you knew where he was 95% of the time, in the rack. He makes Rip Van Winkle look like a workaholic. Academically, he was masterful. He would raise his grades to a point where he would sleep through finals and still achieve a decent QPR. He seems well suited to his major, Oceanography. But why not, labs on the bay consisted of having oysters on the half shell. With all his fine devotion to duty and excellence, Eric is sure to do well in his chosen field of Geophysics. Heck, studying rocks cannot be that hard. Eric will always be remembered for his outpouring of warmth that would permeate the air and cling to you like napalm. Everybody will remember Eric for his tremendous sense of humor that made this place enjoyable and bearable for all of us. We wish you the best of luck. Oh yeah, don't let the fishhook snag anymore Harter's. Hi Eric-Cathy.

the Conks



Paul V. Barr Jr.

Devil Pup
Unionville, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineer, Marine Corps

The only surviving member of the "odd couple" (room 7019), Paul came to join Twelve Platoon from the heart of mushroom country, Unionville, Pa. Unlike most of us, Devil Pup entered the Academy knowing what he didn't want to do for Service Selection, mainly, Surface, Subs or Navy Air.

Plebe year meant hard work in academics, and many sacrifices since he wasn't able to pursue his favorite pastime . . . guns. Summertime came by, bringing Paul a cruise in San Diego onboard USS Frederick (LST 1184) and a new academic year as an Aero Major. Second semester, Paul decided that it might be a good idea for a prospective Marine pilot to know how to jump out of planes. So Devil Pup set his mind and body on Airborne Training. Second class year, the new class co. cdr., wearing shiny silver wings, led the class through a demanding semester. A new Co. Officer, new plebes, the firsties and lost hours at the computer kept Paul occupied until Christmas. Unfortunately, his eyes suffered and come Pre Comm's our future Santini found out he was not qualified for pilot. No sweat. Recon all the way! And like one he sneaked out on his Ring Dance date. Fortunately, good things never last long.

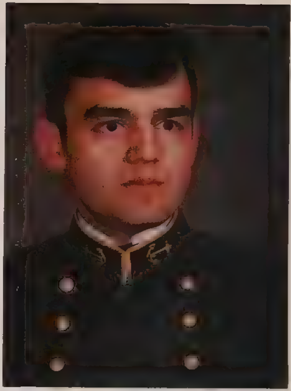
Now that summer cruise in Hawaii, Plebe detail, the camouflage door and drill season are things of the past, we are witing for Devil Pup to turn into a real Devil Dog. Take care. Hasta la vista, amigo.

Semper Fi
Dro, RB & g (the Nuke)

Franklin T. Carothers

Franco
Elizabethtown, Kentucky
Physical Science, Surface Line

Some went down to the sea in ships, doing business on the great waters; they saw the deeds of the Lord, his wondrous works in the deep. For he commanded, and raised the stormy wind, which lifted up the waves of the sea. They mounted up to heaven, they went down to the depths; their courage melted away in their evil plight; they reeled and staggered like drunken men, and were at their wits' end. Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them from their distress; he made the storm be still, and the waves of the sea were hushed. Then they were glad because they had quiet, and he brought them to their desired haven. Let them thank the Lord for his steadfast love, for his wonderful works to the sons of men. PSALM 107:23-31.



I'M BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

Douglas P. Conkey

Conkless Donkey
Podunk, Foxy Mass
FPS (Bull) Air

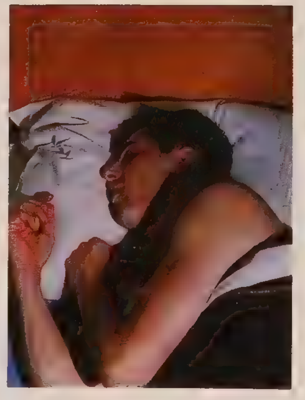
The conks flew to Annapolis on the wings of his WWII ace Pappy. And thanks to alphabetic roomies, the inherited flyboy managed to pump me into the hall anytime his plebe summer locker happened to get scored upon. But Daddy's little propeller was soon to become a "LUSH". The hockey party plebe year sent poor Dougy heels over head, across T-Court I might add, with the symptoms of lubricated esophagus. He survived the weenie wars and agreed to occupy environments with the Errb and I. He was rightfully awarded the maid of the year medal for duties performed after a Rugby Party with respect to the bucketdippers and mirror sterilization association of America.

For being Conkless, his list of crabtown ladies is quite impressive. The Quantico Queen was among many to shine the jewels of his royal crown, but the most notorious of course has to be a Dahlgren Dearest. The A-1 was added to the steak after a gold match at a BAQ no less. A cute little cheezehog was blamed upon severe beergoggles, but we all know it was a matter of deprivation.

The senior party was interrupted because the power hungry poly sci honor member had to leave the refrigerator cause his ice cubes melted under the pressure. But, with a wife named Gertrude - a burger strike can cause adverse reactions to the late night sock sickness. Best wishes to you and the kids, Conks!!!

P.S. Thanks for the cases of beer.

The Crispy Critter!!!!



Cary A. Cusumano

Cuz
Raytown, Missouri
Physics, Nuclear Subs

Cuz,

The academy certainly changed our slow talking little boy from Kansas City into a South Philly, fast talking stud. We will always toast to you with red wine in remembrance of your performance at the plebe year 12th Company barf fest. Youngster year marked the emergence of Squirmin' and your boxers out in the hallway with nowhere to run. It's amazing that Herman was contained so long with all the aprodisiaks you ate (or was it the protein pills?). You can't deny that your idols changed from Elvis and the Statlers to the Greaseman and Scarbelly. It was quite a revelation when we realized we were beating each other up due to your instigation. We know how much you enjoyed it when we diverted our aggressions toward you. We also hope you learned where not *to park your car before Ring Dance. Your exponentially decreasing physical status will always inspire us and will lead to your position as athletic officer on all your subs. Who would ever have thought that the Nuke Power program would ever be in such dire straits?*

Take good care of Angela — she deserves the best!

The Fly Boys,
Chip and John

Eric S. Dunn
Buddah
Northeast, Maryland
SAS (Management), Surface Warfare

Eric came to us as a wet behind the ears graduate of the Mercersburg Academy. Recruited for baseball he soon became a rugby king. As a plebe sowing his wild oats, he soon became part of the early morning breakfast club. Dragging at Frannies, scaling the wall, and marching 76 hours were just 3 of his major accomplishments . . . amazing! With a fetish for water sports, Eric can often be found skiing or in a hot tub. Army-Navy was more than a game — it was a felony thanks to the nurses, I'm cured. Ski trips to the Pocanos, knockabout fights, and Hood . . . oooh the girls, "Ah bed time - the best part of the day." YP cruise, voyage to Sweden. Did I sign up for Summer school? Dependable Eric always showed up. "Hey got any food?" Leader of the funnelator Brigade, Eric aggravated the enemy above and beyond the call of duty. What car did you decide on? As his surviving roomie I knew Eric well - He may of had the biggest ideas but he also had the biggest heart. Eric made the big decision . . . look out San Diego here he comes. The Buddah's gonna balast down a Frigate. Hope they enjoy his Humpty-Dumpty poses as much as we did. Eric you're a friend for life. Keep the java flowing. Best of luck buddy.

EAP

John W. Funk
Walter
Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania
Oceanography, Navy Air

Walter,

You came to USNA via Drexel Hill, PA as one of their best? Your squad leaders over the summer couldn't help but be amused by the naive little boy who thought a line officer was the guy who says, "Put over the bow line." And really, John, hoisting the ensign does not mean "hanging the new graduates on the flagpole." But your hard work and industriousness pulled you out of that slump.

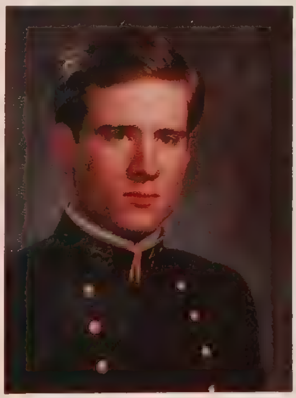
Could it have been more opportune to have won a brilliant YP cruise out of the same hat as B.K.? Those immortal words that sent the guy into a fit of tears: "I hope not, Brian!" And what about that other classic: "It's Hetrick!" But only a few guys ever got to you — like ole J. T. "You missed a spot . . . you couldn't have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed — there's only one side!" And how did all your sheets end up in the head? And are you sure navy air is for you — after all, you developed symptoms of air sickness on service selection night.

You were quite fickle with your women. You set up your impotent roomy, Cuz, with your best friend, Nancy. When they were happy, you decided you wanted her back. But everything turned out for the best, 'cause Cuz found a lady of his own. Lots of luck to you and Nancy. (Try not to mix your underwear with your champagne!) Fair winds and following ***skies!***

Braps and poots,
Chip and Cuz

Robert S. Gradel
Bob
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Management, Surface Warfare

Bob came here from Virginia Beach hoping to earn wings of gold as his father had 25 years before. Plebe Summer saw Bob's initial roommate leave and he had to finish the summer with a white-haired rodent. With a few key connections Bob was able to get through plebe year with relative ease and plenty of sandwiches. However, an afternoon with Herb and the Cheesehogs ruined its last day. Youngster year for Bob was perhaps his easiest. Bob could never figure out why someone would park 7 miles away. He found it much more reasonable to park in the midstore lot and did so for 3 years - Dad's rank has its privileges. Have wheels will travel, and Bob did. He loved the girls almost as much as he loved himself; Coblentz Hall will never be the same. His only worry youngster year was to ensure his rack was made and the lights were out. Having fun above and beyond what he rated caused the early morning breakfast club to catch up with him second class year. Never one to avoid a challenge, Bob joined the band of brothers - Navy Crew. After that Bob was a frequent patron of Halsey, MacDonough, Lejune and Hubbard. The envelope has never been so narrowly defined. First class year was quite a letdown for Bob; everything became legal. Years of intense studying in the solarium claimed his perfect vision, so he's headed for the Battleship Navy. Bob kept us laughing from I-Day till graduation, and we're glad to count him as a friend. Fair winds and following seas, Pal.



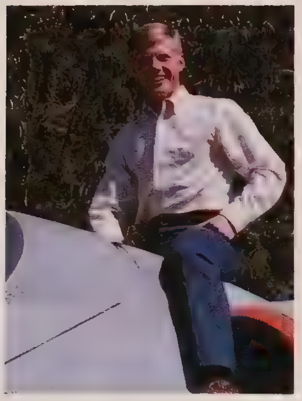
Stephen Michael Gravini
Chief
Springfield, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineer, Submarines

Chief left Springfield, Massachusetts on September 12, 1977 to begin his Naval adventure. First he enlisted as a machinist mate, then served aboard a ship, later studied at nuke school and prototype, and finally was assigned to a submarine. At some point he realized the navy was not just an adventure but a job, so he applied to the Naval Academy.

He wasn't lucky enough to get accepted on his first try, so he spent a year at NAPS. After NAPS, he gave up his E-5 pay, sold his brand new camaro, and left his girlfriend to take the big step up to become an officer.

Chief loved plebe year because of all the free coffee. He spent a lot of time over at Hubbard Hall learning to drive a crew shell on the plebe heavyweight team. (Has he learned yet?) He rode the first boat and kept high grades. Youngster year his grades started sinking and crew wasn't helping them stay afloat. Second class year he quit crew to earn stars. (Maybe he really ***did*** *go to the library every night to study). He listened to a crazy man and went out for crew again. The hunger strikes paid off - Chief raced in the first boat again.*

His short timer's chain is for graduation. (I thought only enlisted people do that). Let's hope Chief can drive a submarine better than a crew shell, but if he can get his people as motivated as oarsman in a shell, he'll do just fine.



John T. Hasbrouck

Johnny
Bronson, Michigan
Oceanography, Navy Air

Johnny comes to USNA from the cold water state of Michigan, the land that made America American-made. He cruised through plebe year dragging down stellar grades and surviving his summer roomie Al. Youngster year came and Johnny settled in with Funkadelic, Hobo, and Cus and the nuclear sweat pump image. Time was divided between studies and the boathouse. One of the original pretenders, he was known to take time from his busy schedule to pose for PR photos at the behest of Navy Crew. A radical change was in store for second class year as Johnny left the pumps to live amongst the Oakies. Afternoons spent with the mad galaxie driver or the rack nearly brought the vengeance of God down upon him. Divine intervention saved his weekends for Saturday night tours complete with refreshments of Annapolis' finest establishments which ended playing quarters in Dahlgren followed by worship services at the porcelain altar. This set the tone for the big Army-Navy trip with Harry, Bakes, and KEK. Low on funds but not alcohol, the trip would have ended if not for well-timed breathing into the carburetor.

First Class year brought forth the foresightedness that Johnny always seems to have. He prepared himself for Navy Air by keeping the grades up and flying with VTNA. Always the practical man, though, he was one of the few selected for SERE school at USAFA to compensate for pilot error. Finish high and fly high all over the world. No luck needed 'cause he's quality and the best friend to us who know him best.

RFO

Charles Owen Hobaugh

Chip
Avon, Ohio
Aero, Marine Air

Chip,

No one has ever figured out where you came from (or where you're going). There were even times when we wished that the "Room Cdr" would go back. We sure did miss you when you went off to Zoomie Land because we had no one who was "always right". Your unique method of proving a point (one or two fists) will carry you far with your Band of Brothers (It's got a good beat, the kids can dance to it, I'd give it an 84). Your passion for ducks on the highway far outweighed your compassion for us (Did you ever get the Vette fixed?). Of course your quest for the ultimate girl without fat thighs will never cease. We never thought a lightweight crew jock with bags under his eyes could do so well with the Deb-U-Nots. It must be the fact that crackers are an aphrodisiac! Despite the fact that we were bruised, suffered concussions, and had our lockers busted, you're OK by us. Best of Luck always Chip!

Hugs & Kisses,
(You'd like that, wouldn't you!)
Cuz & John

Christopher Robert Kirschten

Chris, Kiki
Livermore, California
General Engineering, Navy NFO

One would almost think that Chris should have been born with wings. His love of flying is only paralled by his intense fascination and extensive knowledge of aircrafts which extends back to the Wright Flyer. Actually, Chris has many interests including sporty modes of transportation. Yes, he is a car buff. He visualizes himself strapped into leather Recaro seats, with 13 position controls, surrounding him is a fully equipped Toyota Supra with 5-speed transmission, smoked glass windows, lustrous black paint job with gold pinstripping, and gold alloy wheels with P7 tires, and . . . then he wakes up. Chris started out as a mechanical engineer but soon saw the light and decided that the saying, "Sooner or later you'll go general" had some validity. Actually, Chris added a new twist to the general engineering curriculum which one could call Select-O-QPR. The way it works is you select the courses which will have the greatest buoyant effect on your QPR. If after a few days in class, you decide that you've made a bad "selection", you "engineer" a new schedule. According to Chris, the end justified the means because he got his NFO billet. Hopefully, in a year and a half, Chris will be in the back seat of an F-14 flying off the IKE. Best Always,

Flounder

Kent Edward Koehler

Kek
Concord, California
Systems, Nuclear Power

This future U-boat driver came from Wauwatosa, Wisconsin to the good life here at USNA. Striving towards his maximum potential, Flounder set the example by taking on the Systems Engineering Department, and by joining the Naval Academy Yachting Club. Kent worked hard to keep up spirit during the first three years by decorating the room with rose bouquets, and giving out free champagne, Kek exemplified the good life by skippering Moxie and Connie, two of the Yachting Club's finest pleasure craft. Many a fall saturday saw 3-stripers marching their companies towards Navy-Marine Corps Stadium, while this company commander sailed serenely out Santee, wheel in one hand, glass of wine (Christian Brothers, Chateau La Salle, 1980) in the other. Kent taught us all a lesson in chivalry youngster year when he went over the great brick barrier to comfort his florist in her time of need. Of course being a class act takes money, so Kent invested his car loan, becoming the A. J. Foyt of the investment world. Kent's rougher edges were revealed when he brought in his Bob Seger collection youngster year, and when he brought that sporty little Volare (Chrysler) to school. Kent will most likely be the first U-Boat skipper to sink a target while wearing a dinner jacket and smoking a cigar. Remember Kent, the dream is always the same, you step out of your 944, but you are not in the garage, you are on the bridge of your first aluminum tube, and FRY HOG is the skipper . . .

Chris

Terry Wayne Miller

Mills, Shnake
Wichita, Kansas
Political Science, Surface Line

When one thinks of Terry, he is reminded of something else about him — his many girls. Even plebe year's restrictive rates did not keep him from dating; however, he did have close calls with rabbits named T and Liz. Remember "We're youngsters, Sir!" Our local hangouts came to be Pete's and the Buzzard. Not the studious type, Terry spent numerous hours and dollars at poker with "Wadd," Fish, "Wade," and others who wanted his money. He did manage to get a 2.0 that year.

By youngster year Terry had so many girls wrapped around his finger that I thought he had the biggest pinky in the state of Kansas. Dahlgren and Fran's were his main interests, as came to be Colleen, Bridget, and Anna, but not for too long. Also that year was the trip to D. C. for Easter. Remember sleeping in the bus station, and the ham and eggs for breakfast?

Second class year Frosty sent Terry to 29. It seemed Ollie didn't like his Molson paperweight. Even in 29 he found favorite firsties who liked to eat at Chic & Ruth's with him in civvies, then race back to the hall to see who could get there first. He still managed to see Vicky and Janet between restrictions. In Celestial and Wires his eyelids got more attention than the prof.

Tired of 29, he went to 12 with Nols. As they were bored with class, they opted to "study" in the room. He finally got his N sweater that year. Julia and Tracy Hood were his finds; remember Lucky? The ***Saratoga,*** *not air, was at 1009. Oh, well, that's America!*

Knowing you, Terry, has been real. Good luck, Swo Bro.

JJP

Erik W. Nielsen

Neely
Chicago, Illinois
EAS, Navy Air, Aero

Erik came to the Boat school from Illinois by way of Naps. He was a firm believer in working hard but always liked to play just as hard. This made Erik a prime candidate to see the real world after his first two years as a midshipman, leaving with over a 3.1 grade point and the desire to become a civilian again.

During a brief tour as a civilian, Erik worked as a vocational teacher for developmentally disabled adults. During this time he also went to night school taking one class per semester. Due to the heavy course load, Erik decided that he wanted to return to the academy and pursue his dream of becoming a Navy pilot. His old aero-buddies were glad to see him back and spent many long nights trying to transform him back to his midshipman self again. Erik was very successful in accomplishing their goals, however, he was forced to vent the many frustrations in the local ring. We all know he could have been champ too, but he was determined to break his hand just to get out of formal inspections. Erik never wanted to change his civilian hair too.

All kidding aside, Erik is the most likeable individual that we've ever run across and we wish him and Joy all the blessings in the world. Good luck in the clear blue skies.

FTC

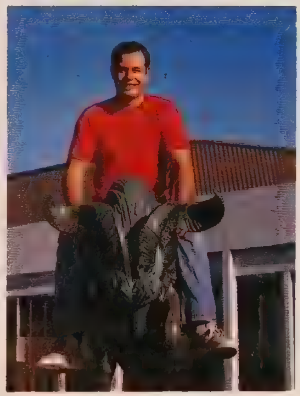
Timothy J. Nolan

Bruno
Beacon Falls, Connecticut
Physical Science, Surface Navy

This biography will not be long, as that aspect of Tim has already been taken care of. Nols came to USNA via Beacon Falls, Ct., the Fleet and NAPS. Bruno caught Plebe year in stride, and had a lush-ious Parent's Weekend with his friends, Bud and Jack. Ac year was a time to cruise; and Army a time to crash (Tom, get away from the edge . . . Don't worry TD it's only Mike and KC) Youngster year saw the Double-UNN major come and go, 3 physics teachers and a 1.47 Pent Rd. later, Nols visited the Admiral. A positive vote gave Tim an introduction to the "Class?" of '85 . . . Dukes, JT, Mikey, Doppler, the Chu-Cha twins, Iguana and Sailor Boy. Moving on to 2/c Summer (What is Protramid, anyway?). Coach Miller plus Timmy's Happy Hour = a 4-credit "A". Then came Geology and Creevy . . . Enough said. With 2/c year came Bruno and Gito; so tough that we made Paul's belly **pink!** *Nols went the free-agent route 1/c year and signed with the dirty dozen. A Merry Christmas from NL400 catapulted Tim into the final semester and, with the help of the Tazmanian Devil, he just might make it to 23 May.*

Special thanks are in order to Maj. Lasher, the maid at the Horizon Inn for cleaning up afterwards, and especially the Ac-Board for, if it weren't for an early return in '82, Nols might not have met Ann. Super guy, Fantastic girl: The makings of a great life. Yo, take it easy.

TD



Robert F. Oakenell

Oakie
Gladstone, Oregon
Systems Eng., Nuke Subs

Oakie finds pride in being the only twelfth company person to have the distinction of being able to say he is from the same state as the long gone Rat Man. Coming to the boat school to excel in any and every endeavor he undertook, it is safe to say he achieved his mission. Many an afternoon we could see Bob in his yellow sweats, blue ball cap, and geakers leading the mighty Hubbard Hall fleet out into the Severn. Even in Dahlgren Hall he made his mark as an excellent "quarters" player. Oakie could fill not just one, but two of his grey gloves with recycled alcohol while lying under the table on the floor. As an outdoorsman, Oakie also excelled in being able to spend the night on a park bench at Hood while everyone else was forced to sleep indoors. When it came to departing on leave he was always the first to go using such excuses as a Rhodes Scholarship interview to get home early. Firstie year saw the Oaks move up to the Executive branch of the Brigade shouldering numerous well earned stripes on his uniform. In the future, Oakie will be able to reflect and say he survived living with the Company's Marine contingent; but their influence was not all for naught as Bob will go sub-Marine. Just remember this "crazy" will be 30,000 feet above you. Through all your amazing achievements and hard work, you have been one of the best of us and a tremendous friend.

Earl A. Panico
Tony
Ventnor, New Jersey
SAS (Management), Surface Warfare

Earl came to us a "high roller" from Atlantic City. Always with a card up his sleeve, the resident Napster slithered his way through the hazards of Plebe summer . . . "nice whiteworks Panico . . . smile" . . . and into the goodtimes of Canoe U. Plebe year was a time to remember. Army-Navy was more than a game . . . Thank God for nurses . . . Always the clown and jokester, Earl never failed to amaze us with his knowledge of "femmes." Oh the women!. Thanks Frannies, you've been kind. Since a miserable plebe, Earl has been a faithful member of the crew team. Winning the Nationals wasn't so bad, . . . fighting for the shower was!

Academics posed a hurdle for "the Pearl", but with age came wisdom and soon a kick in the pants was all it took. ZZZZZZ . . . "I'll do it later!" If I had a penny for all the times . . . Hilton . . . Princeton . . . Killer Knock-abouts . . . mmm Good! Somewhere between plebe and man Tony realized there was more to life than the "pursuit of Happiness." Oh Cheryl, can it be? We all do it sooner or later . . . As his only surviving roomie, I know Earl well . . . maybe too well!! the best of luck to my buddie from the Buddah. "Rub my tummy and make a wish!"

ESD

David Holt Ruedi
Dave
Decatur, Illinois
Naval Architect, Nuclear Power

Dave came to good ol' Canoe U from one of the more well known coast-line states. Illinios?!? Well, at least his home town is named after one of our more famous heros. One of the few remaining NARCS in our class, Dave is looking for bigger and better things in Subland. Remember, what goes down doesn't necessarily have to come up.

Along with his B.S. in Naval Architecture, David is graduating with a minor in Sci-fi and MASH. He is also a music enthusiast and knows no bounds when it comes to quality sound. Just ask Nak, Carver, Bang, and Olufsen. Dave, the car's not bad, but someday the X 1/9 will grow up to be a full grown Lamborghini. Just remember that when you are in doubt, do it, it's only money.

Dave was one of the most dedicated Baggers I ever met (Lucky Baggers that is). He worked his way up from a lowly photographer to associate editor in only three years. Dave didn't have to march much with a piece, but I'm sure the camera was just as heavy, right?! Anyway, he became the most popular person in the company when he got his own phone. Grand Central Station, ramp 3240, in-coming.

Good luck in the future Dave and remember that Monday is hotel night, Thursday is for dancing on the desk, and the weekend is for us.

Dan

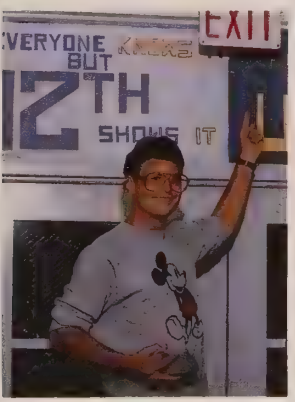
Thomas A. Schaefer
Tommy
San Diego, California
Economics, Engineering Duty Officer

Little Nimo . . . What can we say? His eagle-eyes scared us during Plebe Summer, but his computer memory kept him out of harm's way. Just living with the Skinman was enough to have him California dreamin' before August rolled around. Finally the Brigade returned and Tommy was fortunate enough to end up with Chickenhead and Captain Rack. Bob and Rick were soon to experience King Morpheus' realm to the fullest as many a midnight's wild-eyed conversations had them laughing into their pillows . . . "He's handing out Oreos!" Tommy was nowhere near Ft. Benning when he got his airborne quals . . . "Oh, wow, I'm OK." Until youngster year, surfing had been Tom's solitary source of gratification, but Dahlgren fixed that. Thanks to Bob, Jenny became Tom's first date, then his first fiancee, and will become his first bride as soon as the hats are in the air. Being one of Baine's favorite boys, Tom has never had a spring break, nor can he enjoy the Dog Zeeebra he returns to every afternoon. Three stripes rewarded his fanatic obsession though, and he assumed command of Navy's casual lightweights. A member of the Top 100 Club by direction, Tom is counting the days until the Wicked Witch really will be over the rainbow and he can return to San Diego where it is hoped he can relax. Our best wishes go with him.

Robert Bruce Shibe
Rob, Gordito
Palmyra, N.J. (No Exit)
EME, Marine NFO, Mech E

Coming to Canoe U. with the same girlfriend that he has now, Rob spent most of plebe summer eating Herb's chow packages & taking flak for Herb's mess. As a 4/C, Rob decided to try out for the weekday liberty (sailing) team. He did his time there until the PRODEV sailing coup & 2 bumps on the head proved sailing to be a waste of time. Plebe year was successful with a 3.0+ CQPR so Rob decided to become a Mech-E. Hopes of continued splendiferousness were soon shot down by Slush, Wild Bill, Fatman, Warlord, Rocket, & 280-Z. Always looking for a challenge, Rob chose Nuc power to be his niche in the Navy. However, 2 years & 1/C cruise with MAJ "Hammerslammer" gradually convinced Rob to become a MARINE. Besides, after living with the 'Pup since youngster year, he & 'Dro got tired of telling everyone that they weren't going Corps, so they gave in to the big green recruiting machine. As a 3/C, Rob spent most of his time sleeping, sailing, & trying to convince the world to buy HP calculators. He flamed on through 2/C year & finally surrendered the crest. After stories of "Beach Bunny & Beach Bear", plebe detail & the camouflage door on 4-3, the Brigade reformed & Rob assumed the awesome job of CO Training. 1ST semester passed with football games, dummy chits, & LCDR Tuggle's CA tour & war stories (while Paul slept). The 1st weekend of the Dark Ages found our 3RD PLT CDR celebrating his B-Day & practicing ice skating (& falling) on the way back from the O-Club. BZ you NFO & good luck in "The Wing". And Rob, don't fall asleep on the couch!!

My Friends,
Smith & Wesson.



Daniel M. Sileo
Laura
South Meridan, Connecticut
Oceanography, Surface Line

Dan joined us in July of 1980 with a desire to go to sea on a surface ship and a big alarm clock. We quickly disposed of the clock, but he is still going to be on a target. Over the next three and a half years Danno gave up his weekends, his week days, and his health for sailing. By the second semester of 1/C year he realized that his weekends could be better spent. Dan never had to study very hard. He preferred to spend study hours reading, watching TV, playing backgammon, or ping-pong.

In the future Dan will do well at whatever he tries, whether it's in the Navy, or in CivLant. Just remember to stay away from little glass animals and that money is meant to be spent!

DHR

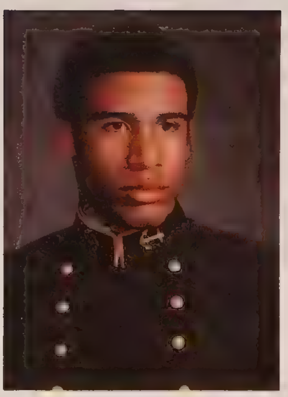
Steven Gregory Skinner
Skin Flicks
Monmouth, Illinois
Economics, Surface Warfare

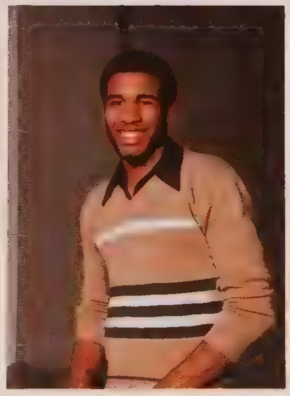
One of the Wires Professors had a saying "Great ideas need landing gear as well as wings." Unfortunately, this mid out of Farmtown, USA (home of all great basketball players) had bad feet, and his idea to come to the Naval Academy crash-landed. Fortunately, he desired a SWO pin instead of the wings of an eagle which suited him just fine. The start of his first semester of academics took this pseudo-basketball player quite by surprise. But, he recovered to eventually brush shoulders with the upper half of his class.

While at the Naval Academy, Steven pursued such diverse fields as Spanish, Economics, ***The Rack*** *(his hardest course) and "All My Children" (He would unhook ERC and play around with the antenna until the desired reception came in). His Company Officer even joined him on occasion to watch Jenny, Greg and Arica. Eventually, that great scourge, women caught up to him, and on Fridays you could see him on I-95 to Philly.*

His summer cruises were something else. YP ON2 taught him how to be professional aboard a YP and offer cokes to damsels in distress. His first class Caribbean cruise (He was set up by a friend in PRODEV) sent him off with 7 other Mids who knew as much Spanish as he did. Somehow, he came back to the States with 3 addresses, among other things. (He also came back fluent, it's amazing what men will do for women).

He'll be soaking up rays in Long Beach. Just remember Major Hannigan, Ricky Adger and the weanie wars.





Harry M. Summerfield
Meso
Reno-Sparks, Nevada
Political Science, Marine Corps

Never Caught *short for words, or to tell you what he knew was right/or close enough! Harry will be the first '84' grad to fight and answer the call. He will receive the congressional. He has ALL THE RIGHT STUFF." With all the right stuff, Harry will never have any money, he loves spending it too much. Harry is a gamblin' man and his talents were not wasted at USNA, midnight poker his specialty.*

Harry will not have a problem with the 'O' course at TBS. He climbed enough walls during his four year confinement at USNA. I think the Jimmy Legs knew about the arsenal he carried.

Let's degenerate to some memorable times: Really . . . 5:45 runs in any weather . . . coed room . . . 400 at the Prime Rib . . . Road trips at Christmas . . . King of PAIN! . . . Get up Wimp . . . WAH! . . . Light up the FRYING PAN . . . Harry is the never say never man, He can do anything, but most of all he is a true friend, and has many because of it. See you at TBS pal, forever watching your back while you watch mine.

KIT

Gerard Michael Vandenberg
The Wedge, Salty, Spard
New Canton, Virginia
Naval Architecture, Submarines

Coming from a small Virginia town didn't necessarily mean that Gerard was inexperienced in the ways of military life. He came to USNA as a distinguished graduate of Fork Union Military Academy (old Fork U. to his friends), a place where men are men and there are no women.

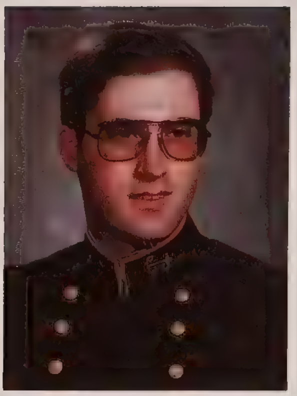
Having successfully "cruised" through plebe year, the "Wedge" (see photo) easily made the transition to a full fledged youngster. Many late nights were spent planning and perpetrating "spirit-related activities". He, Flounder, and Meso also spent a great deal of time refining this coordination, timing, and accuracy as members of the NFES (Noxema Foam Explosive Squad).

Roddy was finally challenged in his third year. If he wasn't galivanting about the foredeck of a racing yacht, he was contemplating the long-term effects of the Navier-Stokes theory on the aerodynamics of the navy's fastest cruisers. His remaining time was spent pursuing his hobby of sport game fishing. He and the Gup (short for Guppy, aka The Woman in Black) stuck it out through thick and thin. Just remember, driving privileges aren't everything.

After four years, if there is just one idea, one underlying principle that will sustain Gerard in the years ahead, it would have to be the phrase . . . "Porsche . . . there is no substitute."

3rd
BATTALION

Thirteen



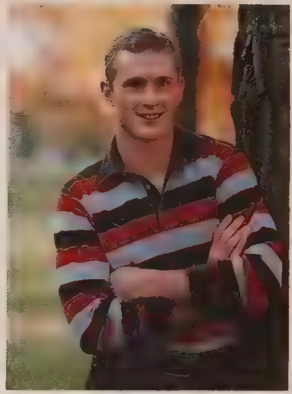
Eugene Giles Brady, III
Trip
Memphis, Tennessee
Naval Architect, Nuclear Power

Gene drifted into Crabtown from Memphis, which we were constantly reminded was the home of Elvis. Plebe year really cramped his style, and it wasn't until youngster year that we all saw his tendency for skirt chasing and buying new stereo equipment every two weeks, a practice that made him very popular with the underclass, who he constantly supplied with his hand-me-downs. In Dahlgren, where he became a regular, Gene had the great advantage over his shipmates of not having to drink to enjoy the use of beer goggles, thus sooner opening the field for a broader range of opportunities. How could he lose with lines like, "Can I have your picture for my blotter?"

After a cruise on a grey ship and a leisurely sail to Bermuda, Gene decided that submarines were the way to go and promptly signed up. What he will be like after a three month FBM patrol with no women is anybody's guess. To end with a phrase from a well known Dahlgren girl, "Hey Cruiser, Trip, Gene, whoever," have a good life in whatever you do.
P.E.J.

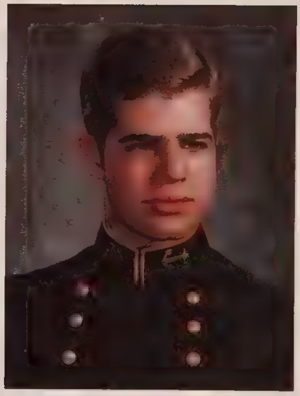
Mark E. Brodowicz
Mark
Waynesboro, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering, NFO

Mark came to us that one day in July as an energetic (hyperactive), innocent, bald-chested young kid from the megatropolis of Waynesboro, Virginia where the streets are numbered from one to three. He did well here at the academy, though in the beginning he had some trouble with his inability to "lock on" . . . Beep . . . Beep . . . He had high aspirations of quarterbacking the Navy offense, but those high squeaky frequencies just couldn't make it to the wide-outs. The Glee Club, however, pulled through with a position in their line-up . . . just check his SCAMP sheets. But seriously, after four years of hard work and dedication, he earned the N-star award as an intelligent, hard hitting, and "swift" DB, not to mention his three stripes. Mark survived the Hawaiian excursion (How 'bout that $15.00 beer??) and entered youngster year in pursuit of "the" chest hair and the Mech-E department. Needless to say, he faired better academically than biologically. Second Class year brought along varsity ball, the Rocket, booby traps, daiquiris and the queen thereof, a dying Valiant, but still no chest hair. Memories from Lauderdale include oiling down and heaving up. Recovery came abruptly, and by the Ring Dance, he certainly **did** *have the ability to pound . . . and pound . . . and pound. All that coaching sure did pay off, huh Mark?! First Class year and still no hair - oh well, "grass just doesn't grow on a playground." An exception to Murphy's Law, Mark, you are a sure success as an NFO; after all, how can you miss with that luck and disposition? See you in Florida!*
MWD,JEG,&CSH



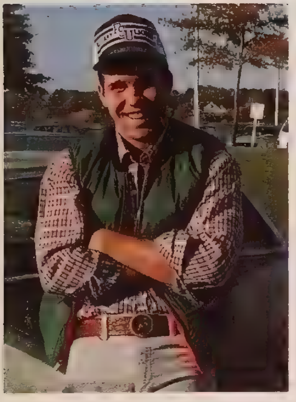
David B. Bunker
The Bunk
Daytona Beach, Florida
Physics, Nuclear Power

Dave's stay here has been somewhat more relaxed than the norm. Between D&B, night caps, club 21 and pin striped suits, this tendency often led to trouble. As far back as plebe year, it was "Everybody shove off — except Bunker." Hailing from Daytona Beach, his regional loyalties weren't without their cost, as his roommate can attest. In spite of that, however, it didn't take him long to discover that all roads lead to Rome. Rooming with Dave has been a pleasure — usually. When threatened with possible wedgification, he didn't hesitate to follow up on his own threat, "I'm gonna hurt 'cha!" Beer was always his friend, with sleep running a close second. This initiated some bizarre rituals, such as the "Dirty Pup" song, sung just before sleep. Never a preppy type, Dave is looking for a chance to get out of the alligator Navy and back to Nukes. However it goes, Dave, we know you'll never be out of shape, between the 12 oz. curls and the long runs to Rome.
HJL



Terence E. Busmire
Bus
Kendall, New York
Mathematics, Marine Corps

He's no gentleman . . . But he's no doorknob, either! Bus hails from Kendall, N.Y., which is no great accomplishment, but we let him hang around us anyway. Plebe year Bus was the model plebe. His roommates made it easy for him to make friends. No one knew Bus youngster year, but second class year he discovered television, which occupies 90% of his time. The other 10% is spent sleeping and drinking. Studying? Sometimes, maybe. First class year Bus went schizoid, becoming Capt. Kirk, the Road Warrior, the Great Santini, Rodney Dangerfield, and Hanover Fiste, to name a few. Bus managed to stay in shape first class year, even though he had a car, by continuing to walk everywhere he went. Yes, walking is one of Bus's favorite pastimes; to town, 7-11 . . . he even tried to walk on water once. Barring any unforeseen events, Bus should have a brilliant future with the Minnesota Center for Sleep Studies. He's currently experimenting with 3 hours of sleep per night, as well as the benefit of sleeping in class. Bus will go on to the Marine Corps after graduation, and our best wishes go with him for continued success.



Martin W. Deppe

Marty, Dep, Depper, Big D
Limekiln, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Navy Air

Leaving his days as a farmboy, the Depper left Wilmington, Del., and came to the boat school as a "tourist" (Hey Deppe, wanna buy the place?) with a lot of heart and very little luck. His determination pulled him through the summer, but fate took over the first day of Ac-year when reading the paper was more important than going to quarters. It didn't take long for his leadership qualities to shine through as he honored the Mess Night with his presence as a "heavy" Mr. Vice. (We know . . . we carried him back.) The next summer, Big D had his eyes set on a Pearl Harbor cruise, but his lousy impersonation of Evil Knievel left him with a cast and a first round pick on the YP Squadron. Youngster year brought the first of his many infamous M.E. profs, but his grades survived and so did his liberty . . . many a novena was said while confessing the St. Joe's road trip. Second class year brought an "impressive" patch to the Dep's SDB sleeve; however, due to the "pressure" of the Rocket, he was seen more in the ward room than at Franny O's. Big D was able to overcome the Rocket and, against all odds, even found a Ring Dance date, but not before a run-in with a tree and a swing in S.C. Not all of his luck was bad 1/c year as he led the summer company to colors, was awarded the helm of 13th Co., and acquired a "sister." Marty, your bad luck is behind you. Fly Navy - that's how the Duke would have done it.

MEB,JEG,CSH

David J. Etkins

Crofton, Maryland
Mathematics/Computer Science, Surface Warfare

I came to the Naval Academy to swim and get a free education. Therefore, I can't say I made the right decision to come here, but I know I didn't make a wrong one either. It was the thing to do at the time, so I did it. I just hope this four year sacrifice is worth the Naval Academy's reputation everyone talks about.

PS. For my brother Robert ('85), it's been a team effort, so don't go screwing it up.

. . . That's enough for me, please pass the album cover.

DE

Mark A. Fallot

Bead
Louisville, Ohio
Math, Surface Line

Mark came to us from Louisville, OH, of course well known for its high waves and deep seas. The word which would best describe Mark's plebe year is "sweat". Then a strange phenomena happened third class year when he joined the grease and grime duet from NJ. Of course Mark paid dearly for this change (Hey Mark, can I borrow $100 by Fri?) A world traveler, he enjoyed many road trips with the glee club on weekends. This all came to an abrupt end when he decided that he wanted to meet all the officers of mother B personally . . . and what a better way to do this then to have a few musters a day in smoke hall with the OOD. Yes, 1/c year was not a good year, at least not at the start. Yet he survived all his problems with the help of his closest friend, the new Apple IIe. If nothing else, Mark did become very efficient on his computer during tours.

Mark now leaves us and the east coast to join the USS Foster out in San Diego. Fair winds and following seas. Good luck and God Bless.

I.G.

Jeff E. Gianguili

Gi, Ginger, & A Man Called Horse
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Power

*Gianguili (that's like two girls names) arrived here at the "Boat School" with a nine-iron in one hand and an "Iron-City" in the other. "Gi, get your hands out of the cradle, you robber!" Seriously though, Gi was always good with girls because he was quite the conversationalist. He was always offering them some "food for thought." Not only was Gi a smooth talker, but he was also quite a muscular figure. "That comes from carrying the world on your shoulders all the time, huh Gi?! I guess another one of Jeff's tricks was the way his cup runneth over with emotion. Something as simple as a chicken sandwich would always bring tears to his eyes, and we mean **always!** On the other hand, he was known to blow a gasket or two every now and then. "Hey, watch out for those whisk brooms!" Jeff was also a natural born leader; he even earned four stripes on Brigade staff. Not only that, he led us all, as youngsters, on a revolt against colors! Jeff, you ringleader you. Well, we could go on and on, from Coastie stories to shaving stories, from Pam's party to getting stuck "in" Mary Washington (who's she?) but there's no need to get nasty. You were a real friend and we wish you all the luck in the world, but most of all . . . . . . BLESS YOU!*

MWD & MEB

Israel Guibas

Izzy
Egg Harbor, New Jersey
Physical Science, Surface Line

Izzy came to USNA from one of the better residential districts of Egg Harbor, majoring in football and girls at famous Absegami High. One of your standard mids, Izzy would go to school during the week, but had an allergic reaction to staying in the hall on the weekends. His fun-loving spirit was evident in a variety of areas, including company spirit, yearly trips to Puerto Rico, and diligence in helping our nation's economy — by holding a credit card in almost every major store in the Baltimore-Annapolis area. But, all good things must come to an end . . . a special girl at Notre Dame managed to reel him in. Yet, when Izzy put his mind to some important task, he always came through with flying colors (well, most of the time). Although unable to grace the backseat of a naval aircraft, he will definitely make the most of his MSO tour in the surface community. Good luck to a great roommate and good friend. See you in San Diego.

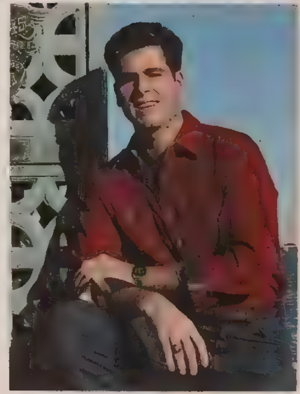
Sid Hatcher

Hatch
Moore, South Carolina (B.F.)
Marine Engineering, Navy Air

Sid came to us that one day in July as a Skoal dippin', Suthan speakin', knife packin' good ole boy from B.F., S.C. We all wondered about Sid's Plebe Summer; he had hair everywhere but on his head — that buzz cut made him look like one of Jeri's kids. Sid breezed through plebe year and found himself 6000 miles away in Hawaii — where he had trouble hanging on to his flip-flops. With the new youngster rate, Sid was quick to capitalize on a good thing . . . Dahlgren beer and red headed women. The latter of which caused him to "go down" under the conduct system because she wouldn't "come down" out of the clouds over Essex Skypark. Speaking of clouds, we were always in one as to which school Sid actually pledged his allegiance. Let's just say there was more orange and white in his room than there were gold and blue. Go Tigers! Second class year came around fast and Sid signed on for a seven year hitch. It seemed that the red head signed on for a hitch of her own. She was still around. Why, she was even driving Sid's car . . . in the yard no less! "Pardon me Red, are you a midshipman?" That's O.K. Sid, we didn't mind driving you all over town. Well First Class year and Red's still here. Is that what they mean by a "lifer" Sid? Could be!

But seriously, Sid is a kind, generous, and caring individual whom we all respect and admire. Maybe that's why he did so well as our first set Company Commander. Good Luck down in P-Cola; you'll need that "Shade for the summer and heat for the winter!"

MWD,JEG,& MEB



Kevin T. Howard

K. T.
Annapolis, Maryland
Physical Science, Marine Corps

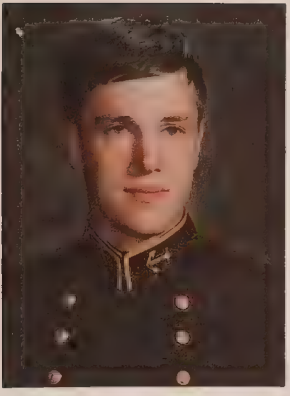
K. T. took the roundabout way to enter the Naval Academy. He hails from Annapolis but on his way to U.S.N.A. got lost and wound up at NAPS. Kevin never actually lived in Bancroft Hall, he just commuted daily . . . living only two miles from Canoe U. 3/c year came and so did weekends . . . where's K. T.? He was the only third class in the company to put in a chit to request driving in the two mile limit. K. T. never lacked style. He would have won the company GQ award, but we didn't have one of those. 2/c year saw the beginning of K. T.'s Taxi Service as he would use dad's car to cart the "gang" around on weekends. Kevin had a lot of tales about the harem of women that were chasing after him . . . we never saw any of them? . . . we believe he mentioned something about mids having no class . . . Naaaah! First class year, Kevin went from platoon commander to company academic officer, a job he really appreciated because it brought him so much closer to our company officer. K. T. will do O-TAY in the Marine Corps. Semper Fi.

Perry E. Johnson

Independence, Missouri
Electrical Engineering, NFO

For the duration of his four years here, Perry has been an invisible man to most. To the rest of us, he's something of an enigma. He's the only one of us to have kept the same girl for all four years, the only gun-toting neo-fascist to come from Missouri since Daniel Boone, and the only "music lover" who can play The Silver Beatles and Devo in the same beat. As for his dream of flying in the bombardier seat of a live B-17, will NFO training succeed where a life membership in the CAF failed? Or is it just the wings he wants? Although he hardly needs them for catching the ladies — besides his fiancee, there's at least one other who pines after him. Who can forget "He's @!X# engaged?!!" In spite of his idiosyncracies, he's always ready to help a classmate, loaning him one thang (sic) or another. And who could forget the bedlam in the wee hours of the morning as even the toughest of roommates fell afoul of his favorite tactics — the dreaded chin swipe or the last-ditch tickle. Perry's sure to make a big hit with those who really see him, at least as long as he keeps receiving those chow packages. Good luck in the wild blue yonder, Perry, and we all hope you get to shout, "Bombs Away!"

HJL



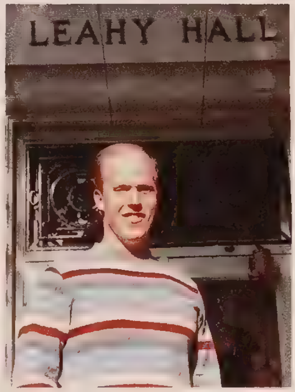
Horace James Lasell
Williamstown, Vermont
Electrical Engineering, Naval Flight Officer

Horace is from the maple state of Vermont and we can proudly say he's our friend and shipmate. If it wasn't for his storming furiously about the room when frustrated he surely would have lost his sanity and we would never have truly known him. Horace is of superb intellect and has worked diligently to become a professional electrical engineer. It's ironic, however, that a piece of electrical equipment, operating at maximum rated power, has kept him from the fun and future he deserved. Although his initial confrontation with the Academy shaped him into the ideal plebe, nonlinearities have developed over the past four years. He surely will be soaring high in our thoughts and feelings for the rest of our lives and in whatever he undertakes. Fair winds, following seas, and CdV/dt, or was it LdI/dt? And Horace, try not to rip Judy's dress, OK?

CTN

James Alan Laughlin
Jamey
Poland, Ohio
Physical Science, Navy Air

So what if I have no hair, you are a load ... at least you know how to spell your nickname much ... a lot! ... older than water ... who are you callin' dogbreath? ... what's wrong with his fingers ... "No," as he pushed an empty bowl in the firstie's face ... BLAST 81 ... running steps ... a small shoe store ... laundry's in ... good, now I can sleep ... does he do this often ... I don't think red hair has anything to do with your hormones ... this place bums me out ... come on fo' o'clock ... Hey, Giovanni! ... BLAST 82 ... How do you spell POLAND? ... How's your roommate ... I can play basketball, and we be jammin' ... why don't you buy a comb? ... 3rd Batt Team ... Mexican meal? ... gonna go hydro the plant ... What's white man's disease? ... bof my feets be off da groun' ... That stuff don't flush in Poland ... the Cowboys? ... Get a real team! ... BLAST 83 ... "The color company commander is ... from Poland, Ohio ... Poland? - what navy is he going to be in when he graduates ... steerage ... women's basketball games with Mean, Yo, Becky Lew, Silk, Shoop, Ike, l'il Becky Troop, et al ... Who are you calling toecheese, now? ... "I'm still here" ... Can I have two fish with cheese on white? ... Chick & Ruth's, man ... What's the difference between an abominable toecheese and a terminal toecheese? ... all this talk about cheese is making me hungry ... Rocco's ... Bogie's ... George & Pam's? ... Do they sell pizza there? ... Navy Air? ... Blue Thunder wasn't real life ... stop making helicopter noises with your mouth ... BLAST 84? ... BLAST OFF! ... Congrats! ... Godspeed! ... K-wagon and gone ... I can blow my nose anywhere now - I'm an ENSIGN! ... We's all bad, and then some ... gooooo!

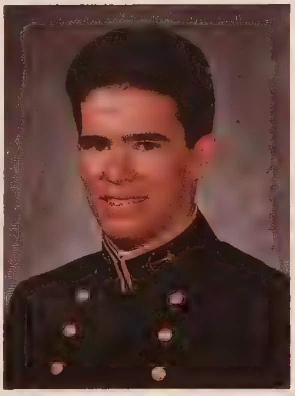


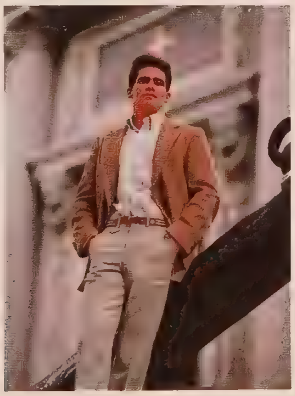
Philip J. Lawver
Danville, IL
Applied Science, NFO

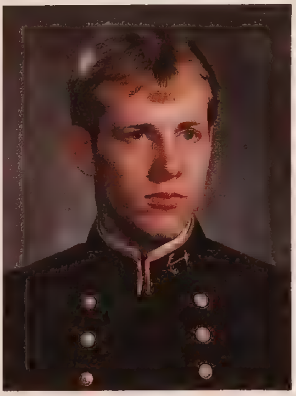
I could have done more. I should have done less. I shouldn't have blended with the walls so much, but at least I wasn't the door. Remember, if it doesn't make sense, blow it off. It can't be that important. After all, that's how I got through Calculus, Chemistry, History, Wires, etc. etc. After struggling through plebe year, I found that the answers came easier from a well-rested mind. I didn't sleep that much, did I?

Bud, Matt, Scott, how could I ever forget second class summer! It was such a panic, right. Who would have thought that after getting so sick in the T-34 and not passing the swimming for the T-2 ride, that I would choose NFO. I guess I'm a glutton for punishment ... I even tried to go Nuke.

Thanks Gramps, if it weren't for you I probably would have missed out on this great experience. I just hope I get as much out of the Navy as you did.







Brion Robert Martin
Bri
Warminster, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Navy NFO

Martinstien went straight from Warminster into the dog house. But he got out of the dog house as soon as team tables ended. Youngster year Brion proved to all of us that drunk under the table was more than just an expression, and that the sink is not just for washing anymore. Brion ended the year by eating some early morning breakfasts for blowing demo in the room. The weekends of second class year allowed Brion to get very PW'ed, but that didn't stop him from slumming a girl from Balt. ... "I didn't know that the last time we kissed I was being kissed off." Two cycle Martin also had a good time in Lauderdale ... how was Shamoo? But really, 1983 was a very good year for Brion, he didn't have a crash that he couldn't drive away from. Although he tried very hard the first weekend he had his corvette. However, LPD-13 wasn't so fortunate, it didn't need that catwalk anyway. First class year brought more trips home and to Penn State. On the weekends that he stayed, you could catch him at the O-club chasing after Betsy, or Patty, or Wendy, or Sally or whoever else was there. (only kidding Janeene). See you in 5 at Bruce's. Fair winds and following seas. yuk, yuk.

John Christian Martinez
Tippy
Syracuse, New York
Systems Engineer, Submarines

Tippy, the great soccer player from England, Oregon, Syracuse, Blacksburg, Chicago, Long Island? His first mistake was living with Bob plebe year, who convinced him that Playboy was better than Proceedings, and beer was better than gatoraid. Too bad his body didn't take it so well. He knew Ralph well! Too well. He had a rank to match, 34 out of 33. Thanks Tim. Youngster year also afforded him the time to play with high explosives and spend Easter Break on duty. Disney world was no vacation either, after getting booted from space mountain. Junior year brought voo goo and nubies. Albright also became a good friend. How about the doc's 'stang at Hood and 6 weekends of running from security. Bruce parties and the Go Gos finished off the year. Then he met Blue Thunder, or should we say the 7 cylinder wonder. Why drive when you can walk. If that isn't enough, brain damage entered his life, or was it his death. No, really, she liked the hooded sweat shirt . . . a lot. I just hope the "bubba" head can hold his breath long enough. See you in 5 at Bruce's.

Robert E. Matts
Bob, HCB
Brooklyn, New York
Management, Submarines

Plebe year Bob set the record for the run from Saturday evening meal formation to Timmy's. Unfortunately, the Cardinal could not always hold the beer he was running for. Like Mess Night when he repainted the walls. "Hey Bob, what's that smell?" Bob was never at a loss for words in Dahlgren either. "Oh, you don't want to dance. Well, I had to go to the bathroom anyway." 3/c year was also the first time Bob was thrown out of Hood, but not the last. Youngster year saw Bob, along with Tip and Woj, develop the good grades theory. He had the bus receipts to prove it. Bob started 2/c year by joining the EMBC. He also developed a close relationship with the company officer. "What do you mean I'm through here, Major?" So much for 2/c Mess Night. Bob spent a lot of time at Hood. He found a garage and parked his car. First class summer Bob changed his initials to P. W. Take many plane rides, Bob? Can I hold a sword? Club Coblentz was Bob's ending, but at least he went out dressed well. He still managed to log many a night at the O-Club 1/c year. Hey Bob, we'll all hang around to see who the best man is. See you in five at Bruce's. Royal blue Keds, Sweety.
TGIF

Jeffrey E. McCreary
Bear
Beaver, Pennsylvania
Management, Navy Pilot

Bear came to us from Beaver, for Beaver, and after Beaver. Spoons, I mean Jeff, was a track stud plebe year. That's why his name is on the wall in Halsey. Youngster year, the penthouse allowed Bear more liberty than most firsties. Jeff continued to run . . . into town . . . after girls . . . and they were still changing the numbers on the wall. Second class year, injuries kept Jeff from running and Karen tried to nurse him back to health but in the end, the differences between Jeff and Al became too great. With more time on his hands, hops and Pedro started to rule. Bruce parties and spring break earned Bear the nickname Dempsey . . . for making pickups as regular as the trashman. Second class year also saw the end of study hour at the Riverside. Jeff's little white spit turned into a pile of . . . when one of those nasty mobile guardrails decided to cross the road . . . too bad it never got there. Luckily, the O-Club was only a few hundred yards away, so, Bear's style was anything but cramped. A source of much entertainment, some of the best Navy O-clubs will keep Jeff busy for at least the next five years. See you in five at Bruce's.

Michael James Murray
Mike
Fairfax, Virginia
Political Science, USMC

Mike came in through the hole in the wall via the Fairfax Express. He did not distinguish himself as a star until the Brigade broke out in WUBA. Mike soon became so proficient at putting dimples in his noose that he once showed up at a form. With no less than 5 dimples in his noose. The professor of dimples was also a hit on the social scene, with a sis' named l'il Mo, who looked like a Goddess to a few depraved peers. Mike broke the bonds of plebehood, and established himself as definitely weird, if not completely strange. A walk on the wild side was a trip to Mike's room, after which no sane person could doubt that his mother still did his laundry at age 21, or deny that "The Land of Make Believe" wasn't just a hot piece by Chuck Mangione. Psst - don't tell anyone but Mike likes knives. He loves 'em! He's not put off by leather either. I was personally disappointed to become his roommate only to find out that his favorite expression is "not now, I have a headache." Mike could always hoot with the owls, scream with the eagles 'til quarters, and dive with the demons into the blue lagoon immediately thereafter. (I won't tell anyone that you worked only 3 days a week for an **entire** semester.) Don't look at his informal picture: there's no such thing as a junk-food guru. And where's the diet 7-up? "I know it's here somewhere," (all-purpose phrase). Hey Mikey, congrats! - not bad for a social deviant, eh? Godspeed!

Peter Andrew Nardi

Nards
North Miami Beach, Florida
Mathematics, Surface Line

Pete hails from "Little Cuba" better known as Miami, Fla. He made a double name for himself plebe summer when he became known as Mr. Nardi, Nardi. Pete was a pioneer in many ways, becoming the only guy to evade Black Sunday, and the first to wear a Japanese nose-guard.

During his first Army-Navy game, Pete discovered his real roots, when he learned that getting trashed gave him Chinese eyes. Being a loyal American, Nards firmly resolved to party on cokes from then on.

Youngster year Nards got "married" to Jeanne, and happily remained so the rest of his time at USNA. He also managed to settle into the "youngster syndrome".

Second class year saw Nards getting into "televised education," as his name appeared in the Star Trek log more and more frequently. He managed to purchase a "rice burner" with his car loan, and it was soon baptized by the boys. During this year he also moved his base of operations from Miami to Arnold, spending most of his leave time there.

Coasting into first class year, Nards spent most of his weekends at "dad's" house helping his roommate "beef up" his car. During the lucid intervals when the wife was home, Nards disappeared far from sight but he always managed to remain one of the boys.

After graduation, Nards plans to be a surface liner, destined for a Spruance-class destroyer. From his roommate of four years, thanks for being there. Best of luck.

FES

Christian Thomas Noah

Chris
Rohnert Park, California
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Subs

The computer whiz kid hails from sunny California. He was shy and innocent when he first arrived, but being around the likes of Perry, Horace, and Dave changed all that. He's still a good kid, but just knows how to have more fun.

Chris was the first person in the whole company to have his own personal computer here. He buys the systems and then takes them apart and builds them from scratch. If he wasn't here, he'd probably be putting IBM out of business. However, as he got more computers, he got less hair, and we didn't let him forget it.

True love came in second class year, and it wasn't much longer after that when he decided to go nuke power. Chris is an Electrical Engineer in the top one-fifth of his class, so there was little doubt he would get selected for nuke.

Just one more thing to add to his high character. Chris has one of the most beautiful cars I've ever seen. Chris will have a lot of fun marrying Robin and driving around in his red Formula Firebird to wherever the nuclear submarine force directs him. Good luck in the years ahead.

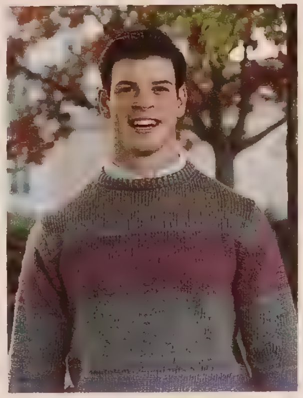
EGB

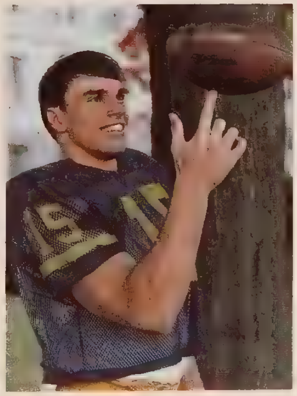
Kurt Brian Olsen

Mongo
Annapolis, Md.
Applied Science, Seals

Kurt graduated from H.S. and came all of two miles to USNA to follow his family tree. Starting as a plebe with no neck, he spent his time worrying about road trips in the Volvo. Most of his time in the hall was spent brawling with his roommates, destroying everything. Mongo was always willing to go drinking - he even offered to get free drinks, the problem was he usually got them while everyone else got charged double. Kurt moved on in his career to make trips to PSU and check the grass conditions with his pants. He also invested in a Jeep to be like his fellow Annapoli red-necks, but the jeep came to an end when he helped Jeff fly like "Superman". He always cared about Jeff even when the shelf and speaker fell on Jeff's head. Kurt's first question was if his sentimental bottle broke. Kurt moved on in his later years to take care of all his friends by having the house microwave always ready while the driveway became a parking lot on weekends. Mongo was also good at catching women too, he had many of them and even got presents from some such as bottles, red roots, and free meals. A 'vette was next in line and it was very popular with the local police as it gave them chances for chase tests in their cars. Kurt's other endeavors included such things as rumbles in Main St., fighting the PSU football team and acting as a taxi-agent to Q-Town. Kurt is now off to become a Seal and we are all sure the "tough guy" will do well - we will all miss him especially Spoon.

DaJ





Marco Antonio Pagnanelli

Huntington Beach, California
General Engineering, Surface Line

Marco arrived at Annapolis from sunny Southern California in the summer of 1980. He had a somewhat difficult time adjusting to the rigors of plebe life. He was ranked last and next to the last by both of his plebe summer squad leaders. His grease chits contained many phrases like; "continues to be a sweat, . . . chokes on basic plebe rates." For Marco, plebe athletics brought him adversity in many shapes and sizes. Most of those adverse sizes ranged from 6'-4" to 6'-5" in stature and weighed close to 250 pounds. He was used and abused as the scout team quarterback that serviced the varsity team each day. But plebe year passed and better times for Marco arrived. As a youngster, in the first Navy game of the season against the Citadel, he scored two touchdowns. With football rolling, academic troubles began tapping his resources. Marco then switched majors from chemistry to general engineering and the academics from that point on went well (despite S-3 Vining bombardment). Football continued to go very well for Marco as he traveled over most of the country competing against some of the top teams in the nation. He scored touchdowns and threw for touchdowns. But it all ended where it began, against the Citadel, as a broken leg prematurely finished his fine career as a Navy quarterback. Now Marco will return to sunny Southern California in the summer of 1984 as a SWO bound ensign.

Jeffrey Thomas Ringel
Jersey
Maplewood, New Jersey
Operation Analysis, Marine Air

When Jeff first arrived to USNA we all knew we were in for something ... exactly what we didn't know. Being a former NAPster Ringel had his military stuff down pat. With his ever present 5 o'clock shadow, Ringel applied his NAPster training and the help of fellow Jersey boys and survived plebe year. During the week Jers spent his hours working out, studying, stopping intruders (especially Marine Officers), and being room referee ... how anyone could calmly stand through a constant barrage of books, lamps, shoes ... we will never know. His weekends were spent on shopping sprees as a plebe, punching friends in bars, "gree coffee and a cheese sandwich", and drinking Guiness. Even Jeff's boxing debut couldn't convince him and he was always throwing punches at everything and everyone. His most fascinating trick was the flying act from Kurt's jeep ... the only problem was that he had to land. After a few weeks as Frankenstein the Jersey Redneck was back to dancing and balancing on the third floor banister. His roommate loyalty was never questioned, who else would take the full force of a fallen speaker to the head just to save a sentimental bottle. Jeff will always be remembered as a hardworking, dedicated individual that could build up your morale even when his was down. With his attitude of "the service is the greatest" Jeffrey has what it takes to be a Marine.

James A. Scannell
Jamie
State College, Pennsylvania
Applied Science, Surface Warfare

Jamie came to USNA from the grasp of Joe Paterno and PSU. His idea was to play football. Academics, coach House, the Nose, Dumbo and 3 knee operations later, he was still playing, scoring TD's vs. ARMY and managing 4th in the Heisman his senior year. Besides F-ball, Dude was well known for his refined manners and harvesting ability acquired through the fine upbringing of Black Momma, Capt. C., and his step-dad Byrd. Never one to forget his home-folk, Jamie made many trips back with his buddies to impress his friends. The ability to return in 15 min., Bergie in reverse, Art festival weekends, and cowboy boots at Beta are all his doings. Without a car, Jim's truck riding and thumbin' ability were unsurpassed. When he did get his old man's car his interest wandered to peppy cars. Although this only touches on what Dude will be remembered by, he has the best red-eye and can sure set Mongo off. Phonebills keep the Faith.

1-4-3 Dude

Scott Grove Spooner
Spoon
Williamsport, Pennsylvania
Applied Science, Surface Warfare

Good old Spoon came down from the hills of Williamsport to follow in poppa Hirk's footsteps. He started plebe year, but had more liberty then, than as a firsty. Yeah, Spoon's first priority was to stay a redneck, so he got his jeep. His jeep has brought him many good times, even wondering who was driving. Only problem with the jeep was when Ponse wanted to go to McDonald's. The big thing in Spoon's life though were his many All America Teams. Most noteworthy was golf, but unknown to many he was also on the two week 150 team, king rag team, expert sniffer, NCAA wrestling champ, and most of all the Bar Stool Diving Champ, he got a nice nose as a trophy. Spoon even spent one weekend at PSU as the placekick holder for the Patriots. Well, a certain truck driver came into this story and old CB MOMMA has kind of taken Spoon away from us. But, he still has some time for his stepmother, Black Momma, and occasionally gets to see the rents. We will all miss Spoon while he is out floating on a grey tug, but most of all Mongo will miss telling him which way the beach is. Spoon will go far. We will all miss him.

DaJ

Frank E. Sutton
Frank (Bobo, Tank)
San Antonio, Texas
Management, Surface Warfare

Frank hails from San Antonio, Tx., merely a stones throw from the Mexican border ... so that's how he got here.

Plebe year Frank discovered the pleasures of beer and indulged wholeheartedly into its endeavors. Always an athletic person, Frank tried a variety of sports including handball, 150's, lacrosse, and powerlifting.

Youngster year Frank discovered a new joy ... women. Dalghren hall soon became his favorite spot. However, none of the relationships he made lasted very long. It wasn't until 2/c year that he met "the nurse". He was sitting in the bottom of a glass of beer in the Little Campus Inn when he saw her through the haze. It was then that he realized there was more to life than studying, working hard, and becoming a lifetime member of the brigade hispanic recruiting team.

From the beginning, Frank knew he was destined to possess a "muscle car". After seeing the "road warrior" he realized that more than ever. He just had to have a fuel-injected V-8 Interceptor. So he got the closest thing he could find ... a black '65 V-8 mustang complete with in-cabin exhaust, allowing both driver and passenger to enjoy the benefits of carbon monoxide air-conditioning.

Frank will join the fleet as a Surface Warfare Officer. Frank was many things, but when it came down to it, he was always a true friend.

P.A.N.

James Taylor Jr.

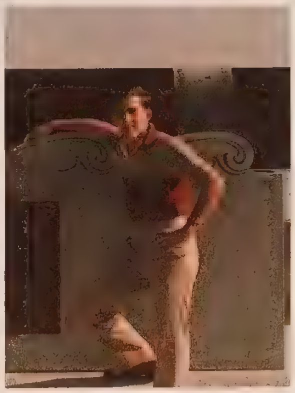
JT
Newington, Connecticut
English, USMC

*Two roads diverged . . . and . . . what's up boss? . . . **I'm** not looking for a mattress! . . . where's your sense of humor? . . . what sense of humor? . . . "What would you like to be called, Mr. Taylor?" . . . "Mr. Taylor, m'am." . . . youngster cruise on a yippie . . . just give me a warm hole to crawl into . . . I have my books and my poetry to protect me . . . what's your major this week . . . youngster year=YP Part II . . . running five miles down the road with a football is silly . . . where's your sense of humor? . . . He said I was an enema . . . that's enigma, silly . . . He's so unhip, when you say Dylan, he thinks you're talkin' about Dylan Thomas . . . I don't like games . . . this isn't just danglin' conversation . . . folk rock! . . . 2/c summer and more YP . . . Taylor's not a for-letter word! . . . Think I could buy a sense of humor at the Mid-Store? . . . Think you could pick up some tact while you're down there . . . 1/c cruise on a what? . . . YP? . . . when you gotta go, you gotta go . . . plebe summer . . . truly amazing . . . and just what kind of hole are we talking about, here? . . . make up your mind, already . . . whose life is it anyway . . . I've been to Zowie, for a ride on Noah's Ark, to Williams' burg, Laugh-lined to death, and to The Land of Make Believe, and I don't believe this is happening to me! . . . Zowie, again? . . . a vicious circle . . . no, a simple, desultory philippic . . . missing fall in New England . . . walk in a yellow wood . . . and that has made all the difference . . . B'bye . . . Homeward Bound . . . Uncle Sam's misguided child . . . free & wild . . . gone rhymin'!*

Terrance Williams

T-Bird
San Antonio, Texas
Mechanical Engineering,
Submarines

*"Hi, guys!" This strange "BIRD" is one of the smaller folks from one of the bigger states without a professional football team. T came to us all the way from San Antone. We knew he was a strange bird right away, and didn't waste much time getting him into the hospital. We figured he came so far without touching the ground that his wings **must** have been tired, or something. T made it through all of plebe year with a 2-man room. Believe me, it wasn't because he had huge-head. Right! After plebe year, T lost touch with reality. He knew only "Mech. E", (in the biblical sense, of course.) He can do the problems ok, but I would be very careful if I were going to use any equipment with his signature on it. T spent most of his free time playing make-believe on various unknown or unheard of planets. But it's ok T - we'll give you your very own planet (for an undisclosed amount of make-believe cash and a promise never to return.) Any other extra time T spent just waiting for Dawn. Now, they're gonna make him a naval ocifur. Guess we can't call him huge-head anymore . . . how about water head . . . blow some bubbles for us . . . what does NUCPWRSCHL spell? . . . Ida who? . . . & boots . . . Dive, dive! . . . so long . . . it's been make-believe, man . . . Congrats! . . . Godspeed!*



Paul Joseph Wojtkiewicz

Woj
Greendale, Wisconsin
Aerospace, Navy Pilot

Woj impressed us all plebe summer by performing his own eye surgery on the drill field. When school started and the beer began to flow, Woj very scientifically proved that the shower isn't just for washing anymore. Youngster cruise found Woj in those islands that we took from Spain in the Western Pacific with a wife and kid. She even wrote back if he gave her the money for stamps. Ac year brought free beer in Dahlgren, and showed that you can blow demo without an EMBC qual card. He brought his machine back second class summer and provided transportation for many fine road trips. On one of these we found, among other things, that Hopkins, Hood, and headlights don't mix. By the end of second class year Paul threw Jeff out of the room for looking for hubcaps in all the wrong places. First class summer Paul went around the world with Tip, and we mean they traveled. Fridays (and Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Thursdays) at the O-Club, walking on ledges, and running the first class cafeteria kept Paul busy during the year. The guy after him is a short horny midget. See you in five at Bruce's.

Jeffrey N. Zaun

Pinhead
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Physics, Navy Air

Pinhead, Zowie, Toodlooms, Kormann calls "No Show Jones", the gargoyle with the Barney Rubble double . . . all wallowed in all the way from Cherry Hill . . . a small thud at Gate 1 . . . grody? . . . a profound love and complete devotion to randomness . . . where's Taylor and Zaun . . . the odd couple . . . a conspicuous absence . . . please pass the burritos . . . more elbow room . . . a trained chimpanzee in MacDonough . . . flying without aid of plane . . . hard workout . . . sleep . . . more burritos . . . more sleep . . . road trip . . . cherries and hills . . . what's an Alfa Romeo . . . a trail of Doritos, and another conspicuous absence . . . he's back . . . what's this mess . . . ah, randomness . . . BURP!, burritos, please . . . I need a small beer . . . "These times, they are a-changin'" . . . a move to Halsey . . . you did a front front and landed on your what? . . . I love History . . . and randomness . . . singing badly to badly sung music . . . burritos . . . Hi, Jeff, and what would you like to borrow . . . can I borrow your tape player? . . . road trip . . . where's Zaun . . . the Doritos point this way . . . "No Show Jones" . . . work on getting your summer whites ready for a meet . . . hard workout? . . . zzzzzz . . . Hey Norton, how would you like to . . . that's a little too random . . . stickin' a Barney Rubble double . . . Congrats! . . . Godspeed! . . . road trip . . . red-hot beef & bean burritos . . . to go

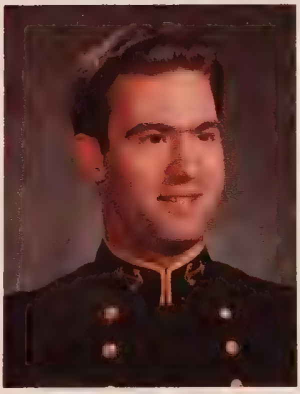
Fourteen

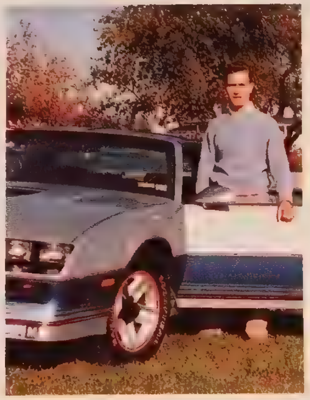
James Michael Allman
Jama, Scarf, Mike
Indianapolis, Indiana
Chemistry, Navy Air

Mike hails from Hooser country (Indiana if you've never heard of them) also known as God's country if you're still clueless. Starting off during plebe summer as a room discrepancy didn't appeal too much to Jama, but he stuck it out to endure the rigors of Organic and P-chem along with the help of his "chem buds". With the sole purpose of going Navy Air, Mike divided most of his time between the rack and the rack. In fact he could sleep through just about anything including formations, classes (missed more than 50 one semester and got away with it) and those Borrosall lectures with a little help from the local "athletic" club. Speaking of Eddie Hascal, Scarf could do some massive smacking up to parents, including holding a baby too long, and sending an anniversary card to a classmates parents when the classmate didn't even send one himself. To make matters worse, he took this same classmate's sister to the ring dance only to blow her off and do the same thing the next year. Or maybe did she blow him off? Mike's parents had some awesome tailgaters if only Mike could have found them in time. But then came Army in Pasadena and this "devout" single got snatched up by a California babe and ah . . . nuptials in June perhaps? The boys from 14 will surely miss him as he succumbs to romance, yet we wish him the best of luck in P-Cola if he can find it. Fly Navy!
Goggles

Michael J. Balon, Jr.
Brunswick, Balone, Baloney-wooo
Lockport, NY
SOS Oceanography Surface Line

Mike came screeching into USNA from the barren, frozen town of Lockport, NY, a small town which exists only because of a GM plant. He soon came to the rude awakening that the academy wasn't like the catalog said it would be, so he did his best to set it straight. He began Plebe summer by modifying a famous phrase to, "Sir, request permission not to bilge my roommate". Mike survived Plebe summer despite all of his efforts not to. In the academic year, he established his authority in the field of automobiles by telling 1/C CJ to "SHUT-UP" during a discussion on US vs Jap cars. Cars were everything to him; there were cars on the walls and on the blotters. Of course women were also of big importance to Mike. There was Miss M1, his hometown flame who earned the VF-31 sticker on her picture, Miss L, who decided he would never return from a sub cruise, Miss M2, who had 5 other boyfriends, and Miss S (from CA), who asked for his address so that she could give it to her sister to write his roommate. The happiest day in Mike's life (the Jimmylegs', too!) was when he got his Z28 Camaro pace car. He liked the car so much that he locked it up for a year. But his car led to problems: monthly gas bills. Mike finally achieved a solution one day in Jan '84. Mike's 10 year goal was attained on service selection night: a Spruance class destroyer. Mike's dedication and professionalism make him a good man for the job. Good luck and best wishes, Dude!





Paul M. Beaumont
Bo
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Aeronautical Engineering,
Aerospace, Navy Pilot

Paul came to us from Naps well versed in the details of plebe summer. He showed us how to do everything: make the beds, do the laundry; once for himself and once for his roommate. With his eyes set on flying fighters, Bo pursued aero engineering, much to his QPR's detriment, and he and Meaf remained one step ahead of the ac boards throughout all four years. Paul's first love was the Drum and Bugle Corps, which he avidly participated in for two years. His second class year he met his second love, Christine, whom he has also avidly pursued. Prior to Christine, Paul did not know the difference between love and pizza. Bo's a multitalented boy: filming and directing the youngster and second class movies, taking the O.C. out of O.C.T.C., and stunt driving outside gate 8. When Paul was not hitting curbs with his car, he was running down innocent girls on the ski slope learning how to ski. Paul also insured himself of good grease second class year by setting up his company commander with his fiancee's gorgeous sister. Bo has been a great friend and roommate. Now that the four years are almost finished, we wish Paul the best of luck in Naval Aviation,
O.C.T.C., the Rat, and the Bear

Andreas Paul Bierbrauer

BeerGoggles
Spartanburg, South Carolina
Mech "E", Nuke Puke

Andy started his road to USNA early in his life by getting his first subscription to ***Proceedings*** *at the age of three. Horst and Ginny instilled in him the pride and professionalism it takes to be a part of the elite Nuclear Navy. We all knew Andy would be one of the best ever since the day he was smart enough to throw the dixie cup on top of Herndon (nice shot!). As Andy moved into youngster year he began to live up to his German heritage by trying to prove that he could stand up after drinking three beers. Yep, "Mee and Andy" picked up many a hot four teen-year-olds on the slopes of Seven Springs. Once Andy put on the goggles the brick came a'shouting. Andy sure made for good company at a meal, if you could get him to utter a sound between breaths. Of course even then you couldn't get close enough to hear his mumbles because of his large wing span. After the first half of the dynamic duo was lost to the Ax, Andy was left to the mercy of the Mech "E" department and the Rocket. But he survived, thanks to all the quiet study time he got while his roomie was sleeping. Andy was always a man of few words but when he did say something nobody listened anyway. Well, we've been through alot together over the last 4 yrs., and all I can say is the Academy did me right by giving me you as a roommate. Take care Admiral*

Ralph W. Bower

New Orleans, Louisiana
English, Surface Warfare

Ralph came to USNA from New Orleans with three primary objectives: 1) to become an airline pilot 2) to buy a Porsche 3) to read more paperbacks than any other Mid before him. Plebe year Ralph concentrated on reading paperbacks and finding ways to miss as many early morning swim practices as possible. He also learned the hard way that swimming talents do not necessarily apply to gymnastics. An English major was not a hard choice for Ralph considering his addiction to reading. Youngster year Ralph continued to read and swim, but he also discovered Jackie, Bob Hope helped to foreshadow Ralph's engagement by broadcasting his romance on national t.v. During his second class year Ralph survived an Ac-board, lost his chance to fly, quit swimming, and bought his Porsche. By taking out two loans Ralph began his tradition of debt. This tradition exposed itself first class year in the form of an engagement ring, new paint, tires, wheels, and a new car stereo system. Service selection came and Ralph swallowed his threats of "Canada, before Surface line" and chose a destroyer. Ralph's last major hurdle was the PCR, and he cleared it with style, earning himself three additional tries at passing it. Ralph, fair winds and following seas to you, and keep striving for the maximum Visa limit.

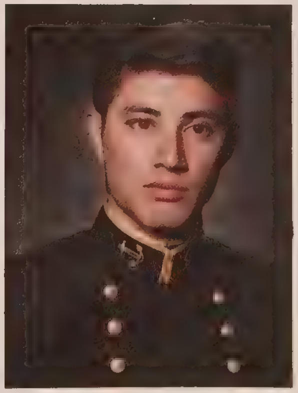
Thomas M. Campbell

T. C.
Farmingdale, New York
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Power

T. C. is definitely not one of your average mids, academically he peaked early (Plebe Summer). While hardly working, he escaped with a 2.7 despite reading nine-tenths (he hated romance) of the paperbacks in the bookstore. Pioneer of the new winter sport tree skiing, "Move Tree!" Tommy was always a source of entertainment. Many nights Tom could be found curled up in bed with a bag of cookies in his lap, a Pepsi in one hand, and books like, ***Zilbo the spacer Blasts The Lizardmen*** *in the other. You were safe as long as you stayed away from his mouth, clearly marked "Danger Food Intake."*

Weekends allowed T. C. to participate in his two Varsity Sports: Sailing and Drinking, not necessarily in that order. While not working with sailing Tommy could be found behind the wheel of his pumpkin, "Is it a rocket or a car?" Good luck Tom, the bubble-heads got a good one.

PMB



Allen C. Coomber

Eddie
Huntington Beach, California
Physical Science, Submarines

Al's nickname, Eddie, came early in his career as a mid, due to his incredible resemblence to Eddie Munster. Al came to Canoe U. from the fleet, and Plebe Summer made him wonder why. Al found academics no problem, taking 25 hours a semester, only Al could never remember where he put his watch, wallet, calculator, etc. As a youngster, Al took to vociferous correction of the CO. CDR. Record holder for most tours for one slip of the brain. "that's the bottom line." Al's study of physics enabled him to speak at the speed of light, too bad no one understood. Al finished his USNA education second class year. On to Johns Hopkins for a M.S in EE. Always knew you wanted to be a EE. Al had fun on Plebe Detail, almost as much fun as his plebes had. "Uncle Al's Summer Camp". During Ac Year '84 Al commuted in his lime green rabbit to Balt. Did that thing ever run? Al was a great host in Pasadena, who will forget Wally World or the three hour tour of LA Freeways. Good luck, Eddie. Thanks for Calif '84. Thanks for your loyalty and friendship.

TRD

John P. Cordle
Blackcloud
Rome, Georgia
Ocean Engineering, Nuclear Surface

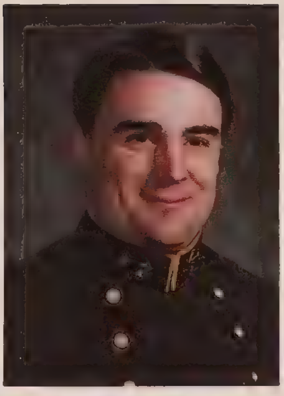
He came from Rome, Georgia, a good ole boy. No chip on his shoulder just a star on his head. Hey Skunkhead, Cornhead, Bullethead, Peanuthead, Bonehead, Leslie Slote and finally Bo Diddles. So many women but never the right one. She's easy . . . tell her I'm not in. Informal Ring Dance date. I think I'm turning Japanese. "Hey get over here!" Glee Club trips, Road trips, Ski trips, Canoe trips, Camping trips, just tripping out. The 7-4 barber. Let's go 4-Wheeling on the beach. Where's my Flip steward? Where's your toothpaste? Billiard Champ? Youngster afternoons . . . Set condition zebra. Rack Burns . . . in the rack by twelve. How many aspirins does it take? Kill your roomie get a 4.0. Where's the er vibrator? Give her a Pearl Necklace. Try this bra on for size. Don't sweat inspections . . . put the playboy bunnies up. Where's my pet mouse? From Hank Williams to Punk Parties. Don't worry you'll get the max. Seriously though, we've been through some good times together and we've had our share of bad ones but you always came out smiling like cool hand Luke. We've come a long way during our stay by the Severn and there's so many other things to write. You helped me get through this place and I owe you a lot. You'll always be like a brother to me. I wish you the best in everything you do. Hang Loose Bubba . . . and remember to keep the music playing.

DOG

Shawn M. Coulter
Cretin 1
Columbus, Ohio
Applied Science, Supply Corps

Shawn started his naval career at NAPS. A product of Capt. Seal and Chief Hilliard, Shawn arrived at the Naval Academy prepared to perform in the utmost professional manner. As a plebe Shawn always found the right moment to have his old ankle injury flare up. Shawn was one of the true football players to start in Halsey Field House with J. B. Youngster year, Shawn tried his hand at boxing. 2/C year, Shawn tried to stop one too many punches with his head. Second class year was not all that bad. This is when Shawn met his pride and joy, Lisa. At the end of second class year, Shawn bought his first truck. In the beginning of first class Christmas, Shawn became a two car man with a station wagon and a sports car. By the end of January, Shawn had 1½ cars left. On Service Selection Night Shawn choose "the Corps", Supply Corps. Good Luck Shawn and Lisa.

BCM



Thomas R. Dalton, Jr.
Rooster
Fairfield, Connecticut
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Power

Tommy D. gave up the rolling hills of Jersey to join the Fourteenth company here at USNA. His family quickly moved to another state, but he somehow managed to find them anyway . . . watch out Tommy; last time I talked to your dad he said something about Georgia! Tom was well known for his "cocky" strut, his fluorescent red hair (a la Frank Perdue) and for the most obnoxious laugh ever to decorate the face of the Earth. HE was a great lover of the outdoors, especially snakes (not in the old sleeping bag, though!) and who can forget that scenic canoe trip down I-95, better known as "Deliverance II" Tom managed to juggle a strenuous EE major, a rocky if sometimes hilarious social life, and a minor in auto mechanics with the infamous Audi, whose gas mileage far exceeded its net worth. He also tried his hand (quite successfully) at being Company commander and Basketball coach - how 'bout those Brigade champs! He accomplished this by being one of the most level-headed people around and, despite having reached the age of 21 without even being able to spell 'tact', one of the best and most loyal friends a guy could have. Tom leaves us in May for - yeecch - another year of schooling in Orlando and then off to a career (we all know it, don't we tommy/?) in Submarines; the "silent force" Ha - no more! Best of luck, eh-see ya in Nuke School!

JPC

Gregory J. Dimitro
Z
Severna Park, Maryland
General Engineering, Navy Air

Greg hails from Severna Park. He was squared away enough Plebe year to escape most of the upper-class' attention. His sports periods were spent exploring the finer points of the back stroke for the varsity swim team. He later moved on to varsity crew. If there were one word to describe Greg, it would be intense. No matter how tired, he always found enough energy to get in an extra work-out or finish a homework assignment. Sleep was low on his list of priorities. First class year saw him marching tall in front of the company, wielding a sword, as a platoon leader.

Mr. Pipps and Route 3 — The way wasn't clear that night. Thirty dollars was a small price to pay. Don't worry there are no signs at 30,000 feet. A cruise on the world's only active battleship convinced Greg that being a pilot is what every officer truly wants to do. Navy Air is getting one quality guy. Best wishes from close friends. In regards to your career, Greg; Take off, Eh.

Kurt L. Dixon

BeanHead, Midn-Dion, Kurtus, Dix
Herndon, Virginia
Oceanography, Marine Corps

Kurt spent 4 years at the Academy trying hard not to be a Midshipman. From plebe summer song leader to platoon leader he turned out to be a stellar mid. Varsity football kept him busy and on the road in the fall semesters, but he was always ready for a party. The result of these massive consumptions was always the same, trouble: scaring young children, trying to kill guitar players, grabin' some at the "Vous", visiting the Commandant at 4 A.M., running from the jimmylegs, hassling the roving patrol "girls wear blouses", 3 class A's in one night and EMBC. After the party Kurt could always look forward to a night of puke and a day of comatose. A .86 first semester second class year almost ended his stay at old USNA, luckily he had friends in high places (the football rep.) His no sweat attitude made him a favorite among his classmates. Between him and his roommate they could always find a good reason not to study, "if I study now I'll be too tired to study later". Thanx, you made this mickeymouse operation bearable. I could always count on you to put it in the right perspective "it just doesn't matter". They tried to make good little squids of us and then gave us stripes anyway. I know that somewhere down the road you'll find that "low stess job" (baiting hooks sounds good) just don't loose Miss Donna along the way. Until then, "get hot" and "make sure" you do a good job in the USMC. If we could do it all over again? You can pay me now or pay me later. At least we won't have to pay later. Thanx again for the memories. I couldn't have made without you.

B

Brad C. Drummond

Bradrat, Bradley, Drum
Gladwyne, Pennsylvania
Computer Science, Marine Corps

Brad came to the Naval Academy for the education and the discipline. He managed to get the education (barely), but he definitely missed out on the discipline. After a horrendous start plebe year, (sorry for the bilge buddy) Brad developed the winning formula to get him through: the rank. How could they bug you if you're asleep? If he wasn't in the rack, Brad was always up for a party or a good bull session - anything but study! Except for a brief time when he thought he was an alcoholic, he was the number one drinking partner among his companymates. A promising career in soccer and lacrosse was cut short when Brad blew his knee out youngster year. His constant good cheer was an inspiration to us all and he could always be counted on for some good advice. "Don't sweat, do it later." Although Brad wanted to be a good midshipman and do things the Navy way, he always seemed to get himself into trouble. How was he supposed to know the wall he jumped over at 4 am was the Supe's? EMBC here I come. Academy life would have been much easier for Brad if he could have found the right girl - not that he didn't try his best, most girls just needed more time than he did. Brad did manage to scrape his knees a few times though. Well we made it through, I don't know how, it's been great despite what they tried to cram down our throats - stripe me please! Thanks for the cool head - I needed it. Here's to the future and the low stress job (baiting fishhooks in Hawaii) I know some day we'll get it. Get hot and do well in the Corps. Thanks for the memories. It's been great.

Beanhead

Mark Joseph Dvorak

Dorvo, Mountainman, Pinhead
South Lake Tahoe, California
Systems Engineering, Navy Pilot

Mark left the shores of sunny Lake Tahoe to become a sub jockey. Unfortunately, Mark decided that subs just weren't his bag after youngster cruise when he not only lost his tan, but also his girlfriend. Mark managed to row crew and get good grades plebe year, but youngster year the "mountainman" decided it was better to chase women (Susy Socialist) and go skiing in Maine than to sit in the crew shells over spring break. With second class year on the horizon, Mark met and instantly fell in love with the first Maryland coed that he met, and she managed to get him fried for PDA twice in the same week. What a team - The Lettuce Woman and Mark! At tailgaitors they proved to be the craziest partiers we had - at least 'til the keg was tapped and the charcoal was lit, then they had to leave. The Lettuce Woman is so loyal she'd follow him anywhere (tuition's cheaper in Florida anyway). Mark has hosted many ski trips for the 14th Company ski bums. We wish we could remember them, we know Mark remembers New Year's second class year. Mark wanted us to have a good time so he put his boots on and met us at the car at the end of the day. Mark is an expert on RX-7's and bridges, and joining the two in Ohio. Mark has been a great friend for four years, and we wish him the best of luck in Naval Aviation. We'll all be together soon in P-cola.

The Rat, The Bear, and O.C.T.C.

Philip John Erickson

Mr. I, Rat, Rodent
Bothell, Washington
Computer Science, Navy Pilot

Phil took Plebe Year by storm, developing close professional ties with the firsties. Phil set the standards by shining his shoes for Gino and playing air guitar for Golf Company. After being cut from the baseball team, Phil began to train for the indoor track team, running around in his underwear screaming, "I'm 18 Danny, I'm 18." Youngster year gave Phil the leisure to show us all what a suave guy he really is. He poured beer on a girl's head because she didn't want to dance, and then challenged half the bar to a fight. Phil's fierce competitive spirit knew no bounds. On the field or playing quarters he gave it his all (Ack! Barf! N. D. '83) If Phil couldn't win real games, he made up his own. Stump the Star. Crutch Walk. Inside Elbow. His relationships with girls were a lot like him; all short, but all special. First class year showed Phil's outstanding brand of leadership. He successfully completed first semester as CAO discharging all his duties from his bed. Seriously, Phil was a great guy to have on your side, especially if you were winning. Phil hopes to pursue a career in Naval Aviation. Wherever he goes we know he will continue to do well and be a good friend to all. —

Dorvo, The Bear, and TC

John Bryan Fluhart
Flu, Fluctor
Clermont, Florida
Computer Science, Navy Pilot

Flu came to Navy via Naps in search of his wings. Hoping to play varsity lax, John's brilliant career was cut short when someone wrapped a stick around his ribs. Flu managed to fill his spare time playing Navtag. Youngster cruise found him on the Great White Whale with Cap'n G and cruise director Julie. Youngster year saw the first of the Spring Break expeditions to the Mont. Dejected by the engagements of two of his pen pals, John attended a private showing at the House of Babes and threw a party at the Fox that nearly ruined his rep in Clermont. He was heard to say, "You don't   where you live." Always a radical, he parted his hair in the middle on the weekends while keeping it parted on the side during the week. Gotta maintain that cool, professional look. I'd like to talk about the women in John's life, but there was only one of any note. Hailing from Benny's alma mater the pseudo-intellectual filled John's life, but most importantly his mailbox. First class year began early for Flu. He took over second set plebe detail and led the plebes to Color Company honors. With the arrival of the Beam Machine, or Bum Rider (welcome to the club), life got expensive. Flu was under alot of pressure; taking shoe shine lessons from Tommy D and writing notes to stick in his hat took more time than he had. His Hoya friend had to go. John has been a friend nonpareil in our time here. We all wish him the best of luck as he goes winging off in his "super high tech jet fighter." —

The Bear

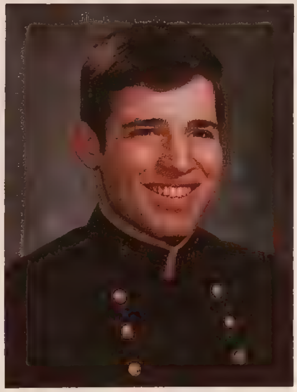
Robert E. Froncillo
Runnin' Bob
Bristol, Rhode Island
Systems Engineering, Surface Warfare

If you weren't aware that Rhode Island is the biggest, greatest, and most athletic state in the union, you haven't met Rob. Bob came to the academy with great athletic potential which eventually got channeled into 14th company sports where he contributed greatly to a couple of Brigade Champ teams (Rob on fire for the half-court shot). He had the incredible ability to sense the mood that everyone else was in and be just the opposite, thus earning the name "cosine." His competitiveness made him a glutton for punishment in such intellectual games as chess, backgammon and nerf basketball, and spent numerous late nights losing to the Dog in our room youngster year. Rob picked Systems in order to make his stay here as difficult as possible, but he proved equal to the task even though sometimes it was touch and go. I guess all those late nights where worth it. Rob lived by his two basic rules: 1) Rob is always right, 2) if Rob is wrong, see rule #1. Rob was right about one thing, his choice of a wife - Nathalie may be just the rectifier he needs. After the eye dept. of Bancroft medical dashed his hopes to be an NFO by insisting that the big fly was 3-dimensional Rob decided to hightail it to the surface Navy, which probably didn't upset the folks or the wife too much. His quick wit, good humor and natural competitivenss are sure to propel him to a successful career in the Navy and beyond. The Boys and I all wish the best of luck to you in SWOS - do us proud Fronzie. "Heeeeyy!"

Douglas C. Halpin
Dougie
Rockville, Maryland
Oceanography, EOD

Hailing from Rockville, the city of shopping malls, Dougie joined 14 on the run. A heavily recruited harrier, he earned his varsity N his plebe year. No slouch in the classroom, his CQPR has always been above 3.0. Being an athlete and rather quiet, he was the anonymous mid. Heading to Switzerland on leave, he raced up a mountain, got naked on the Schiltorn, then drank Felschlosschen beer til he couldn't pronounce it. His cars were something, from the 66 Mustang (can you say "Heap") to the Volks (party) Wagon van, many roadtrips were made. From OU with Newms and Poodle, to ND where you served as disco dancer, photographer, driver (Has anyone seen my keys?), and chief partier (Fishhhhhit!). Doug was the embodiment of professionalism, from being put on hack on 1/c cruise to sucking down RWB's on protramid. Going over the wall became a nightly occurrence. At the Spot - just Doug, George (Dickel) and Jim (Beam). A short but hot romance with Queenie (Was that chick weird, or what?). Running the "Weems Loop" (Let's stop for a beer). Doug finally left the track team when he realized running was detrimental to his drinking. A stellar 1/c year included his lowest grades ever, a stolen battery, and going to court on a "speeding" ticket. Exploding on the scene as an EOD, Doug should do well in the fleet. Always there with a smile, you've been a great friend and roomie! Best of luck!

CRACKER



John M. Hemmen
Hembro
Detroit, Michigan
Chemistry, Surface Line

Johnny came to the Academy from the East side of Detroit, where he learned to appreciate Mo-town music and the value of being a good runner. Always athletic, John started plebe year on the crew team, but quickly returned to running on the batt track and cross-country teams. His love for blisters, aching joints and general self-abuse culminated in the successful completion of the Marine Corps Marathon during Youngster year. His determination showed in academics as well. When droves of our classmates abandoned the rigors of chemistry for the haven of phi-sci, Johnny decided that some sleep and free time were a small price to pay for the mastery of polymers. John led our company as underclass and was our Company Commander when it was 84's turn to run plebe summer. But all work and no play was certainly not a favorite saying of John's as some young ladies in the area can attest. Nothing could keep Johnny off the ski slopes, or stop him from having a good time, or keep him from giving a friend a helping hand.

John was torn between a lot of things for service selection. He finally decided to go down to the sea in a ship, and a brand new one at that. Watch out California, the Mo-town Kid is on the way. To a great friend, may you enjoy success in all that you do. Go Golf!

RFM GJD

Richard J. Laufer
Lauvs
Severna Park, Maryland
Systems Engineering,
Submarines

Lauvs learned the USNA system as a senior at Severna Park High School, while his brother was a plebe. Rich memorized Reef Points long before I-Day, and since he was a scholar in the classroom, he was able to sink into anonymity. Thanks to track and special request chits, he was seldom seen on 7-4. Rich enjoyed much freedom as a youngster on account of his Schwinn and the family Impala. Rich is fearless behind the wheel of a car. The deathrides down Route 2 are history now, but not the nightmares. He never lost his senses, but once he put on a raging bull impression at the Donegal. Second Class year brought the raft race and the end of an era of wreckless fun. Lauvs managed to escape the EMBC that night, as did DKU, but his cohorts got nabbed. Caution struck; life slowed to a crawl. Rich was volunteered for Plebe Summer Detail. The Captain decided it would bring Rich "out of his shell." He spent the summer tied up at the Afterdeck in his ski boat. Nevertheless, Lauvs found his way back into the common ranks of midshipmen. Rich is a strong link in every success we have enjoyed. He is awful quiet, but he also doesn't talk any BS. I am sure he will find success in the Nuclear Navy, and moreso after. Rich, you're a super friend. God bless you and your family.

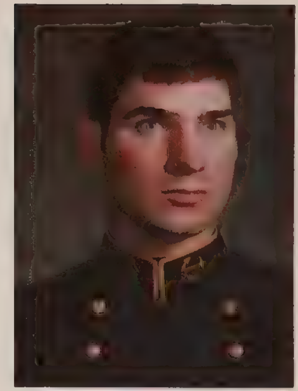
Opey

Mark R. Lyons
Crevecour, Missouri
Physical Science, Marine Pilot

Mark's hometown is a small suburb of St. Louis (which is about as far from the ocean as you can get). He was always set on a military career like his father, a retired Army colonel, but wasn't positive of what branch he wanted to serve in. He considered following in his father's footsteps by applying to West Point, but decided that he would rather fly tactical jets. Since no one flies better than the Marines, Mark chose to go for the best.

Mark wanted to be an engineer, but couldn't decide which type. Being sensible, he chose General Engineering so he could "work his way upward" and change his major when the time came. Well, it didn't take long, and he moved "up" to Physical Science so he could apply himself "more effectively". Mark chose the Marine Corps Option Cruise during his First Class summer to really find out if the Marines were for him. He enjoyed the abundance of sunshine in Hawaii and discovered that nobody parties better than the Marines. From then on, it was Marine Corps or bust!

Mark is the kind of person who loves to pull practical jokes. He also threw knives at his roommate (which I did not appreciate). He was dependable though, and you always knew where to find him (in the rack). Mark stands for what the Marines are, "Semper Fidelis".



Michael E. McCracken
Cracker, Mr. dB, Necro-man,
eyebrows
Cincinnati, Ohio
General Engineering, Navy pilot

Mike finally managed to tear himself away from Cincinnati and the fabulous golden flow (Hudy) and came here. It's no wonder he thinks Cincinnati is great. He came here with great expectations but soon ran into two infamous departments: Systems and Pro-Dev. He also wanted to run for Navy Track and good old Al Cantello. After his one showing on the track, he decided that continually breaking his ankle was more fun. It's not that he is clumsy, that's only half of it, he runs around in so many circles that neither he nor anyone else knows which way he is going. When he flies into a room, everyone knows instantly who it is by the 3-6dB increase in the noise level. The only time that I have known Cracker to be quiet was following his financial loss during the "Striper Bowl." Unfortunately he was able to find his wallet then, although he has lost it an infinite number of times since. He also seems to have a problem finding the proper facilities as Lt. Schlientz found out. Cracker was able to find his way to several other fine learning institutions on road trips. The only thing he forgot for these was the No Doze. After a great amount of practice elsewhere, we brought the party back to old USNA and Cracker's parents' hotel room at Ho Jo's. Sorry we didn't invite you Cracker, maybe at graduation. Now you're going up in the air, not that you haven't already been playing with the birds, and I'll be happy to stay down here on the ground. Best of luck.

DCH

Ricardo F. Miranda
Ricky-rat
Tacoma, Washington
Political Science, Surface Line

Ricky came from Washington hoping to make Admiral by 30. Based on the amount of sweat on his floor during Plebe year he was right on schedule. Most of his time was spent on studying and crew practice. Rick was always a quiet dependable member of the company. He would actively seek out to help those in need, whether it be personal problems, decisions or homework.

Rick's background is rather dubious. He was born in the Philippines but claims to be a Mexican. His father was a career Air Force man, but Rick took to the sea instead of the air. He even tried out the Army for one semester, but was glad to be back at good, old USNA. Rick finally decided that Surface Warfare was the way to go and set out to get a Spruance.

Rick's academic interests were primarily government and law, and therefore he chose political science as his major. His favorite college (other than Canoe U.) was Purdue U. He spent many a spring break there with his fiancee, Cheryl.) Good luck to you in the fleet and happy sailing (to both you and Cheryl.)

MRL JMH

Joseph B. Murray III

Joe-Moma
Wheeling, West Virginia
Systems Engineering, Marine Corps

Joe came to USNA from rural (Very rural) Wheeling, WV with one goal in mind: Marines. Joe took Plebe year seriously, as he always knew his rates, even when the class had carry-on. Joe also selected systems as a major that year, not realizing his mistake until Youngster year. It was Youngster year when Joe kept many others awake for long hours while struggling with Bode plots. It was also at this time when Joe discovered Recondo. Too bad that Frankie, Al, and Paul did the same. With their help, Joe could clean his uniforms in the shower on a regular basis. Second class summer saw Quantico draw Joe even closer to the Corps, and second class year Recondo finally had some competition: Patty. Joe finally kissed a girl and was engaged within the year. Joe also spent this time contributing to another losing 3rd Batt football effort. Leadership found Joe one year early, as he was also a 2/C squad leader. Following a summer Marine Option Cruise to Hawaii, Joe returned as a three striper. A company petition tried to keep him off 7-4 for the entire year, but unfortunately it failed. First class year saw Joe become the coach who led 3rd Batt to a 4-1 football season. Service selection finally gave Joe the chance to cut his hair again. Joe then began his last major hurdle at USNA: learning to drive before graduation. The best of luck always to you, Joe, Patty, and Marine armor - and watch out for those Hinds!

Brian C. Murtha

Cretin II
Orrville, Ohio
Applied Science, Marine Air

Brian is a product of the fine Naval Academy Prep School. His football career was short, yet a blessing in disguise. His competency and ability to get along well with people helped him gain company Commander this year. Brian never had it easy and always faced some sort of tragic event due to his truck and the red lights. However, in the end Brian beat all the odds and tore T-shirts all the way to the top. Good luck Brian, the Marine Corp finally got a good man. SMC

P.S. I tried to write without reaching into Brian's dirty laundry, but I couldn't fill 20 lines with good stuff. So I must tell you that Brian's feet don't smell half as bad as JBM's.

Mark F. Openshaw

Opey
Rockville, Maryland
Ocean Engineering, Navy NFO, Surface Line

A native of Rockville and Kent Island, Mark had no problem ("Wipe down Mr. Openshaw") adapting to the oppressive heat of plebe summer. Mark cruised through plebe year with the sailing team; whether the coach knew he was on the team, however, is a mystery. The sailing buddies, Opey and Duane, took full advantage of T-tables and excusals from P-rades, formations, and marchovers. Practicing individually rather than with the team they often stopped at the beer ball for a little afternoon refreshment. Always one to count on for a favor, Mark, as a youngster, once drove the 2/C out of the yard. Mark joined the EMBC early in 2/C year when, after a hard day of raft racing and trying to sell beers with Brad, he climbed over one too many walls on his way back in and ended up in the Supe's backyard. Academically, Mark had a knack for coming through with the grade when it really mattered; whether raising his average a full point with finals or beating the Rocket. This may be attributed to his sometimes studying for finals at the "Vous". Never one to hang around on the weekend, Mark organized some of the more memorable road trips: Spring Break '81 (Nice sunburn), Easter's '82 (Skunk beers), and Navy/UVA '83 (My feet are black). Mark also hosted the Beach House Bash before the Ring Dance. The future holds Mark as a Navy NFO. After November he'll be driving "top down" around Pensacola where I'm sure he'll have great success. Good luck to a great friend.
RJL

Paul A. Povlock

The Pov
Williamsville, New York
Marine Engineering, Submarines

Coming from Buffalo, you know Paul started off on the wrong foot already. But the "Pov" had a talent of overcoming many obstacles (Actually, more like stumbling over them.) During the first week of plebe summer, Paul did only one thing right, and that was to arrive on I-Day on time. You might say he made himself well known to the firsties.

Paul was only looking for three things in life: Submarines, plenty of rack time, and a little red-headed girl. He managed to get all three and is still going for more. He never did like to let the others get ahead of him, and so quickly joined the Car Crash Club. Paul was a man who knew his place and stayed there (i.e. the rack).

Many of us are going to miss the "Pov". Then again, many of us won't! The only thing we know for sure is that Paul will be among his own kind in the fleet. (Bubbleheads). Russia, watch out!

Artemio P. Quintong
Dog
San Leandro, California
Physical Science, Surface Line

Artie gave up the San Francisco hot tub drug culture for a visit to the shores of Newport on his way to USNA. At NAPS he learned how to make his bed and lie in it too, a skill he practiced quite extensively during the next four years; everyone knew where to find the Dog during a youngster! After breezing through plebe summer (Gee Mr. Thorp, I'm a boxer too!) Art made short work of plebe year, hiding behind his own brand of down-to-Earth philosophy which was to become known as "Dog-ism" because it didn't make sense to anyone else. If he wasn't beating up the bags in Halsey during his rare waking hours, Art could be found at his favorite bank (Pete's Place) or out at Burger King with his favorite Burger Queen (yeah, we know, Huggy Bear!) Second class year brought two new loces into Artie's life: his Visa card and his silver Vette, the Bullet. When his Oceanography studies began to interfere with his driving habits, he switched to a double major; "Physical" and "Science", which just made him have to work harder to keep from getting above a 2.0 (after all, what else is a minimum for/?) Seriously, though, Temie - you pulled through PCR's, situps, anything with an EE, EN or ES in front of it, and a couple of summer school sessions with an undying sense of humor and a flair that few could match. After years of threatening to go Marine Corps, he follows his brother Willie's footsteps into the Surface fleet where I know he'll do well because underneath that devious smile and those "G.Q." clothes lives a heart of gold and a damn fine Naval Officer. And, like you always say and the Boys in 14 all know, "You just can't catch the Dog!"

JPC

Thomas Michael Smith
Smitty, The Bear
Cape Neddick, Maine
History, Navy NFO

There are probably more stories floating around about Smitty than anyone else in the company. Mike claimed Cape Neddick, Maine as his hometown, but you could never tell from his accent unless he started his "Bert and I" Rubber Boots routine. As a plebe Mike literally sailed through just about every military evolution while nearly drowning academically. Nobody could figure out who he paid to take his SATs. When youngster year rolled around he showed up driving a brown bomb (not to be confused with his BMW) with Vacationland plates and a bird stuck in the radiator. Many great road trips were planned, but it seemed the warwagon spent nearly every weekend at Goucher College. Fortunately Mike's tenth or eleventh true love, I can't remember which, went to Spain during second class year which allowed us to expound him to the virtues of bachelorhood. Mike showed us all that he wasn't lost by walking five miles in one of the worst snow storms in Maryland history, what was that quote "
will travel". It was then that we first saw Mr. Impulsive, Mike not only bought the first car he test drove but singlehandedly attempted to keep VISA and Annapolis merchants in business with his buying binges. Senior year someone lit a fire under Mike; I think it was the fear of being stuck on the USS Neverport. Anyway, he contributed greatly to the Brigade Championship B-Ball team (when he and Meef weren't at subsquad) yet he also got a 3.3 GPA which moved him up 112 places in the class and insured an NFO billet. Mike, I expect you to be the "best damn Naval Aviator" to go through P-cola since the Gasman. Take care, you've been a truly super friend.

JBF

Clay G. Tettelbach
Tidibach, Tettles, Plagioclase,
Golden Boy
Annandale, Virginia
Oceanography, Navy Pilot

Clay came to the Academy thinking he was already a first class - boy, was he wrong. Plebe summer was especially tough - he just didn't think he should be running around with a shaved head screaming "Go Navy Sir" in 100° heat. Come on Clay, what's wrong with that? Most colleges treat their freshmen that way. He was so upset his eyebrows used to twitch when answering rates. Weighing them down with a mattress cured that problem. Once academic year started, Clay settled down to become the stellar midshipman we all know and love. He is beyond a doubt the coolest geek ever to grace these hallowed halls. For a brief time Youngster year Clay thought he would rather manage hotels than fly jets. Some good? words of advice from his friends, and a new car luckily made him stay. When he wasn't studying, Clay found time to pursue his two favorite hobbies, beer and women. Much experience made him an expert in both. "Oh Clay I just love your blond hair." Yeah you just better hope you keep it Bozo! We didn't call him the Golden Boy for nothing. Clay was also an excellent all-around athlete. After giving baseball a try, he joined the 150 lb. Football team and starred for two years at wide receiver. It was a little tough to spot him on the field though - all those midgets look the same. It's been great through this B.S. together. Even though you complained I know deep down you loved it. Thanks for the Oceanography gouge, I just wish one time you would have given me enough to get an A like you. Hail to the 'Skins, kick butt in P-cola, the sky's the limit!

Beanhead

CAPT F L LEWIS
JET
DANGER
INTAKE

James G. Willson
Jim
West Palm Beach, Florida
Aerospace Engineering, Naval
Flight Officer

Jim came to USNA from sunny West Palm Beach, Florida. To this day he proudly claims to be a "Fourth Generation Florida Cracker". Jim showed true classmate loyalty Plebe Year by taking the pressure off everyone else. Jim's days in high school band also inspired him to join the Drum & Bugle Corps. Jim was proud of his Southern origin, but he learned the hard way that not all upperclass shared his enthusiasm. He tried bumper stickers and flags, but they all came down. Youngster year Jim continued as a member of the D&B until the Air Force competition. He then led the mass exodus of corps members in search of a QPR. Second class year Jim found that there was more to life than Aerospace Engineering, so he joined the Judo Club. Jim's separated shoulder, pulled muscles, and bruises attest to his awesome talent in this sport. First class year Jim found a more productive way to spend his time: Afternoon workouts with coach Lenz. In addition, Jim could finally hang the flags and bumper stickers stored since Plebe year. Jim also proved to be a fine correspondent first class year, writing at least four letters for each one received. Furthermore, he distinguished himself by providing numerous no interest loans to needy classmates. Finally there was service selection, and Jim headed toward his longtime goal: The Navy astronaut program. The best of luck always to you, Jim, and keep aiming high.

Fifteen

John Stacy Bates

Stace
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Management, Navy Air

This good old boy came busting into Annapolis on I-Day and hasn't slowed down one bit since he got here. Plebe year went by pretty smooth down the SHAFT until Stace decided he couldn't live without that country music and got caught with his radio. Then came that annual "Spring Fever" of his and he made the mistake of doing a little partying out in town after taps one night. That was a heckuva Commissioning Week ... Youngster year looked like a time to just sit back and stay out of everyone's way. Unfortunately we got in the way of a certain SEAL officer one night and Stace ended up paying for it for 2 years. He also liked to have a good time at the Army-Navy game, occasionally going a little overboard (Mr. Morlock still doesn't like you for that!!) To say that this guy loved to workout would be an understatement. He had a permanent spot in the weightroom and when he wasn't there he could be found under the desk doing situps or against the wall doing pushups. There is no doubt that he could be very happy if the only things he had were a weightbench, a blender, and an unlimited supply of milk and granola cereal. Stace was also very dedicated when it came to academics but he firmly believed in getting his sleep, another area in which he excelled.

Stace didn't get his pilot billet because of his eyes but P-cola is getting a winner in this NFO. We're all going to miss him and wish him the best of luck. You've been a super friend Stace, keep in touch and keep on pumpin' bubba!!

JSN

William Stevenson Bowman

Hoser
Palm Beach, Florida
Physical Science, Supply Corps

I first saw Steve on I-Day 1980. He was dressed in an OP tee shirt, faded jeans and sandals. I remember wondering when the Academy had begun giving twelve year old hippies age waivers. Looking at his long, blonde hair, I thought maybe he was an ROTC Midshipman who had taken a wrong turn.

After a short but fierce struggle resulting in a haircut and change into a uniform for Steve, I was amazed to find that he was two years older than I was. I didn't worry about it for long because the ghost, being a sailor, disappeared for the rest of the year, except for a run in with the Company Sub-Commander before Army where neither could remember the others name or even if they were in the same company.

Since Plebe year, Steve has reappeared and tried to instill in me his love for sailing, sportscars, loud stereos and Florida. I in turn have tried to cure him of his chronic anorexia with much less success.

Grounded by a childhood bout with asthma, he's now land-locked in the Supply Corps and loving it. I just look forward to the next time we get together in our twin X 1/9's and go cruising under the Florida sun.

Take off, you hoser.

Robert J. Budicin

Bob
Olympia Fields, Illinois
Chemistry, Nuclear Power

A displaced Chicagoan, ol' Cyco Bob quickly adapted to life in the Navy. It can never be said that he was one to settle for second best. From his '83 charcoal grey RX-7 to his success as a Chem major to his ultimate destiny of becoming a nuke power trained officer, Bob faired well in academics, athletics, ECAs, and general USNA support. As Ring Dance business manager, he oversaw some many thousands of his classmates' dollars without so much as pilfering a cent - thank heavens for the financial officer, huh? Recruiting for USNA was another of our boy's priorities. In fact, Bob took part in the Academy's academic recruiting program - for three straight years. He led this dubious intentioned group in his final summer. Seriously though, Bob will be remembered as the epitome of the notion of integrity. Both his sponsors, the Wescoes, and all his good friends will always remember Bob for his honesty, generosity, and forthrightness. And now, this Midwest city boy has Orlando on his mind. He leaves behind a legacy of romances spanning the continental United States, the Cyco Bob and Sean show on WRNV, and an unquenchable pursuit of excellence. Success must certainly be in the cards for Rich Central's finest graduate.

Richard P. Cassetta
Rick
Rye, New York
English, Surface Line

Looking for the most prestigious liberal arts education available, Rick missed the turn to St. Johns and found himself chopping up the ladder in white works. This mishap in no way hindered him in striving to obtain his BA in English (although his primary responsibility was proofreading, correcting, and even writing papers for his illiterate engineering friends).

Hailing from the center of the universe, New York City, Rick was astonished (his natural state of being) to find that LAX personalities could exist in the South, Midwest, and West. A natural social critic at heart, Rick has never been at a loss to give advice or supply an opinion. Always an enthusiast of company activities, Rick's amiable personality has encouraged us all at one time or another. Often by mid-February with snow still on the ground, Rick could be found shaping up for company softball in the spring while most of us were still clinging to the rack. By first class year Rick became company commander and found himself justifying the virtues of marching in the afternoon, a true turn of events.

Service selection decision came easy to Rich. Although the nukes and Marines were offering him everything, Rick distrusted them all, staying with his first love, Surface Line. Ricky "Haze Gray and Underway" Cassetta has ring to it . . . but we'll see if the Cassetta pipeline is carried out with a whooosh or with a pair of binoculars. Best of Luck,

TSK/PWS

Robert E. Clark II
Clarky
West Chester, Pennsylvania
General Engineering, Nuclear Power/Submarines

This man should have been a rock star. Bob came to Annapolis off his North American tour, with a special appearance at NAPS, and he hasn't stopped rockin' since. He did manage to put together a couple of groups while he was here (Burnt Angel and Xes), but soon realized his future in music was limited. After coming to this conclusion he set his sights on Nuclear Power (what else?!?). The REALM then became a place for long hours of studying and other strange rituals. Bob also worked very hard on keeping his record intact of never taking a P.E. test on time. He had so many "sudden" injuries that medical stopped asking questions and just signed his chits. Bob met the love of his life early so he became pretty tied up on weekends. Second class year was full of trauma as Clarky had to battle both Rocket Read and his fear of the tower jump. Tower jump EI helped but no amount of EI could save him from the Rocket. He also built an infamous reputation with the plebes and lived in fear at a pep rally or any time a rumble broke out. The Nuke interviews finally came and a suicide was prevented when Bob found out he had been selected.

You've been a great friend Clarky and your sense of humor will be missed by us all. I still hate subs, but they're getting a good one in you. Best of luck to you and Susan and keep in touch . . .

JSN

Richard B. Czechowski
Czech
Pensacola, Florida
Political Science, Marine Corps

Czech came to USNA from Pensacola, the son of a Marine and heir to a fine southern tradition, of sorts. There was some dispute as to whether Florida counted as part of the South or if Pennsylvania-born parents count as a southern heritage, but Czech had his little ol' confederate flag to prove it, so we let it slide.

Czech's two great loves in life are the Marine Corps and country music. You could always hear some good country music coming from his room, punctuated by an occasional "AAUURRAUGH"; plebe year, it was provided by his fine guitar playing, afterwards, it was supplemented by his stereo at full volume.

Czech had little use for courses such as Navigation, but judging by the wrong turn he took looking for the head after the dining-in plebe year, he needed all the help he could get. (Hey Wise-guy, how's your briefcase doing these days?)

Czech also had difficulty with technical endeavors such as rigging a spiffy or a drill belt as a plebe, so when it came time to chose majors, it was Poly Sci for our gyrene. He was perfect for this field as evidenced by his remarkable memory, especially of all our academy experiences, every single one! We look forward to seeing him at future reunions so we can hear the instant replay.

On graduation day, Czech trades in his Navy blue for the forest green of the Marine Corps. We wish him the best of luck. Semper Fi, buddy.

Larry Donald Dion
Sanford, Maine
Political Science, Cryptology

Mere words are insufficient to do the Larry Dion story justice. It is a story that may never be told in its entirety, and certainly never relived. But just so that the legend of his exploits will never be forgotten, his friends have recorded a few memorable tidbits of the incredible story. Over the course of four years Larry could have been classified as any one of the following: Sanford's Ambassador to America; bootcamp sweat but uninspired nuke; Mr. Organization; matchmaker and social director - "Hey ladies, ever been to a formal?"; maniacal driver; silver-tongued communicator; Tolstoy's pet; the Great Procrastinator and eternal optimist; cat napper and NoDoz king; world's worst MHP interpreter; Q-ball protégé; professional restrictee; van customizer; co-founder of Debbie & Co.; Ring Dance Chairman; corduroy and velour fashion model; author of "Gomer Goes to Russia"; blackmarketeer; and above all, a true friend who has always retained his zest for life and his ability to instill this quality in others.

We wish you the best of luck Larry, and when you decipher the big message, don't forget who your friends are. We still don't believe you would have ever gone Corps.

MCB, MWM, JAS

Philip R. Dobbs
Phil
Spartanburg, South Carolina
English, Surface Line

Falling off the turnip truck, Phil came to USNA from Spartanburg, S.C. We never saw Phil all summer long until the night of the talent show. (We all thought you should have won) Throughout Plebe Year Phil kept the upper-class off his back by seranading them to the tunes of country music.

Aside from his musical talents, Phil proved himself on the grid-iron as well by playing 150's. I think one thing that I will remember about Phil are those big girl friends of his. Phil's priorities are easy enough to list. 1. Academics 2. Sleep 3. Physical Fitness 4. Girls He was constantly studying at the library and had the grades to show for it. I couldn't understand why, with all his potential, he came to USNA to be an English Major. He made up for it by selecting EDO. (I still can't figure out why they took an English Major.) Phil, for your sake I hope they never stop showing Buggs Bunny, Beverly Hillbillies, and Green Acres. We're gonna miss that Southern drawl and that funny laugh of yours. Don't worry, I'll always save you a seat.

Armando Gomez
"Mando"
Detroit, Michigan
Political Science, Navy Air

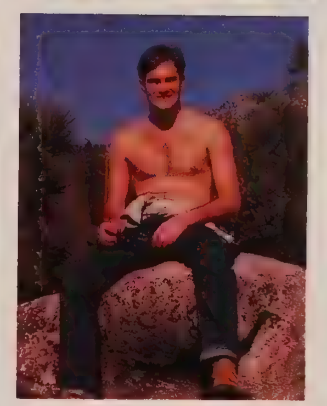
Good humored 'Mando came to us from the Motor City, the Big "D", Detroit, and brought with him all those fine Mid West values. 'Mando was always in good spirits as was evidenced by his continual grin Plebe Year, which caused him no little amount of trouble when he was flamed on. When youngster year came 'Mando spent a great deal of his study hour studing in his favorite spot, the company office, with his buddy Ted. Academics did not come easy for 'Mando, but somehow he managed and when the weekend came he would go out and get just this side of squirrly. And who could ever forget his many exploits in Dahlgren Hall? When Segundo year came ' Mando was anything but good humored to the plebes. Yes, 'Mando became a true hard nosed flamer. This was, of course, in an effort to instill those noble Mid-Western values on the tender, naive Plebes of 15th CO. When 'Mando became one of the exhaulted 1/c of Bancroft he found a new past time, that of ribbing all of the Southern Boys of 15 with his outrageous views of the Civil War and the South. Naturally this made him no friends during Dallas football games, when his ribbing approached true art in its' form. Of course this was all in good fun. Finally on service selection night Armando's dreams came true when he got his Navy Air billet which he worked so hard for. Good luck in the fleet, Armando, we'll miss your wonderful sense of humor, and friendship.

Laurie Jo Grammer
Laur
Maywood, New Jersey
History, 1100

Some might wonder when USNA's non-discrimination policy began to include the mentally different. Laurie could be found engrossed in some bizarre science fiction book when she wasn't asleep (which she usually was). She did put in occasional guest appearances at the pool and somehow became the laziest All-American ever seen. Becoming captain as a 1/c, she mended her ways somewhat and visited the pool more frequently. And as always the cry rang out, "Sign the blood log!!" Who could forget the sillywalks, the penguin on the tv, dissections, and Einstein? Or Jane Fonda's special olympics and ol' Slug Lips?

Thanks to the many people I've learned to love and appreciate here - roomies departed, Ted, Fez, Sean, Tim and all the others. Andy, thanks for making this the best of all possible worlds. But especially — thanks Nat and Jo - for all the things too numerous to mention, but most of all for being there and being yourselves.

"What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in everything, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him ... misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on." Sterne, ***Sentimental Journey.***



Roger K. Knapper
Capt. Anemic
Woodbridge, Virginia
Applied Science, Marine Corps

Kurt came to the Naval Academy ready to put his best foot forward, The only problem is that it sometimes ended up in his mouth. Nonetheless, with both teeth and toes still in place, he finished plebe year ready to take on the world.

As youngster year rolled around, Kurt began his hunt for the ultimate possession - a girlfriend. As it turned out, this hunt was to last him the next two years. In the meantime, he bounced around like a super ball.

Kurt's desire for a female was only thwarted by his love for sports and his craving for chocolate donuts. One never knew which desire was stronger, Yet, the latter must not have affected him too much for Kurt was a fine all-around athlete. He even had the knack for knowing more statistics than Howard Cosell. His only physical shortcoming was towards weights, hence the name Capt. Anemic.

As first class year unfolded, Kurt's class crest finally found a home and he got engaged. He also became a Marine. Though he lost his single's status, as well as most of his hair, he didn't lose his many close friends that he had made in his tenure at Navy. Good luck in all you do and wherever you go —
Moogie.

Feza S. Koprucu
Fez, The Mad Turk
Winchester, Massachusetts
Political Science, Submarines

He is a modern day warrior descended from one of the fiercest fighting tribes in the history of the world- The Ottoman Turks. He is The Fez. The Fez's battleground is not the plains of Turkey though. Here at USNA the wild Turk's battleground is the fieldball field on hospital point, and in the fleet his battleground will be the depths of the ocean. Feza demonstrated his battlefield prowess to everyone when he acted as the enforcer on CMOD watch plebe year. While The Fez was on watch a second class ran by him in civilian clothes. The Fez used what force he thought was necessary to stop the intruder by tackling him to the ground. The Fez was very remorseful when he learned that he had tackled and chipped the tooth of a second class. For a man who moves with great intensity when he needs to, The Fez has been known to lie dormant frequently. When asked why a modern day Achilles can be found horizontal so often, The Fez answers, "All great warriors sleep a great deal. To put out the tremendous amounts of energy I do, I have to recharge my batteries for most of the day." Secondary sources have reported seeing The Fez at a bar named The Library. According to sources, Feza is a "smooth operator, probably as good as James Bond." Look out ladies of Orlando, here comes The Fez.

RPC

Thomas S. Kymn
T. S.
McLean, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering,
Submarines

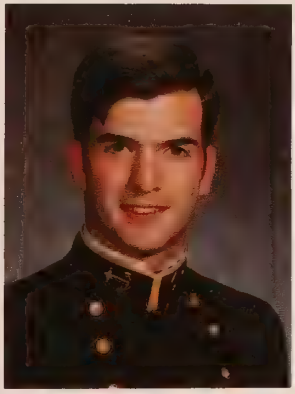
Good thing his dad was an engineer and he didn't tell his folks that he planned to jump out of airplanes for fun; or Mama Kymn might have had her way and Tom would be a pre-med going to med school instead of an airborne mech E. going to nuke school. What would have become of the Society of Fifteenth Company Mechanical Engineers without one of their key members? There is no way they could have sweated and struggled and laughed their way through statics, dynes, thermo, fluids, and heat transfer. Some people just get all the luck - Tom got to coast plebe year with that laid back Texan - the Degs. For most of us coming to the Academy was traumatic for several reasons, one of them being that it was the first time we had to move from our sheltered home towns. For Tom the move was no big deal since home was just an hour away from his nearest Naval Academy. Tom claims to be proud that he is a Virginian, but secretly he knows that his former place of residence - the Empire State - is the only place to live. He has been a standout player and coach on the company soccer team, he provided military leadership as the company subcommander, and he has widened the cultural appreciation of his friends by introducing them to classical music such as Springsteen's Fifth (album, that is). Tom sings that he was born to run, but after watching his daily routine for four years, his friends decided that maybe he was born to rack. See you on the slopes buddy.

RPC

John Dietrick Lamade
Deet
Marshfield, Massachusetts
Physical Science, Nuclear Power
Submarines

Deet Lamade skiied down to Annapolis from Marshfield, Massachussets, becoming a third generation Naval Academy man. Otherwise known as the "Marathon Man", Deet could almost always be found either running, working on his car, or womanizing out in town. BuMed forced Deet to make an early service selection decision, and Deet looked to the dolphins of gold for his future. He'll need that Nuke check too, if he plans any more trips to Atlantic City, or attempts to finance the Visa/Mastercard Corp. And then again, buying more parts for his Challenger. Deet will always be remembered for some of his more famous sayings, such as, "Let's do some serious mogle bashing", or "pissah". Two of us have had the privilege of living with him for 3½ years. Deet, it was great! You will be a great asset to the service of stealth and will long be remembered. To Karen, you let a good one get away! To Deet's Navy proteges - yes, he did consider the Marine Corps, and from his Bancroft Brothers, also known as "Chaz" and "Rock", you're the best!! Good luck in life and in the fleet - Deet.

GAM



Sean Patrick McGinty
Hoser
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Applied Science, Submarines

Sean lived a happy, simple life in his beloved "Great White North" until his family abandoned him. He chose Annapolis as the sanctuary for rekindling the spirit of Bob & Doug McKenzie and love for the tundra. As a plebe, Hoser quickly earned a reputation for his ability to outsleep even youngsters. (From months of hibernating back in the Great White North) He further inspired everyone with his "Beer-Hunter" method of studying for finals.

During his 4 years, developed further and exchanged hibernation for late night dates with the computer in seeking to become the World's foremost bit-brain. Later, intensive brainwashing and alcohol enabled him to endure vacationing in Florida, where Sean found a new purpose in life: Dating more girls all at once then he could count, without using FORTRAN. This "neat guy" took (perhaps very distant) control of WRNV and its huge budget: great staff meetings in Florida!

The submarine force has seen the incredible potential in Sean, and, if they can overcome the hibernation tendencies, he will contribute the relaxed leadership that Nuclear Power has traditionally lacked. Good luck & AMF!

WSB

Nathan Hills Miller
Nate
Atlanta, Georgia
General Engineering, USMC
Pilot

Nathan came to USNA, a slow talking, Bible toting boy from Atlanta who you wouldn't expect to say "Boo!" However, once he learned to speak English (vice Southern) We found out he was a little insane. His love of recon raids and boxing didn't seem to fit his quiet exterior.

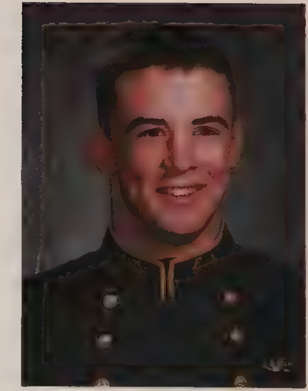
After Plebe year, we found out what else Nathan loved - Women. I believe he still holds some sort of record for number of phone numbers added to a little black book in one weekend. Unfortunately, during second class year, Nathan found out that his hobby and Electrical Engineering were not very compatable, and with some very experienced advice, Nathan re-examined his priorities switched to General Engineering, and bought a BMW so that he would have the time and mobility to pursue his primary interest. All that remained was to learn how to drive.

Nathan leaves USNA for Pensacola via Quantico, and we all wish him clear skies and Godspeed.

Glenn A. Murray
Rocko
New London, Ohio
Management, Marine Corps

Glenn "call me Rocko" Murray was New London Ohio's gift to USNA, a true Marine in every sense of the word. His short lived boxing career during plebe year earned him his title "Rocko" which he was affectionately called throughout his stay here. Rocko was also famous for his feared "Coco Crush" both on and off the athletic field. Rock acquired his gold jump wings second class year like all good marines. While here, he majored in Hotel-Motel Management and in the future he plans to get his MBA and mange us all. Rocko had this natural tendency to pull out all the stops on the weekends, drinking himself into oblivion and getting himself into some harrowing experiences of which he always ***managed*** *to escape unscathed. He put it all together first class year as our company commander. He was friends with all, especially beer, women, Ohio, and most of all, VISA! We had a great seven semesters rooming together and Glenn Deet and I will always have fond memories of our time together at this here boat school.*

See ya round Rock,
Best wishes from all of us!



Douglas B. Nedry
Moogie
Camarillo, California
Applied Science, Navy Air

Doug entered the Naval Academy in true fashion — with a California tan and the attitude of a laid back civilian. The only problem though was that he was now in Annapolis, Md. and in the Navy. Yet, through extra curricula activities (ie. weights, radios, and extended liberties) he somehow managed to survive plebe year.

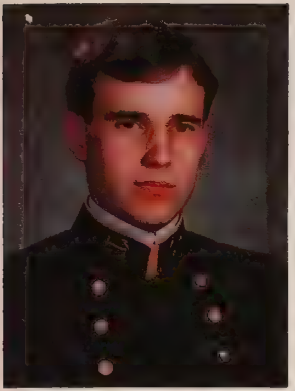
With the tone set for his entire stay at USNA, Moogie (from a Cheech and Chong excerpt) changed only two things. He got serious about women and academics (in that order). One could never be sure of which one was rising faster — his list of girls or his grade point average. However, one thing is for sure though. Doug received more "outside" mail than any one else. So, you be the judge.

While it is true that Doug had his fair share of good times, he had them in the midst of friends. No one could ever challenge Doug's friendship for he was a friend and always will be in the true sense of the word. I, and the rest, will miss Doug, but at the same time, will be able to look overhead and think of that streaking Navy pilot.

Capt. A.

Jonathan Scott Nowicki
Wic
Waltonville, Illinois
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Air

Dual member of the realm and master of the rack were but just two of Wic's many positions at the Academy. Wic was a napster and a lot of people expected a great deal out of "slim". During plebe summer he was put in charge of a bus operation (it was a slippery situation but Wic managed to straighten it out). During plebe year, Wic kept busy by thinking of ways to eat crackers and read papers yet convey to others that he was sound asleep . . . sort of. Youngster year brought freedom . . . a freedom Wic obtained a year earlier according to many in the Class of '82. Wic excelled in sports and academics. Wic played 150's and baseball until his shoulder destined him to company sports. Sports for Wic, as for the rest of the realm, was a challenge — not to see how well you did but to see how many I's could be accumulated. With second class year came the commitment, ring, and car. Along with the material aspects of 2nd class year the mental aspects were numerous as well. It was hard for Wic to keep track of his women and visa bills — a problem he still has today. Wic was a real heartbreaker. Though he had many he never found one to marry . . . sort of. Wic loved all sorts of women: college girls, girls who worked in bathrooms, and plain old girls. Many girls stemmed from Army weekend experiences . . . and many experiences stemmed from Army. May the realm always rule. Navy Air is getting a great guy. Good luck buddy, you are the greatest and I wish you all the best in the fleet and the future.



Theodore Oren Pickerill II

Pick
Canton, Ohio
Mathematics, Submarines

This young Hercules came to us four years ago from the cultural and economic center of the western world, Canton, Ohio. During Plebe summer Ted established himself as the top performer in the company and was chosen as fourth class company commander. This was not enough, however, for Ted with his 90 pound frame of twisted steel and sex appeal spent his plebe year as a member of the crew team. Weren't we all shocked when third class year came, and this pillar of professionalism turned out to be a closet youngster. In addition to the change in his professional bearing, another change had taken place, and it was that Ted had now found "the secret" to academics, and has been a "4.0" student ever since. Many were the nights when one could find Ted and his proteges delving into academic endeavors in the company office. They disguised their geek-like habits by rarely having their books open, making an inordinate amount of noise, and taking many backgammon breaks. Second class year, Ted's professionalism took a firm swing upward; in fact, it was so firm and so far upward that during plebe detail, the Class of 1987 was saying that their beloved sub commander, Teddy, was about the firmest and hardest guy around. Whenever Ted's friends watch a 007 movie with him, Ted's favorite genre of film, he brings to their attention the fact that Bond's suavity with the ladies reminds him of himself. As evidence to this fact, he gathered a small group of young women, from Bancroft, which his friends fondly refer to as Teddy's Angels. In all seriousness Ted, it has been our pleasure. You've taught us to laugh when we felt like crying and to smile when all we had was a frown. Thanks, God bless, and good luck.

RP, JS & PS

John A. Prokopiak

Pro
Syracuse, New York
Applied Science, Surface Line

John came to USNA by way of prep school in Minnesota. Realizing that plebe year was a far cry from what he was used to (Van Halen and his girlfriend back home), John got involved in other things (ie. room to room food fights and WRNV radio). By years end, John had made a drastic change.

Now being a shaft dweller, John was right where he wanted to be — Coolsville. With the volume half-way up and the lights turned out, it was not unusual to find Pro involved in the Friday night concert hour. Yet, this would only last until Johnny Carson came on. For at this time the viewing apparatus (t.v.) went on. It is not hard to see why Pro and his academics spoke a different language.

As time went by, John diversified. He saw different girls (Oneota and Capt.'s Row) and got the car of his dreams (Z-28). He even managed to throw in a semester of academics. However, through all of this, John maintained his friendships. Good luck Pro in wherever the high seas may lead you.

Donuts

Natalie A. Quick

Nat
Long Island, New York
Management, General Unrestricted Line

Nat came to the Academy from Bayshore, uncertain as to what the future might bring but certain that she would make it. After getting cut from the Volleyball team plebe year, she worked until getting elected Captain in her first class year. Nat is the type of person that could give you looks that could be easily misinterpreted (no - not the bad smell on a bus trip look). What might appear to be non-caring, snobbish, and itchy, are looks known by those who know her well as caring, sensitive (hah!) and sometimes half awake. I have not known a time when Nat did not stop to lend a listening ear whenever her friends needed it. We laughed, cried, bitched, criticized, lost games and boyfriends together but most of all we have always been best friends, since we are the only ones who will put up with each other. But, now our lives are following two different paths with many miles to go and many promises to keep both to ourselves and to others. However, I am certain that our paths will always find a connecting point. Remember Nat, hold fast to your dreams, for a woman without a dream is like a broken-winged bird that cannot fly. Good luck in D.C. and best of luck to both you and John. MYF

I first met Nat Nyce when she stopped me "accidentally" during plebe year. Little did I know then, that we'd be like brother and sister for the next 4 years. A woman of the world with worldly advice. Friends till we die, I promise . . . Mac Nyce.

Four years was a long time, but good friends made it worth it. Joey and Laur made everyday just a little bit strange. Mac Nyce always made me smile. Mug and Vick who are just plain strange! And, of course, John, who is always there when I need him. Goodbye, USNA!

Jeffrey R. Schmitt

Jeff
Alexandria, Virginia
Economics, Surface Warfare

Jeff came to Annapolis from a Navy family and the disciplined tanning circuits of Hawaii, an excellent foundation for officer training. An aspiring track star, Jeff immediately joined JV Cross Country and remained unknown by the upperclass throughout plebe year. When speaking of his first fleet experience you could say Jeff missed the boat. Recovering from his first, but not last, UA he settled in to life as an upperclass. Among his greater accomplishments, he was a charter member of the Edwin Diamond Fan Club faithfully seeking a moment of sleep from every precious free bit of time. Keeping in the spirit of Navy, Jeff learned to avoid serious relationships and has since found a girl in almost every port. To be sure every cruise was eventful he went FOREX during 1/c summer and escaped Canada safely in the end. As an Econ. Major, Jeff spent four years perfecting the art of deficit spending. Being an incurable romantic, he is quite excited about the Destroyer Navy. He will surely be successful in all his endeavors and a compliment to the Surface Fleet.

Joanne Schmitz
Jo
Mahopac, New York
Political Science, General Unrestricted Line

Joanne-Joanne!! Only 13 days left until the mile. Run away Run away!! I really don't know how to sum up our relationship since it never has been too rational. First of all, how stable can a friendship be when it comes about from being members of the same team, and the fencing team at that. What an exhilarating sport and what about those male fencers on the other team - what men! I guess we all know where the term the gay blade comes from. Remember the Major and those one minute ice showers, admonishments in the Brigade Bulletin, and no jeans. We sure showed her didn't we, you in your red mini skirt and me in black leather. Looking back I realize how lucky you were to have me as a friend, that snowball would never have killed her anyway. Remember the wild Key West trip? How exotic that week was with the shark, jellyfish attack, Ned and Gary and let's not forget the killer conch train. Remember that if everything else fails, Jo, you have a promising career in dog racing; betting not running. Go Rathole!

Remember fencing with Benito Mussolini and Bette Davis in the same day. Remember also never to play catch by yourself with a horseshoe on a string. What I'll remember is a terrific friendship that has nothing but ups and too many laughs to ever set down. I wish you luck and happiness. You've been a great friend. Love in Krishna.

K.A.M.

Lawrence W. Seutter
Seuts
East Grand Rapids, Michigan
Management, Navy Air

When Larry was only five, he was already zooming around the playground pretending to fly. Now, twenty years later, his dream is in sight. When asked where he was from, Larry would lower his eyebrows, drop his chin, and in a low voice say, "East". After a few years as an enlisted man, a year at NAPS, and four grueling years at the Academy, Lawrence is on his way to P-cola. He was always a hard worker, and his persistence has paid off.

Lawrence has been known to spend many a weekend in Georgetown watching basketball and developing what he hopes to be a life-long friendship with Maureen.

Larry will always be remembered for his slam dunks (almost) on the Co. basketball team and his awesome hands for our heavyweights. He was always known for his unselfishness on and off the court and field.

Larry's prior military experience has been invaluable to him as the company drill officer and plt. cdr. for the spring drill competition. Once a brown shoe, always a brown shoe - The Air community will once again have his services.

While at the Academy he began to take the claims of Christ seriously. "Trust in the Lord with all of your heart, and lean not on your own understanding, in all ways acknowledge Him and He will make your paths straight." Prov. 3:5-6

The pleasure has been ours. Best wishes from all your friends.

Johnson Pineda So
J. P., John
San Jose, Mindoro Occ.,
Philippines
Applied Science, Philippine Navy

If any Naval Academy graduate has the right to claim that he had a real plebe year it is Johnson So. After a relaxing plebe summer at the Philippine Military Academy, Johnson got to start the fun all over again at the U.S.N.A. When asked to compare the two academies, Johnson says, "compared to the P.M.A., the Naval Academy is teets." Fortunately for Johnson, his plebe summer squad leader at the Naval Academy, Kevin Schaaf was a kind, compassionate man who understood how difficult it must be for a foreign national. When asked about Schaaf, Johnson replied, "A great guy. I would never want to keel him." Johnson is a very inventive and resourceful person whose motto is, "The stock products are good, but a So modification is better." J. P. is reported to be quite a ladies man, but when asked about reports that he was seeing a mysterious Madame Diaz and several other women, his reply was, "You have no need to know. I can neither confirm nor deny." J. P. has been an outstanding leader in the company and has set an excellent example for his companymates. He will be a great asset to the Philippine Navy and a great loss to the U.S. Navy. When J. P. goes home, he will be dearly missed by all his friends here in the U.S. We all wish you the best of luck and know that you will be successful in whatever you do.

RPC

Phillip W. Springer
Phil
Deer Park, Texas
Mechanical Engineering, Civilian

We always thought Texans were a stubborn bunch and this fair haired poet from Deer Park, Texas confirmed our suspicions — he accomplished things that people told him just could not be done. After a rocky academic plebe year, our greatly respected and eloquent company officer, the Boober, told him, "Ah, ah, Mr. Springer, ah, you better choose another major; you'll never make it as a, ah, Mech. E." Easy going Phil never let much bother him, especially plebe year in dealing with his upperclass buddy, Bennion Joe. Ever since youngster year and stereos, you couldn't find Phil without his country music. Four years later our big grinned buddy from the Lone Star state is the Academy's most (only) marketable engineer. Springer's academic success was a feat; but who would have believed that anyone could excel for four years in this program, be perfectly healthy, and be graduated as an engineer in civland! Dadburnit, just as Phil was fixin' to get hisself a slot in CEC, the doggone waiver didn't come through. Phil was upset for awhile; but then he thought to himself, "Shoot fire! I done sleep walked myself into the most sought after billet from the Academy." The Lord must be smiling upon Phil, and although we're envious, we must admit that Phil deserves it. He has been a diligent disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and although the fleet will never have the good fortune of Phil being one of its leaders, indirectly it will receive the benefits of his caring leadership through the positive influence he has been on all the future officers whose lives he has touched. We'll miss you bud; you're the last of the great lax heroes. Psalm 37:4-5

RPC/TOP

Charles Andrew Sternberg
Chas.
Austin, Texas
Mechanical Engineering, Naval Aviation

Chas came to USNA from the state of Arizona with the hopes of someday flying jets and driving a blue and silver 280ZX. Not being one to take the low road, he decided to major in mechanical engineering and has managed to keep his grades above a 3.0 with a seemingly minimal amount of effort. His other accomplishments over the past four years include a scuba qualification, master parachutist gold wings, stars (I thought 2/c year was supposed to be the hardest), a blue and silver 280ZX, three stripes as Batt sub-cdr 1/c year and a beautiful blonde fiance to top it all off. Bonnie, you've got the best that this place has to offer but you deserve nothing less. I know that you and Chas will have a wonderful life together. Chas, you, and Rocko and I have had some great times here the last four years and they won't soon be forgotten. Its been a lot of fun and I just want to say thanks. Navy has got a real hot shot pilot now that they have you signed on. Good luck and take care.

J.D.L. II

David C. Terwilliger
Twigs
Cornwall, New York
Math, Navy Air

Twigs came, he slept, he graduated. (If he'd stayed at home he surely would have mated.)

It took him five years to be indoctrinated. (Little did he know it would be so complicated.)

On the weekends he was intoxicated. (At the O'Club he could not be placated.)

With women, he was fascinated. (He wanted to be dominated.)

For service selection - Navy Air - he indicated. (Although, he wished, by IBM he would be incorporated.)

With Edwin Diamond he was infatuated. (His room was never illuminated.)

Someday, I'm sure, by the NIS, he will be investigated. (And someday, I'm sure, by a son he will be imitated.)

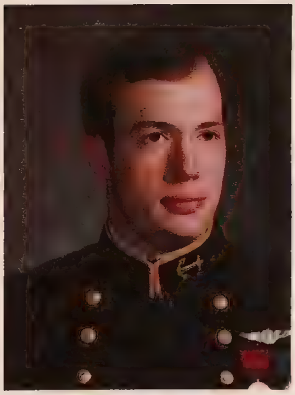
Twigs came, he slept, he graduated.

Ray Wach
Washington, D.C.
Political Science, Marine Corps

I must thank everybody on the Pistol Team who waited, almost patiently, when I was late getting ammo, during these three years. I don't think I ever did convince Coach Phipps that I had things under control; he's not the best pistol coach in the country for nothing. But with Bob's help this year, I think we fooled everybody else.

I owe a lot to my roommates: plebe year I was helped by Bill, who left the Navy, and Phil, who will. Youngster year I lived with Bob and Steve, who always liked the room too hot — they have both given me much more than they realize. Junior year I lived with Rich and Armando, who rarely saw me. Senior year I suckered Bob into rooming with me again: he still liked the room too hot; I hope he's happy on his sub.

I must thank the Admiral's granddaughter who let me take her to the Ring Dance when I couldn't get anyone else, then became much more than just a date 1/c year.



Timothy A. Wise
Mattoon, Illinois
Aerospace Engineer, Navy Air

I just wanted to let everyone know that I enjoyed the friendships I made. Jon, thanks for carrying me through Aero. I'll see ya in Montarey. Kurt, ya know I think ya shouldn't have done it but good luck, just the same. Armando P., I'm gonna miss all of those arguments we got into. Bobby, we're all going to miss those prank phone calls and visitors. But don't worry, I'll get you back. I think Dobbers liked the Beverly Hillbillies and Green Acres because it reminded him of home, and I ain't whistl'n Dixie. Let's not forget Doug (Moogy). JP, after you get back to the Philippines, stay out of the way of the bullets and good luck on your private enterprise. Before I leave Annapolis, I just want to say that I hope to see you all in the fleet. You all will live on in my memories. But if I don't see you, I hope you all live to be a hundred, for only those who have the "right stuff", will live to see the Autumn of their years.

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

Sixteen

BEAT NAV
Andy
16th Company
2 down and 2 to go

MAC
INDOOR
TRACK

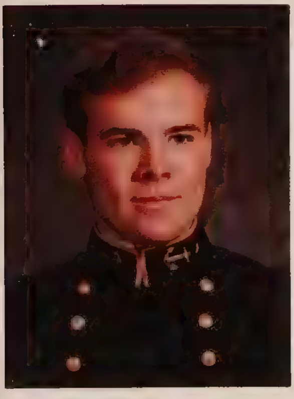
Dennis K. Baker
Denny
Hagerstown, Maryland
Civil Engineer Corps

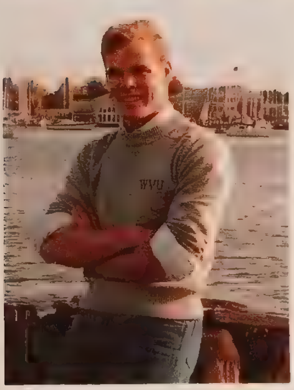
Denny is a Maryland native who entered USNA via the nuclear navy. Possessing an abundant amount of professionalism Denny soon found he was expected to share it with the rest of his squad. The word sweat was invented with DK in mind, remember stripping the floor with fingernail brushes?

Having heard how smart midshipmen were, Denny began to sweat the coming of Ac-Year. How was he to know that three years and many "blown off" study hours later he would still have a 3.0. Maybe vegetating is good for you. Denny's weakness for junkfood became apparent youngster year and he soon became a familiar sight "drinking a Pepsi and studying Mech E.". His musical awareness was also tested that year. After a few weeks of "The Who" and guess the music, Denny decided it was time for silence. Denny could always respond to a challenge and as a certified aqua-rock he certainly was tested. After many hours of perfecting his strokes, he breezed through the 40 Yr. swim. First class year and the arch-villains of the ME dept. then decided to take their shot at Denny. Finding himself with three of a kind at 4-weeks the ante was raised to a nuke career, and knowing Denny's luck he was beaten by a %5&%-checker with a full house. On his way to the supply corps he was saved by the Duke who was looking for a man to handle a .45 in one hand and a shovel in the other. I pity the fool who crosses paths with a fighting Seabee. Good luck always little buddy, you didn't want to be on a submarine with a slob like me anyway.*
EPD

Micheal Barry Chase
Huckleberry
Daytona Beach, Florida

Mike came to USNA from the sandy shores of Daytona Beach. While at the Academy Mike led a varied life. It all started Plebe year when as a Midnight Raider Mike began stealing double-barreled sling shots from long-haired mids. At Christmas break he was visiting his favorite animal, Camel, when he made a mess on his Mess Dress with Ralph. Mike also made fast friends with an axe handle held by a disgruntled papa. Youngster year Mike lifted himself out of the sewer into the Penthouse. In his second year he found out his knowledge of statics ran out at 59 whereupon he changed his major. Second class year Mike became part of the abuse squad. Mike was so popular with one girl he not only left her speechless he also left her breathless. Knowing a good situation when he sees one Mike drank all of her liquor while she was resting in peace. Spring break saw Mike subdue to his animalistic needs and tag along with something of the female gender. First class year Mike could always be found eating at Wendys. Mike became infamous by calling his immediate superior and leadership example a head. This has been the condensed version, for a copy of Mike's Exploits into the Twilight Zone write your neighborhood magazine store.
AWARDS: Yoda lookalike contest.
B.S. in Tactlessness
P.S. Where are my gloves.
ROOSTER





Christopher Clay Collins
Chris
Morgantown, West Virginia
Electrical Engineering, Navy Air

The blinding flash experienced by the population of Annapolis on the morning of July 8th, 1980 was not a nuclear detonation; Chris Collins, Mr. Sun extraordinaire, had arrived. Hailing from the slightly industrialized state of West Virginia, Chris is the man of the eternal smile. His good nature and casualness have carried him through the ups and downs of life here at USNA. Plebe year was a cinch - for a while. It is debatable whether or not Chris' amazing hair style had anything to do with his becoming a fecal magnet. Not one to let things bother him, Chris began a new and adventurous life youngster year. He participated in normal activities such as the Army-Navy inebriation contest (Kangaroo ugly is an understatement!), and tension relieving Hoodtramids (Pam sure was great therapy, eh Chris?). Chris passed through a slight manliness crisis (let's be friends and develop a meaningful relationship) with flying colors, proving that in actuality his mind did not lack a Clint Eastwood-like thought process of a true fighter. Speaking of fighters, Chris was a sporadic member of the Military Studies Association, amd more than one night saw him hulking over a game of "Squad Leader" or "Third Reich". At one time he could, with little difficulty, recite the serial numbers of all Panzerkampfwagon V's in the 1st SS Panzer division. Much of his time was devoted to studying, however, and his long hours slaving over EE have paid off; Chris will graduate with honors and a new hairstyle (he succumbed under pressure). Chris' future as a Navy pilot looks bright, as long as his habit of dropping miscellaneous objects doesn't follow him, and we will all miss this great friend and soon to be great officer. Good luck, Chris. We sure had some great times!

KCM

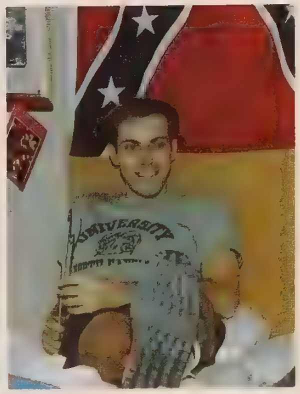
Edward P. Dennin
Ned
Haverton, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Ned strolled into the Academy on I-day completely unaware of what he had started. Not one to be bothered by trivial details like inspections, chow calls, or homework, Ned cruised through without letting many things get under his skin. A good all around athlete, he decided to try his hand at something new here at Navy and soon became the number one hitter on the men's volleyball team. Ned became known throughout the ME department as a relaxed and really laid back student. Almost everyone had witnessed him "laid back" sound asleep in more than one class. This style of learning, however profound, earned Ned a respectable QPA and a spot in the subsurface navy when he finally decided that subs were the place to be.

Ned's friends will always remember him for his outspoken manner, his knack for partying, his 'colds" the day after, and all the times we spent hours shooting the breeze in his room. Don't forget the parties after Army games, the great Green Machine, and all the road trips we took in it to every girls school around. None of us could find the perpendicular plane Ned, so I guess you'll have to go subs alone. Have fun, take care of the family we all know you'll have someday soon, and remember that "Pride Runs Deep."

Joseph A. Doyle
Joe
Georgetown, South Carolina
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Power Submarines

Joe came to us from the sunny shores of Myrtle Beach. He and Huckleberry soon became the midnight raiders during plebe summer. During plebe year he became a connoisseur of cheap beer and women. Youngster year Joe met the Deputy Dant and accidently decorated his shoes with old beans. Some of his dates weren't too lively, but that didn't bother Joe. While on Protramid, as a member of the party animals (3-c), he met Scarface over a year before the movie was made. That same summer Joe tried to enter the Demolition Derby Circuit, but didn't have much luck. He was one of the first to get a car, but the last to drive one (Fix It Again Tony). Besides pinochle and hearts, another hobby of his is being a human bunsen burner. Junior year he found a home as a member of the illustrious penthouse, where contrary to the wishes of Rey, he had to feed the birds. DING! That same year he got indoctrinated into the "DEAD" way of life, which took him from California to Connecticut to Norfolk, to who knows where? Joe could be found most of the time at Rardin's (not the bar, and thanks for the sponsors), occasionally at Lopside's (try the other side Joe), and sometimes going out with his sister. Joe spent part of his time as 16 co. adviser, with a record of 2-0. Thanks again!! Joe chose submarines and not singing - Thank God! Joe, take care of yourself, all the best, and remember - see you in five.



Michael E. Edwards
Mike
Margarettsville, North Carolina
Physical Science, Navy Air

It took a while for Mike's soft-spoken Southern personality to get a strong foothold on Academy life. A bit shell-shocked from the hectic pace of plebe year, due mostly from the constant harassment of a paranoid-schizophrenic firstie, Mike lost over thirty pounds from his I-Day frame. One big notch up the ladder, youngster year brought an unexpected change in both his roommates and his intended major. Appointed chief taster in the gourmet dining club of room 7127, he contributed notably in the concocting of a choice "Chablis de Chesapeake." Mike was also an active member of the "Dark Ages in Dahlgren" ECA — paying his weekly five dollar dues.

Spring of youngster year, an unexpected angel dropped in on his life at a Notre Dame Mixer. All of a sudden, weekends took on a new light: P. E. tests lingering over from plebe year were polished off promptly. Mike attacked his last two years at the Academy with renewed determination.

He absorbed the shock of plebe year, endured the introduction of country-western music to his life youngster year, and survived the rough roads up to Baltimore for two more years. Not to mention, he still has that "unexpected angel" by his side. Continued success in Navy Air is guaranteed for Mike, a special friend to all who know him.

James Thomas Foster
Jim
Alvin, Texas
Applied Science, USMC

*James Thomas Foster (Jim) left the **Sandy** soils of Alvin Texas for the sidelines of Annapolis. Jim holds the record for missing the most classes. After plebe pep, Jim would beach himself. Jim has lived by the motto "Don't let going to school interfere with your education" and he hasn't. Jim's first Army trip included dancing with a lamp and "bring me a trash can". Jim made friends quickly at our plebe dining-in by saying "bring it on ". Jim had no problem in getting roommates youngster year, they were picked for him. Youngster year included his first Vous-trip. He now rents an apartment above it to cut travel costs. 2nd class year was his indoctrination to the penthouse (R.I.P.) Jim has slept in various places, the wrong frat house (UVA), janitor's closet (Mary Wash.), lobby (G-Town). Remember, "rise and shine corpus." 2nd class year saw Jim's tweety legs get playing time "pile jumping" to get his name on the radio. Later he got a sweater to keep warm. He learned how to use the back door at the Vous, the sink in the attic, and how to spot landmarks (the Tuborg Factory). Jim didn't want Norefill for his hangover but he did want 3 stripes. The Lt. wanted to inspect Jim's coffin but he was undressed, reading the paper in bed, no stripes. Jim's Ft. Lauderdale trip was a "heavy" memory from Teddy's party, remember amazon woman, whiskey wisher? Jim's bed saw an occasional visitor. Jim does deserve credit but how about the following: the nurse, Shelby, Cathy (Mary Wash), Susan in the Rambler, the gymnast, Robin Hood, Lisa-Goucher, Kelley-snaked-fm-Eddie, Eileen (Wash), Janet. They deserve some credit. If some aren't mentioned, it's because he's too ashamed. Best of luck in the corps. "See you there."*

Bo

John B. Hartman
Hartski
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Aerospace, Navy Air

Across the table, he stood at rigid attention, eyes burning with fire. This was my first look at John Hartman, alias Capt. Intensity. I realized right then he would be a hard man to keep up with. I didn't even have the strength to match his facial expressions. From that day on Hartski attacked every aspect of Navy with limitless energy. A natural athlete, with a love of pain, John breezed through P.E. and terrorized the lightweight field. Academics couldn't stop him either, even the dreaded aero major. Late nights at the computer, rereading physics and thermo books again and again were all in a day's work for Hartski. All his hard work led to a Co. Commander position and induction into Gamma-Sigma-Sigma. Partying was also a pastime of Johnny's, and he didn't take it easy here either. Late night dancing, air guitar, Rutgers trips and the deadly sambuca proved that.

After flirting with the Marines for three years John went with Navy Air in hot pursuit of the stick of an F/A-18. JB will make a superb pilot, especially since he won't have to worry about his keys or cassettes. Johnny will hit the fleet with a running start, like he often did our doors. So heads up P-cola, don't stand in the way. As spokesman for the Intensity Squad I wish the best of luck to a great friend. May God bless you as you reach for new heights and greater goals. Those of us below will be pulling for you.

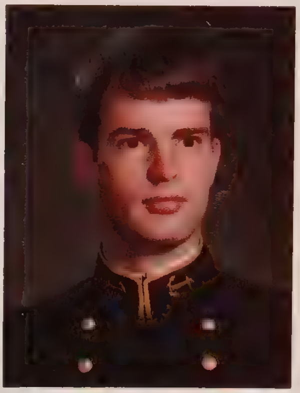
EPD

William Scott Heys
Heyser
Seattle, Washington
Systems Engineering,
Submarines

Federation Report: Frontier explorer William Scott Heys.

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away, Bill Heys set out on the first interstellar expeditionary mission to the planet earth. Arriving in Annapolis on the 8th of July, 1980, Bill immediately put his superior intelligence to work in improving the technologically inferior human society. In adapting to the American way of life, Heyser has added a colorful perspective to the U.S. Naval Academy. He cruised through plebe summer camp and plebe year with only minor damage to his superstructure, and still managed to get in a few yoga sessions. Bill has had a slight problem in being the only astronaut in our class: his shuttle tickets home to the Crab Nebula for leave periods have cost him a considerable sum of money. I guess the Nuke bonus is good for something! youngster year Bill found his karma in the systems engineering department, and he immediately assumed the leadership position of Commander-in-Chief, Systems Gouge Trio. Bill proved that he could do the work of three men. Needless to say, Hank and Captain Midnight owe you a few beers, Bill! Second class year saw Heyser opening new doors, delving into the human pleasures of wine and women. However, we're still waiting for his voice to lower a few octaves. Bill has another claim to uniqueness: he is one of the only avid supporters of the Seattle Seahawks and Mariners. Have they gone pro yet, Bill? No other person has made such a positive mark in 16th Company's history, and Bill's invigorating presence will be missed by us all. Nuke power could not receive a more capable mariner, and there is no doubt that we'll be hearing good things about this man in the future. Fair winds and following seas, Bill!

KCM



Robert Brent Jenkins
Wheels
Richmond, Virginia
Political Science, Navy Air

Jenks came to us from the land of the Wahoos; Richmond, Va. After the initial shock of USNA he had to perform those distasteful things like wearing uniforms and worse yet getting a haircut. Hobbling around on 4 legs instead of 2, Brent decided to try stunt driving with little success. Later that year Wheels discovered women; the problem was he got bit by the snake and saw "one of the ten ugliest girls in the world." He then became the proud owner of one of the infamous "wheels." Tough finding a space huh Jenks? Got the McKown spot, Fraay! He made many road trips during his stay including a high speed return from Balt, tours of the city, and the search for . . . bird or ripple? Almost a track star, Jenks was the only mid to outrun his pants after a rough workout. His other athletic skills include slashing, darts (nice dartboard), and the great outdoor cathedral downstairs race. Outstanding academics led Jenks to an early parole at Georgetown grad school. A poly sci major who also had interests in zoology (Panda Bears) and mythology, having studied in depth the Greek God Thor. We'll never forget the shows; the top hat, salt pile or dayglow. Jenks leaves us as a Navy Pilot to fly where the sky is yellow and the sun is blue! Good luck Jenks cause Lord knows you've done your time gettin through! God Bless

J.C.A.

Michael F. Johns
Mike
Alpine, New Jersey
General Engineering, Marine Corps

Out from the jungles of New Jersey came Mike, and we could almost swear he was wearing cammies that hot day in July of 1980. As the days got hotter, so did the firsties and Mike was always quick to respond with a yes, sir, no, sir, or was that just a rasp? The bets came early on among us on whether or not Mike would be the first to commit himself to a lifetime of grunting, short haircuts, and loving women. The hints came in early as Mike hooked up for some pre-Quantico training within the yard in the form of a shell and to the command of "stroke." With the climbing of Herndon, Mike now had a chance to test his tactical skills against the women of the world. But that was too easy for Mike, so he decided to shave his head that first summer in order to make it more a challenge. That summer we found out Eddie, oh, I mean Mike, was just not suited for Navy Air as everytime they put him in a plane, he would head straight for the side door and the quicker route down. Just couldn't keep the girls waiting. Jumping out of a perfectly good plane, Mike, you passed our psychological testing for entrance into the Corps. With the next sport season Mike decided to chill out as he hit the ice for Navy. Just scoring a goal was not tough enough for this crew veteran, he wanted to be on the receiving end of an 100 mile an hour puck. Finished with target practice, Mike only had one essential skill left to refine before service selection, a command voice. Opportunity knocked with the plebes of '87, and Mike taught the much needed skill of lip-reading to his squad. Well, Mike, now I must get going in order to get in line to cash in on my bet; good luck and go easy on the Corps.

Stephen C. Lanier
Rooster
Brunswick, Georgia
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Steve came to USNA, already determined to teach us the fundamentals of abuse. He set himself up as the head of the abuse squad and led his troops into battle on such diverse operations as Hood, Goucher, Trinity, Princeton, UVA, College Park, Ft. Lauderdale and the Frieda hunt in Dahlgren. Steve also founded the Steve Lanier School of Tact to teach us the finer points of etiquette. His motto was "If I don't get none, neither do you." Phone calls at all hours of the morning were a Lanier trademark that always started out "Guess What?" Steve was the biggest Dawgs fan in the Brigade, following them to two Sugar Bowls, which he can't remember. On youngster cruise, Steve proved in France that you don't have to know the language to be tactless and went skinny-dipping on the Riviera. Youngster year in Boston, Steve got off the bus and said "Look at all the damn Yankees!" On the way to Army that year, Steve got people to open their windows, even though they were in North Jersey. 2/c summer, Steve was one of the 3C animals and he found the hat which from then on he always wore, even to the Ring Dance. His favorite place to be was in a jacuzzi with a honey and a case of Black Label at a Marriott. First class year, Steve rediscovered his childhood hero, Dusty Rhodes, much to our chagrin. After Rooster puts in his time at grad school and in the nuclear Navy, we'll look forward to seeing him on Championship Wrestling from Florida on Saturday mornings. Thanks for all the good times, Steve. We'll never forget you, even if we try.

MBC

Kent Christopher Mann
Conan
Bremerton, Washington
Political Science, Surface Line

"They said he would come; from the North, a man of great strength!" Kent did indeed arrive on day 1 of July, 1980, fulfilling the age-old prophecy. Due to his gargantuan stature and his possession of a Hyborian-forged broadsword, Kent was not long in acquiring the nickname of "Conan". Kent's North was not Cimmeria, but Bremerton, Washington. Bremerton's weather has left him undaunted (it's a nice home; for a duck!), and I'm still Mickiefied about the reasons behind his pilgrimages back to "God's country". Kent came to USNA because he knew "what's best in life". Ask the '87 plebes of Foxtrot Company. From I-day Kent has made an enormous contribution to 16th Company. During plebe summer he was very rodent conscious: "Mr. Jagiello! What's wrong with your roommate Mr. Mann! He ees sleepeeng on dee floor - stupeed! Mices and theengs gonna crawl all over hees body!" (Max Blandon) During youngster year Kent tried a variety of majors. He finally settled on the SE major — Study Evasion. How about those Poly Sci majors! Of course, those weekends with Lynn were very time consuming. Kent also joined the Men's Power Volleyball team that year. He did very well considering his tendency towards hypochondria. First class year (second class year was a study in vegetation) he became an avid reader; maybe he will actually read a textbook before graduation. Most of the year Kent was on The Far Side. "Say! What's a mountain goat doing way up here in a cloudbank!" He also became very dress conscientious (since Mrs. Mann, his mother, became a color consultant, Kent has gone wild). Don't tell him that Phil Donahue wears Camel's hair blazers too! As Kent is destined to excel in the Black shoe Navy, we wish him the best of luck. He's been a very good friend. I'll get the lights.

CCC

Henry P. Matlosz
Hank
Cranford, New Jersey
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Power Submarines

Ding! From Symbo's garage and the Ratskellar came Hank. Two days late but complete with black glasses and eyestrap. The only noteworthy event of plebe year was his first escape to Georgetown which left him with a flat tire and an extensive road tour of D.C. Hank slipped comfortably into the youngster syndrome with his dartboard and whiteworks, soon inheriting Foster to make life interesting. With R. Gorman as ICOR he moved up to the penthouse 2/c year. Back from class (when he went) Henry immediately went into lamp mode and out came the cards. Pinochle and Hearts replaced systems as well as week night outings to the Boat and Dead night. 'ry, 'rage?

Henry kept busy with his Far East Studies at the library, child care, and penthouse activities. He traveled far and wide with his one wheel, a Granada and a GO NAVY thumb. His constant quest for California was finally attained after leaving us in stitches after Tubby's wedding. The #2 member of the A-team (between Skylab and Rooster) managed to fool the admiral and will soon board the nuclear navy. Though he'll soon reach Independence Day he'll never break the ties that bind.

J.A.D.

Warren Anthony Mazanac
The Maz
Harwich, Massachusetts
Applied Science, Nuclear
Submarines

FTNA, DTG — The day had come for The Maz to sacrifice his soul (hair, personality, sunlight . . .) for mere money. His NA career, however, had been a fulfilling one. The Maz came here with the intention of participating in a varsity sport, but he became a sailor instead. His real athletic ability rested in an uncanny control of his sphincters; I can still hear it! The Glee Club lost quite a baritone when The Maz decided to sit on his talents. So, sailing gave him several varsity letters as well as many memorable sunsets and Moon-Reys. Generosity was one of The Maz's attributes. I can vividly remember him returning from liberty having left several items of clothing across the River. What an Amy-able fellow The Maz was in his wilder days! But True Love, by the name of Michelle, soon captured our spinnaker thief and turned his life into the ball-and-chain existence that leaves him happier than "Coffee and Captain". Good Luck Maz! Jimmy Buffett was supposed to be a Naval Academy Grad, but he just sang about and left the rest to you.

T.D.S.

Ronald McDonald
MAC
Detroit, Michigan
Physical Science, Marine Surface
Corps

Mac was a man who was never caught on the short end of the stick. He could find a way out of any tight situation, and if he couldn't he'd just "rash". He could never be found without an outfit for the occasion, from his right shoe to his laid do. If G.Q. was in the market for a representative from NAVY, Mac would be the top seed, not only for his suave personality, but also for his everlasting role. He maintained his role at all costs, even if he had to "imp" from our role to make his more helluva. Mac got a laugh upon every introduction, but his antics earned him even more colorful names. Sweet Legs for his unorthodox running style on and off of the football field. "Ooul" was given to him by the "boys" on the ball team. LMAN for his frequent absence from Mother B. And his latest for his dreams of grandeur "McRourke", or Mac Nyce as he would prefer it. We were all very proud as he geared for his 30 yd. TD against ARMY. No one deserved it more than MAC, he paid his dues. We will never laugh longer or harder than we did in Pasadena at D-BOY. All in all he's been the boy, even though his duty schedule keeps him busy. Continue to have a good one Mac, because we will. It won't be the same without you. (E & Jake) — I'd like to thank my Mom and Dad for their endless support, Bowls, you'll never know how much. E. Jake, Nat, J. R., Hank-Glo, Yo, E. R., Maniacs, (hand me a cold one from the fridge SILK) and anyone I forgot, I Love you all.

P.S. I miss you Jags.

Andrew M. Meurer
Drew
Tampa, Florida
Oceanography, Navy NFO

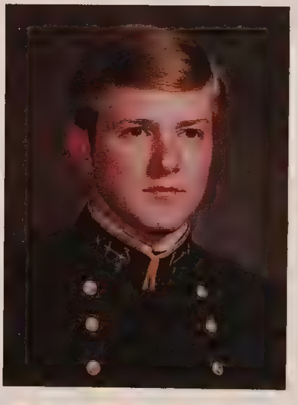
Drew joined the ranks of Canoe U. the summer of '80, trading his bathing suit and Florida sunshine for chow calls and geek-glasses. Never the showboat, Drew succeeded in being the unknown mid for most of plebe year. Plebe Year also brought brief wealth in the form of a gorgeous but hidden stereo. Youngster Year and a certain tailgater changed everything though, and from then on, when he could be found, he was usually working out or selling stereo components for weekend funds. Second class year brought a diamond ring and chapel date into our financial wizard's life, as well as a Mustang which he was constantly repairing when he was not playing Company Social Rep at Notre Dame.

Once feared to be a narcoleptic, physical fitness was now a big part of Drew's life, with six hour jogging trips into town, bike rides to Baltimore, and superman imitations down Charles St.

After serving his country bravely in Beirut, our highly decorated hero returned with the shiniest Firebird ever to grace the streets of Crabtown, only to come to his senses and trade it in on the inevitable family wagon halfway through the year. During the week nothing could get under Drew's skin except maybe the threat of a working weekend imposed by Pokey's sidekick.

After graduation, Drew is headed for P-cola, where he will be busy learning to be an NFO and Chris will be busy feeding their many bachelor dinner guests.

Best of luck and "get P-3's"!



Dean A. Miller
Wiener
Dunwoody, Georgia
Marine Engineering, Nuclear
Power Submarines

Dean came to the Naval Academy because his family was too poor to send him anywhere else. Once times were so hard at the Miller's that they had to sell one of the planes. Even though Dean came from the school of hard knocks, he didn't let it get him down. He quickly assumed a leadership role among his classmates, becoming known as Field Marshal Miller (C'mon guys! Get in step!). When academics began, the former wrestling champion showed he wasn't just your average dumb jock by quickly climbing to the top of his class even though classes in Sampson were taught in a foreign language, English. Not much was heard from Dean until second class year when Penthouse ceased being a source of bedtime stories and became a way of life for him. Who will ever forget Roxanne (120 MPH), a "Smokey and the Bandit" special only a man's man could handle? Dean managed to drive it anyway, only wrecking twice, both times because he had something more interesting at hand to think about. First class year, Dean switched his preference in vehicles to the back of Rooster's truck and his preference in women to the tattoed variety. (Let me out here!) He also discovered a new form of entertainment that kept him running to the change machine for more quarters. Dean went to the Ring Dance second class year. As a firstie, Dean was placed in charge of regulating the amount of cereal leaving the wardroom, and met the one mid who went through money faster than him. We're all going to miss our favorite nuke, although when he's a rich and famous civilian, I'm sure he'll hear from all of us.

MBC

Sherman L. Neal
Silk
Georgetown, South Carolina
Physical Science, Surface Line

In an environment where strict adherence to the rules and crack discipline are the plan of the day for most mids - Silk was the exception to the rule. He didn't break the rules often. But he just had an inconspicuous way of making them adhere to the concepts of Silk's Code. Fraternities at the Academy - unheard of; three striper libs since third class year - wouldn't dream of it. And there is no question that TVs, toaster-oven broilers, J. D. and J. B. (close friends), coffee pots, and other illegal paraphernalia are illegal in Bancroft Hall. He is probably only one of two people who hasn't been to a Bancroft barber since I-Day. (His roommate is the other.)

To mom and dad (World's Greatest Parents), my sisters and brothers, thanks for the love, encouragement, and chow packages. "Thanks" is the cheap way out, but I owe my life in speeding tickets. To Mr./Ms. Wilson, Ms. Bowman, Mia, Farlene, Foncia, and Juanita - a lifetime of love and happiness. You gave so much and asked for so little. To my frats - Drow, Scoob, and Walt - "No band of brothers could be more loving". To Mac - pass the Bacardi and turn up the TV. My special love to Michelle and to so many other special friends acquired to the years I surrender.

Establishment of fraternities, sororities, or other similar fraternal organizations at the Academy is not permitted (Midn. Reg. 0438). Go Omega, Beat Navy.

Omega Psi Phi 'til the day I die!!!

So iong Navy. You are a beautiful sight in my rearview mirror.

David L. Nenna
Dave
San Diego, California
Aerospace, Navy Air

On 8 July, 1980 Rad hit Maryland. Unfortunately, the interpretor was left on the plane. Those first few months of plebe summer we muddled our way through gnarly, bitchin, primo, cougat, and of course, rad. Actually, it wasn't so much the quantity of words brought over from San Diego, but the density of each sentence those first few months was pretty confusing.

Initiation into Gamma Sigma Sigma came early for Dave. Membership is not easy, but Dave was a shoe-in with a hefty four points above his expected average after the first semester. Afterall, Dave was a born aeronautical engineer, and was always able to spew out the right formula for the test.

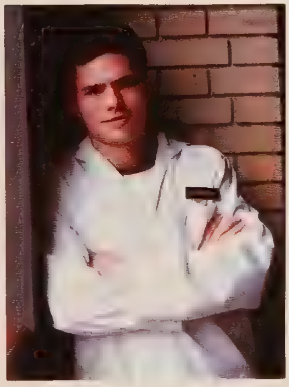
Along with the G-dot came many other good deals for Dave. Youngster cruise he was off to Pearl Harbor, first class cruise was spent in Australia and Dave got extra lucky when he was sent to Air Force. Dave turned over a new leaf as he traded in his Mustang for the exquisite, finely tuned German sportscar. As a banana it did fine, but dress it up first class summer and Dave just couldn't take it out, except with the help of a tow truck. Most people are satisfied with just changing the oil every three thousand miles, but Dave always went for the complete tune-up and so the girl had to go also and a fresh one installed in her place.

With first class year Dave hooked up with Captain Intensity and hairy and intense came into his life. But the Rad lived on and now Dave's heading for Pensacola, the peach is calling him. Hopefully he will use some of that thousand dollars the Navy gave him to cut his curls before his career full of inspections. I'm sure you won't make any wrong turns in a nicely heated F-14.

David M. Osen
Captain Midnight
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Dave arrived at USNA from the average mid-American town of C-burg, Pa which quickly became Easter HQ of the abuse squad. He was blessed with a typical All-American family of 2.5 kids of European descent and with a father who was a child psychologist. The former Eagle Scout made such an impression on his first squad ldr. that she called him "noticeably unnoticeable". What his background did for him was to give him the ability to room with anyone. He was the referee for two years of Frankenstein vs. the Testtube Baby and spent two years keeping Sharpy from getting a Section 8. When it was time to pick majors, Dave gave up Crew for Systems with this decision began the greatest hunt for gouge in Academy history. With help from Henry & Bill, Dave forged his way through Systems. When Dave wasn't gouge hunting he was accumulating nicknames like: Bos'n Osen, the Rabbit, Ra, power Booter. After 4/c year, Dave was picked by Uncle A to be the first midn deep-selected for Capt. when he was named Capt. Midnight for his habit of arriving at odd hours of the night. Dave was very popular with the ladies while at USNA. After two years of Chops and late night visits, his parents breathed a sigh of relief when they found he was dating a New Hampshire scholar. During 2/c year, he did his best to entertain his Hood College fan club, but after 1/c cruise, he changed his interests to oriental studies. Dave has joined the Nuc. Navy and will run Silent and Deep upon graduation. May continued success with women and work follow him into the Fleet.

AVS



Mark Alan Patterson
Scummer
Huntington, Maryland
Applied Science, Special Warfare

Life is like a wheel, so it's the going, and not the getting there.

Going and coming, coming and going, Mark has been running around in circles ever since he left the maternity ward of Anne Arundel General 22 years ago. A token NAPS graduate, he eventually made his way back to Annapolis. As a plebe year walk-on, he ran his way to prominence by becoming captain of Navy's Cross Country team and a multiple letterman in both indoor and outdoor track. While his dedication won him the respect of coaches and teammates alike, it also won him an invitation to his own girlfriend's wedding. When he wasn't running, Mark traveled to keep going. At times he seemed convinced his Honda was a Ferrari, laying a nine mile skid in a ten mile ride. Seeking to expand horizons, he traveled to Europe, where he acquired a taste for certain Swiss sweets. His other voyages included Spain (meals of tequila and bread), New Orleans, and who could forget Pasadena, with its starry nights and Christie clear mornings. Never an overly excited or terribly exuberent person, many were surprised when Mark chose Special Warfare for his service selection — you know better but I know him. Best of luck with the Seals, Summer, and remember: the wheel is turning and it can't slow down . . .

RBJ

Charles Kenneth Perkins
Charlie
La Follette, Tennessee
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Old Reliable is brought to you by the folks in East Tennessee. After a year of "real school" at UT Charlie made the trek to Canoe U. - who ever thought going to school in a National Park could be so much phun. After a three week whirl-wind romance (talk about robbing the cradle!-but a three year old?) Chuck had enough photos of the "Kid" to paper his room. A sudden Stack attack took care of his illegal plebe year stereo-shame on you Tuna. A quiet youngster year primed Chuck for June Week escapades. He single-handedly rewrote Moby Dick by having the greatest whaling adventure of the last century. Thar she blows - Maria the Whale! Old Reliable made his mark by bringing Tim D. home to the World's Fair. Poor Tim, he made a great exhibit. Following tradition Charlie both gave and got rings at the Ring Dance, sealing his fate forever. First class year saw Chuck come out of his shell in Pasadena by dressing up his brother as a mid (no, it wasn't Halloween). Will the real Charles Perkins please stand up; HO, HO, HO! Hey, who loves ya baby?

WAM

Jon E. Reimer
Reimgod
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Electrical Engineering, Navy Air

In from the slopes of the Rockies of Colorado skied Jon that beginning July day of 1980. Ever since then, Jon has looked for the easy way through; in fact, G has become synonomous with him — ask me. Seriously, he does work hard at some things. Last year he was once involved with horizontal stress analysis for over 22 hours, a definite record. What else are those mid-semester, unofficial vacations for anyway. I think he needs a new alarm clock; one he won't sleep through.

During his spare time, Jon's been preparing himself for the day he gets to sing the National Anthem in the Superbowl. He'll get Paige'd on that occasion. Actually Jon had quite a good time as a member of the Glee Club. He kept a record of all the trips he took in his Black Book. The trips are almost over now, but he's still having a won-Dee-fully good time. Too bad Sue, Sue and Peri. I wonder if Jon decided on his singing adventures that September night out at Middleton's Tavern or the night of the 1980 Company Dining-in. On second thought, not on those nights.

Jon is all set for Navy Air; waiting until the last night before deciding whether to don the Blue or the Green. I sure hope Dee and the Misfit don't mind P-cola. By the way, I wonder if they have big oak trees in Florida? Best of luck Jon; see you on the beaches.

CCC

Sean Thomas Roskey
Mr. Boston
Framingham, Massachusetts
Applied Science, Navy Air

. . . first there was one, then there was none, and now there is one again. After that fateful XC meet in the fall of his junior year, Mr. Boston became a weekday only resident of Annapolis — preferring 34th St to 7-2. The only thing that kept him in Annapolis on weekends was his dedication to the NAVY distance corps. One of the pillars of the team (what with 6 letters and 2 seasons left), he took some flak for not heading out after-hours with Newms, Poodle, and Scummer but after the gun sounded he was right where he was needed. Four years of college (or attending USNA) are enough for anyone; and the 5 yr. plan was too much for the CSBs as computers fell victim to outside interests.

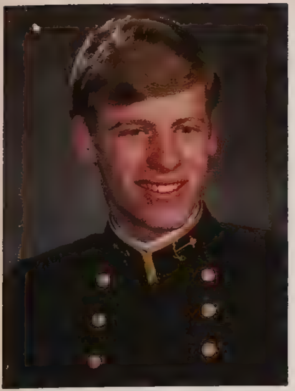
Time travels when you go from one fiasco to another — especially in the company of dik-runners. The NAVY XC mark is left everywhere we travel; from Gabe's Cabin to Camp David (at least for a night) to Switzerland (Cressier, Gimmelwald, and Feldshlossen forever!). It's up to you Woody, Stoner, Ron, John, Wade. Can you carry on what was started before even us, before Fatman.

Can NAVY AIR and TPAC fill the void? May your successes continue through NAVY AIR and beyond.

MAP

William D. Sanders
Bill
Los Alamos, New Mexico
Mathematics, NFO

Bill came to USNA from Los Alamos in the "Land of Enchantment" and for four years managed to keep up the worlds longest lifeline back to home. Plebe year, Bill's natural agility allowed him to become proficient at going over things; on the o-course or just AROUND the yard. During the next two years Bill found that he had an excessive amount of free time on his hands, (much to the sorrow of his friends/victims). To fill this void he embarked on a number of hobbies and ventures of self-improvement, (much to the sorrow of his shower curtain). In the pursuit of these many, varied, and sometimes short-lived endeavors he became something of a master chef and a competent distiller. Finally Bill found a home in the Men's Volleyball Club where he quickly rose to the rank of president and fashion consultant. Bill kept us guessing right up to service selection before he finally did the smart thing and went Navy Air. So Bill's off to Pensacola with the cherished hope that major geographical upheavals will cause a large part of the southwest to fall into the sea, creating the potential for NAS, Los Alamos and more duty in heaven. Good luck in the Navy, Bill. The good guys don't always wear white hats.



Alexander V. Sharp
Sharpy
Butte, Montana
Applied Science, Navy Air

Alex - a study in contrasts - Butte's contribution to a long family tradition of - NAVY. That's right, Montana (Montana? A state?), where men are men and sheep are nervous. Under that mischievous facade lies a "sharp" wit, a keen intelligence, a professional attitude and a genuine friend. A polished circumventor of the bureaucracy - a job will be done quickly and efficiently. Sharpy took the '81 plebe detail by storm as keeper of the log. 3/c year Alex met Laura-one. He could leave on a date with a dollar in his pocket and return with change. On some of the more memorable dates, they drove all the way to MacDonough Hall parking lot. 2/c year Sharpy finally found out what it was like to live with a white roommate. He took leave from the abuse squad for several weeks that year to earn a black N and membership in the EMBC. Spring found Sharpy at Hood every weekend seeing Laura-two. After 1/c cruise, Alex drove his Seville cross country from San Diego, and finally made it with 4 speeding tickets and a new engine! He maintained the company's most expensive wardrobe - right out of GQ - and taught us all how to dress correctly. Navy Air is the right choice as his antics during the past 4 years have been good training for the "serious" business of flying. However, we all can be thankful for the fact that there are few shopping malls on the decks of aircraft carriers. We salute you, Alex - you put some fun into the past 4 years and we have all laughed together.

DMO and DAD

Alexander Peterson Smith III
Smif
McRae, Georgia
Economics, Surface Line

Smif came to the Academy from the State of Adventure and he has been looking back toward it ever since. At the end of Plebe year, firsties would ask him what company he was in. This was an indication of Smif's visibility in years to come.

Youngster year Smif led the beautification program in Philly by helping grow trees. Smif also found his niche in society by going out with any girl from Connecticut he could find. At the end of the year a trip to Tennessee resulted in talking to girl scouts. Second class year Smif was UNSAT. First class year Smif made many road trips, including trips to UVA and Pittsburgh to cheer on his two favorite teams: Navy and The Atlanta Braves. He also made an unforgettable trip to Georgetown where he finally broke his one rule: He went out with a girl who weighed more than he did. Smif has always loved iced tea and fried chicken, I just hope he can find it on his cruiser. Good luck in the surface fleet. See you in five years.

ROOSTER

Tracy Dean Smyers
T. D.
Boyd, Texas
Oceanography, Navy NFO

In fine, considerate striper tradition, T. D. would like to aid those who share his quest for weighty collar devices, so he asked me to list those activities which prepared him for his semester of leadership.

1) Go to a small high school. Then, your picture can appear on half the yearbook's pages. (This is no good unless on **many** occasions you show **all** your mid buddies how popular you were in high school. Pretty soon, you'll be everyone's friend at USNA too.)

2) Be considerate while visiting. Sleeping in the shower is especially recommended as this prevents the messing up of an extra bed.

3) Set an Academy record in the half mile.

4) Follow the four rules of women to the letter. (Corollary to #4: Practice your opening lines e.g., While wading in the ocean, look down and ask two pretty girls, "Have y'all seen my contact lens?")

5) Ingestion of LFCD's can aid in the solution of any problem.

6) Be best man on those occasions when you decide to go to formals.

7) Answer your striper fact sheet honestly. This gets you noticed.

8) Never drink beer straight from the pitcher. This makes riding in a Scout very uncomfortable.

9) Keep your desk top bare to facilitate keeping a clean room. If you must have ornamentation, try to limit it to one piece of armadillo dung dressed up as a bird.

C.K.P.

Robert Alex Stephens
Bo
Ozark, Alabama
Applied Science, Navy Air

When Bo left L.A. (Lower Alabama) for Annapolis he was more prepared than most since he already had a sponsor and brought along a brother for company. After going a round with his roommate Bo thought he had mastered plebe boxing — he learned differently in a bar over spring break. Second semester saw the beginning of a drought that would last for a year and a half — not even a stop in the Lone Star State after Youngster cruise could end this drought. Bo found himself in Myrtle Beach for Easter and his birthday Youngster year. On his birthday Bo started the celebration at noon — four score and 20 beers later he ended it sleeping peacefully. Always a good golfer Bo found a Rose on the course that spring and the drought soon became a flood on Second Class cruise where Bo had a girl in every port. Bo joined an ECA Second Class year — The Wednesday Afternoon Activity Club — an active group of 2 or 3 members with common interests, fishing, golfing, drinking . . . Bo went to Ft. Lauderdale for spring break his third year and had to sell his body to eat. Bo, always popular with the ladies due to his southern charm and BS borrowed an idea from the Braves and went on a double-header date, good thing Kris and Laura never knew! Bo settled down and spent most of First Class year with Barb — even took her home to meet the folks!? Bo's ability to change D's to B's during finals, and find the gouge got him to P-Cola where I hope he is "Happier than a pig in manure." Good Luck Romeo!

JTF

Seventeen

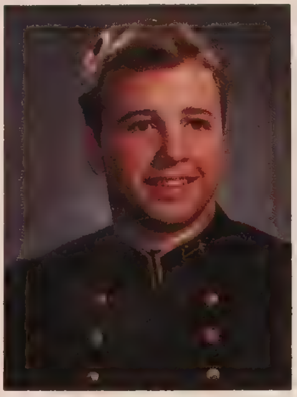
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

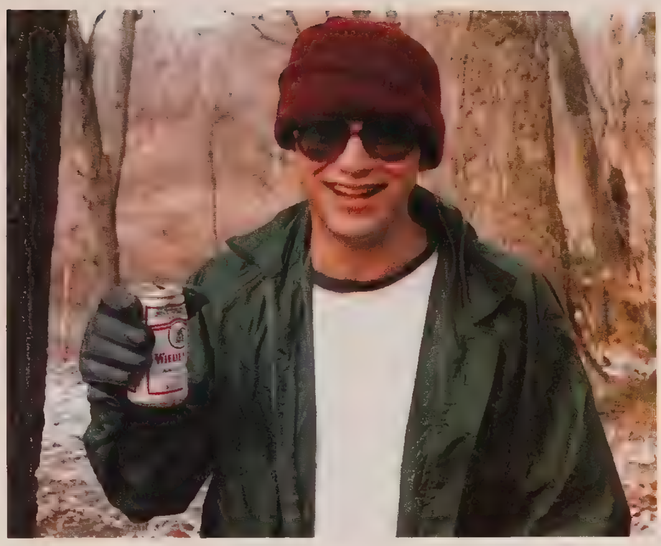
GINLACH
U.S. ARMY

David P. Anderson
Cornhead
Kirkwood, N.J.
Ocean Engineering, Surface Line

After a year at prep school, Dave arrived at Annapolis with high hopes and a knack for survival. Plebe year saw him awarded his nickname and he spent his next four years living up to it. Dave quickly showed his leadership ability when he marched us all out to Eastport for pizza and beer. Plebe year gave way to youngster cruise and an eye opening experience in sunny California. Dave met his first love who just happened to have a black Porsche. But that quickly faded and Dave plowed his way into second class year a proud father. But parenthood was not to be for Dave and first class year finds him making that all familiar trip to Hood College. Academics have always been on Dave's mind. His will to succeed was always stronger than the Academices attempts at failure. The future will certainly find Dave a successful engineer getting lost on his way to work. In his four years at Navy Dave never let us down for a moment by always carrying a smile and a positive attitude. After leaving Annapolis Dave will be traveling to Charleston, S.C. taking with him a refined innocence and a determination to be a successful surface warfare officer. Just don't forget to take a map.

Bud





Lee A. Barker
No-Bars
Powder Springs, GA
ESE Systems, Navy Air

From Powder Springs to the shores of the Severn, Lee came with his backwards accent and a strong desire to fly for Navy. Lee quickly established himself plebe summer when the knucklehead squad first heard that high-pitched southern drawl screeching "Irene's her name they say she's best" as we marched along the streets of the Academy. Whenever Lee could pull himself away from the halls of Maury we found him either sailing for Navy or falling from the skies. Well on his way to getting those gold jump wings Lee managed to distinguish himself as the only midshipman who could hit the side of a house. We hope Lee has better luck flying planes than he has had jumping out of them. Good luck at Pensacola.

David E. Berko

Dave-o
Kings Park, New York
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Subs

Dave-o migrated south from The Island, leaving behind his cozy home, good food, and high school sweetheart to continue a family legacy established at service academies. Dave's head was full of the idealism, moralistic virtue and youthful innocence that speaks for an entire generation. Needless to say, none of the above survived during his four year residency in Annapolis.

Academics came easy to the Boy Wonder, as Dave managed to make Dean's list every now and then with a minimal amount of studying. Training as a Mech-E provided enough of an edge for Dave-o to be screened and selected for nuke power. He has yet to realize that he can't go "over the wall" in a submarine, as Dave was so fond of doing during his four years.

Despite years of being battered in lacrosse, rugby and soccer, Dave lived in relative comfort. He was known for his pioneering work in testing the Admin Conduct System by improvising fashionable uniform styles and room standards. These accomplishments earned him perennial status on a year-long restriction squad.

Dave's easygoing nature disguised the woes he confronted with women and cars. Luckily, Dave had better luck with the fairer sex than with his '74 Mercury Crapi, as the latter had the tendency to turn against him. Love dug its claws into Dave's back more than once, yet he managed to survive unscathed and still mellow. The qualities of the true gentleman that Dave naturally exhibited continued to attract the ladies without end. Dave-o is surely destined to meet with glory, honor, and a safe return wherever the submarine force may take him. Fair winds always.

DLL

William J. Faucher

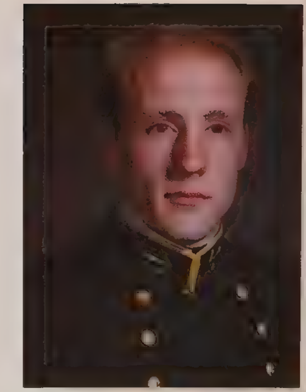
Fauch
Worcester, Massachusetts
Economics Marine Corps

Fauch (Fosh) arrived at Annapolis a seasoned veteran of the FLEET. As may be expected, Bill was not terribly enthused with life at the Academy. Not to say that Bill's an unenthusiastic person — you see, Bill simply directed his energies towards pursuits which are not necessarily encouraged by the administration. As a serious contender for ratiest plebe, Bill developed his characteristic talent for getting along with superiors. From his famous confrontation with "Uffy", to worst room in the company, to Army-81, to D.C.C., this talent has served him well. While excelling in rumbles, boxing, company football, and pounding brews on the docks, Fauch still maintained a good reputation with his academics and his position as honor rep. Among the underclass, he's undoubtedly best remembered for his flaming tendencies. In fact, these tendencies prompted several faint-hearted plebes to pack their bags.

First class year saw Bill grow more at peace with the world, if not the Navy. Perhaps Michaele had something to do with this. But make no mistake — Bill will never become too "mellow and worldy", as evidenced by his aptitude for "macho games", the "van" at Myrtle Beach, and his membership in the exclusive Southern California swim club (Pasadena, Dec. '83). Suffice it to say that Bill will always be a formidable foe and a true friend.

See you in the GREEN, Jeckel.

D.B.M.

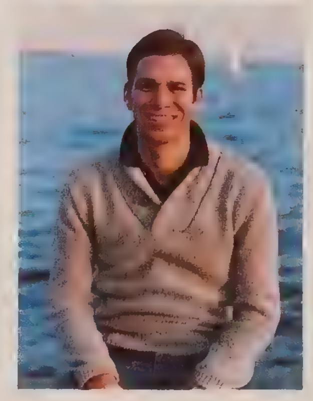


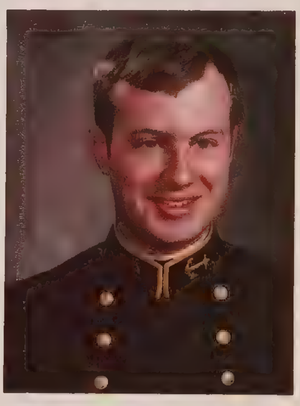
William H. Freeman

Freebird
Killeen, Texas
Naval Architecture, Naval Aviator

Freebird, as he is commonly called, was born in and claims residency from Killeen, Texas. Everyone knows, however, that he actually fares from all over the U.S., seeing as his father is a colonel in that "other" service. At any rate, he is an enthusiastic supporter of America's team. As a pleber, WHF was a sailing jock. His biggest problem was that he could not find a wetsuit thick enough to keep his poor old bones warm. He has this terrible problem called: "I fall out of boats a lot," a good thing he is not going surface line. WHF became quickly dissatisfied with this and decided to concentrate on academics and intramurals. As a naval architecture major, WHF saw it would be difficult to get through academically unscathed, so he joined the I'll pull a C out of my ass in the last week club and has been a thriving member ever since. In intramurals, WHF is never afraid to accept a challenge; he took on the coaching responsibilities of the 17th company B-ball team and led them to a stellar 1-9 season; not everyone can be taller than six feet, besides, they beat 18. WHF is probably most famous for his recital of "1001 aggie jokes" to Lt. Aggie at our Christmas party. I think Lt. Aggie was not too amused. The thing about USNA which disappointed Freebird the most was its lack of a ski team. You see, William holds delusions of being Jean-Claude Killy. Some day he may really have his Austin-Healey, but I doubt it. I won't say anything about his many wild women or several exotic religions because he must live with this for the remainder of his days. I do enjoy drinking with Freebird and I am sure that he will be a terrific Naval Aviator. Don't forget how to punch out. May the sun and moon always shine upon your path, and may the winds of time blow softly across your doorway.

RRR





Robert J. Gundlach

Beakhead
Terrace Park, Ohio
Marine Engineering, Surface Line

Plebe Summer — Knuckleheads (Where did we go wrong?) O'Kane and my tongue, Mr. Suggs, Virgil, my USN I.D., excelled at nothing.

4/c Year — Timmy's, Charlies', and the Buzzard, Snake and Sel, Craig's Bears, rating the rack, tally sheets, where's Cornhead, Weber and his chowcalls, snake and his pregnant women (T), I've got the world on a string, I need some wiiine, Pritchard.

3/c Year — Harkey's party (where were all those girls?), Harkey taking on Skull and Mac with the jelly, the stern look, the lookin's free, Army in the Philly subway, Snakette and her prom, Hey Buddy - yeah you, Rooming with Rat.

2/c year — Bollardhead, the Gang of Five, camping at the Naval Station, a Wiedemann's Army, where's Wendel, suuure, Piel's and bologna sandwiches in Norfolk, Oceana with Foxy, selling Piels for 25¢ a can, converting from acid rock to new wave, hanging out with five Trinity girls all at once, losing my wheel on U.S. 50.

1/c Year — SSBN 617 (Stir Crazy), yeah buddy — no problem, 12 hours of Dunoon Scotland, flying back to the states and getting my VW demolished and losing my Trinity connections all in a weekend, Plebe Detail (Boy was I tough), rooming with Virgil then losing the Red Man to the fleet, loving that chicken from Popeye's, hanging out with Pat, Ed, and Bunk at the Richards, hot tubbing, the Ford Ranchero, the van, stuck in the sand with Boy George, tailgating with the LT, USS Moosbrugger (thanks ADM McKee).

Best of luck to the Gang of Four, the Harkeys, my SWO Brother John, Pineapple Head, and all my other friends and acquaintances.

John Patrick Harkey
Surrrre!
Bloomingdale, Indiana
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

Pat came from a graduating class of 64, four wheel drive trucks, a forest two blocks from his house, and a definite accent. It was hard for him to get used to Izod, being raised on blue jeans and T-shirts.

A poorly made rack and the word "sure" became his trademarks, along with the annual Form-2 for not meeting prescribed standards of cleanliness. After a certain tackle snow football game gave him the ultimate John Wayne walk, and a certain female on the weekends, academics were an uphill climb. Probably the only person I know who could take her home to meet his parents, then having to leave her there while he flew back for a surprise Axe Board. Leaving alive and the only engaged youngster, he hopped right into second class year, discovering rugby and earning platoon leader first class year. But after a nice scar over the eye, plus a small incident with a certain girl falling asleep at the wheel, his rugby career was ended second semester in favor of Navy Air.

As Seventeen's "expert" on mechanics, he was always willing to let us know what he thought, as the June week wedding comes near, he leaves us with these thoughts:

"If you're not having fun, you're doing it wrong."

Though together we've been only four years, you guys are the best bunch here. Without your friendship and support I'd have died, and parting makes me almost cry; God bless and take care.

William Meade Harrison
Bill
Bainbridge Island, Washington
English, Marine Corps

How long have you been in the Marine Corps

All my bloomin' life! Me mother was a O-Club junkie, my father was a Navy Pilot. I was born on two skies and rocked in the arms of an opponent. "Borrowed" Kahkis and Cammies are me clothes. Every tooth in me head is stained; the hair in my head is gone. Every bone in me body is broken, and when I spits, I spits Cope! Ise hard, I es I am . . . I was.

Ah, yes! As the numbers rolled on, and the dreams of Navy Air dwindled, our brother did not despair. For he knew he'd accept the Corps as he did good ole USNA. Coming from a line of Naval heritage, Bill did his best not to conform to the system, with a little influence from the "Boys of '81". Constantly testing the accuracy of the Hall clocks, nothing could keep Bill from a quiet weekend, whether it be a midnight swim in Dec. at J.V.'s, a sleep at the Chaplain's place, or a struptease at the Thrift. Not to mention the Friday night card games and Sat. morning hangovers. Over the years, his "love" has stretched coast to coast, north to south, and wing to wing. But it seems a surprise Ring Dance date (Sorry Lee Ann) shocked Bill into the real thing and he's been "faithful" ever since. His spontaneous presence will be missed by all, the Ruggers included. But none will ever forget our fallen comrade.

Semper Fi!!!

JCH

John C. Heiss
John
Ellicott City, Maryland
Mathematics, Surface Line

I write this very biography as the grizzly stands proud amongst his peers on a Friday evening. USNA finally caught up with him. It sure took them a long time. It was never John's fault. He was the unfortunate victim to incredible peer pressure. He had very high standards to live up to. The gang in '81 introduced Bro and him to John V. and the adventures started from there. We all know he flagged the first PCR just to be like Pager. What the hell? This was John's backyard and nobody tells you when you can or can not go out into your own backyard. So when there was a craving for some emotional rescue at U of M or just to drive a bucket of balls with Millerman, John complied. The summer he was drilling the plebes was his first major slip, but a rainy day and a lazy judge 6 months later solved that problem.

Overall, John's experiences at USNA are too bountiful to be wasted in some nuclear engineering plant, so we are all glad he had joined the real Navy to pass on to his men what you can only learn by doing. 17 will miss John very much. Best of Luck.

CMM

John H. Lerchbacker Jr.
Lerch
Lorain, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering, Submarines

Jack came to USNA fresh out of high school. Immediately, those of us in the 17th platoon could see that Lerch was prepared for life as a mid, who else brought spiffies on I-Day?!? Jack was 4/c Co. Cdr. for the academic year. He even roomed in the "back shaft" as a plebe while being subjected to the various leadership styles of its inhabitants; "We love it here sir!"

Jack gained renown for studying with intensity. His high marks didn't come easy, he earned them the hard way. A British midshipmen exchange and Pep Band road trips provided relief. First class year brought Jack five stripes as Brigade Ops, and his marriage to his car. It was a beautiful white BMW, and Jack was as eccentric as an old lady with 100 cats in caring for it.

Good luck at nuke school and afterwards in the submarine fleet. We all need you, and others like you on our first line of defense.

BRW

FUNERAL
PARKING
ONLY

David L. Lihani
Dave
Lexington, Kentucky
Political Science, NFO

Dave blew in from the wastelands of Kentucky, determined to perpetuate the warrior mystique. His goal was to serve his country as a Naval Officer. But the deeper reason for coming to Annapolis was to reap the benefits of a free education. This being the case, then Dave has succeeded. Gifted with a keen awareness of his surroundings and a quick wit verging on the bizarre, Lonnie was a natural bull major. Able to form an opinion on any issue, Dave convinced the polisci department to let him complete the academics here in three and a half years. He escaped the last semester of firstie year as a Real College Student at Maryland. Even the extra workload (rack time) on regimental staff couldn't slow Dave in his pursuit of the ladies. Established in an Arnold base camp, Dave wandered in and out of weekend forays from Baltimore to Belgium, always on the Fun Wagon.

It took Dave nearly three years to convince himself that the Academy was the right choice. Driving tanks in the Army disappeared, since he discovered Navy air to be the true Gateway to a Great Way of Life. Visions of flying a mahogany supply corps desk faded at pre-coms. It seems Dave's eyesight just wasn't bad enough.

A true friend and a great listener to any classmate with a problem, Dave could be counted to get the job done anytime. Undoubtedly, Dave will find much happiness and success in the Navy, and beyond.

Move, Move we've got the gift of life. Go and shout it from your roof mountain top. Give it to me once and give it to me twice. We've gotta keep movin', we've gotta keep movin'.

James (Jim) E. Lindsey
Genz (Wild Man)
Vernon, Texas
Marine Engineering, Submarines

Jim, hailing from Vernon, Texas, came to the "Trade School" via NAPS. At NAPS Jim specialized in Calculus and Salve Regina. His indispensible attendance during EMI, at company parties (The Point), and the EM club, will always be remembered. Jim, playing a very mean trumpet, became involved in the award winning band "Sea Breeze", best remembered for their break-out performance at "Fat Peoples". On I-Day, Jim appeared to be in a haze, but he quickly recovered and started marching (as usual). He is a charter member of the "Timmy's Pocket, Sleeve, and Collar Club". Hawaii on Youngster Cruise was tropical. Joined the 3C Traveling Circus for 2nd Class Summer. Jim started that awesome 5 day blast at Dam Neck that got 7 accomplices sent back to Mother B. "Jim", the 12 year old shouted, "my mommy wants to see you." First Class Cruise Jim traveled to California and researched beaches. He then backpacked from Yosemite to Mt. Whitney. Snow, rain, and hungry bears eating all his supplies could not stop this intrepid backwoodsman. Academically Jim started slowly but gained speed. Culminated in a 4.0 his second class year. Jim was and is the solution to problems when the Gouge fails you. Athletically, he won the 165 lbs. plebe Smoker. During Batt Football he booted a 51 yard field goal. First class year he pumped iron, lots of it! Don't tell Jim that 30000 sit-ups in 30 days is impossible, he might have to prove you wrong!

Jim: scholar, friend to all, trumpet player, iron man, athlete and submariner. Best of luck.

T.C.L.

Clifford M. Maurer
Cliff
Orefield, Pennsylvania
Oceanography, Civil Engineer Corps

If there's anybody in this world who you should look up to it's Cliff. The "tower of power" is the only person I know who has to undo the bottom of his bed before he goes to sleep. Speaking of sleeping, we always wondered where Cliff did his real sleepin'. Needless to say, this was a very well kept secret. Lately, however, Cliff has been occasionally occupied with a beautiful Southern Cal woman. She has a personality, too. Strange that this stellar basketball star chose CEC and is going to be stationed in the San Diego area. The CEC corps should be glad that Cliff is joining them. Not only is he a great guy, but he's been able to get some of the best grades at this school. I can't think of anyone I'll miss more than this roommate of mine. I hope and know that he'll do a great job in anything he attempts. I'll miss ya' bud. I hope everything turns out good. Good Luck. Thanks Johnny V.

WMH

David B. McClary
Mac
Charlotte, North Carolina
History, Marine Corps

One thing Dave quickly decided was that an engineering major was out - not only was he too tough on calculators but when the bull flows that easily, well, why waste it. Plebe year went well enough with numerous practical jokes being perfected upon "Curn" and Mark. Mac kept himself busy youngster summer - reaffirming his love of "the Corps" on the oldest ship in the fleet, inspecting the Myrtle Beach bars (both nightclub and iron), and hanging from the cords of his 'chute at Benning.

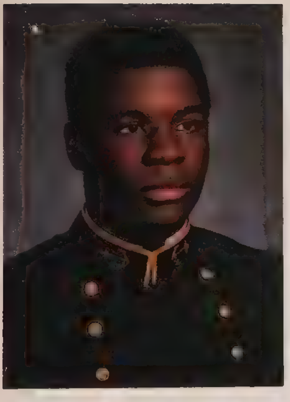
The start of ac year met him with an acute case of youngsteritis and many more classics yet to come. Dave held a membership in the Hilton's artic beer drinker's club, was a resident of one of the "best" room's in the company and was always one to start studying early (in the morning).

2/c year found Dave somewhat preoccupied with academics and his future Mrs., but still possessing a great sense of humor and a knack for making us laugh. 1/c cruise saw Dave pay his dues over in Hawaii finally getting a chance to be with the few, the proud. After all didn't he come to USNA for drill? Just ask one of the guys in '87.

Never one to waste much time studying, Mac often did better by winging it, as his improving grades showed. His tenacity and ability on the playing field, in whatever sport, are virtually unequaled. ("I was just going over the ball - really I was"). Dave has always been a true friend and he and Bernadette are wished the very best in the future, Semper Fi.

P.S. Have you done any late night swimming in Pasadena lately, Heckel?

W.J.F.



Billy Lynn McKinney
Bilba
Tacoma, Washington
Physical Science, Marine Corps

By reasonable estimation, Bill came to the Boat School with 400 of Mother Ney's double cheeseburgers strapped somewhere. He quickly had those removed, and got down to a more reasonable 186 lbf. during Plebe Summer. He ranted, he raved, until finally, First Class Year it was "Love that Chicken from Popeye's." Motorcycle mags weren't enough. A motorcycle wasn't enough. Musclecar Mania wasn't enough. A Barracuda was!!! Speeding tickets became Insatiable.

Having had a sister at school with him, Bill learned to cope with the realities of existence: "Hey Bill, do you have any money?"

Bill's most memorable instances: Plebe Year - finishing; Youngster Year - surviving; Second Class Year - Quantico; First Class Year - surviving (a Reign of Terror imposed by a well loved C.O.).

Bill loves everything fast: cars, bikes, food, and women. Bill also loves the Corps! Quantico might never be the same again. Bill: scientist, humorist, trivialist, and Marine. Good luck, for when you laugh, the world laughs (Haaah). Always a friend.

J.E.L.

Joseph Russ Moulton
Russ
Fredericksburg, Virginia
Physics, EDO

During his first three years here Russ concentrated on ensuring that his last would be worthwhile. His reputation as a scholar was suddenly established after his first (but not last) close call at the library — he knew it was getting close to taps when the lights went out and the doors refused to open. That emergency door alarm really did work, didn't it Russ? And so the 4.0's came and went until we saw stars every time Russie walked by.

But firstie year brought the transition which was to shock us all. First it was Susie, the girl he never could seem to shake off after she discovered his charm. Then there came the wild summer in that new Mazda, further exposing him to the delights of social extravaganza. Most felt that Russ would never recover after the nukes discovered he could only tell if a traffic light were red by the honking of nearby horns. Yet he bounced back with vigor, coaxing those EDO's into working at MIT, and yes of course coaxing Dolly as well. Wild parties soon followed; Russ especially liked hot tubs for socializing with the ladies, or keeping me busy with his date while he searched restaurant trash bags for a lost wallet. Soon we lost count of his juggling methods. Of course, Susie could only stay til 5 cause Tammy was due at 6.

Yes, Russ, I'll have that drink at your favorite place on Friday night. I'll see you in Boston this fall.

Robin Keith Myers
Rob
Cinnaminson, New Jersey
History, Intelligence

Robin came to the Academy from South Jersey, exit 4. Having made it through the summer with relative ease, he immediately found a friend in Crutch. Robin spent the rest of the semester outside her door. A sailor at heart, Robin could usually be found at the sailing center and, despite the evil influences in 20, Robin made it through plebe year. Youngster year saw a switch to the big boats and a very light academic load. The following year brought Hood quals, dean's list, and an unexpected three day extension of spring break. So Robin, how hard is it to sail a 52' boat through an Atlantic storm? That summer brought even more sailing and all night friends in port. During first class year, Robin's goals were a Master's at U of M and a degree in skiing while at Intell school. Robin will leave many friends behind and we all wish him the best of luck.

MS

Joseph John Pasola
JoJo
San Antonio, Texas
Mathematics, Surface Line

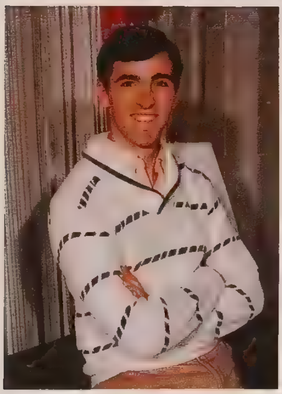
JoJo came to the boat School from San Antone by way of NAPS. Jose breezed through plebe summer and moved quite easily into the rigors of academic year. Between Sat. afternoons at Pete's and Sat. nite at the Buss, he somehow found time to make the grades. He was never one to party alone so he found kindred spirits with which to associate. As a matter of fact, Sterno, Mills and Ginz were seldom without spirits. Remember "Guys, I'm gonna lose it" and "We're youngsters' sir!" Joe was always lucky and never got into trouble even when he got caught with girls or late for taps or both. Ten minutes to taps, Joe's Buzz with a girl. 0005, Joe shows up for taps and Mills takes the hit for letting him be late. Thanks Joe, I needed that!

Youngster cruise found Joe in S.D. and in love. Cindy occupied much of his time that summer and next year. That year the boys road tripped to D.C. Remember "I need some M.F. wine" and Continental breakfast in the open air.

Joe knew he was a first-class kind of guy even if he did have second class stripes. Thus, three-striper libs were in order. That's how he met Fat Sue, his pool playin' honey.

When year finally came, it looked as if Joe's luck had run out but not so. A brush with the Legs and an unwanted talk with the O.D. bought J.J. a pair of 5s. He somehow escaped with his life and only 1 weekend of restriction. An appointment with the atomic admiral and Joe knew nuke was not for him. He decided to keep his PlasticHead and not turn green so he went conventional surface. Joe's off to Pearl to find a Japanese model. I know he will do well in whatever he sets himself to. Good luck and never forget the fun we had, Swo Bro.

TWN



Mark A. Prusinski

Pru
Litchfield, Minnesota
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Pilot

Mark Prusinski is in some ways, well, a bit different than the normal person. For example, most people get obnoxious when they're drunk; Pru is obnoxious when he's sober, but mellow when he's drunk. Most people crack up. their parents' car; Pru's mother cracked up his car. One way in which Mark is not unique, however, is in his desire to fly F-14's. Mark knew he wanted to become a pilot as early as junior high school and shaped his career at the Academy around this desire. When it came time to pick a major, he chose Aerospace Engineering, figuring it was as close as he could get to the real thing for the moment. Another unusual thing about Mark is that he did wall in this major. So well, in fact, that he found himself sweating bullets when the prospect of a nuclear draft was brought up. Mark was, not, however, so obsessed with flying that he couldn't take time out to enjoy other things. He joined the Glee Club and for four years terrorized the United States with its subsidiary, the "We're There Club." Youngster year he even went out with the same girl more than twice. To commemorate the occasion he made her his girlfriend, and they've been going out ever since. In keeping with Pru's tradition, AnnaMaria's parents hate Mark, so this may turn into a permanent affair. The other love of Mark's life is his car, a British-Leyland MGB. His mother put it into the shop for the first time, but decidedly not for the last time; that car has already failed to start in two countries. True to form, Pru got what he wanted for service selection, and will be reporting to Pensacola one fine day in July. We wish him all the best and send him off with one of his favorite toasts: "You can pick your friends, and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your friends nose."

CMS,KDW

Mark Douglas Robinson

Doc
Fort Lewis, Washington
English, Navy Air

Mark came to the Academy from Rhode Island, or Kansas, or Alabama or . . . well it depended upon what day it was. Being an Army brat I guess he got used to moving a lot. He moved so much the plebes could never keep up with his podunk.

A cross-country runner in high school, he's the kind of guy who calls a 5 minute mile "slow". Off the track Mark has a habit of being late. In fact he didn't show up for plebe summer till Parent's Weekend. You can bet he wasn't ever late for a haircut appointment. That's because he never had one.

Rooming with an artist was fun. Everything I tried to do in a simple, effective manner, Mark would change so it would be elegant and have "significance". His creativeness somehow seemed to brighten up a rather standard way of life.

*Mark was a sort of "World Traveler". You know "Join the Navy and **Sea** the World". That he did and he got a chance to see Italy, the Philippines, and Japan. He went and bought one of those blasted imported cars. Ever try to fit a 6'4" lineman into a Toyota?*

Mark's wanted to fly all his life, and God blessed him with an early flight school date. God truly worked a miracle by leaving the 9 July AI date open just for you! He's a true servant of the Lord, always putting Jesus first. (Heb. 10:23).

Say "Goodnight" Mark . . . "Goodnight Mark".

WHW- *Your brother in Christ.*

Robert K. Romaine

Rob
Park Ridge, New Jersey
Physical Science, Surface Line

*I have known only two people from Park Ridge, New Jersey. One was Ken Jagiello — another story in itself, and the other is Rob Romaine. Rob has had an amazing career at the Naval Academy. Not only has he survived every possible board thrown together, but he has also survived every midshipman, other than male, who has ever crossed his path. Many of us regret that this Navy "basketball star" is now actually serious about someone. Come on! This is the same person who practiced his delicate art on every imaginable surface. The astro-turf, the fantail of a YP, cars, his room, probably your room and BOQ's to name a few. Oh yeah, golf courses too. Get the picture! Seriously though, Rob has spent his years here accomplishing things that no other person has ever attempted. He has virtually rewritten Navy's basketball records, and who can forget, during plebe year, that come from behind victory over Army which he single handedly performed. Many of us will be sorry to see Rob go his own way. He should do a fine job as a career officer in the LPD fleet. Imagine — CNO: Vice admiral Rob Romaine or Commandant of Midshipmen: Captain Romaine. Anyway Rob, good luck. We'll miss you. Remember, keep you **chin** up!*

WMH

Robert Royce Rowsey

FFLAM
Mount Herman, Massachusetts
Oceanography, Marine Corps

FFLAM, the mystic spiritualist imbued the best qualities of the Roughriders - speak softly and carry a big stick. After arriving here from Yankee Land, he found that the academic curriculum would offer no challenge (a perennial Dean's List member) so Rob turned to sports for entertainment and to satisfy his quest for physical contact. He spent his plebe year pulling for Navy, but finding little physical violence he moved on to the Karate Club. Here Rob found a home for two years. Noone, especially his roommates, was free from Fflam's frequent demonstrations of his latest Chuck Norris Kung-Fu round house death kick. But to Rob's credit he always knew when to pull his punches. But this was still not enough, so as a finale Rob joined the Hockey team where he could thoroughly abuse human bodies and to his dismay, his own. Away from the academy Rowse was a first round draft pick of the Peg & Earl home for wayward mids. It was there that Rob fully developed the talents of beer chugging and cable viewing. In seeking refuge from the daily trials and tribulations of life, veg-TV was a godsend. RRR was also no stranger to the opposite sex, especially to a certain Puerto Rican Girl . . . Rob's tremendous ability to always appear relaxed, yet perpetually ready to spring into action, has made Robert a natural for the Big Green Machine - To The CORPS.

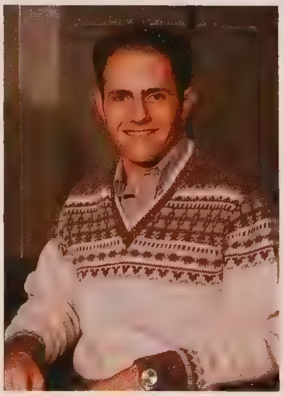
WHF & DLL

Michael Salach
Cameron, Texas
Oceanography, Navy Air

Mike came to the Academy from Cameron, Texas recruited for rifle. But rifle didn't start until November, so Mike faded into the woodwork for the summer and first semester. Once asked for the correct pronunciation of his name, Mike gained another, "like Peach, Sir!" Rifle that year gave Mike the first of his letters. Youngster year Mike saw the light, switching from Engineering to the rigors of Oceanography. Peach became a real mid in other areas though, with a girlfriend in the hall, dean's list, and visions of nuke power. Second Class year saw Mike finally get his Hood quals and a kick in the face. Undaunted, Mike kept going, getting stars, a squad, and another letter. As a firstie, Mike hit the coast button in September with his three stripes as Rifle captain. Despite three striper libs, Peach's weekends started ending at midnight on Saturday. And who's ever heard of using an outdoor hot-tub in January, surrounded by snow? Even though Mike was known to change his service selection daily, he is finally Pensacola bound. We all wish this future naval aviator the best of luck when he joins the "Big E."
RKM

Craig M. Selbrede
Selbo
Middletown, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering, Nuke Power

Craig came to Navy from Middletown, NJ always willing to remind us he was really from Illinois . . . we're still not sure why. Pebe year, for Craig was not quite the challenge it was for his sweat roommate. He soon learned that he could skate by, using one standard answer to every question asked . . . "AAh." After validating most of Plebe academics, Craig moved on to second class courses. But he always found time to lend a helping hand to anyone with a question. In fact, Craig spent more time helping everyone else than he did doing his own work. Youngster year opened many doors for Craig as he finally made Glee Club. He soon learned the finer points of social drinking and the many uses of such things as the common drawer. Craig became a founding father of the "We're their club" and reached his high point by pouring a beer on his head without any one ever knowing. Craig drove into first class year with his "Shelby" and a pitcher of Manhattans, determined to live up to the motto, "If you ain't having fun you ain't doing it right". Craig will no doubt do it right at nuke school and continue to enjoy life to its fullest. It's better to be number two and have fun than be number one and work too hard. Hail to the chief!



Robert A. Sichler
Buddy
Farmingdale, New York
General Engineering, Marine Pilot

"Buddy Sichlah" came to the Academy with a Long Island accent and a determination to somehow evolve into an officer and a gentleman. He applied himself so diligently to this task plebe year that his name was often accompanied by the word sweat. Youngster year he discovered that he wasn't such a sweat after all, and became that loveable, laid back upperclass whom we all knew and loved. But there was another side to Buddy, one which asserted itself only on occasions of extreme alcohol intake. This side can best be classified as "Long Island obnoxious". An apt description of this state can be found by looking up "tactless" in a thesaurus. In an all-out attempt to meet the challenge of his other half, Buddy joined the Glee Club and Protestant Chapel Choir. Soon he became a member of the infamous "We're There" club and embarked on a career of partying and fun which stretched across the United States and has seldom been equaled. The success of this medicinal endeavor became quite apparent. Buddy developed a modicuim of self-control in the face of obesity, and the phrase "Leave me alone, I'm just having fun" gradually faded from his speech. The day finally arrived when he could confidently that "I've got twice as much class when I'm drunk as you guys have when you're sober." How successful was Bobby in the accomplishment of his original goal? The best testimonial of all came unsolicited from a certain Marine major over a glass of beer. "There's a guy named Sichler in Seventeenth Company who's going to be the best damn Marine of them all!" Buddy's reaction? "I sure have him fooled, don't I?"

Gary T. Swain
Orlando, Florida
General Engineering, NFO

Gary Swain left no doubt in anyone's mind when he came to the Academy that he was from the South. He had a southern accent, a rebel flag, and pictures of his souped-up pickup truck. Gary never lost his love for the South, but it soon became apparent that this was but one of the unique characteristics which were to mark his career as a midshipman. One of the most obvious of these was his talent for hurting himself. First it was a separated shoulder. Then it was a reseparated shoulder. Then it was an operation on a perpetually separated shoulder. Then, when Gary was finally getting over the operation, he hurt his leg skiing. The most amazing injury of all, however, was the broken foot Gary sustained while fencing. Fencing!! perhaps Gary's southern background had something to do with his success with girls. Lots of girls. Gary was so successful, in fact, that on one occasion he found himself bringing one girl to a Navy football game and another to the tailgater afterward. Of the numerous girls who entered his life, however, only two stayed for any significant period of time. Gary's high school sweetheart Dee Anne was a large part of his thoughts plebe and youngster year, and from second class year on he was seldom seen without Ellen at his side.

Despite the distractions caused by his injuries and his girls, Gary found time to have a successful career with the Academy. He progressed from a "typical" plebe to a "mellow" youngster to "that flaming second class." Somehow no one was surprised when Gary was made Company Commander first class year; he had seemed destined for the job since he was a plebe. Destiny does not necessarily preclude occasional fun and games however. Eighteen plebes will long remember a rude, wet awakening in the middle of the night. As Gary takes off on his new career as a Naval Flight Officer, he is followed by a heartfelt prayer from all his friends: "May the injuries stop but may the girls keep coming."

William Harvey Weidenhammer

Weeds
Salinas, California
Applied Science, Navy Air

Bill thundered & crashed his way into USNA in the summer of 80 like a bull in a china shop - and he's been plowing through things ever since. He never opened his books but always got those great grades. Of course, there wasn't much to study about the split-back offense anyway.

Somehow "Weeds" made it through plebe & youngster year without succumbing to the lure of civilian football or financial prospects . . . these management majors often have delusions of corporate executiveness.

Maybe Navy's Academic All-American will someday be on Wall St., but, like the Academy, he'd still rather move it all to California, his home state ("You mean you came all the way from Salinas to frustrate me, pleber?!")

So much ambition fuels an even BIGGER ***appetite.*** *Why was it that my chow packages seemed to get smaller between first & fourth periods?*

When it comes to cruisin' down the streets of Crabtown, size & comfort are "primo" with Bill. The "Land-Yacht" is probably the only car that requires at least 3 harbor tugs to park!

*A big heart is actually the best way to describe my roommate of 2 yrs. He really loves people and especially loves his Lord Jesus. But the real strength of this big guy comes from God. (Phil. 4:13). Whether in P-cola or the kitchen of a P-3, "His grace is sufficient (****always!****) for you," Bill. (2 Cor. 12:9) See you in July Brother!*

Kent David Whalen

Red
Grand Blanc, Michigan
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

Kent came to the boat school from the heartland of America. Red-dog's alternatives out of high school were to work either for the Navy or for General Motors. With visions of starring on the tennis team, Kent arrived full of exuberance. Unfortunately, tennis was not to be. Kent faded into the background for the rest of plebe year. To all but his classmates, Dogger was the Invisible Man. It was during youngster year that Dog's wires short circuited and a fuse blew, as he found a solution to his academic problems in the form of a computer. From EE to Computer Science in one easy course. Without tennis, bicycle racing became Kent's next sports interest. However, the thrill of the uphill climb didn't last too long. Leadership came easy to Kent as youngster company commander and as a squad leader the following year. Kentley's real personality surfaced Second Class year while rooming with Mike, when beer displaced blood in his body, especially with women around. First Class year brought Company commandership and dealing with The Lieutenant. In addition to classes, hockey occupied Kent's free time. Ace nearly joined the nukes, until leveler heads prevailed. Kent will make his career with his head in the clouds as a Navy jet jockey. All of us wish the ever friendly Kent the best of luck in all he does.

MS, RKM, DLL

Barry Robert Witte

The Bear
Albany, New York
Chemistry, Surface (Nuclear Power)

Mild mannered Barry Witte, the pride of Loudonville, New York (fortunately it's on the other side of the river from Troy) came to USNA with the purest of intentions, known only to himself. It took us all a little while to figure out where he was coming from. Little did the men of 17 know that once this lad put on the uniform he would become "The Bear of Witte". The two greatest obstacles for Barry were memorizing irrelevant plebe rates and sleeping. This sleepless wonder would detect the change in air pressure when someone opened the door and be awake enough to tell you about it (as so often he did). Testimony can be given by all those on youngster YP cruise with Barry, who could not sleep underway. In spite of it all, the Bear was always good for his dry sense of humor. Who do you think made the fifth wing smell so bad that Friday morning? Chemistry was good for something (like retaliation) besides all those hours in the lab. Who could forget the man who turned company banking into big (non-profit) business youngster year?

Barry went about his duties first class year with a zest matched by few others. He is a reliable and trusted friend. Best wishes for a successful career. See ya in Orlando.

J.H.L.

Geoffrey Alan Zimmer

Zims
Duesseldorf, West Germany
Physics, Nuclear Power

Plebe year and Bradford's history class were our proof of Zim's naval heritage and Dusseldorf was one of the easier hometowns for us to learn. A die-hard nuke from childhood, "to the core", he played with his model sub for three years until Admiral McKee asked for sailing instructions over tea. And I was a smack?

Alas, submarines were not his only love as he went through several girls worldwide before finding that the girl he'd left in Paris was the right one after all. First Julie, then Kari and finally the gorgeous Frederique. Love that accent. A ring, fur coat, daily letters, a photo album and long distance phone calls — no wonder he calls her "the wife". Not hard to believe he grew up with the girl.

From women Geoff moved into fast cars. Keep babying that Scirocco, Zims, but I wouldn't wash her more than twice a week.

Geoff was by no means a playboy, however, holding quite a reputation for acing courses. Maybe his genius came from those Genesis lyrics or those weekly episodes of "Cheers". By the way Zims, how many 4.0's did you pull? I lost count.

Well roomie, it hasn't been a picnic but we did have a few good times: a "wild" party at Mary Wash, "studying" at the Library, and the babes and beers at Bogie's. We'll have to work on the social life or you'll not have enough to tell the grandchildren. Whaddya say we tie a few on this Friday night?

Eighteen

PHONE
EXTENSIONS

Robert L. Aiken
Snake
Las Vegas, Nevada
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

Bob flowed in from the quiet, peaceful town of Las Vegas. He was stunned with the fast paced Crabtown; his first encounter with Maryland girls wasn't until the night before I-Day. His first day here set the tone for his career as he was caught in the rack twice by his squad leader. Bob fooled most everybody during plebe year . . . not by behaving, but by not getting caught. He and Spinuzzi fit together like jock itch an cruex. Bob began dragging people into restriction during plebe year. Kilroy was the first (during the old 75 and 2 days). Bob wore stars for one brief fleeting semester, then he began escaping SQPR's that began with a 1. Bob earned his Black "N" one Youngster Friday night along with Fred, Face, and Kilroy when they all had a simultaneous craving for tavern pretzels ("We had a little beer sir, but that was to wash down the pretzels!"). The fun ended only yards from the wall with Bob bleeding from the head yelling "Go guys, go!" and shielding his eyes from the policeman's flashlight. Bob had a knack for being there for some girls' last night at the academy and other girls' first night out without their boyfriends, thus came the name Snake. Bob did his best to re-earn the name . . . over and over again. Destined to be a pilot in the Aiken tradition and a fun-lover in the Lustre tradition, we all wish him the best of luck.

David A. Brumley
Dave, Brums
Camarillo, California
Political Science, Navy Pilot

Dave came to the Academy not knowing what he was getting into — he had just heard that this was the place to go to be a pilot. He arrived from Southern California a little too laid back and mellow — at least for Serene Eighteen, with its unique definition of professionalism. 0615 was way too early for Brums, so he spent plebe year sleeping through classes. Sailing kept him off company tables for most of the year, but not out of trouble with the second class. He did all right after he learned how to play the game, and life became much easier when his roommate Super-Plebe transformed into the Face after the first year. They had some good times in the Wholigan Room, but didn't get too much studying done. Brums learned how to get around the rules quick enough, and was always lucky enough not to get into too much trouble. Though he lived by the law of "You Rate What You Get Away With," he took a little long to figure out that it works better if you don't tell everyone about it. Well it was an interesting way to spend some time on the way to flight school.

D. M. Caldwell
Dave "Face"
Fairfax, Virginia
General Engineering, Surface Line

Every once in a while, a guy comes into this place with one personality, and throughout his "sentence" here he adopts a variety of equally attractive faces. This was especially true of Dave. Plebe year saw this guy as a true sweat. So much in fact, that he refused to cost the Academy $1200 in sand-blasting a "re-decorated" LA-area and Herndon monument. Youngster year he really relaxed and took advantage of the free time all Youngsters receive. He wisely spent his time designing "coat-hanger-like" items, and climbing the Wall. His first (that's right, I said first) Class A came about when he and 3 buds had an unquenchable thirst one Friday night. (Oh well, who needs liberty during June week!) There's a rumor that Dave ended Youngster year as winky trunk-rider, but we better not mention that here. Second class year, Dave again "minned out," but he still managed to team up with Brums and become a truly dedicated Wholigan. Upon reaching his last year of Confinement, we lost Dave to the world of the non-returnables. Right again, Dave fell full force into LOVE. He loved this beautiful girl so much, that he was willing to give up a half semester of liberty for her. Yes, another Class A was upon him. (If they only knew just how much he really got away with) Here's looking at you Graduation.

Daniel P. Callaghan
Gland
San Mateo, California
English, Surface Line

Dan embarked on the Neurosis Field Study from California, leaving everything he loved (except his water ski) behind him. Plebe Year highlights include a shaved head, rooming in The Squirrel's Lair with (guess who) and Captain Valium, spooning The Bean, squaring corners in civvies, and what we didn't do to Cochran's shoes.

Dan the Man moved on to bigger roommates Youngster Year, keeping "a low profile" with the Hogger and Big Cheese, doing battle with Boats, and wondering how Caldwell got into that trunk. Oh, and let's not forget the episode in Dahlgren that cost him his Conduct "A" With Oak-leaf Cluster.

The Schleemer became famous during Second Class year by participating in the only VERTREP ever performed on a YP, and for introducing Bancroft Hall to Heineken on tap. A six-week vacation and sixty days on THE SQUAD brought about some painful behavior modification, but the Tiger Bounced back. First Class Year brought the War Wagon, symbol of raw horsepower, and a clerical error brought three-striper libs. Hey Tigers — I'll miss you guys. Just remember . . . the game ain't over till the fat lady sings.

Dan-o

Mary Beth A. Chipkevich
Chip
Hazleton, Pennsylvania
General Engineering, General Unrestricted Line

It started with plebe year and the infamous Mr. Massa and your geekers. Memories of that year are just gloomy all around except for the chow packages from Mom, Chip and Donna.

With youngster year as an Aero major you became one of those weekend recluses. I tried my hardest to talk you out of such a social negat endeavor but you were determined. Well the following year the axe boards made up your mind for you and you ate your own words, "to have the full Naval Academy experience one must go to the axe boards."

I always told you to open up and talk more about anything, but even if you had you probably wouldn't have gotten a word in with my constant yakking about Mike, the mile run, and nothing. You always listened!

You were affectionately refered to as "MOM". As the most stabilizing factor in our class, you were always there for everyone.

You really shocked everyone when they found out you drank J&B on the rocks at your famous parties. If they only knew about that one adventure at 3:30 A.M.

The real clincher was switching your service selection choice at the last minute, and I was all ready for another two years with you as my roommate in Hawaii. What's that you changed your mind again, and again, and again . . .

Good luck Chip, I know you'll do well for yourself. I'm going to miss our coffee breaks and late night talks. You're the fondest memory I leave behind at U.S.N.A.

Take care of yourself for me.

Love, Anne

Lawrence J. Clark
Fred
Buffalo, New York
General Engineering, NFO

Larry lived his plebe year on the edge of trouble. He excelled in the physical part of plebe summer, but the mental part landed him in come-arounds with "killer" Coons. He and the boys got their time from Timmy's down to 7 minutes. He was in constant danger as mediator in Brums vs Face room fights. At the year ending Ocean City trip he got several scars and two nicknames - Spiderman and Fred. Fred stuck. Youngster year Fred should have jumped the fence when he had the chance, He shouldn't have joined the P.B.P. Club, and he should have left his pants on at Damn Neck. June Week in his room and a summer on restrictramid settled him down. A gratefully less eventful second class year saw Fred and Karl abuse every person who entered their room. Fred blamed everything from bad grades to post nasal drip on the "Rocket" Read. At year's end he finally brought Wilma down from Buffalo. First class year Fred rarely used his three-striper libs because it's not nearly as fun when you rate it. His belly grew, he got his first B in PE, and he became a true member of the Chief's Club with Hog, Cheese and Spank. In the Big, Bad, and Ugly room he claimed both big and bad although the argument still goes on. His fondest memory of his Academy days will always be the time spent with friends (when he should have been studying.)

Paul R. Cochran
Catonsville, Maryland
Political Science, USMC

When Paul stepped off the bus in downtown Annapolis he was inspired by the diversity of people here. It was as a result of this inspiration that led Paul to take an active part in affirmative action programs here at the Academy.

On the subject of women I would like to dispel a grave misconception, Paul is, in fact, a very romantic person. Youngster year saw Paul with his first Academy relationship, this was, however, short lived. Never one to accept defeat, Paul plunged into the sea of femininity and found Rocko. But this was, alas, to be but a way station another road to true love, Paul left Rocko during second class year and took up with the Iron Maiden. The Iron Maiden has Paul so enthralled in love and excitement that he has not gone in search of anything else and the couple are still together.

Paul's attitude toward leadership inspires awe in all who got the opportunity to observe it in action. During Plebe year he did a comprehensive study of the "Nairn Method" of leadership. He attempted to utilize this method during youngster year but found it difficult to adapt to his lifestyle. During second class year Paul stood at the forefront of leadership technology with his own "Leadership by Contrast". This method worked so well that many who were under his direction are now studying this method for their own second class year.

Now Paul is in the MARINES, well good luck in motor-T and, as they say down south of the border, "A.M.F."

DOC

銀座
1丁目
GINZA-ST.

David O. Cooper
The Rod
Pebble Beach, California
Physical Science, USMC

David arrived at the Boat School as a spaced-out refugee from the land of the fruits and nuts. He quickly obtained the friendship of Mr. Spaghetti who made it his personal duty to God and Country to drive poor little Davey out of the Academy. David survived Plebe year with the winning combination of a high and tight haircut highlighted by radical sideburns. Youngster year saw the transformation of our hero into quite a womanizer as he stood voluntary watches in the Dogpen to get the first shot at the fresh meat. Second class year brought the tragic breakup with his longtime California girlfriend whom he was planning to secretly marry during Christmas leave. Heartbroken, he returned to the Pen for a more reliable replecement. A subsequent major change enabled David to enjoy the great social life in the Hall to its fullest. Second class year was highlighted by pleasant high-volume chats with his roommate Cack that climaxed one day in a lively pre-quarters wrestling-boxing-judo bout between the two lads. David's First Class year saw him realize his lifetime dream of becoming a real, live Marine. It will be interesting to observe how the Corps will handle this Sixties holdover who mellows out by playing "Puff the Magic Dragon" on his guitar.

R. K. Darden
Karl
Aurora, Colorado
Ocean Engineering, Navy Air

Karl arrived at the Academy from Mile High Country full of equally high hopes and enthusiasm. However, Plebe Summer and a roommate who bore a striking resemblance to Willard quickly shocked him back to reality. Plebe year was kind of bumpy, but it didn't go too badly for him once he mastered the third law of the Navy. Too bad that wasn't until mid-April. Youngster year began with a bang and a crash; namely the sounds of the mirror in his room breaking into a million pieces. It became a victim of Karl's frustration after another losing battle with Statics. Second class year found him rooming with Fred. The two of them were quite compatible, one of the reasons being that neither believed in uttering a syllable in the morning until after first period. During First class year, he teamed up with Fred and Spank for a while in the self-proclaimed "The Big, the Bad, and the Ugly Room." Exactly who was whom is still a subject of heated debate. You figure it out. Now that it's over, Karl wants to thank them and the rest of the bunch for the terrific friendships which are sure to last. He wishes the best of success to everyone and has these parting words: Set your goals high and go for 'em. After all, nothing is beyond the reach of determination.

Daniel G. Doster
Dan
Lafayette, New York
Resource Management, NFO

Dan arrived at the Academy in damaged condition and remained that way until September. Whether his damage stemmed from some strange allergy or a chronic upstate New York party hangover still remains a mystery. He struggled through the rest of plebe year while sustaining only a few bad grades and a few brushes with the upperclass. Dan still can't figure out why all those second class got bent out of shape when he showed them his ability to use sign language. That bird must still be flying around the L. A. area. Youngster year brought Dan new wisdom and good grades. He attributed his great academic achievement to the philosophy "don't try to learn the , just take the gouge and run." Dan gained his new name during this era by showing his prowess at scarfing Cheese Nips at night and suffering Cheese Nip hangovers in the morning. The big Cheese was born. Cheese had a tough start on second class year by amassing 40 days before it even began. Fortunately his Actramid acquired Val and varsity lacrosse kept him out of trouble for the rest of the year. First class year Cheese joined several clubs including the backshaft Chief's Club, the all day Sloth Club, and the Order of the Sacred Shroud. It's hard to believe that Dan has done so much in his career at Navy and is still around to talk about it. Good luck, take care of yourself and may your P-3 be well stocked with frozen pizza.

SEH

Thomas M. Downing
Spank
Florence, New Jersey
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

Thomas came to USNA from Florence, New Jersey. His first squad leader tagged him with the name "Spanky" and the name stuck. Spank aspired to play football at Navy. His dream was dealt a serious blow when he lost the weight equivalent of a subcompact automobile during plebe summer. He spent his plebe year on the meat squad while his evenings were taken playing room b-ball with the firsties. He still contends that he had a plebe year though. Youngster year saw Spank drinking, dipping, fighting and eating his way to a rotund 230 and the nickname "Fatman". On weekends that year he would do one of the things: stare people into fighting him at Dahlgren, get steered from a fight by his roommates, or fight his roommates. Spank's last encounter with alcohol saw him break up a party early, dislocate a classmate's shoulder, harass a duty section, start a fight with an out of company youngster, and, finally, get knocked on his butt by Fred. That evening landed him an all expenses paid vacation at Bathesda, Md. Spank stopped drinking early second class year. He then quit smoking, dipping, swearing, gambling, and Burger King food in rapid succession. Thelma was the happiest to see her good little boy return. Thomas battled all his internal difficulties and won (except against his weakness for women). All who know him salute him for his bravery and his honesty. He will be a truly great navy pilot. Good luck Spanky and hey, let's go out for a Whopper!

David G. Gallaer
Horsey
Massapequa Park, New York
Physical Science, Supply Corps

Dave came to Annapolis and joined the club (34) where Sgt. Mike looked out for him by frying him for his own good. Sunday breakfasts in bed, football, and a car made plebe year bearable. Youngster cruise (all 18 days) really enhanced Dave's professional development, especially being attacked by an older woman. Youngster year, Dave should have left the driving to someone else, since within three weeks he totaled his car and wrecked his roommates. Boom! He got to travel with the varsity and did some skating at N. D. That spring Dave decided to Ramble ("But officer that car can't go 80 mph") to Hood, Goucher, Catholic, and the Vous. Horsey, as his football buddies call him, even tried to corral a cow. 2nd class year it was decided that 1st Reg. needed Dave's leadership. After a short stay with the "Twitch" 18 became Dave's new home. Horsey became a rat that fall, and got some official shoes for the College Park Express (the 20 min. Ramble). Dave got himself a new car for X-mas and blasted off to the Stray Cats. On 1st class cruise Horsey, Tweety, and Gumby went to the Zoo and saw a giant Cal. crab. Dave finally got his N-star, in the fall of 1st class year. Between ECA's of midnight tower jumping, Dahlgren roof climbing, and blow gun hunting Dave made a lot of friends zipping around for four years. Most of these can't be mentioned since a net couldn't handle them. Good luck in the Corps and everything you do.

S. E. Hedges
Steve
Scott City, Kansas
Applied Science, Nuclear Submarines

Stee came to USNA still flying high from the gridiron glory of the Shrine Bowl. A typical Midwest farm boy, He would keep us all spellbound with his mountain oyster stories. Plebe summer gave him the nickname of Meathead and a chewing out by an irate firstie for an accidental flashing of his girlfriend. The rest of plebe year went smoothly due in part to a heatsink named "Fitz". Youngster year brought Steve together with Gland and Cheese to form the finest abuse team ever. A few Uncle Les "PBR" weekends and a couple of cheesenip hangovers later found our boy battling 2nd class year with tag team rack, the "shroud" and some 2nd semester influence from "Monkey". He was able to max his sleep output and fine tune the gouge system resulting in over a 3.0 cum. Then came Deena, the hometown honey who followed her mid East. Steve would magically disappear every Wed. afternoon and weekend to reappear bright eyed and bushytailed. First class year brought membership in the back shaft "Chief's" club, The Hog's, and the He-man Fatman workout club. Plans for the future include a June week wedding and Nuke school in the Fall. Best of luck in the future, whatever you do you'll always be a success. (Beware of falling pizzas)

D.G.D.

Gregory J. Karpick
Pick
Middletown, New Jersey
Applied Science, Surface Line

Greg came to the Naval Academy with only one thing in mind — driving boats. Hailing from a naval family, his father and a cousin both having graduated from USNA, his time here was just temporary active duty.

Greg made it through Plebe year with not too many grey hairs and selected Mechanical Engineering as a major. He soon found himself losing the battle between him and the Rickover Horror of the major breakers of youngster year. Statics, Strength of Materials, Material Science and Dynamics each in turn took their toll on Greg's grades. At this point, Greg shifted into high gear, leaned back and coasted into his remaining years by switching majors.

During first class summer, Greg went on a Forex cruise to England to tread the seas with Her Majesty's boat jocks. Instead, Greg went about carousing and came away from his experiences with a girlfriend named Jane. All kidding aside, Greg has not left his mark on the Academy.

Seriously though, under that silent, but dedicated veneer, dwelt a very understanding fellow and a good friend. The future has much in store for Greg, as a SWO officer and the possibility of tying the knot long distance-wise. Whatever happens Greg, my sincerest and best wishes.

MAS

Kent Lewis Kilday
Kilroy
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Physical Science, Surface Line

Kent arrived from Va. Beach with his anti-sunburn lotion and mirror sunglasses ready to party. In his suitcase he had brought everything he thought he could possibly need: 3 T-shirts and 2 pairs of shorts (his entire civilian wardrobe). After making it through Plebe Summer he met his first major obstacle: grades. After meeting this nemisis head-on he then set out to make it even more difficult for himself by earning a varsity "N". It never seemed to bother him too much that his "N" was black and everyone else's was yellow. After spending the better part of his Plebe year on restriction he finally broke into the light and freedom of "youngster year". Not content to remain a simple unknown youngster, Kent set out to see his name in print . . . Again. This time he had three accomplices (Face, Fred and Snake) to spend his restriction time with. At the beginning of his second-class year he already had his letter and star. Throughout the year Kilroy managed to stay one step ahead of the Ac-boards and two steps away from another "letter". During first-class year Kilroy moved into the closest room to his beloved wardroom couch and set up house. Despite Ricky's best efforts Kent's side of the room always had that "lived-in-look" that he loved so well. But it was easy to see that he had come a long way since plebe year when he started to use the trash-can and not the floor. He'll miss the late night talks, adventures with Snake and always remember all his friends.

Richard D. Lee, Jr.
Rich
Poughkeepsie, New York
Mathematics, Navy Intelligence

"It Came From Poughkeepsie" . . . Yes, the incredible sequel to "A Fistful of Yen" starring Rich Lee is out. See . . . a long-haired, free-thinking New Yorker turned into a finely tuned warrior during six weeks of Spartan-like summer training! See . . . the still naive Midn 4/c Lee cower in sheer terror during the horrifying "hard boiled egg being ground in to the roommate's pillowcase by a huge firsty" scene! Thrill to the spectacular "exploding youngster room" segment, with more thrills provided by America's favorite Superhero, Chicken Legs! Relive the excitement of Chicken Legs' final D&B obligation, and recapture the most sombre moment captured on film — the heart-wrenching retrieval of our hero from the throes of the bowels of the earth by Rich's Righteous Roommate (R^3). But wait — there's more! Who could sit still through the most blood-curdling stunt on celluloid — the somniforic Route 301 death rides in the 3-cylinder "Chicken Coupe"? Happy Endings abound for our hero, starting with the climactic coupe de grace of acquiring intelligence and recognizing the fallacy of his meandering ways. Be sure to catch the upcoming Rich Lee showcase, "My Rebirth", in which America's Superstar forms his own religion and becomes a cult figure (and be sure to look for the colossal Madison Square Garden wedding scene, featuring a cast of thousands). Coming to a Navy Exchange theater near you!!!

Heidi M. Merk
Heidi
Kirtland, Ohio
Marine Engineering, Supply Corps

She came to the Boat School wide-eyed with wonder and looking for an engineering degree. Plebe summer, however, taught her the rigors of the system, and as the toll for 84 increased, Heidi's determination to survive became evident. Her true personality became hidden to those who knew her as new and threatening challenges showed their faces. Youngster year saw a relaxation of sorts, and the novice engineer struggled her way through shoals of Thermo, Dynes. The spring of youngster year, however, brought a new beginning and a twisted knee. Despite the disappearance of some roommates and the transparency of another, Heidi showed that the 3.0 goal could be achieved. Second Class summer brought her crashing into a carrier deck in an A-6 and sending ATP-1B messages in the middle of the night - waking everyone up in every YP CIC. Yet she survived again only to plunge headlong into Cables, Mat Sci, Reactor Physics and, yes, even a bout with the Rocket. Despite it all, Heidi managed to survive in a place where the numbers 3 and 27 were mixed up. First class year started out well, and she was all set for the Surface Navy, until a nasty tumble with a stone sent her in Supply's way. But, hopefully, now the Navy will accept her as she really is — a very fine officer and person in her own right.

Scott C. Orren
Dirt
Abilene, Texas
Systems Engineering, NFO

Scott came to USNA from the Lone Star State equipped with a tennis racquet, jar of hot sauce, and a bag of Snickers. It didn't take Scott long to adjust to plebe year - by Christmas, he and Spank spent most of their time in various firsties rooms "gettin down and talkin Dirty." Youngster year, Scott emerged as the true class Casanova. He used a simple but powerful line to melt the hearts of women everywhere, "Let's go". This phrase got one girl so excited, she joined the Merchant Marines. Second class year, Dirt found out what it took to be a Systems Engineer, long nights and short weekends. With the rocky roads of 2/c academics behind him, Dirt surfaced as a 1/c social dynamo. Powered by margaritas, lizard skin boots, a Riviera and an occasional EMHO, he is in search of the perfect woman. Dirts' first job as an ensign is to persuade Spank to give him back the 216 snickers, 543 oreos and 47 bags of Doritos that he 'borrowed'. Scott has always been a winner and operates under the premise that if you go, go first class. I like that Dirty and I wish you continued success as an NFO. You can fly my backseat anyday.

Robert R. Richardson
Sleestack
Vineland, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Power (Sub)

The Fitz was shining with all his might/ shining on the yard
He did his very best to make
Our plebe year very hard
And this was good, because we had
Many a tub of lard.

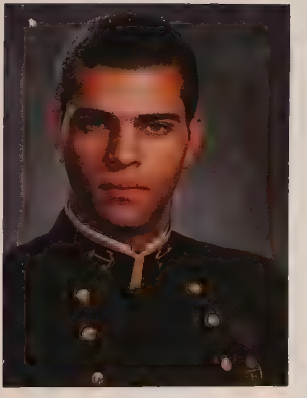
The Sleestack and the Hedgehog
Were walking on the ground
They sighed because they had to go
To Valinske come arounds
While some classmates dear, did appear/ to have leisure time abound.

The Sleestack would always beat his
Drum for the D&B
But, it always seemed the bus
Would break continually
And from the nonexistent audiences
He said, "I take my leave."

And so the Sleestack resumed the bass/one of his first great loves
He did defret his Rickenbacker
So as to sound like doves
And yet his time was split between
Music, major, and LOVE.

"O Dolphins, come and stay with me!"
The Sleestack did beseech,
For that will help me, when we relive/The scenes from ***ON THE BEACH***
Because I will be underwater
Where radiation can not reach!

"I weep for you," the Sleestack said,/"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted those
Checks of the largest size,
And those of us who didn't go Nuke
All we can do is cry.



Roy D. Sexton

R. D.
Ashland, Kentucky
Mathematics, Surface Line

"Mr. Entropy" levitated all the way to the Academy from Ashland. He left his long rifle behind, but he remembered to bring his "dip", his twang, his Charlie Daniels tapes, and an intuitive feeling for the conservation of energy. Plebe year found the Valium Vampire rooming with the unlikely (and never repeated) combination of a sharp-tongued Californian and a bushy-tailed fellow from "dee Island". Through an unending display of fireworks Roy kept his working heartrate down to a steady 25, staying on the football team long enough to collect his Liberty Bowl watch and find out what surgery is all about. That was about the time he began to hang out with soopahs - respectable gentlemen with names like Hog, Edbo, Big Cheese, Spanky, Dirty, Schleem, Kack and Smurf.

I lost track of Roy for awhile after he became a math major, bought stock in Burger King, and brought his pillow into the wardroom. The Commandant woke him up long enough in 1983 to get him to be Regimental Adjutant during plebe summer and kept him awake long enough for one set as Company Commander. Roy became legendary as the co-author of the Buzzword Board and the Morrow papers, reaching the pinnacle of stardom by bringing Jose and Jake together as the dynamic duo. Ma and Pa Sexton, you done good. See you in the fleet, Tiger.

DPC

Richard J. Sheldahl

Ricky
Myrtle Point, Oregon
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Power

Rick came to the Academy from a tiny town in Oregon (somewhere towards one of the corners) and was in constant awe of the built-in showers and indoor bathrooms. He also was extremely proud to announce to his friends when his town finally got a telephone (down at "Bessie's Cafe"). His parents had a tough time naming him since most of the names they could think of were already taken . . . by various barnyard creatures. After we finally got him to take the picture of his tractor off his blotter, Rick settled down to the routine of bells and not roosters. From the very beginning we knew Rick was special, and he never let us forget it. He taught us such useful phrases as "golly-gee" and "holy-moly" and could always be counted on to say something nice in any situation. Despite continuous bad-influence by his roommate, Rick managed to keep himself and the room pretty clean.

Then came the fateful day when our hero met his beloved; Lisa. From that day on he had a continuous gleam in his eye and the number of days 'till his wedding day memorized. To Rick and Lisa we wish the best of everything and a special life together.

Michael A. Shepherd

Mike
Chicago, Illinois
General Engineering, USMC

This smooth talking cat rolled into the Boat School having just come from the Windy City, via a small party in Newport. Taking no heat, Shep had THEM scared for the better part of Plebe Year. Then he became a Youngster. Chuck came out of the closet to spend many long hours by Shep's side. When these two were not together, Shep could be found with another close friend, the computer. Females? What were they? Second class Year found 'The Man' diversifying himself as he formed many intimate relationships with his beloved profs. Enough Said! And so time marched on, without Shep of course. He was playing parade judge with Chuck. Chuck did not last long, succumbing to a bad case of heartbreak, a lá New York. Taking this in stride, Shep charmed his way into First Class Year (and the AC Convention Hall). Not even Miss America could resist! Pure charm — a true suave and debonair cat! The fruit was and continues to be abundant for Shep, but he is still moving fast; at least for now.

Hold on tight to the memories, John Paul Alexis . . .

GJK

Clarence Scott Talamantes

Tally
Modesto, California
Applied Science, Marine Air

Scott spent most of his formative years in the small aggregarian town of Turlock, in central California, where he continually had difficulty distinguishing between cows and women. At the young age of 19 years, Scott was foolish enough to walk in to see a Marine Corps recruiter. Being a typical USMC recruiter, he shanghied Scott to the East oast. In boot camp, the Corps removed the hayseeds from Scott's hair along with all of the surrounding hair. At that time the Corps told Scott he was too dumb to do anything in the service except talk to computers. Scott's ineptitude at being a marine, enabled him to be selected for NAPS. And at Newport, he proved himself worthy of midshipmen standards, and was appointed to the Naval Academy. At this point Scott made a decision to give up completely on "Tamale Hustlers" and go for RN's (Registered Nypho's). After his initial year of mandatory celibacy, Scott set out to conquer the world of women with his usual dogged determination, and met with his usual luck - bad. Luckily Scott, in a drunken stupor, chanced upon an equally drunken female at "Frannies," who eventually consented to meet him again. As it turned out she was an RN (Registered Nurse - oh! so close). Since then, he has forced her to spend as much time as possible with him by the only means he could think of: an offer of marriage, a diamond, a car, and his paycheck for the next 100 years. Scott selected Marine Pilot because of his masochistic tendencies. He and Cheryl should be quite happy together.

Kerry R. Tirman
Squirrel
Brentwood, New York
Mathematics, Surface Line

Kerry came to the USNA from Long Island. At first the language barrier gave him some trouble.

Plebe year was a real experience. When we weren't laughing we were fighting. (Still don't like the nickname Dan-O) Tonto avoided the fights with admirable skill. The year ended with a trip to OC. The guy at the liquor store will never forget that the drinking age in N.J. was 18. Fred, getting into a third floor party through the balcony. Snake was in his usual form.

Next was second class summer. 3-c, the 3 stood for the number of kegs we drank a day. And who will ever forget Damn Neck and its ten moons. Cheese, Fred, Demps I heard they were going to kick Cheese out. He's still brushing off the sand.

Second class year brought Love, and happiness. Baltimore isn't that far away.

A near miss with marriage and bad eyes has sent him to Japan, Kelly son wishes the best to all.

Anne M. Tolg
Anne
Alexandria, Virginia
Mathematics, General Unrestricted Line

If Anne had been an average mid, then 18th company may have never noticed her as she grabbed catnaps and hours of sleep whenever possible. However, Anne definitely was noticed! She generated fun times and laughs whenever she went to Franny O's, a party, or formations. Drill practices were some of the few times when Anne wasn't a barrel of laughs; perhaps she just didn't like being told repeatedly to correct a physically non-correctable right-shoulder-arms.

Successful completion of her mile run was the green light each semester for Anne to "coast." After the mile everything was "cake" for Anne and there once again was a variety of conversation topics in the room.

At Anne's squad party plebe year, Alfalfa started to show that he wasn't "so shy." It didn't take him long to realize that he "loved every 'lil thing she does." After Patch, the Ac-Board, NJIT, summer cruises, OCS, SWOS, and service selection, Anne and Mike are destine to have happy, smooth years ahead. Sorry guys — she's taken!!!

I know that I'll have many great memories of Anne at USNA (and Hawaii). How could I ever forget your talkativeness, sensitivity, humor, and friendship? Take care, God Bless, and watch out for Miss Piggy.

M.B.

Edward P. Wilson
Fast Eddy
Timonium, Maryland
Political Science, Nuclear Submarines

Ed was a local boy from Timonium arriving at the Academy with a knowledge of the area to compliment his vast knowledge of the ways of the world. As a member of the Navy cross country team until he escaped from the "cult of personality" second class year, Ed ran into the hearts of his classmates and up against the hearts of the local females. By second class year, as a Political Science major, Ed already had well defined academic and career goals (Poli Sci, QPR high? Maybe, but can he argue without his fingers?). Ed was the quiet one who came out of his shell with a few Iced Teas and although he was a bull major, he always showed great prowess as an engineer, like the night at Fran's when he began to explore all those lovely curves of form. He will be traveling down to Orlando to become one of those straight-laced nuclear power boys, but if I know Ed, he'll have a lot of partying to do before he's through.

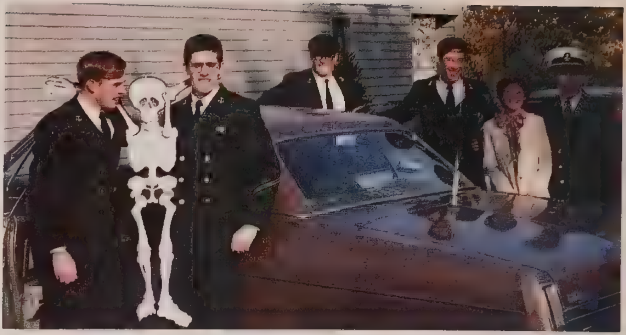
Karen A. Winering
WinnieBo
Willingboro, New Jersey
English, Intelligence

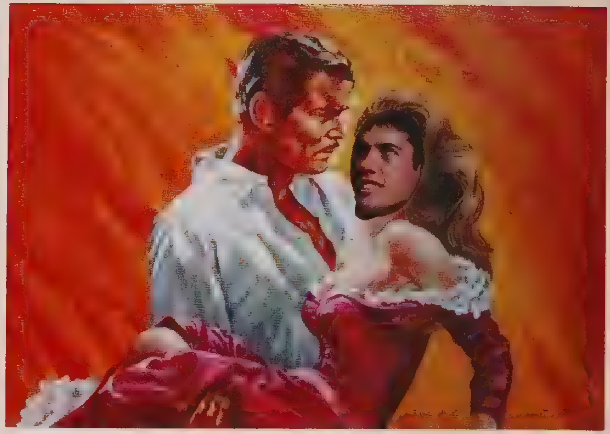
Most people attend college to experience life, and perhaps to get an education. In Karen's case, she didn't realize that USNA was the wrong place to do the former, but she attempted the latter with semi-seriousness. Living at Hubbard Hall during her first two years and at Sampson during the last two, she avoided Bancroft with some success. Trusting in the belief that "it will get done eventually", many a night's study began with a cribbage game. All-nighters before any technical exam (how many times did you fall asleep with the light on?) allowed her to escape work from Michelson and Chauvenet for most of the semester. But she must admit that the trips to France and Germany made up for a YP and a Tender out of Norfolk. After those wonderful cruises she knew she was not meant for Surface Line, but with arms too short to be an NFO, what was left? Hope it works out. Spy work may be just right - sensitivity and a tendency to take it all too seriously may come in handy. If you write that book, make sure to change the names to protect the guilty. You can dedicate it to the friends who helped you after you had too severe a night experiencing life. Even though you were a little on the quiet side, I know you really did care about everybody - hopefully they understood.

4th
BATTALION

Nineteen

DINING ROOM · LOUNGE
SEASONS GREETINGS
WELCOME
19 CO
GO NAVY
NATIONAL CAR RENTAL
MOT
PARK
FOR REG
GUEST
ALL OTHERS
AT OWNERS
ENTRANCE





Paul M. Arends
Hoo-ya
Seattle, Washington
Aerospace Engineering, NFO

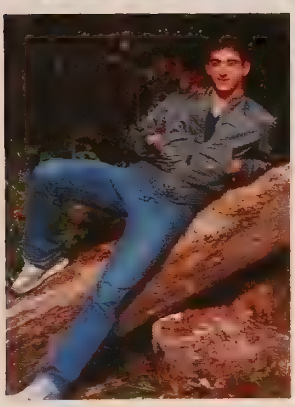
Hoo-ya came to Canoe U. from Seattle — A town he never abandoned, even after sports team after sports team went down in defeat and his city was enveloped in a cloud of dust from Mt. St. Helens. Paul came in to his own youngster year when he managed to combine a 3.4 QPR in Aero with time on the sailing team (Remember the Delaware Regatta?). But Paul wasn't content with just those achievements, so he started a second career as a tour guide for the Ho Chi Minh trail. There were no doubts where Paul was going when he would leave at 2300 dressed in cammies and a black watch cap followed by several of his friends. Perhaps it was a foreshadow of his airborne days to come. Paul's excursions onto the 2-4 ledge certainly foreshadowed his career in aviation. Whether he was savoring a cigar on the roof under the stars or bombing his favorite mids with snowballs, or brassoing his initials onto the copper ledge, the open air and high altitudes beckoned Paul to adventure. On the other hand, that after-taps run to the ice cream store was one costly adventure. So much for two weeks of leave . . . Ouch! But don't forget; he who will not risk cannot win. During second and first class years, Paul worked for stars and stripes. As such, he pursued his second class duties as CAO with a vengeance for which he was rewarded (?) with the job as company adjutant. Paul decided early in his naval career that the very young girls of Annapolis should be blessed with his acquaintance, so he became a frequent patron of Disco Dahlgren. This served Paul well until he fell for a young lass from Notre Dame during his first class year. Service selection night saw Paul pick up an NFO billet and a severe hangover. We all wish Paul the best of luck in his naval career and in life. P.S. Plebes, today is really Hoo-ya's Birthday!

CWC,WDE

Scott Cody Atkin
Yoda
Las Vegas, Nevada
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Power

When Scott came to us from Sin City and validated 19 hours, we knew he was going places — like to his room to read a book or the MSA space to win another war. Maybe you should have used that extra time to learn to sing, Scott, you never could during plebe summer. And then there's your ears and that haircut that gained you notariety as a celebrity look-alike. Second semester youngster year saw you moving in with me so I wouldn't have to walk down the hall for E. I. and then you left those bottle rockets out during a formal inspection and got us each a 4000 series! (Good thing for both of us the Cdr like me.) Who's got control of the stereo? And what's this about you coming home from cruise two weeks early and catching your parents moving without telling you? Second class year saw our first Christmas tree — and one of the first in the Brigade that year! We spent most of that year dodging Lock'em'up. First class year came and you were putting up Christmas decorations in August. Maybe you were hoping Santa would bring you a car that worked. In fact, your car worked so little that you had to register another firstie's in your name so you would have something to drive. You didn't get to spend much time in the room either, between getting your masters at Maryland and giving E. I. to room 2401. (But you did find time to break my snake and kill my corn plant.) How do you explain that "D" in Diffy-Q's at Maryland? You always came straight back after classes. And about your service selection — my hair may be short but at least I know it will grow back. Glow Navy!! Good luck, have fun, and watch out for the Ruskies!

Hey Scott, wake up, time for formation.



William Douglas Blue
The Bluechow
Houston, Texas
Mechanical Engineering,
U.S.M.C.

Bill, or The Bluechow as I affectionately dubbed him, comes from Everytown, U.S.A. No kidding, Bill has lived in more places than any guy I know. Whatever happened to him during those pre-Academy years, it sure prepared him for this place - minus plebe summer. Bill was known for his twelve digit alpha code during plebe ho's, and his own style of chow calls - "Sir, you now have the menu for evening meal is Neeb's loaf, mash um, carrots, um, etc!!" Personally I thought it was out of line when this was still going on the day before Parents Weekend. Bluechild settled right down, though, to become one of the military maxes of Canoe U. No guy ever had this place wired as well as he did, nor will anyone be able to completely fill his shoes in the future. Seriously, Bill's grades were never great, but then again he was a Mech E. with less hours logged studying, and more hours logged at Sammy's Bar than any Mid ever. Inspections were cake for Bill. I've never seen a guy come back from P.E., shower, shave, rig a uniform, and then proceed to win color man in the platoon every single time - it's Ripley's. Not only was Bill on a first name basis with the USNA janitorial force, but he also knew every bartender, waitress, and busboy in town. In his spare time I frequently found Bill at Fran's buying rounds for everyone and then at the end of the evening producing a $7.50 bar tab. Bill has been both a baby brother and a pet to me. I love to introduce him to my dates because they all find him so cute and cuddly. Bill's ability to care for people will take him far. God blessed me when he brought you into my life Billy-Catch.

Stuey

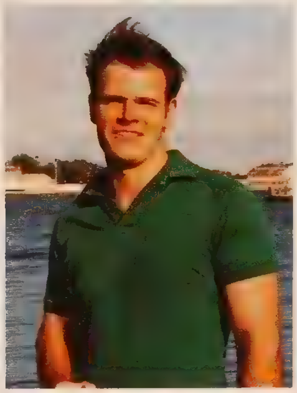
Kurt Andrew Brandquist
Kurt
Annapolis, Maryland
Operations Analysis, Surface
Warfare

I will now relate to you all the story of my roommate, if I would. One day our hero, Kurt, awoke to find that he had graduated from high school, and his blissful days spent "borrowing" champagne from the O-Club and throwing nocturnal parties on the Parade Field were over. Realizing that he hadn't given too much thought to his future, he decided to look for a place to go to college. He started by looking out of his bedroom window, and being uncannily perceptive, Special K noticed that he lived on the very grounds of such an institution of higher learning. So on July 8, 1980, he walked across the street and became Midshipman Brandouist, USN. The first thing that stuck our hero about the Academy was the wide assortment of activities into which he could become involved. There were so many, in fact, that he thought it would be unwise to spread himself too thin. So he decided not to do anything. Of course, I'm not saying that good ol' Kind-A Bad had no interest in "extracurricular activities." He'd finished a book in high school, and planned on reading at least one more in college. And on any given day, one could always find Tinkles sampling a vintage Miller, while contemplating the social morality involved in making a choice between watching MASH or Happy Days. Not to mention the fact that Kool happened to be a virtuoso tenor, singing a shower-rendition of "Rapper's Delight" for a certain first class who will go unnamed. (Hope you liked it, Vic!) And then, of course, there was Stephanie . . . Best of luck in the Real World of both of you! And Kurt, you're the best friend I ever had. Some day they'll invent the words to express just how much our friendship means to me. Take care, buddy.

JD

Jeffrey Darryl Brown
J. D.
Baltimore, Maryland
English, Navy Pilot

Jeff didn't have to travel far to seek knowledge (as well as discipline, professionalism, etc.) at the college level. In fact he almost didn't have to leave the fine city of Baltimore, home of the world series champions. This made things very convenient as his girlfriend, Lisa (soon-to-be-bride) was not just a phone call away, but a few miles away. This situation seemed to help Jeff out in his first year as he made it through plebe year almost effortlessly. The one problem Jeff did have, however, was a major known as "Aero". After finding out this field of study required excessive labs, calculations with calculators, and staying up after 11:00, Jeff realized his love for the English language was greater than he ever could have imagined. Yes, the English major was what suited him best (and his roommate on occasion). He would soon attend the majority of his classes in the dreaded Sampson Hall. Jeff as a midshipman was a very well-rounded individual and his efforts were not just limited to academic excellence. No, not at all. For example, as a youngster he was given several stripes one semester and given the duties of the Brigade Operations Officer. We were all glad to see he soon came down from the clouds. Jeff also headed the Churchill Society as President, played guitar for "Sea Breeze", making Eddie Van Halen very envious, and fenced for Navy. Jeff also displayed his love for skiing by spending numerous paychecks on ski attire. He certainly received most votes for best dressed on the slopes. Jeff slowed down during his first class year, which seemed to be a change for the better. He set his priorities which were Lori, taping Greaseman and studying. Jeff chose Air for service selection. So by dropping Aero, he never gave up his love for flight, just the theory behind it. Good luck in all you do, Jeff. Catch?!



Daniel P. Burns
Dan-o
Brooklyn, New York
Applied Science, Surface Line

Dan-o showed up at the Naval Academy caught in a well known stereotype: The Brooklyn sailor. You know, the big guy in all the war movies with the funny way of talking. It took us a while to realize that he was actually speaking English. It was just a different dialect known as Brooklynese. Dan-o brought a big appetite with him and to make sure he would get enough to eat, he made sure he got not one, but two sponsors. He also has a loving Mom back home who realized that even his multiple sponsors would have a hard time keeping him fed, so she sends him King Neptune size chow packages. Dan-o's locker is affectionately known as "The Deli". Speaking of food, we won't forget those New York bagels and the late night hot dogs during 3/c finals. "More Beer" was Dan-o's advice to everyone. When the Navy issued Dan his undershirts they made a mistake and left the sleeves on. Dan-o always took charge when it came to planning a party. Hey "Big Guy", can I let the word "party" pass without mentioning Florida, Spring Break, and Disney World? Hey, to keep Cooter awake you gotta stay awake. And how about 2/c summer when you took the guys to New York and showed them all the dives in town. Also remember: SNOOPY!, backgammon, the dry bar, the fire hydrant, your STBD list (a true surface liner), ice-teas and 7&7's running with your weights, and of course Goat Court during Army week. Dan-o was always the first to put up his X-mas decorations although I always tried to make him wait until after Halloween. Finally, Dan was always professionally minded. He knew what we were here for and he knows where he's headed. Here's to a long and promising career Dan . . . Bartender, a round of drinks for the boys!

G.S.N.

Charles Ward Cox II

Spaz
Piedmont, California
Political Science, Nuclear Submarines

Chuck earned his unenviable nickname one day during Plebe Summer when he was ordered to shave. Upon return to a heated come-around, all were aghast by the spectacle of Chuck's gashed face and blood-soaked white works. In no way was this an isolated incident: During Plebe Year, it was rumored that the only reason "our hero" passed gymnastics was because the instructor also worked for the March of Dimes and could sympathize with people like Spaz. In all fairness, though, Chuck has managed to validate the swim tests every year while satisfactorily completing the other physical requirements.

As much as he's playfully teased, we that are close to Chuck can appreciate what he has done for us as individuals and for the class as a whole. He will do his best for anyone, whether it means getting good car loans as Treasurer for '84, or turning out quality material as editor of the yearbook.

On a personal level, Chuck always has time to help people. It is no coincidence that 19th company consistently does well on the PCR. Chuck's tutoring and knack to get "the gouge" has played a large role in that area.

I can safely say that a lot of people are enriched for having known Chuck. If he does half as well at Georgetown as he's done at the Naval Academy, he won't have a thing to worry about — just as long as there are no agility tests at Nuke School.

Curtis Craig Dukes

Night Train
Tampa, Florida
Political Science, Navy Pilot

Curt came to the Naval Academy from Tampa, Florida with a golden tan and a free spirit. Plebe year Curt ran track and showed great promise until he gave up running to pursue his real ambition: courting young ladies — and young they were! Even though Curt sat on team tables as a plebe, he still maintained a high level of spirit as evidenced by his actions one night when he poured his entire table's meal on himself in a rage of uncontrolled spirit.

Youngster year was a banner year for Curt. His heart went out to the beautiful young lass Anissa. One ECA that Curt founded, Radio Free Fifth Wing, firmly established Curt as a leader of men. Never the one to let his classmates down, Curt softened the difficulties of the day with his famous bedtime stories.

Second class year brought a new change for Curt as he joined the boys in Cloud 19. Curt's accomplishments are many, but perhaps his greatest achievement is graduating with no grade lower than a B — and doing it while being in bed by 1100. This early rack policy coincided well with his roommate Chuck, and together they set the noble goal of being in bed before plebe taps.

First class year Curt continued seeing Anissa as well as polishing his leadership skills as company Moke and Squad Daddy. Not one to let discrepancy slide (Hey Middie, It's a question of accountability) Curt assumed the awesome duties of dental officer which included nightly checks to insure that the plebes had flossed properly.

Curt will be missed by all who know him here at USNA for his warm personality and easy going style. As a close and trusted friend, he will always share a warm part in the memories of our days here. Best of luck to you buddy and Godspeed to you in all you do in life.

William Dewey Elliott II

Wild Bill
Louisville, Kentucky
Electrical Engineering, Submarines

And then there was Bill, two T's Elliot, alias: Lantz, Bubblehead, Boltneck, and Openheimer Franchise. He got off to a running start until his plebe summer O-Course . . . Bill didn't realize that obstacles were made to be cleared and not smeared. About halfway through plebe year, Bill decided he'd been a plebe long enough. Between listening to his radio and missing every other plebe quarters, we all weren't sure if he had been promoted. Youngster year we saw a new side of Bill . . . the man with barren chest and black bandana who terrorized the 4-4 shaft along with his trusty companions — the Seal Team of 4-4. His manly image alone did not enable him to rise to the occasion at Army — don't worry Bill, it was probably only nerves. His failure at Army drove him to masochism. His hours of torture underneath his mattress could never prepare him for his Airborne days and Hooyah nights at Ft. Benning. Bill will never know how sweet that ice cream he paid so dearly for would be. Remember Bill, if you come to watch TV, watch, but don't get caught (GB&U). Bill vowed never to let an Army go by without female success even at the expense of shattering the little gripper's feeble heart . . . take her lad, you need her more than I — told ya it was only nerves. He always brought warmth and light into the Dark Ages even at the expense of a little butane and a lot of foot (I swear it didn't hurt!). Weenie still can't believe you held out amidst a little tequilla, a lot of Early Times and a warm Florida sun. We're confident you'll do well, only because you've got seven minutes on all of us. As we leave you Herb, our CC, remember, be careful out there.

Grip & Dig

Lantz C. Ellis

Lantz
Modesto, California
Electrical Engineer, Submarines

It turns out that Modesto, California is just as good at making Mids as it is Gallo wine. Lantz came from the Golden State with plans on becoming an NFO, but after surfacing in Guam after his youngster cruise, it became nothing but Subs for him. (appears to be that he wouldn't want to be a backseat-rider after all!)

Lantz also had an insane desire to become a "Double E". Fortunately he was able to turn his psychosis into a successful major. He always said, "It's not my major, it's my hobby," as he set about building this circuit or that. (Rumor has it that he has a Robot in the works!)

Enough about academics. He also found some unique ways to blow off steam during our four years here at the boat driver's school. The bad news is that blowing off steam helped him accumulate three 5000 series frys. The good news is that none of them stuck. It was in such situations where he used to say, "You can't take life too seriously, you're not getting out of it alive anyway!" But don't let that fool you, he took this place seriously enough to become second set's 2nd regimental subcommander.

Lantz is headed for Orlando but it appears that he might hang around Georgia Tech. awhile and pick up some E. I. in Nuclear Engineering.

Catch you later and good luck Huey — signed Dewey and Luey.

Noel M. Enriquez

Christmas
Union City, California
General Engineering, Surface Line

Fortunately, Christmas comes more than once a year. If he's not snipe hunting, he's studying - so he can graduate. Oh! Let's not forget the ladies either. "Flip, here comes one of your kind!" You've changed a lot in four years. At first, you never said a word - no one knew who you were. Now, everybody knows you but no one can understand you. During his midshipman career, Christmas spent his free time chasing fast women. Things didn't go well at first, so he bought a fast car. Now the women have slowed down and he doesn't have anymore free time. The only problem is, since all his money goes into his car, he can't spend any on the ladies. Oh well! You win some, you lose some. Of course, the speeding tickets didn't help either. A couple of special ladies gave him problems along the way. They didn't last long, Plebe year and 3000 miles took care of that, until he went home for Christmas leave. One of his favorite hobbies was buying clothes. Flip had the most "out of sight" wardrobe at the Academy. Everyone in the company waits to see what he's wearing on a casual outing. His favorite outfit consisted of five shades of purple. (Rumor has it that he has been contracted out to fit the Brigade in new uniform styles.) Christmas drives his sleigh from San Francisco (close enough for gov't work) the city of the famous Golden Gate bridge, but more popular today as the city without steers. Well, everybody can't be perfect, but Noel has sure tried. He didn't graduate in the top ten percent of his class, but he made many warm and lasting friendships. Even when he was pushing against the wind, he stopped long enough to help others along the way. It may take a while to get to know Flip, but having Christmas all year long for four years has been the best gift I could find under a tree.

Always, Cooter

Paul M. Gawryszewski

Ski
Sandusky, Ohio
General Engineering, Surface Line

Four years ago, Ski left Bedrock and the banks of Lake Erie for the banks of the Severn. Armed with a baseball glove and a box of animal crackers, Ski quickly adapted to the plebe summer regimen, from post taps parties with Fourth Class Greenley to the drawer that never seemed clean. It was during ac-year that Ski learned the real gouge about college life from Dan-o and the latest Brigade gossip from Chuck. Academically, Ski inspired us all with yearning for higher knowledge and the rate to rack. Sent off to Youngster Cruise in royal style, Ski arrived in Hawaii and fell in love with the gray ships (You couldn't fool us with that Marine talk!). Youngster year Ski made 150s but turned them down realizing that he could live on oranges for only so long. This year also was the first time we met Sammy with Cork and the arrival of Ivy's daily steamy letters. Second Class Summer came and went and Ski found himself in Locklear's roommate shuffle, gaining new appreciation for Alan Parsons. It was this year that Ski redefined "road trip" on the way to Jersey with the Boys (We knew there was a reason for driving so slow!). First Class Cruise found us on the Ark, doing the ditch and terrorizing the teenagers on St. Thomas. The fall brought a platoon, a well-coached Brigade Champ football team and the hair that grew and grew, Ski, you've shown us all what it means to be a sports fan and a connoisseur of fine rack. You've been more than a roommate these last four years, you've been a good friend. Take care, good luck, God Bless and I'll see you on the high seas

Weenie

David Joseph Gellene

Weenie
Wayne, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering, Surface (Nuclear)

Weenie, lean, mean, Gellene came to this resort on the Severn with high ideals and a love of New Jersey??? (sorry I couldn't resist) that no one can forget. Greenly quickly made his presence felt plebe summer by getting the privilege of wearing the bilge bucket even though it was my fault? And of course there were always those after taps parties to keep Dave occupied. Plebe year brought many new dimensions to Weenie's character. I wonder if he will ever be the same after making the acquaintances of Cork and the boys of '83. Speaking of character Weenie showed real character by going swimming in Santee Basin when he was supposed to be sailing. (I still think he did it to impress the crowd.) As youngster year rolled around Weenie finally began his long awaited social life. It seems that Dave had a thing for the een's, Maureen and Doreen. Maybe Weenie should have changed his name to Saint Gellene. Second class year marked Dave's majestic return to N. J. for the famed N. D. game. I am sure it is a road trip he will never forget. Weenie's trip to Florida for spring break 2/c year also marked a high point in his life. (Do you need a ride back?) 1/c cruise found Weenie once again having a rough time. I mean St. Thomas is really a bad liberty port. But, at least it left him time to practice Spanish! 1/c year saw Weenie "rocket" towards nuclear power. See Dave all of those late nights studying really do pay off. As one of the "6" Weenie could always be counted on for a good laugh (come on a shark?) and an unwinnable argument. Thanks for being a super pal and a true to life friend.

SKI

Marc E. Granier

Marcus
Vestal, New York
Electrical Engineering, Naval Flight Officer

Marc came from the Adirondack Mountains of Upstate New York, and four years later wondered what his hometown really was (you're moving where?). People doubted his sanity when they heard that he was going to be a EE and row crew. Luckily, he wised up, and a few months later he'd found that, even as plebe, weekends would be very important, so crew was out. Not being one to leave well enough alone, he let his mentor (the infamous Johann) talk him into sailing on the offshore team, and "Jane", as he was known, was born. Soon after, a woman came into his life, and his weekends were again important.

After a good start academically, youngster year began the long, uphill battle against the EE Dept. Somehow, incredibly, he graduated a EE. Although he would study long into the night, he never lacked sleep - what are classes for anyway?

If there was one person that helped create Marc's ups and downs, it had to be Ma Bell. Between the long phone calls that had him on the Taps Taker's hit list, and the nights when he'd drive his blood pressure sky-high and his roommates crazy, people were ready to break his dialing finger. Luckily, no one did, and during his First Class Year, he found a new way to reach out and touch someone, and he was engaged to Joanna.

Somehow, he made it through the years, with help from the people around him. Without Smiley, who was always there when Marc's dip can was empty; or his family and sponsors who were always there for him - he would not have had as good a time. Marc's graduation proves the old adage that someone looks after fools, drunkards and Graniers.

Now it's off to Pensacola, and, with luck, the most he wants will be the least he gets.

Andrew Martin Hale

Yor
Miami, Florida
Aerospace Engineering,
Submarines

Andrew, also known as Digger, Mongoloid, and Boo Boo, managed to blow off the first 10 days of plebe summer by showing up late and getting in with a note from Mom. After observing plebe summer (what's PEP?), first semester plebe year brought on his blossoming relationship with TNT. Throwing the 35 lb. weight on the varsity track team brought out Andy's killer instinct. However, hopes of earning an "N" sweater ended when track practice gave way to the call of the rack — especially long distance calls from New Jersey. Actually Andrew's favorite racktime was in the classroom, his head perched on a stack of books . . . "But I was facing the blackboard." With girls Andy was a two-headed ogre, though influence wasn't dependent on size. Whether they were gnarly, or from N. J., Andy could charm them with conversation about plumbing repairs, and NFCU deposits. If Andy ever decides to leave the Navy, he can always get a job with Shell or Exxon since he already has had experience at offshore drilling, even though it was only a hobbie with Andy. Andrew's appropriately named car 'Spitfire', cost him $3000 . . . +$2400 . . . +$1500 . . . +$?. When Andy wasn't repairing heaters, he was preparing his car for road trips . . . where's the marshmallows? Andrew was such a dedicated student that he even cut short his caroling during Christmas to write a computer program . . . what an inspiration to us all. Andrew's dynamic personality enabled him to acquire a multitude of acquaintances over Protramid (remember Quantico). However, most of these relationships were eventually kwelled. During these past 4 years, Andy never failed to keep us amused with his thousands sounds, his confused martian, his unique luck, and all of those pantomime battles that were waged nightly. Regardless of Andy's incurable ZOA, he will always be our cardboard hero.

WDE/GHW

David C. Hall

Dave
Beltsville, Maryland
English, Navy Pilot

It is a very lucky thing that Dave comes from Beltsville right here in Maryland. If Dave were not fortunate enough to have lived close to the Academy, he would have left all the beautiful female population from 15 to 30 broken-hearted. But Dave is known for more than his magic with the women. Where do I begin to tell the story? If I had to compare him to a writer, it would be Shakespeare; if comparing him to a thinker, it would be Einstein; if comparing him to a lover, it would be MAURO! Although Dave has many things in common with these giants, there are things about him that dwarf the greatest of men. Even though Dave would wait until the night before - or maybe even the period before - a big test to get ready (in order to maintain his 3.5, 90th in the class standing, the Burke scholarship winner form), he would spend most of his time helping everyone in the company solve a tough one. Dave would bend over backwards for a friend, and everyone was Dave's friend. There is nothing in life Dave Hall can't do. He came here a skinny kid and leaves with a Greek god-like physique. I will never forget the evenings at Wendy's, late night talks about Sandy and Kim #1, 2, and 3, Sir Lawrence of Olivier, Mel knocking on the wall, Scott and Kim. I can never forget all the great times we spent with your mom. We will never forget Mrs. Hall and the beautiful loving person she was. After knowing a person like her it is easy to believe there is a beautiful person like Dave Hall. Let's go get 'em in P-Cola. How 'bout that Dave Hall, Jimmy Giruzzi, Slomsted, sexual stimulation, have a stump, make sure you got a car!

Love, Tony

Craig Alan Hamner

Mel
Niagara Falls, New York
Management, Navy NFO

I'd like everyone to meet my roommate, Mel. Mel came to us that first summer a slim, studly figure of a man (Remember those good old days, Chief?). I knew we were meant for each other from the first time we visited the local pubs. How vividly I remember those last second dashes through the "Yard." And who can forget that first Army when Mel decided the hotel needed a sit-on-the-floor doorman. Mel's liking of the sweet nectar really became apparent, though, 1/c year when he organized some of the best tailgaters ever seen by man. Of course, Mel had many other interests over the years. One of them, for example, was WOMEN! Mel loved to like women, especially the more "mature" of the species. You know the expression "talk is cheap", well . . . anyway, if you ever see him, ask him about "Bootsy!" As for Mel's lifestyle in Mother "B", he was the epitome of cool. From sleeping au naturale to coaching the Batt. Football team to a championship, Mel was everyones multi-talented leader (If only he would get his hair cut!). Even when it came to academics, Mel never panicked. I think this was due to his unique study habit of going to bed early and setting his alarm for 3:00 am, 5:00 am, 6:00 am, and finally 7:20 am so he could study while he was rested (That's alright buddy, I didn't need the sleep anyway!). Seriously though, Craig is a very special person. He was always there when you needed him, and one helluva "best friend". I love him dearly, and we're all going to miss him a great deal when this nightmare is over. Good luck, pal, and God Bless You!!!

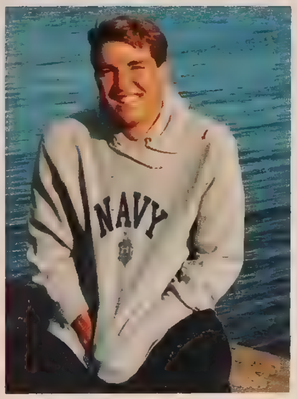
SJW (Willy)

Ronald S. Hollenbeck

Ronnie
Spokane, Washington
Electrical Engineering, Naval
Flight Officer

Ronnie came to 19 all the way from Washington State via a last fling at Va. Beach. Plebe year found him doing time with the Spaz — who would later become his partner in crime on the Lucky Bar staff. The Three Musketeers regrouped to enjoy plebe year with their bootleg stereo system. On weekends Ron could be found at the Lawn's, who would soon adopt him for the duration. Ron returned for youngster year behind the wheel of his little blue truck. "Midnight Madness" was an appropriate name. He stayed in shape by training on pizza, beer, sunshine, and those last minute sprints for taps. His training peaked with the 30 second change at the gas station. (thank God for uniform races and new covers) Ron abused the term "road trip" whether he was driving, hopping, or hitchhiking . . . (Alabama?) His love for the beach took him from Green Beach to Ocean City where he threw in the towel and was picked up by Sweetie. Ron's love for Italian women led him to Italy for 1/C cruise where he continued the USNA tradition of going over the wall in Rome. With first class year came the struggle of EE, all-nighters, braces, La Machine, body by Soloflex, 'the phone', budgeting six figures for Lucky Bag and still managing to stay broke. We will carry his friendship and love with us always. Good luck in P'cola, Ron!

MEP
JHQ



Matthew Christian Jacobson

Jake
Torrance, California
Applied Science, U.S. Air Force

Matt is California all the way. He came to U.S.N.A. sporting bleached out hair, a healthy tan, Dodger blue blood, and the Surf Punks blaring on his walkman. He found Plebe Summer a breeze (being a NAPSter) and unselfishly helped the rest of "Donovan's Drips" learn the ropes. What Matt didn't know he eagerly learned from Lori Rampp, and what he couldn't learn from her, he learned from her younger sister. Jake found his calling second class summer, where he enjoyed beer for breakfast, and women for lunch and dinner. One important fact was established then also, he was never getting married . . . ever. The dawning of second class year brought Matt's three date Jake era where he refused to go out with any girl more than three times. He wanted no commitments, for he was not getting married . . . at least not for a few years. First class year brought Matt's desire for a commission in the Air Force, and after meeting her, a desire for Tracy. He got both, as well as something else - engaged!

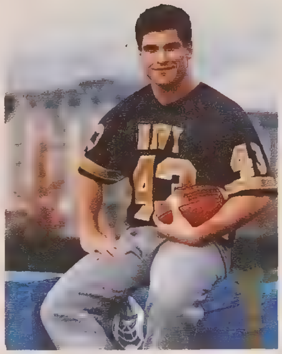
Matt's quick wit, rather loud disposition, and straight-forward emotions will be remembered by all as he heads into the wild blue yonder. We will remember times such as the endless road trips (check your six, sport), moosecalls, scream and beer weekends, and Disneyland, and know that although Matt will not be in our service, he will always be a loyal friend. Best of luck to you and Tracy, Matt. You've got it all now, Roscoe!

Anthony J. Mauro

Big T
Utica, New York
Political Science, Navy Pilot

Never let it be said that the Big T took a low profile in his years at the Academy. From the beginning Tony stood out as something special. Leaving behind the security of his large family in Utica, N. Y. he immediately made a big splash. (His performances at plebe summer come arounds are now legendary - lucky are the few that got to witness them!) We learned to expect big things when Tony was around, and we weren't disappointed. In a first year full of football, magic marker fights, words of the day - oh, and an occasional plebe rate - Tony finally overcame plebe year. As an upperclass, nothing could stop him. Not football, not academics (well . . .) and certainly not girls. His unexplainable power over women was envied by all (and surpassed only by his roommate's). But at the center of his world was Sandy, the hometown sweetie with a stronghold on his heart. It just goes to show even the toughest guy has his weakness. Through all the hard times, though, Tony has managed to come out on top. I don't know of anyone with so much zest for life. Affectionate and caring, he knows the meaning of the word "friend". The memories of these 4 years - immature faces, ski adventures, a double date in the cadillac (how 'bout those reclining seats!), too many late night talks, trips to Wendy's, some fantastic times in Utica and Beltsville, a "mishap of an evening", girl problems, worthless alarm clocks, a couple of intense fights, and 3 years in the craziest room at the Academy - don't even begin to tell the story. Suffice it to say that our friendship is the greatest thing I take away from here. Good luck always, Ton. Holy geez, P-Cola is definitely not ready for us!

Love, Dave



Stuart Russell McArthur

Suey
East Norwalk, Connecticut
Political Science, Navy Pilot

With a name like McArthur, Stuart Russell was destined to be a military man. So Suey found himself one weekend after graduating from high school on the desolate shores of Newport, RI where he awaited the rank of Seaman Recruit prior to reporting to NAPS. The civilian/military transition was quite easy for Suey, as was the academic load. Here he met his life long friends Drewy and Moohy.

Entering USNA, Stu showed his military might as he and his classmates from NAPS made plebe summer look as if it were a piece of cake. He soon realized that academics weren't important and he then started to excel in his military activities by attending Treeborne and Baby Seal School. This was not all Stu did on his ***free time.***

During Plebe and Youngster year Suey invited many of his close acquaintances from New York and Boston down for the W.E. In his second class year I became Suey's personal answering service by answering the phone on a frequent basis. After setting up his weekend rendezvous, Drewy, Suey, and Moohy would knock the wontons dead with their dancing tactics. They were always burning up the floor. Slingshot entered the video about this time. And the boys trekked on down to Lauderdale for spring break. Suey received his first lesson in first aid and the art of fine fashions (i.e. Bocca Ratton). He also learned something about Lebanese while in Florida.

In his senior year Stu finally started to show his military expertise by becoming a platoon commander. He also dreamed up such lingo as Yarr Darr, Waldo, Catch, Latch and ect. In all honesty Stu has been a great roommate and one of my best friends. I wish him the best of luck in the future and get that pin. Catch.

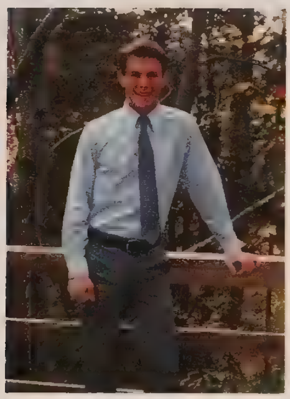
DJD and the Bluchow

Gregory S. Navin

Greg
Westport, Connecticut
General Engineering, Surface Line

Greg came to us from a small New England town called Westport. Greg's first mistake, as far as the class of '84 is concerned, was that while we grunted and sweated through the hottest Annapolis summer in 50 years, he relaxed under the cool Connecticut sun with his windsurfer and his girl. Yes, you'll have to admit it now, Greg, you never had a Plebe Summer. Plebe year, for the second time, was a challenge rooming with Tony and Dave and trying to study at the same time, yet you still managed to get a 3.11. Youngster cruise to Italy on a submarine sure was fun, but at least you saw the light and decided surface line is mighty fine after all. Then came youngster year and all those major's courses came to life. They can't compare to second class year's load, though. The only light we could see at the end of the tunnel was a subway's headlight bearing down on us. How about all those all-nighters we went through? I'm still amazed at the amount of coffee the human bladder can hold. We did have some good times that year though. Going out to Mrs. Lively's after the company dining - it had to be one of the funniest. Are you still red? Somehow it all ended and we got our rings and cars. But that wasn't good enough for you, Greg, you had to go and get a wife, to boot. Well, we'll let you slide this time — but that's only because Wendy's such a ***great girl.*** *Well roomie, thanks, thanks for being there and helping me see over all the crud they threw at us. I guess that was one of your best talents. You could always get to the bottom and put things in the right perspective. I don't need to wish you any luck — you don't need it. I will wish you all the happiness in the world for both you and Wendy. Take care.*

Dan-o



Anthony Beach Onorati
Tony O.
Great Falls, Virginia
Oceanography, Navy Air

Tony O. Started USNA as if he were right at home . . . with his family living in the yard, that wasn't very far from the truth. Actually, no one else had to deal with his "Capt. Daddy" bracing him up, so I paid his dues. The summer melted into Ac-Year and in true Mid fashion Tony melted into his bed. That's right his bed, at his home: not a bad way to spend a youngster. After this grueling introduction he was generously rewarded with a fine youngster cruise on an AD out of Alameda. Tony quickly learned that he really wanted Navy Air. Youngster year brought fame and fortune as Tony won an N-star, the first for 84 in 19. As an upper class Tony blossomed into quite a ladies-man. Weekend frolics with Jammin' Jenny, Kendel, and Rosie were commonplace. Tony's cruise on the Battleship served to solidify his desire to be an ace, so he'll be off to P-cola. The Navy won't find a better fighter-pilot, and we'll not find a better friend. Good luck Tony, see you in the wild blue yonder.

Lenny F. Price
Mr. Mellow
Inkster, Michigan
Physical Science, Civilian

From day one, nobody has ever been able to guess what this native of Inkster, Michigan was going to do next. When he arrived after a year on the beautiful shores of Narragansett Bay, Len was convinced that he was going to graduate with a degree in Aerospace Engineering and become a Submariner.

And if it hadn't been for academics he might have made it through Aero. But the effort to stay one jump ahead of the Axe Board forced Lenny to switch his major to Physical Science during Youngster year. Also, after a visit to NAS Pensacola during Protramid, he was convinced that he wanted nothing more than to be a Naval Flight Officer. So, with the start of second class year, a new Lenn returned to the halls of 19th Company. And in appreciation for his positive leadership and professionalism, the Class of '86 threw a party for him out in Goat Court on his birthday. It wasn't easy dodging those waterballoons while tied-up in a chair and wearing nothing but shaving cream and a smile — but Lenny pulled through in his usual dramatic fashion. First Class cruise in San Diego left Len sold on Surface Warfare and Southern California. There was even a little time to be semi-sadistic up in Newport training NAPSters as he uttered those now famous words, "I'm your worst nightmare — a jerk with authority." In the fall, Lenny found out that he was not physically qualified to be commissioned, so he spent most of second semester preparing for his new career as a professional musician! Thanks to Huey and Duey (Lenny was Louie), The Boys in 19, SEA BREEZE, Jon Katz (Meow), Julia S., ENS Sue, my Family and my Lonnie. See ya on MTV!

SEA BREEZE
moog

Michael E. Purcell
Smiley
Pueblo, Colorado
General Engineering, Naval Flight Officer

Smiley came to us from Pee-Yeblo, CO. with a smile on his face and Navy Air in his heart. His high spirits and happy disposition earned him the name Smiley. His plebe summer found him laughing many a night away to Richard Pryor. (LFP) Visiting the 'ship in the yard' was among his plebe duties. His exceptional skill with model Airplane design demonstrated his early interest in aviation, because Smiley knew that only airplanes were better than women. His expert ability in swimming led to 4 years of validation and one night of backstroking home from Jaspers. Smiley and the other Musketeers spent their first Easter at the Lawns basking in the sun by day and raising hell by night. Don't crawl too far into the woods, Smiley! Mike was soon turned on to some real music and found a hidden talent somewhere between his drumsticks and his abused desk lamp . . . but only he knows where. While studying under his mentor, the Big Kid, Smiley learned that dipping in parades was not so mun after all. What company Mess Night?? Mike was always a ladies man. Remember the missing girl in Florida, the girl in the Corvette, the Beak, the Gorilla, Little Orphan Annie and the one in the cradle. But then there were the midnight runs and marathon phone calls to the real woman in College Park. Mike owes the Ac Dean a favor for finding his car for him at the Mall. When he wasn't in the rack or on the phone, Mike was the most caring of friends and we will long remember his ability to brighten even the darkest of days. Good luck in your quest for gold, Smiley.

J.H.Q.
R.S.H.

John H. Quint
Quintessence
Stone Mountain, Georgia
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Power

Quincy from Cincy arrived at USNA with a strong desire to excel. His plebe year found him on the J.V. Soccer field and in the classroom. After a short term with Spaz, the Three Musketeers were reunited. His intro to EE came with the design of the bootleg stereo system. John's lack of experience in the social arts was quickly diminished starting with Army #1. As his parents moved to Atlanta, he learned to enjoy his new found "Southern Comfort." Youngster year he returned from his cruise a died in the wool Nuke. John redefined the term "road-trip" from beneath the cover of the little blue truck. Speaking of road trips, remember iced teas, Rosanne Rosanna Danna, and OC (Don't forget your towel, John!) During 2/c year, Quintessence helped 19 to become Brigade Champs in soccer, while at the same time corrupting Wheels. John had a hard time staying awake at parties. How is it that the toes of your shoes get worn out so fast, John? - certainly not from running those marathons! First semester senior year it was John Quint . . . Company Commander. Although academics were tougher than ever and time was short he found time for extracurricular activities from coast to coast. Pasadena, Portland, Cincinnati, Atlanta, College Park, and Fort Lauderdale to name a few of the fun spots. John, you had a knack for remembering names, but how could you mix up the girls? Besides being the best of friends, he always gave more than he took. We expect to see great things from you in the future, John.

M.E.P.
R.S.H.

Scott H. Rasplicka
Cooter
Cullman, Alabama
Electrical Engineering, Navy Air

Scott ventured from the city of Cullman, AL into the unknowns of Crabtown, USA. Well . . . let me see . . . I guess that's all folks . . . Scott . . . Are the last two lines enough to describe your life at good ole USNA? I guess it is, for you that is, but not for me. To begin with - Plebe Summer. Can you remember that far back? Your foremost squad leader? She was, always on your case for having a southern drawl. Couldn't figure out what you were saying or was it the other way around? (Well, Lori, if you're reading this, you did well - he's improved . . . I think?) Plebe Summer, it was the best, or was it? . . . Plebe year . . . Keith . . . Sully . . . rumbles . . . stop, that's it. It was a short year . . . Youngster year . . . relaxation? . . . double E . . . you didn't know what major to get into, so you followed my footsteps. Well, you made the right choice but for me? Well? . . . weekends . . . girls, uhmmm, sorry, can't remember them! . . . movies . . . pizza . . . ice cream! - even when it was freezing . . . Florida, spring break - well, it could have been better . . . Second Class year . . . super late-nighters (Scott, turn off the lights!) . . . double E . . . double E . . . super late-nighters . . . hey! it was rough but you did it buddy!! . . . Cooter, yeah, remember, the boys were watching Saturday Night Live and they were doing a skit of the South and one of the guys named Cooter and so, the boys decided to name you that . . . super late-nighters . . . survived . . . First Class year . . . Bye roommate for a semester . . . sleep . . . sleep. or was it? . . . paperwork . . . double EE . . . sorry pal, we didn't go out often, too busy studying (girls???) . . . the Lively's . . . the Latini's . . . Service Selection . . . Navy Air!! . . . last everything for Navy . . . Graduation. Weeelll, roommate, friend, pal, old man, buddy, kaibigan. It has been great the past four years and it'll be great for another 50. Take it to the air pal and "what the $%¢& !" Go for it!!! God Bless, Cooter!

"Merry Christmas"

Robert Lyle Shoemaker
Shoe
St. Petersberg, Florida
Aerospace Engineering, AMDO

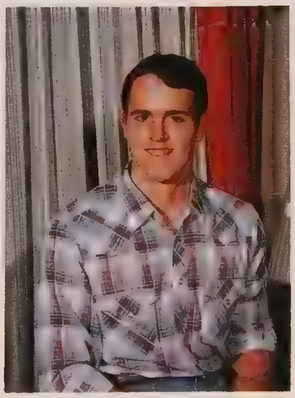
Shoe came to us from the beaches of Florida with his shorts, flip-flops, and a full volume of Jimmy Buffet albums under his arms. His plebe year was spent at Kathy's house where he became very close friends with Jose and Pepe. Shoe soon learned to live by the saying "Why put off till tomorrow what you can do the day after tomorrow." Yes, Shoe is the world's greatest procastinator. He used to put off work until he could string 3 all-nighters in a row.

Bob was also strong in the area of women. Third class year went to New Jersey and found his "angel". When that didn't gel Bob worked on some smooth lines. Rumor has it that Shoe once asked a girl "not to spoil this beautiful moment." You remember her Bob (I've got nice teeth, I like to clean and I love to . . .)

Shoe was also an excellent athlete. Plebe year he realized that baseball just wasn't for him and gave his talents to the intramural circuit. Shoe stayed with the same sports all four years: basketball, football and softball. As captain of the co. basketball team Shoe wasn't looking for the brigade championship, but rather for that one elusive victory each season. And in football Shoe will forever hold the record for the most completions in a game, unfortunately the passes were caught by the other team.

But, on the serious side, Shoe is one who is a friend to all. Bob may have graduated in 1984 but he will always be remembered as a member of the class of 1983. Unfortunately, Bob was delayed in graduating because of a serious accident; but through sheer determination he is back with the same happy-go-lucky attitude. Bob is the best friend a person could have. Shoe, Friends like you make the whole experience worth it. Good Luck.

S.G.M.



Mark Anthony Stolarski
Pyro
Sealy, Texas
General Engineering, U.S.M.C.

When Mark came to us from the land of steers and queers he was 5'6", 125 lbs, and we thought he was a strange little polack. Now he's 140 lbs. and we're sure he's very strange. I mean a varsity D & B 2 striper with a toy rifle, rubber alligator, ceramic snake, and power windows on your truck; come on Mark. How about camies for Army Week roving patrol, assorted items rescued from the trash, and switching from Aero to General so your grades can drop? After all that's what GE is all about isn't it? One thing I never understood though is why you bought a newspaper. Your life subscription to the Sealy News brought you stories like "Jones cat caught in tree" and "Smith dog dies"; and what else important ever happens in the world? I guess that's why you always had such a stack of old newspapers lying around. The real clincher was service selection — Marine Corps? What will people say? "Look, out on the track, it's a snail, it's a tortoise, it's Mark running the mile again!" Maybe it'll be: "Faster than a speeding caterpillar, able to sit up on his own, it's the Grunt Runt!" Really Mark how could any enlisted man take you seriously when you need platform shoes to be able to stare him in the navel? The Corps does have its advantages though, when you come back here no one will mistake you for a mailman — maybe an elf at Christmas, but never a mailman. Anyway when are you going to get a haircut?

It's been a fun four years, never a dull week, whether it's been burned pens and pencils, strange brews in my mug, or assorted liquids poured in my bed or on me, you've kept me from being bored. Thanks for the fun and as for your service selection — better you than me! I hear the Marines are still looking for those few good men.

Good luck and Kill the Commies!!

David A. Vanderschoot
Vandy
Phoenix, Arizona
Oceanography, Navy Air

The Navy dragged Dave away from God's country kicking and screaming. The fight was worth it, though, for Dave quickly displayed his athletic abilities by challenging the W-course record and being high scorer in the plebe B-ball smoker. But basketball was not to be for Dave, with the exception of frequent and viciously competitive nerf tourneys in the room. Instead, Vandy resigned himself to an all-star company sports status and the study of starfish and sand. Despite the latter discipline, the zoomies agreed to keep him for a semester in Colorado Springs. Now Air Force A's are relatively easy to come-by, you see, so the Schooter spent the majority of his time a safe distance from his books. There, Dave enjoyed jumping out of airplanes with nothing attached, diving with the scuba club, skiing, fishing, and terrorizing the bus drivers during Navy week. Plebe summer and first class year brought a plethora of stripes, a new truck, and a continuation of a nasty string of 4.0's. Truly, Dave's faults are few and far between, yet we'd be remiss not to mention a few. Most notable of course, are his dubious musical tastes ("ladies and gentlemen, Miss Amy Grant") and temperance in manner and drink. Dave's amiable disposition, moral dedication, and cool hand will make him the best "high-tech Capt. Kirk" to ever blaze a path across the sky. More importantly though, it's made him the finest friend for whom any could ask.

Godspeed Dave.

Scott D. Vogelsang
Schlong
Liverpool, New York
Ocean Engineering, Submarines

Schlong came to us from central N. Y. a lean, mean, stroking machine, having just captained one of the best swim teams in the country. He proceeded to validate every swim test they could throw at him for four years. After a go at the J.V. team and a bout with the waterpolo fellows, however, Scott decided that swimming was for fish. Yet his affinity for water did not end there, as Schlong became quite the ocean engineering stud. For Scott, an "A" was 95 and above, although even the prof's allowed more room for error. Despite his academic prowess, the scouting report on his nerf basketball game illuminated an acute lack of dexterity in his left hand - one might even say an affliction - earning him the nickname "The Claw." Second class year brought a company commander position and a spring break road trip to the surf, sand, and suds of sunny Ft. Lauderdale. Soon afterwards, Scott sacrificed good gas mileage in return for the high performance of a 1980 diesel rabbit, in which he perfected his "10-and-2" death grip. After an exotic Forex cruise in Brazil, his attentions turned to more important matters; Joan and nuclear powered submarines. Both parties could hardly be more fortunate, and both will undoubtedly discover that Scott's imagination and commitment are rare qualities. We have.

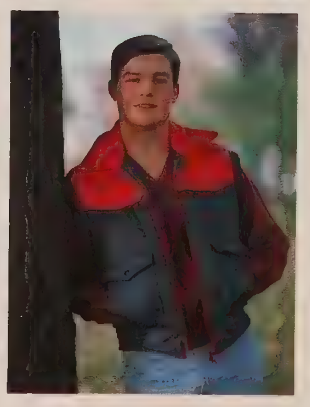
Matthew T. Wallace
Matt
Reston, Virginia
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Surface

Matt's pilgrimage toward higher education and a Naval career began in Reston, VA and ended an hour later at "THE ACADEMY". He quickly proved himself a man of many talents and a quick wit. Among his talents was an affinity for poetry, which delighted his plebe classmates, but did little for the first class critics who were die-hard Pittsburgh fans. Despite being so short, Matt could cover a mile in 4:35, and could walk from his room to the bathroom on his hands. Youngster year found Matt experimenting with Aerospace engineering. After testing over 30 paper prototypes in T-court, his career was cut short by the OOD, and he settled for Systems Engineering instead. To prove his dedication to multispeed blenders and dishwashers, Matt decided to forfeit all sleep for an entire year. All kidding aside Matt is a brilliant engineer with a promising future. After all, the world needs better blenders. There were 2.5 days a week when Matt was at his best, and rarely could be found within the confines of Mother B. His adventurous spirit led him to Hawaii, Norway, and Europe. His taste in cars (even Chateau Silver) is superb, although his flavor for music is questionable (Who's King?). Throughout the past four years, Matt has been a valuable friend and a great roommate, he knows how to enjoy himself and helps others to do the same. He will be greatly missed but he will be a super addition to the fleet. We'll be seeing you down in Florida.

Gary Harmon Williams
Gripper
Las Cruces, New Mexico
Oceanography, NFO

Gary, also known as Mr. Meticulous, Gerber, King of One-liners, Toper, Burper and Stu, came from the badlands of New Mexico where gunslinging, drinking, and listening to country music are a way of life. During Plebe Summer, Gary was known for his obsession with Irish Pennants and his flawless knowledge of rates. In addition to being a perfect plebe — Gary exchanged all of his P.E. shirts — he was a perfect drinking companion ... after any drinking occasion he remembered perfectly nothing. Not even a sellout crowd at Giants Stadium could rouse Gary from a drunken stupor. Several times we have had to explain, "He's not heavy, he's my roommate." Dragging Gary's body at the expense of belt buckle, shoes and trousers or bouncing his unconscious head off of door frames, dashboards, etc. provided entertainment during Gary's moments of indulgence. Gary overindulged at times ... nose shots of Guinness Stout, Harvey's more-than-Gary-could-keep-down special, and Chicken McVomiting. During conscious moments, Gary entertained with endless one-liners. He was the power behind Mike Force with the ability to clear the wardroom with a single one-liner. And when Gary couldn't come up with crude comments, a thundering belch would do. Then there's his outrageous accent ... the woe-man in Dee-troit who he couldn't take to the thee-ater because he didn't have his billfold. Gary outgrew his gross taste in girls and found satisfying companions for his roommates. We'll never forget the duty car — the Olds 98 that could (well it almost got us to Lauderdale). Or that "off-duty cop" wardrobe of Gary's. Rooming with a future 5-striper for two years taught Gary to overlook friendship when it came to the Admin Conduct System ... et tu Gary. But we still love ya. Best of luck to everyone's best friend.

AMF WDE AMH



Scott J. Williams
Willy
Yardley, Pennsylvania
Computer Science, Nuclear Submarines

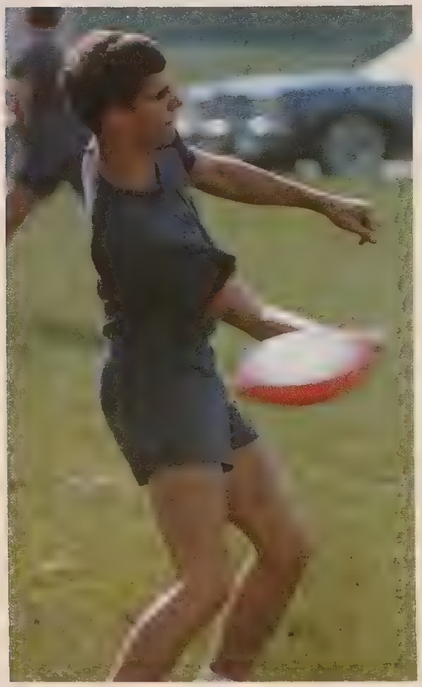
Now I ask you, how can anybody spend so much time at the Halsey weight room, in Franny O's, at Wendy's hamburgers, in the company wardroom, and at home just about every weekend with his bride-to-be and still get a 3.3 QPR? - by being my roommate Scott Williams, that's how! Even in the most tense situations Willy's laid back attitude prevailed - "Relax, it's only 6:27, I'll make it" - as he steps out of the shower. However when push came to shove and hard work was called for, Willy was the first in line. His many all-nighters at Ward Hall and his outstanding performance on the company fieldball team testify to this.

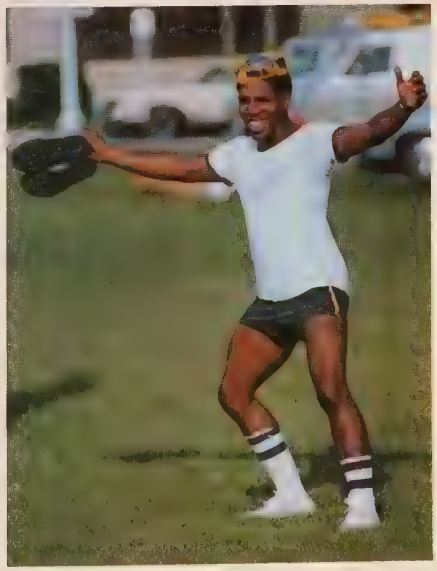
Along with Willy came his beautiful Mom - the adopted mother of the 19th company. Her humor, smile, and fantastic cooking will be sorely missed by us all. But she can be assured that we'll stop in whenever we get the chance.

Upon departing the sacred halls of Mother B. for the last time and leaving behind the days of company sub-commander, conduct officer, color guard, and the gang, Willy will don the dolphins and tie the knot. Believe me, both are gaining an outstanding person. I'll miss your smiling face Willy, but it's nice to know it will always be that way.

Love, Mel.

Twenty





Matthew Raymond Avila
Matt
Turlock, California
Aerospace Engineering, NFO

Being an aero major and the skipper of the fastest boat and crew at NASS is no picnic, but Matt managed to make it one. He quickly learned how to skate out of plebe year, watches, duty, and weekends. Matt strives for perfection in everything he does - studies, sailing, striper billets, sleeping. As an aero major he does quite well; he averages 12 hours of sleep every day. Matt's sleeping habits resulted in fame. Last month, the American Medical Association did an article on him and his terminal Burnius rakcius (rack burns). He's buying his own bedspread when he graduates so he'll always have a home away from home. The only time Matt isn't sleeping is when he's with the Peruvian. That's the only time he has better things to do than sleep, but sleeping runs a close second. I'm sure one day he'll trade in the blue bedspread for his very own Muggy blanket. Everybody puts up with a lot from their roommates and Matt is no exception. His chances for being a pilot were ruined when his roommate hit him in the right eye with an iceball, causing him to lose vision in his left eye. Matt loves to drag his hallrat roomie out into the real world once in a while - Dahlgren, the Dockside, Catonsville, the Azores. I've enjoyed all of it. Thanks for everything. Keep the cowboys and indians coming and don't let flight school interfere with your sleep. It's been real and it's been fun, but it hasn't been real fun.

Greg

Charles Howard Bagwell Jr.
Clinton, Mississippi
General Engineering, Naval Aviator

*Clinton, **MS** not **MA,** and I want to fly . . . 3125 . . . Maj. Mayer: "He won't make it here" . . . Ac-year comes and the nomad begins his trek through the desert of roommates . . . 1:15 late at X-mas: metal detectors don't like big watches . . . Porter, McCarthy, McCauley and I'm still here . . . 20 min. at dead week: cheap youngsters . . . 3 hrs on Aug 21: ATC Strike . . . Youngster year: laying low, visiting little brother at UVa, and making my best grades . . . June Week and Christie B. . . . Commitment?: No sweat! . . . now 20# lighter . . . 4-2 and life with Pearsall . . . 20/20 . . . 1.58: Bye bye Aero . . . Second semester upper rack scam . . . 2 hrs at spring break: Airline overbooking (Delta is ready when you are) . . . Bagaday Inn . . . Lt Marty: "Alice in Wonderland" . . . I never drove it, I just **bought** it in the yard . . . various weekends: major traffic jams . . . tell us about the greyhound race . . . 20/20 . . . one curb=$936.32 (32 cents!) . . . 70.3 miles in 6:59:27 . . . Baitin' snail traps in Sicily and gettin' blown sideways by F-14's . . . 63 days of leave=$240 of comrats . . . Navy vs MSU=2,000 miles in 34 hrs (4-weekers? ROLL ON BAGS!) . . . Bergen says: "He's not ready to be hired" and I say: "It was worth it" . . . Did I ever really restrict? (Thank you Noles) . . . 1st semester and the Doghouse Squad . . . 3rd Wing Change Machine Runs (2:09.52 and no challengers): Hey you! Stop! . . . Finals come and I'm an LTM minus the labs (of course) . . . 20/20 + #814=Pensacola on 16 July '84, Thanks to a rigorous program of nonstudy . . . made a B on PCE by one question and if I cruise Vine-UN I'm outta' here (well in the black on leave time) . . . Thanks to the man upstairs, 'cause he knows better than any that I probably shouldn't have made it through here . . . may 23 May truly have been "June" Week.*

Love, Bags

Warren C. Belt
Warren
Panama City, Florida
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Power

Here are just a few of the things that have had a lasting effect on my life while at the Naval Academy.

Mom and Dad - Model parents, I only hope I can do for my kids what you've done for me.

Megan-Smeggies/War-War!! A team forever. You love me so much you almost lost me, now you're stuck for eternity.

FCA - It turned my 2.6 on paper to a 4.0 in my mind, some things are more important than grades. Thank you Ace for taking me from one side of the alter to the other.

Hometown - I am privileged to be from a city with two cultures. P. C. has the world's most beautiful beaches — it also has some of the worst (or best) Southern drawls of any hick town in nearby Alabama. 6 months TAD on the Gulf, I'm glad I'm finally working for a livin'.

John V. - My Best Man, 'nough said.

Bags - Thanks for putting this place in perspective so many times. May your Mach # be greater than your QPR.

J. B., Tom, Tommy, Rips, and San - Thanks for the semester in the 2-3 shuffle.

Dobbers - you get my vote whatever you run for.

Systems Eng. - 4 yrs. and I still don't know what it is.

God deserves all the credit for any good I've done in the world and he only knows what is to come in my life, but I feel safe.

In HIS service, WCB

David A. Booth
Booty
North Tarrytown, New York
Mathematics, Marine Corps

When Dave decided to attend Canoe U. over nearby West Point, he doubtless had very little idea of the impression he'd leave with the Brigade. His impact has most certainly been felt by all those who dared to step between him and the goal line in Company football. Not that he's an animal or anything — animals don't laugh while ripping someone's shoulder out; Dave does. Fortunately for 20, he left a much more lasting impression in other, more important ways. His friendly demeanor touched us all each day: the Booty never let his horrendous math courses interfere with his personal dealings. Dave is a model leader: not the type we read about in NL, but one with an amazing ability to deal with all people — a thinking individual, who can cope with any situation handed him. As a result of this, he has earned the respect and admiration of everyone who has had the pleasure of dealing with him. The plebes idolize him — at least those he didn't maul over Plebe Detail. Dave will always remember his one weekend away from Annapolis (in all 4 years), explaining to his parents that Dobbers really is a living entity, his maid, and the love he has for the Naval Academy. His only mistake was going Corps: He can't go Blue/Gold with Mike (Sorry, Susan), and I won't be able to serve with him. I will sorely miss the finest person I probably will ever know. The Marines will never appreciate just how lucky they are.

TJC

John Brendon Bowie
JB
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania
Physical Science, Surface Navy

Thanks to Everyone who helped,
you know I wouldn't have made it without you
And a special thanks to Susan,
to whom the only appropriate way to say thank you is:
WILL YOU MARRY ME?
JB

Richard B. Cox
Bich
Pueblo, Colorado
(History) NFO

Rich came to the banks of the Severn from Pueblo in a seersucker suit, bag in hand: "Hold on to my money, mister?" Plebe Summer went fairly smoothly for Rich, with only an occasional breakout of baseball with Tony. Plebe year found Rich toiling in the Boge-Man's class, trying to comprehend the modernity of the Bauhaus. This intrigued him so much he became a History major. Youngster year found Rich on 2-3 with some really cool roommates. That year Rich became the Monk of USNA. "This damn East Coast"; "Why do you guys call me B. H.?" Nobody will ever forget the wet T-Shirt contest. As a second class Rich went to West Point; what really happened is only conjecture. He returned only to go 4-2 with He-be-ge-be. Plebe Detail brought the best in Rich: "Hey, Beanhead!" Firstie year saw Rich become company sub-commander and a force to be reckoned with (?). Rich evolved into the strange star of the punk world, Rich Vicious, to the surprise of his friends. There are so many memories of Rich that we remember: the sight of Rich forever munching on sunflower seeds or sitting in his bed with his books open and his eyes closed, or his favorite position - slumped in his chair with no visible signs of life. SLNESS; UNNESS; No, Worse!! Good luck in the air; it's been fun. Watch out for Jim, Ed's bro.

Rolling Stone

Thomas J. Cuff
Cuffer
Seminole, Florida
Oceanography, Surface Line

"THE GOD OF SOLDIERS, WITH THE CONSENT OF SUPREME JOVE, INFORM THY THOUGHTS WITH NOBLENESS, THAT THOU MAYST PROVE TO SHAME UNVULNERABLE, AND STICK I'TH' WARS LIKE A GREAT SEA-MARK, STANDING EVERY FLAW, AND SAVING THOSE THAT EYE THEE!"

The Felix Unger of the Naval Academy, 4.0 Cuff was "a good plebe". As the twentieth company meteorologist, Tom holds the distinction of being the only Mid in history to drive more than 100 miles to watch the snow fall. Excellence and consideration come to mind when describing Tom. He came to the Naval Academy with an idealism that would not quit. If a good cause existed, Tom could always be found as its advocate. Never one to become irate at a well placed barb, his good humor was an example to all. (As a Tampa Bay fan this was an absolute necessity.) Tom has a chemistry of friendship, pride and integrity mixed in a perfect solution of judgement and toleration which sets him above his peers. An intense individual, when Tom started a job it got finished. When it was done, it was done well. To most Mids he will be remembered as a dedicated and considerate leader. To a lucky select few, he will always be a very special friend.

DAB

Thomas D. Deitz
TD
Matawan, New Jersey
Political Science, Marine Air

Tommie came to "Das Boot" school from "the Swamplands of Jersey." The first thing on his mind was to continue a sparkling wrestling career. He did find himself on the mat, but after a short time, he also found his knee under the knife. It was at this point in time that TD crossed over to the 150 lb. football pipeline. Go Navy Club Army!

After a relaxing cruise to Gitmo during the summer TD returned to the Academy to become the field general for 150's. But wrestling was not out of his blood yet, he and Bruno successfully captured the tag team championship that year. How about those Churchill lectures on Friday nights Tom! Academics, youngster year? Well let's not talk about that.

Second class year brought an enemy to Bruno and Gito and their way of life. A quick room change and a hard-core treatment with discipline problems soon found the tag-team champions towing the line! Yeah right! Second class year had its ups and downs for Tommie, another good 150's season insatiable weekends and fieldball. Academics finally caught the quarterback behind the line and sacked him on the 1.47 yard line. At half time he was reprimanded by the owner of the mids and had to withdraw from the "Mr.

Michael J. Dobbs

Dobbers
Lakewood, California
History, Submarines

Every form of refuge has its price. Four years will get you five but I somehow suspect it is more than that. Maybe it's simply not knowing if your name is Might-Have-Been; also called No More, Too Late, Farewell or simply coward. Maybe it is not knowing whether they really intend, and have the power, to eat the orange and throw the peel away — surely a man is not a piece of fruit. Maybe it is not being able to aid the rebel who guards the seemingly impregnable fortress of youth as something of undefinable essence and inestimable worth dies before your helpless eyes.

Maybe it is hurting the people you love the best and creating a debt that can never be repaid and will never be forgotten. To learn that the world breaks every one and afterwards many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills — so you break.

Maybe it is imploring to some unknown entity to speak to me, take me up — take me, Life of my Youth — you who are care-free, beautiful — receive me again. But nothing stirs. Listless and wretched I sit as the past withdraws itself . . . Nevermore.

But, the past is the present. It's the future, too. We all try to lie out of that but life won't let us. The real price is realizing you've sold the only thing you have of real value — your self and allowed them to do things which are done before you realize it. And once they're done they make you do other things until at last everything comes between you and what you'd like to be, and you've lost your true self forever.

Thank you Susan, Mom, Dad, Booth, Yo Deitz, Rips, Bitch, Cindy, Hanno and Dave Thomas — appearance is not reality.

Je suis venue, J'ai vu, Et j'ai vaincu. Mais, j'ai peur que le prix etait trop cher. Neanmoins, j'avais eu la chance.

Rafael Espinosa

Ralph
New York, New York
Political Science, Surface Line

Ralphie came to the banks of the Severn with an open mind. He soon lived up to his name when we were let out in the fall to drink, just ask the "head". He had a knack for running fast which meant he was never late for taps.

He got a chance to use his Spanish when he went to the Med. for youngster cruise. It was there that he fell in love with shipboard life. He didn't go Corps because he doesn't like to shave! Except for formals.

First class summer he was off to Mexico to "study" Spanish and the Mexican Maidins. That is where he met Beatriz. He was so taken by her that he went back during X-mas to see her again. At the party after Service Selection he was a hit with his "yard of ale" drinking glass he brought back. Again he was true to his name, as always, when he got back to the Hall. At least he feels better in the morning.

Good Luck in the Mahan Ralphie Baby!

Chas

Charles Andrews Frederick

Chuck
Greeley, Colorado
English, Surface Line

Chuck has had a very unusual past. He must be one of the few mids (if not the only) to graduate from the academy without having graduated from high school. But before he came here he used the Marine Corps as a stepping stone. He really wasn't a Marine, he just wore the uniform for a while. After a short visit at NAPS, he left his mark on plebe summer. He was a big help to his squadmates who didn't know what the hell was going on.

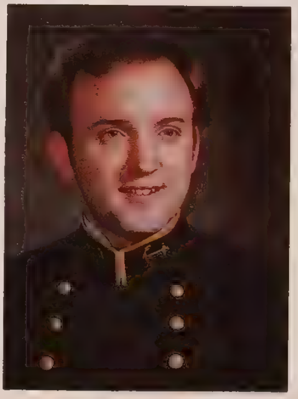
One thing about Chuck is that he always tried to slide by with the minimum amount of work. Academics were definitely not a high priority; they weren't even a medium priority. As a matter of fact, I don't even think he gave them a priority. He also avoided physical exertion like Don Juan avoids that thing called AIDS. Working out was not one of Chuck's major endeavors. Coming back from Christmas plebe year he brought back with him a double chin and a double belly.

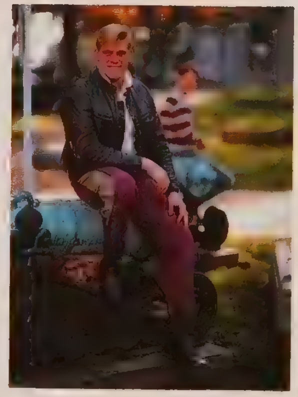
One of the habits he had which always gave him problems was his smoking. But no one can say he never tried to stop. He quit the day before every mile run and about 2 weeks before room selections went.

First class year he developed a chronic health disorder which caused him to frequent Medical regularly. I think it was called, or rather, she was called Robin.

But now that we are divided by this vast continent all I can say is Good Luck Chuck on board the USS Frederick. Fair winds and following seas, and may God deep six all your problems in life.

Ralph





Alfred John Grosskurth Jr.

Aldo
Branchville, New Jersey
Economics, Navy Pilot

Aldo comes to us from the peaceful hills of northern Jersey. After four years he still hasn't convinced us that the air is actually clean up there. So this is what NAPS produces. A boy wonder who 'got Cuff' for his entire stay at USNA. A clean cut preppy who all but blew out of his shell over the summer of '82. A guy who tried so desperately to save Manny but lost him, finally, to 35.

"How's my hair for inspection?" he'd inquire "It's to Long Al." "Ah c'mon yours is longer on top. I . . ., I . . ., I . . ." Yes you got fried. Oh well, you live and learn. And learn he did. To heck with his conservetive part and tweed dinner jackets. Zippers, hairspray, zippers, earrings, zippers, shades, zippers, and leather. Eyeshadow? The Musketeers would never have been the same without you.

What about those '82 parties. Ashley + Shelley, hotel rooms in the Little Creek (not to mention those 'gripping' cab rides), car hoods at P. J.'s (tears for Sheena), late night snacks on Culver's lake, Lady's night (or was that Lifeguard night?), Gats and Izzy homeless, New England arm wrestling, and of course no money.

Second class year molded the inner man. Al's crazy influence spread like the plague to his close friends. By first class year he'd settle into his image of new wave man and set his mind on the three most important things - music, clothing, and of course Heidi.

Good Luck at P-Cola . . . The fun has only begun.

James W. Hannan, Jr.
Hanno
McLean, Virginia
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Subs

Hanno, the man the legend, arrived at USNA and was immediately distinguished by his cool Northern Va. style. Though a Systems Major from the start the Boge held a macabre fascination for him. Never such innocence again. He was the Co. Lt. Wt. QB stud. (So shall YEE hear it again) (Dining out at home with Anna). Youngster Year brought Jim two SL roommates and a 2-3 state of mind, along with some less than reg activities. We all know he was ripped off in the wet T-shirt contest. Jim continued to excel in company sports but free agency was in the air. (Fieldball) (WE's with Anna). 2/c year saw the emergency of the SL brothers in the suite on 4-2. Hanno went to England on an exchange, played mess games and proved that the human body can survive the Royal Navy. Not to be outdone the Brits came over here and almost got Jim in trouble: "Flag? what flag?" Jim did well over plebe summer but the plebes thought he needed a shower. Jim was company commander during the first semester of first class year. A four wheeled British mistress filled Jim's time but there was still enough time to give Anna the ring. Hanno, you're a great friend. I know you'll always remember the good friends and times with Slward, Rips, J. B., Tom, Tommie, Bags, Warren, Mike, Noles, Ose, Tites, J. T., Dopper, Dukes, Mike H., John, Rich, Aldo, Lou, Bucks and all the rest of the fellows. Good luck in the real world.

Gregory Alan Heruth
Grit
Manitou Springs, Colorado
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

Greg or more affectionately called "Grit" (as in "TRUEGRIT") by his roommates assaulted USNA from Zoomieland. And assault he did. Greg entered the Academy with the same vigor as he has always had. Grit's love for life was obvious. He did things he liked to do - unafraid of the consequences (as can be verified by the Manitou Springs and D. C. Police Dept.). Greg's adventures took him from skinny dipping in D. C., to 1/C boxing in 6th Wing parking lot, to 32 hour "no rest-stop" drives to Colorado, to bathing suit dives into snow banks and whirlpools with Kathy. Grit has this thing with pain - he loves it. That's why he joined Crew. He loved the seemingly endless hours of power, the early morning marathons, the hours of power, THE ERGO, and those big blisters he called hands (knit one-pearl two . . .). Crew has meant a lot to Grit - it gave him a challenge and he surpassed that challenge. 2/C summer gave Greg more than just fun *and games in P-cola and V-beach - it gave him Kathy. She made such an impression on Greg that he voluntarily threw his little black book (which was in Playboy's top 10 list) away. Greg and Kathy hit it off from the start - all you heard was "I can't stand it - it's going to be one more week till I see Kathy." To Grit the separation seemed endless, but their love endured and at Ring Dance Greg slipped the engagement ring into Kathy's wine - she almost choked. Kent and I have been rooming with Grit since plebe year - but Greg, I still pinned you - our friendship will be lifelong - THANKS GREG. Thanks for the cookies, Kathy. Thanks Bob and Rufus and the kids; and thanks MOM and DAD.*

Wiegs and Pecks.

Alexander S. Heyward
Slward
Vienna, Virginia
Applied Science, Navy Air

Slward's chief worry when he arrived in Annapolis was academics. He thought the dictionary was a poem and he read only R&T. Indeed the struggle was long and hard at first, but the academic excellence rubbed off of such roommates as TD and JB and Heyward was on his feet in no time. He left the JV soccer team to start an upward trend, but it failed. Then something beautiful came into his life: SLNESS. Sandy and his new love were reborn in '82. To celebrate the event, he took off and skied in the Bavarian Alps with JJ and Rips. He'll always remember the trip because it was then that he learned the value of a dollar. Spring break brought more excitement as he contracted water-on-the-lung for backseat quals. The summer was emotional diversity. Hedgewood soared in PenSLcola, met the Big O and gagged in speech. 2nd class year looked to be an improvement while living under the influences of JH & SR. He began to break onto the other side and after a quick trip to Ohio had the best semester out. The ring dance was a bit unusual with Lo, especially having to caravan down to Norfolk at 6 am. But Bucks, Lou, Hannan & Heyward survived with the help of Gliebe, Mr. Taylor and the beach. Then it was back to USunA for some revenge doing detail. Slward finished the summer by cruisin to LA to check out the Bronze God (Sweathill) and catch some real waves. By moving up to slsville with J Bonus, Tommie, Tom, & the boys, Sandy could concentrate on better things besides school: like coaching 20th CO soccer to its best season, adding chapters to the SAAB story, talking to the babes, & bringing the guys down to sponge off Shan's Pool Hall and MA's Diner.

Willie H. Hosch Jr.
Salisbury, North Carolina
Physical Science, Surface Line

Willie needed more than Carolina sunshine. Willie's desires searched for new adventures and the height of fun. So what did he do? Well, you should know by now he joined the swinginest place on the east coast, Disney . . . I mean the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis Maryland. It has a ring to it, the United States Nav . . . Anyway, Willie has single handedly proven that the numerous academic boards and company officers could not over shadow his desire to prove the common man's value to the armed forces. Excelling in track and field for four years, helped to improve his general concept of the mission of the Academy. All is well with this young man and good luck he will always discover.

John E. Johnson, Jr.
Johnny
Harvard, Massachusetts
Oceanography, Navy Pilot

John came from the sheltered world of Deerfield Prep in Massachusetts. Who would ever think this pure young boy could be corrupted by the likes of Lorelei, Doreen, Lesly, Wendy, Aundi, Annette, Bridget, Suzanne, Jenni, Mary-Anne, Gina, not to even mention Shelly. Prep, Prep, Prep, NuPrep, Nuprep, Nuwave, Noway. That's John, like the ultimate in vehicles, ready for all occasions. "Aldo, I'm not even going to wear that, no way! Hey this doesn't look too bad!" "Oh John you look so cute." New Jersey, home away from home, always a roof and a room ready. Christmas formal, 2nd class year. "Doreen, I said that? Tell me I didn't do that Al. I can't believe it. Straight to waffled. HWalp!" "unter glieben, glauben, globen." Those insane moments. Those special vacations. "go for it, Al." Mani's cousin. Christmas '82, summer '82, a life of insane experiences. Academics, partying, John found the ultimate balance between the two. How he ever did it I'll never know. For those following learn well from the master. There's a wealth of wisdom to be found.

To think it's all gone so fast! P-cola here we come. All for one, and one for all!

Michael R. Lopez
Lopes
San Antonio, Texas
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Only two things come from Texas . . .

Mike had submarines on the brain from day one and not even heat transfer with "the Rocket" could change his mind. From his silver dolphins to his Marine Engineering major (engineers forever!!) he had never known what it was like not to glow. "Lopes" worked pretty hard, but let it never be said that he didn't have fun, too! The dirt-cheap price of rum in Puerto Rico made his Caribbean cruise a real dream, though it adversely affected his golf match with the Shore Patrol. They sent him to Airborne School to learn some discipline, but all he brought back from Georgia was an affinity for Southern Comfort and Holiday Inn hotel rooms. Tim told him to "get wet"; the only way he knew how was to become a scuba diver. Mike always pushed himself to the limit in sports, even if it meant playing while injured. After all, a broken ankle only takes a day or two to heal, right? How do you do it, Mike? "Sports through chemistry." Mike did have one small problem. Moonlighting as a consulting philosopher apparently damaged his musical taste. He sometimes had trouble telling the difference between country music and the Beatles. Mike has a very bright future ahead of him if he can just get one thing straight — the wedding march does not start with "Why don't we do it in the road!"

Edward C. McCarthy
Puddles
Beacon, New York
Math, Marine Pilot

Ed came to Crabtown from a small NY town washed by waves (wavelets?) from West Point, you know, that Other Place? Unfortunately, he had been affected: "Mr. McCarthy! Beat Navy?!" On route he stopped at Marquette: Sae a ROTC sir? No, Kill a ROTC! Yes, Ed had it rough: As he was loved much by Oram and boat booms. He couldn't seem to find a major or a sport, either. Finally, as a 'ster, he found himself. His personality fit right in with Math (you know, it works, but you can't prove its existence), and he discovered CREW. Surprising for a guy who hates water. He'd decided on 3/c sub cruise that he didn't like Subs or targets; he'd rather stay on the ground. Ed learned much as a 'ster. (No, you can't study in steerage after Taps!) Second Class Summer rolled around, and with it the bet with "Cutch" and Todd (I still don't believe it!) Second Class year, well there's only one word - Dace. First Class Summer brought Marine Option cruise, Airborne, and a girlfriend ("She's the only one who can do more pushups than me.") Yes, love was truly Airborne, (can't keep away from those women in Uniform, huh Ed?). Then came plebe detail, and for the first time the plebes fried their squad leader (white socks at drill, Ed? Come on!) Seriously, Ed's managed to overcome all obstacles (Hey, we tried.) He'll do well in the Corps (Hey Ed, teach them to drag their feet, huh?) Hey you, give me fifty!

Thomas A. Meadows
Gritz
Osceola, Arkansas
Mechanical Engineering, Navy Air

Tom would have written this himself but, he is at crew practice, so I'll tell the story . . . Gritz came to USNA from Ar. not having any idea what the place was about. He united with an ex-fleet-type Plebe summer and he and Nols became inseparable: same weight, same height, same receding hairline, yet morals 180 apart. This is not to say Tom was a saint, his bashes made their mark (Philadelphia looks great from the edge of a 20-story building, huh?). This Southern Man saved his best partying for the Jersey Shore: the beach, a steak, a six-pack, James Taylor and Bicardi (we did have a good time, didn't we??) Tom's Ar. habits followed him to Annapolis as was evidenced by his job "wake-up man" for his roommates (Tim, Tommie, J. B., it's time to git up). The amazing part of his early morning rises was the fact that he rarely got to sleep until the A.M. hours, only to awake facing strengths, dynes, thermo, etc . . . You know all those sadistical courses taught in that Engineerig building. Tom fell in love during 1/C summer to a beautiful '83 Cutlass and became the apple of every Southern Belle's eye. 1/C summer also brought Tom to San Diego and many adventures with his co-hort, Bing. Bing and Tom didn't just party, they helped the children and senior citizens of the area as well??.

Well, now the days are getting short. Tom will prove many people wrong with his M.E. degree ad 4 yrs. of crew, but only those who didn't know him. Pensacola will be just another challenge to face and I'm placing all my money on Tom. The flight suit and the gold wings will look good with the dark glasses. Yo, take it easy.

T. D.

Kent Thomas Peckenpaugh
Clyde Park, Montana
Physical Science, Surface Line

What would someone from land-locked Montana want to be in the Navy, let alone the Academy for? This is one of the eternal questions for which Kent has never been able to give us a good answer to. Kent came from far-off Clyde Park, Montana (a thriving metropolis of 350 souls) to join us in July of '80 - a mere 2 weeks after learning of his appointment.

It seemed for the first two years that we were destined to lose this member of the "Boys," since with every return from leave Kent professed to being closer to leaving. However, somewhere between cleaning pools at Ho-Jo's, 3½ years rooming with Bob and Greg, 6 long drives to or from Montana, and 2 seasons of supplying a tailgate Kent decided to stay.

Kent shared alot with many of us: his speakers with Greg (how did you use them plebe year?); fish with Bob (really, only 3?); cousin's house with John (Lorrette who?); sponsors with everybody; 3/c cruise ship with Rich (how's Tijuana?); and plans for San Diego with Cuffer (enjoy that Kidd for him). Nonetheless, he swears he has gotten more than he ever gave. How many times did Greg make his rack when Kent's arm was in a sling; how many chow-packages did Bob share; how often did we hear of his plans to go?

Kent left for everyone who touched his life in his four-year stay here a special kind of Thank You, but an especially strong one to Wiegs, Grit, and Bob and Rufus (and clan). As he heads off for his San Diego, he wants to wish everyone the best and that we all find the same kind of friendship that he found.

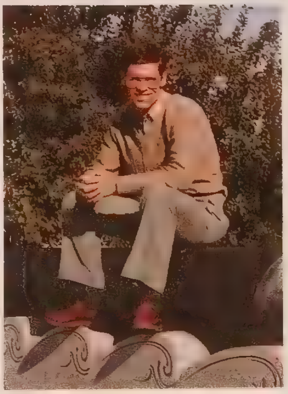
David Scott Ratte
Navy Davy
Stillwater, Minnesota
Marine Engineering, Nuke Subs

Early in his life the Ratte's realized that Dave was special, being the only redhead among the four brothers. He confirmed their suspicions when he spoke his first words "nuke bonus" . . . thus sealing his fate! Two of his brothers went to the UnCollege so it was not surprising that Navy should arrive at the Field House on I-Day 1980 with the class of 84 — but who else came with Reef Points in their back pocket and already memorized!?! (He was to carry the Concept of Gouge into academics for years to come.) Memorable moments during plebe summer revolved around his insatiable appetite for ice cream, which would force him to draw up before his firsties more than once! (It was hot that summer for all but no one suffered as much as Minnesota's redhaired boy.) Ac-year began and Navy struggled through classes with the rest of us . . . only to relax to his older brother's stereo and "take out" ice cream.

Dave's youngster cruise was naturally on board a boomer — where he grew a scraggly beard and badgered Supply for more "scream". Earning his silver dolphins between movies Navy returned a "changed man" . . . and more fervently a nuke than before (can you say "$6K Bonus"?) He began his studies as a Marine E. anticipating NRC interviews and only sweated once — Navy vs. the Rocket, staying up late into the wee hours nearly every night. Later he was able to begin his social life and Holli B. replaced ice cream in his lovelife. With a new red station wagon bought we can expect little nukes in their near future!

Best wishes and God's love to Navy and Holli — have those kids soon!!! Glow with the flow always.

K. Wurly.

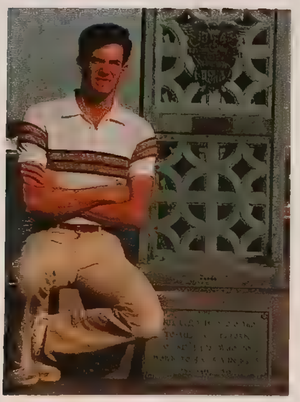


Scott David Ripley
Rips
West Carrollton, Ohio
English, Navy NFO

All for one and one for all
Sunrise, sunset
I am the bold thunder
With cat-like tread upon our prey we steal
  February Twentieth Nineteen Eighty-Two
    If I keep on talking now
  I'll only start repeating myself . . .
She doth teach the torches to burn bright
The colors of my life
I met a girl, Kate was her name
You know I love you, my Darling Angel Eyes
So though we are as nothing
  to the stars that shine above . . .
One singular sensation
Don't bother, they're here
Goodbye Osip, goodbye Ivan
Please celebrate me Home
Erinnerst dich unseres Deutsches Geheimnis
You can close your eyes, it's alright
Everybody ought to have a maid
Suddenly the raindrops that fall
  have a meaning
But the moon is slowly rising
Yet herein will I imitate the sun
. . . for worms, brave Percy
This story will the good man teach his son
I'll adore your charm sublime
See how the Fates their gifts allot
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence
  of dust?
Dear Catherine,
Yet in these thoughts myself almost
  despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
  gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
  brings
That then I scorn to change my state with
  kings.

Timothy J. Rogers
Tim
Waldron, Arkansas
Math, Nuclear Submarines

Not long ago, in the unexplored western territories known as Arkansas, a man destined to be known as "God's gift to Goucher women" set out looking for the true meaning of "It's not just a job, it's an adventure." He went through a year at Hendrix College plus a stint in the Marine Corps before he happened upon USNA. Once Tim arrived, he immediately immersed himself in what is truly important at the Academy: ECA's. From the glamorous world of the Masqueraders to the floundering Radio Club, Tim found the time to make significant, well appreciated contributions and countless friends. Academically, Tim had THE PLAN. He started off as a chemistry major, switched to math, and took lots of extra 400-level courses. He had the Administration so completely snowed that they sent him packing for a try at a Rhodes Scholarship. Tim will always be remembered for cruising to Subic Bay, butchering the Spanish language, and running with Goucher's Fun Bunch. His altruistic nature was a source of strength his friends could always count on. Now that you've set the world on fire, enjoy some of the warmth!



Kurt Venard Scott
Kurly Wurly
Chula Vista, California
Oceanography, Nuke Subs

Kurt is the only person I know that brought his body to the Academy but left his heart in San Diego, his memories in Hawaii, his mind in Wisconsin and his family on the high seas of the Pacific. As a plebe, Kurt had to decide between validating a few semesters of classes or getting great grades. His choice: a 3.5. He kept this up until he met his favorite teacher, Tappy Jones — the pride of the chem department. Kurt tried to be like his other classmates, but like always, he wound up being different. He got (OH MY!) a 'D' in Organic. The rest of the students? An 'F'. See how selfish he could be? So he decided to continue the traditional youngster slide and become a swim major, I mean an oceanographer. Second class year Kurt got back on track and started jamming with his sponsors Linda and Eddie. In a matter of a year later he became the most feared firstie in Twentieth Company. He wielded more power in the realm of academics than the Supe at an Ac Board. The end result? #1 in academics for 20th, first semester, senior year.

Kurt went everywhere with his portfolio of pictures of his sweetheart Karen. And God forgive the person who messed with Kurt's leave. He'd gladly exchange ten room tours for an extra 6 hours of leave — even after he just had 21 days. He became the master of validating out of potential summerschool, hiding hair as long as Van Halen, never admitting he was a mid (even to Fwayne, Party Marty or Drew), and getting to sleep before midnight every weekday night.

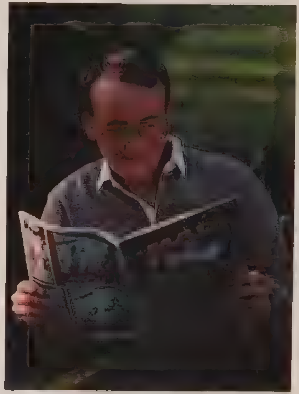
If Kurt keeps at it though he'll become as successful in life as his water polo teams. Good luck and may God and radiation always be with you.

Navy.

Gregory Allan Shore
Doughboy
Hampton, South Carolina
Operations Analysis, Supply Corps

*Greg made his way to USNA via the backwoods of South Carolina which provides some insight to his character. It didn't take Greg long to make himself comfortable as a midn. During the course of plebe year he managed to start several new habits such as smoking, drinking, and swearing. Youngster year, after trying various afternoon activities (YP's, sailing, etc.) Greg found his niche on 150's and earned his no cover chit for life. Greg's academic achievements were overshadowed by his pursuit to live an easy life. Being the company wardroom rat for several years it was only appropriate that he became wardroom pres. The one aspect everyone (including CO's) will remember first about Greg will be his room. Room standards simply didn't exist. In his natural habitat Greg could usually be found in the rack at any hour and must have set a record for classes missed over 4 years. First class year he modified his room with the purchase of a computer. This wasn't your normal PC, it allowed him to enjoy video games and OLD MASH*** at home. First class summer was a real shock to Greg on Marine Option and put his career plans in the air. Through a chain of events Greg found or rather his service selection found him the Supply Corps. Best of luck.*

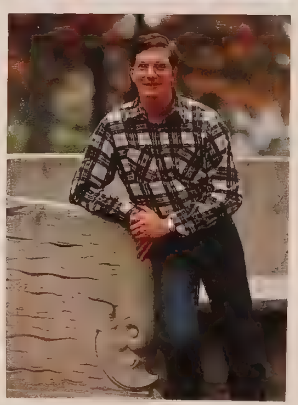
Matt



Robert N. Wiegert
Wiegs
Chicago, Illinois
Oceanography, MSO (Diver to be)

In the world there are large gerts and there are small gerts. 20th company got lucky and got the only "WEE GERT" However, his size never daunted his relentless spirit. Any time of the day or night you could hear him yell "Hey, you wanna wrestle" to whoever might be in the hall. When he wasn't in the hall wrestling someone he could be found playing his melo with John on the contra on the many weekend fiasco's with D&B. Spring of '83 brought out the he-man in Bob, he became a powerlifter, in less than a year he had qualified for Nationals and had beaten ARMY, receiving an "N" letter. Sweat was the name of the game in his Swimming Major, he wanted to be a Navy Diver and but for a short delay he would get his wish, eventually retiring on his own Fantasy Island. Bob joined Kent and Greg plebe year and the three spent the following three years sharing almost everything; after-quarters breakfast, care-packages, and a wonderful set of sponsors, but Bob you still lost the pizza bet. After the 3 finally retired to the "Barn", Bob decided to change his style. He tripled his wardrobe and went fox-hunting to far away places: California, Florida, Colorado, Montana, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Well, look out sharks cause Wiegs is on the way.
Grit and Pecks
Wiegs' Note: Thanks MOM and DAD, I couldn't have done it without you two - THANKS. Love those Care-Packages, Mom! Thanks Willi, Liz, Marianne, Greg, Kent, Bob, Rufus, and the kids; and thanks John, Nancy, Kathy, Mr. and Mrs. Funk, Uncle Eddy and Aunt Mary . . . and you too Kathy. So many people to thank but not enough ink. This place has given me everything - I'll miss it. Greg, Kent, and John - THANKS!

Navy Divers - We Dive the World Over



Thomas M. Wing
Tom (Winger)
East Hope, Idaho
Aerospace Engineering, Surface Line

Tom started out in California, and went downhill from there. How could anyone live in Idaho? Was USNA a turn for the better? Plebe summer was interesting (What's a chowcall?) and plebe year even better (I forgot, sir!?). He managed to validate himself right into a hole (Have you climbed out yet?). Youngster year was better for Tom: a 3.00 - a first! - and Connie made life easier. Cuffer and Dobbs also made life-interesting. Second class summer came and Tom began to question his dedication to surface line: subs began to look good. Well, like always, Tom decided to put it off as long as possible. On to the summer of '83: YP cruise, Elisa, and home. (Not bad Wing-man!) Considering all, you might say this last year has been a challenge for Tom. Squad leader twice, (What happened the first time?) Tom's role model just couldn't be beat (never did like the dentist, did you?). But as we all know, he was always there when needed. Service selection came and Tom's true self came through - surface line.(We knew you'd do it!) So it's the USS Stoddert, Pearl Harbor, and 8 months in drydock for Tom. Oh well, as the saying goes, fair winds and following seas (But you never did like it that easy, did you?)

A thanks to all the people who helped you through: your Family, Fred, Cuffer, Booth, Dobbers, Connie, Elisa, and especially Mom and Dad. Love you all.

ERM

Twenty One

Daniel J. Adams

Uncle Dan
Brick, New Jersey
Ocean Engineering, Marine Pilot

Dan came running in from Brick, N.J. (exit 7A) via NAPS thanks to Al's intense recruiting techniques. Dan's post NAPS gunginess quickly waned as did his desire to please Al by cutting weight off of his already massive 6-6, 175 lb body. Being a misplaced 60's flower child, Dan's music tastes were under constant scrutiny as was his music bible. His "punk rock" posters provided a psychedelic aura to what would have been a drab decor, even Bud agreed with that one. Since all of Dan's heroes expired (i.e. Hendrix, Morrison) his only shoulder left to cry on was that of Timothy Leary. While serving his country in San Diego 1/c summer Dan's appetite shifted to his Suzie Q and her Barbara. Swimming across the bay with those California curves turned out to be a natural aphrodisiac for Dan. As a matter of fact, Dan opted to go into the Marine Corps. They tell me that the Corps is a great place to start a family. To the best "XO" and friend, Good Luck.

Edwin Leigh Armistead

Leeroy
Yorktown, Virginia
Physical Science, Navy NFO

The man will be a legend in his time, whenever that will be! Leigh came to USNA from the growing metropolis of Yorktown, VA., a place where sidewalks don't exist and where big nights were spent at the 7-Eleven!

Leigh had 1 goal, and that was to be a Navy pilot, we even remember his flying lessons with Chuck during Plebe summer! Tragic was the day he had to settle for NFO. Another one of his dreams came to an end when the dean told him that with a 1.1 he should switch from Naval Arch to Phy Sci.

A funny thing is how nobody realized what a ladies-man he really was, like going to 5 consecutive dances with 5 different girls! Maybe because he didn't date any of them a second time?! We will also remember the life of the Party for the Army-Navy game in '82, especially Keith! That's probably what started the war between them, where Leigh lost 2 fine airplanes and a hammock! Leigh is also a modest guy, he wouldn't wear his N-star sweater just because it had a little black M on it. For him everything is a matter of strength and coordination, we wish Dorky lots of luck on his boxing, in Pensacola. His thought processes amazed us all, known as Armistead logic at USNA, or Lesliatis at JMU, we can just hear him: "2 plus 2?. Well. I don't know. But. You see, HUM,. It's like. Of course, my dog died you know! What does that have to do with China?" As one of your 9 roommates here at Canoe U. I want you to know that we wish you the best of luck in your life and career. Is that the same? May you find that special girl that will decipher the "Armistead logic".

James Ashley Clark

James
Ocean Springs, Mississippi
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Air

James came to the Boat School from the Deep South, but forgot and left his accent at home. We all thought he wanted that debonair "James Bond" mystique when he refused to be called "Jim" or "Jimmy" - it was only "James", and an occasional "Jimbo-de-dimbo" or "Ashley". 4/c Sweat-er-Clark had a pretty rough plebe year. He lost his high school girlfriend spring leave and the PE tests made him realize what an uncoordinated spastic he really was. His trademark, a laser-beam study light (to keep his eyes 20/20), kept the whole room awake. James returned 3/c year with a vision. He knew he could become a stud and began to work out hard. He pushed himself all the way to Ft. Benning where he got his jump wings. 2/c year was the Geek year. He took the only real major - Aero - and paid for it with many Mother B weekends. He bought his dream car (Celica GT) and guarded it with top security - his own father couldn't drive it. James had a relapse of his studliness and blanked out on his plebe wrestling one night during a rumble when our plebettes took him down for the count. During 1/c summer, plebe detail was dropped due to a very difficult FOREX to New Zealand: bar-in-the-wardroom, Kim, cocktail parties, Fiona, wet navy, and "Debbie does Dunedin." He had impressed Jill so much the year before that he became our token 1st semester Batt tool. We welcomed him back 2nd semester with open arms - especially Pete. Despite all the prodding he had to go Grunt or glowing green, he kept his sights on the F-18 and is sure to find his dream come true (unless he parties too often like he did after Service Selection) in sunny Pensacola.

SMN

Ramon Antonio Collazo Jr.

Glen Burnie, Maryland
General Engineering, Navy NFO

Ray came to the academy from a town, not too far away from Mother "B" known as Glen Burnie. After a disillusioning plebe summer that left him unprepared for the "POW" experience, Ray eagerly accepted the personal interest shown toward him by his ac year squad leaders.

Plebe year was otherwise uneventful with the exception of learning how to write (viva la Revolution) and his induction into the Aqua Rock Society.

After a terrifying excursion on the high seas in a Navy Yawl (or as he told his mother), Ray returned to youngster year with a new determination to "find his roots." The beans and rice were flowing freely and the Salsa never stopped (remember Manuela) as our Ramoncito reeled in his ethnic bliss. But something was missing from the wine, women, and song of life. Ray, never one to let a good deal stay good, left his present girl in search of a different breed. When he found her he thought the good times would never end and frankly neither did we.

Also youngster year, Ray subscribed to the Major of the Year Club that would eventually take him from Poly Sci to Aero to General in a whirlwind of academic interests.

Second class year brought stability to Ray's turbulent academy experience. He decided to live a little outside of the classroom thus he made his final major selection. The cultural crusade also came to an end with the advent of a girl who wasn't even Puerto Rican.

As service Selection rolled around, Ray was steadfast in his decision. He was definitely going to choose something. What it was exactly depended on who he talked to most recently. Ray finally chose navy NFO and with that we wish him much luck and success in the future.

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EXPLOSIVE C
S FEET
INCHES
POUNDS
OT FORGET
MEN LOST
DISASTER

James R. Deal
Doktor Deal
Grand Prairie, Texas
General Engineering, Surface Line

Russel — I personally refuse to call him Dok. Russel operates on a slightly different plane than most people around this place. Some of my early clues were when he woke up one morning and cracked about every joint in his body (knuckles, arms, legs, neck, back, eyelids . . . everything). My second clue was when Scott walked in and found him sitting in the closet.

But despite his quirks, Russel is probably one of the best people I know. There is little doubt in anyone's mind (with the exception probably of his own) that Russel can be bizarre; but anyone that can put up with Scott and I for two years must have something going for him.

Russ has a beautiful fiancee, Therese, who I'm sure will take care of him in the future. I wish you both happiness and success in the future and I hope the Surface Navy treats you well. Good Luck.

BDK

Bob Ernst
Ernie
Plantation, Florida
Management, Navy Air

Ern strolled into the Boat school from the beaches of South Florida. Along with his flip-flops, mirror sunglasses, Jimmy Buffet, and ONJ head bands, he brought his Save the Manatee campaign. Although the Company Mellow Officer preached mellowness, behind closed doors not even the largest family sized Ban roll on could keep him dry. Not one to shirk personal hygiene, he still stows his shoe strings. Throughout his academic career, Ern never once completed a technical homework problem without the gouge. As a matter of fact, his gouge box perpetually runneth over. After a short first class cruise, Ern the professional stud, attended the Amphibious Assault School in Fort Lauderdale. During his final year, he never missed an episode of Cheers, Hill Street, or Monday Night Football at Mrs. Cleevers. With any luck, Ern may become the first 20 year retiree with 19 years TAD. If you ever get there Ern, Good Luck at Flight School.

Frederick Morris Fegan
Small g
Cincinnati, Ohio
Physical Science, Marine Corps

I came here from the Queen City via NAPS and MMA. It was a long journey getting here and an even longer road to graduation. I have learned a lot from my fellow mids and maybe they learned a bit from me. During my stay I have seen a few deaths and a few births. But through it all Jesus Christ was in control and still is. It was His will that was done and all praise is His.

I'M BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

Scott S. Gordon
Gordie
East Lyme, Connecticut
Political Science

Bruce: Bird.
Scott: What-ugh; that's really rude !
Bruce: Hey, sorry. I think I'm sick.
Scott: That's no excuse - get outta here.
Bruce: Wait, this one isn't too bad - I kind a' like it.
*Scott: That's **really** disgusting.*
Bruce: Right, and I guess you poop vanilla ice cream?
Scott: Hey! There's gonna be a Thunder-cloudover the desk in a minute.
Bruce: Did you go huntin'?
Scott: Yup.
Bruce: At least I call my birds.
Scott: I called it!
*Bruce: Yeah, a minute after the fact when there is no chance to **escape.***
Scott: Would you be quiet. I'm trying to study.
Bruce: Sure.
Scott: Seriously.
Bruce: Hey Scott . . .
Scott: What?
Bruce: Bird.
ukk ukk ukk

BDK

Donald L. Griffin
Griff
Butler, Pennsylvania
General Engineering, NFO

Griff flew into Canoe U (well not really, he was in the back seat and always will be) from Butler, Pa. His love of airplanes led him into the Aerospace Dept. but one of his ex-Marine buddies led him right back out. Griff really didn't mind the transition into G.E. because the free time enabled him to join the recreational reading book of the month club. Griff was known to be a hard, but vivid sleeper. The rack was his podium for such famous quotes: "You guys better do your Graphics homework," "It's all for the audience," and "I'll take my dirty laundry over to Jody's." (We have a feeling that Jody will be doing a lot of Griff's laundry) Griff's easy going style fit in well with the abusive firsties in 21. We hope he doesn't blow things off in P-cola like he does here. We wish you the best in your naval career even if it means financial security through long deployments. Seriously Griff, we all treasure your friendship and spiritual encouragement. May God be your guiding light in all you do.

Ec 4:9

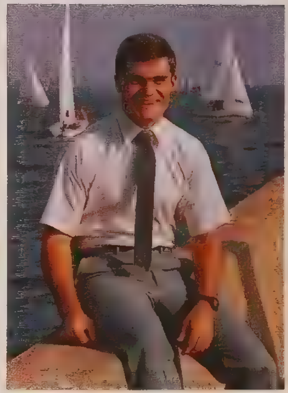
Jonathan Edward Hartman
Uncle Jon
Fish Lake Valley, Nevada
General Engineering, USMC

Jon Hartman flew out from a ranch in Nevada and quietly began his military career in the humid summer of 1980. Ambitions to graduate from USNA with a Mech. E. degree and a Navy Air billet pushed him through his first couple of years here. Although Jon was over 2700 miles from home, he carried with him a trait that was easily recognized by those who knew him - Jon was impeccably organized. We often kidded John that he stepped over the line in his efforts to keep track of his daily life in an exact and disciplined manner, but we couldn't help but admit that Jon "had his act together." He sure did make efficient use of his index cards, calendars, filing systems, and even the computer to organize anything from class notes to financial transactions to PCR gouge.

Jon was a hard worker in whatever he did, whether it be struggling over homework problems, running with company-mates over some nasty jogging trails, or even racking. Jon was a pretty sound sleeper, and it was often an enormous challenge to ensure that he was upright for morning quarters. Jon had a friendly and outgoing personality that made him a favorite in the company, and his bold leadership traits made him a natural company commander during the second semester of 1st class year.

Somewhere along the way Jon decided to join the Band of Brothers in the green uniform. Despite going Corps, we all still came to love Jon, and so did a cute gal from back home who will tie the knot with him in a June wedding. It's a sure thing that the Lord will continue to honor Jon as he heads out into the real world to exert a very profitable and positive influence on the lives that come into contact with his own.

JWM



Michael C. Jelepis
Psycho
Haddonfield, New Jersey
Physical Science, Surface Line

Those who go down to the sea in ships. Who do business on great waters; They have seen the works of the Lord, And his wonders in the deep. For He spoke and raised up a stormy wind, Which lifted up the waves of the sea. They rose up to the heavens, they went down to the depths; Their soul melted away in their misery. They reeled and staggered like a drunken man, And were at their wits end. Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble, And He brought them out of their distresses. He caused the storm to be still, So that the waves of the sea were hushed. Then they were glad because they were quiet; So He guided them to their desired haven. Let them give thanks to the Lord for His loving-kindness. And for His wonders to the sons of men!

Psalm 107:23-31

I'M BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

Bruce D. Kocher
BeeK
Annandale, Virginia
Political Science, Marine Air

***sleep** (slep), v., slept, sleeping, -v.i. 1. to take the repose or rest afforded by a suspension, complete or partial, of consciousness. 3. to be dormant, quiescent, or inactive, as faculties. 4. found in the rack, or in classroom, in the act of sleeping.*

***row** (ro), v.i. 1. to propel a vessel by the leverage of an oar or the like. 3. to convey a boat that is rowed. 4. to sit backwards in a boat and expend great amounts of energy. 5. blisters, on Spring Break, ergos. 6. to row against in a race, and win.*

***graduate** (n., adj., graj oo it, v. gra aj oo at), n; adj; v;-at. ed, - ating.-n. 1. a person who has received a degree or diploma on completing a course of study, as in a university, college, or Boat School.*

SSG

David J. Kowalick
Dave
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering, EDO

Dave stumbled into Canoe U. from Allentown, Pa. He started his career as an integral cog of the infamous "House's Helps." After George disbanded the "helps" Dave's interests turned towards "bodybuilding" or whatever it is those muscle-heads do. Speaking of muscle-heads or is it meatheads, in Dave's case we never could tell. He was USDA prime as was is appetite. He even required his personal "cold spot" life support system and often "searched and rescued" gallons of ice cream, and shopping bags full of chocolate chip cookies. Dave typified the ocean engineering major by his extensive use of gouge. He often produced amazing gouge, when all others had failed, as if he had pulled it out of his "poop shute." Unfortunately Dave, the only gouge on the bridge of a ship will be your bottomless coffee cup and a pack of cigarettes. Remember, only 2,179 more bridge watches till MIT. Always have fun with Suzy and Yoko. Rudder amidships, all ahead full, smooth sailing, steamboat Davie.

A. G. Laing
Ace
Braintree, Massachusetts
Resource Management, Navy Air

"Quick, powerful, totally unpredictable"

Andy claims to be from Braintree, however, this is merely a coverup. Everyone knows that he is found only on Cape Cod playing smash mouth. He has many interests. He enjoys floating in warm sea water, going to the 400 club, reading the funnies, traveling, eating, sleeping, getting his roommate in trouble with the chief. He is not without problems, he relates poorly with other people's toothbrushes, and I have suggested counseling.

Plebe summer it was quickly apparant that he loved to march. He found it amusing stepping on Mike's heels. His joy turned to sorrow when he had the misfortune to question a first classmans sexual preferances. Plebe year he got off to one of the fastest starts in Academy history, only to blow it all in the now famous "Beer an Pretzel affair".

Andoo's escapades during cruise are well documented and no matter how much he attempts to down play them, it is true that he has wreacked havoc, caused panic, and spread social unrest in every port he visited. On Blacks beach in San Diego he laughed at the Nude Bathers. In Tiajuana he drank cactus whiskey and dared Los Federales to arrest him. In Frisco he viewed the annual Gay Day Parade with amusement and showed absolutely no sympathy for the handicapped lesbians with children fund.

Athletically, Andy starred on the hockey team. His powerful defensive play retired several opposing players early. Lettering all four years, Andy provided much excitement and leadership.

Socially he is one hell of a good guy, and the women accept him too (Ha), love is more like it. Andy has chosen Navy Air, Goodluck.

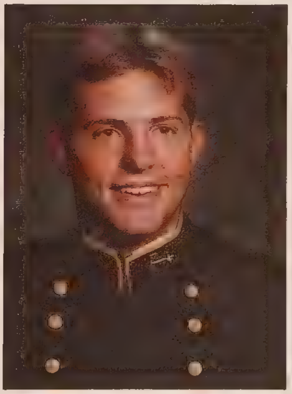
T.C.L.

James Francis Lazevnick
Jim
Paulsboro, New Jersey
Ocean Engineering, Navy Air

Shizzy came to us from Paulsboro, N. J., a small town surrounded by chemical plants which may explain a lot of things. As soon as he set foot inside the "Yard" he was determined to excel. During Plebe summer, he somehow managed to blend into the woodwork and, at the same time, put up with his Latino roomie (what did you say your name was?). Plebe year was uneventful, except for choosing Ocean Engineering as his major (the mellowest major around$$$$). Youngster cruise, though the shortest cruise in USNA history, couldn't persuade him to become one of the "elite" in the Silent Service as he began to lean towards Navy Air.

Youngster year Jim came back with what would turn out to be an unreachable quest — Stars! For three semesters he labored, only to just miss the mark each time. Bruised but not defeated, he realized that being the model midshipman just wasn't meant to be. Thus, he redirected his energy toward a more attainable, and invigorating, goal. Summing up as much charm and vulnerability as he could, he somehow managed to catch the attention of a Univ. of Maryland coed, Linda. Soon, thoughts of Fluids (remember the Rocket) and Ocean Structures were replaced by thoughts of other structures. Jim, not one to rush into anything, realized in just 8 months that she was that special someone, and hopelessly caught the dreaded Engagement Disease. After that, he'd never be the same, as was evident in his newly-acquired taste in clothes. Upon graduation, Mr. and Mrs. will sally forth to Pensacola in search of the coveted wings of gold.

Best of luck and all good things always — the last 4 years have been a pleasure. And remember, P-3's equal Per Diem.



T. C. Luke
Thousand Oaks, California
General Engineering, Marine Corps

"Recalling an Age when Demigods walked among Men". "Coolhand Luke spent a year giving the benefit of his experience to fellow Napsters before joining the Annapolis educational movement. Plebe summer he started a legacy of outrageous behavior, by dressing as an admiral for come-around and wearing his glasses to meal so that he could deliberately act like a Geek. It was hard to keep a straight face when Tom used his nerd voice on an unsuspecting firstie.

Ac-year Tom got down to the serious business of being a laissez-faire plebe. Army week was the highlight of the year, beginning with the unauthorized abduction of 3-0 Jack Dalton and culminating in an outrageous night in Philly.

Youngster Cruise T. C. saw action in various West Coast cities, notably Tijuana and San Francisco. Cape Cod also benefited from Tom's partying out-of-bounds that summer. After that, Tom's reputation grew along with his popularity as an entertainer. Dahlgren Hall became his personal Kingdom of Pleasure while slam dancing his way into the hearts of various women and "who can ever forget the humpback?" Tommy was always sticking things up his nose, eating small bugs and running up scores like 3-2-1 for one night.

In athletics, Tom began his career as the Plebe smoker Heavyweight boxing champ. Second class year Tom reached his goal as Brigade Champ in his weight class. In between bouts, Tom landed a spot on the wrestling team twice, but was limited in action due to injuries.

Tom has chosen the Marine Corps as his future service. Good luck in the F.M.F., Tom, and we hope your troops can keep up with you.

A.G.L.

Charles B. Lynch
Ula
Bordentown, New Jersey
English, Navy NFO

Chuck wrestled his way into Canoe U. via NAPS and was immediately discovered by his fearless squad leader, Pretty Peggy. (Boy, could she give a tuck) Chuck was a great help to his Plebe Summer roommate by giving him his first flying lessons . . . across the room, that is. Chuck rolled around on the mats and other places until he finally found a real sport in Navy Rugby. Thanks to his new found sport, Chuck was able to make some lasting impressions on Navy, his body, and of course the ladies. Chuck could be picked out of any scrum, since he was always the best dressed rugger. One question though Chuck, did those ear casts really come out of the fall issue of G. Q.? Chuck's classy appearance was carried off the field as well. Always an eyeful for the ladies, Chuck had many a woman falling at his feet. They came in all sizes, shapes and service selections. These girls, however, were no match for his Bordentown babe, 'Ebelin', who managed to keep Chuck happy and confused for his entire four years stay at USNA. Chuck's confusion lasted into service selection night as he decided to leave the Band of Brothers for those Navy wings of gold.

We're all sure that Chuck will fare well and be happy anywhere he touches down. Whoever else is lucky enough to make Chuck's acquaintance will immediately know the great friend that we've had for the past four years. Good luck Mugs.

S.S.S.

Charles J. Martini Jr.
Chuck
Springfield, DelCo, Pennsylvania
~~Physics and~~ English, Surface Line

~~Navy Pilot~~--
~~Navy NFO~~-
~~Nuke Surface~~
Skimmer Puke

"Why be normal?" — Hilf

Arsenio K. Menendez
Chico
Hamburg, New York
General Engineering, Surface Line

ARSENIO CAME TO US FROM THAT SELDOM HEARD OF TUNDRA REGION CALLED (we're talking proud) Buffalo via NAPS. Almost immediately he became known as a sports whiz kid and the Navy's foremost proponent of jet aircraft. After subjecting us to a year of standard issue NAPS stories, we decided nonetheless that he wasn't that bad a guy. It did, however, take some doing to make him admit that James Bond and Luke Skywalker were really fictitious, but, after all, that's all part of growing up.

As time marched on, Chico weathered the academic monsoons by throwing his precious Aero major overboard. It was tough at first, but he could always find comfort in his school yard haunts searching for worms in a bottle.

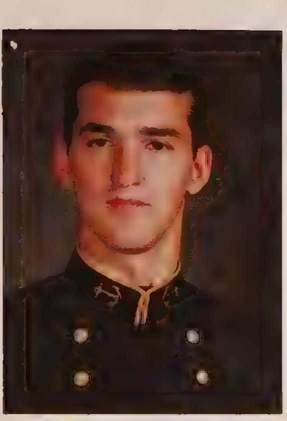
First Class year, Chico redefined "valiant" as, armed with only a Visa card and a Midshipman salary, he sallied forth to confront the horrid foe known as Sports Car Expense. It was not a pretty sight but as the phrase goes it was "above and beyond the call".

Alas, Chico lost his coveted pilot vision and chose instead Surface Line. Thus he will be heading to the land of abundant blonds known as California. Happy hunting, Chico, and remember us as we'll always remember you! Good Luck and Godspeed.

William Linwood Mergen, Jr.
Surface William
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Surface

Bill came to the Academy from Rhode Island or England or Cuba or somewhere. Anyway, he got here. Bill was a surface liner from conception. From the way his over-logical engineer's mind works to his low center of gravity for riding rough seas, Bill is all skimmer. Even his low stature will come in handy down in those cramped engineering compartments. He spent his first three years on Navy's sailing team trying to get even more salty. First class year Bill finally realized weekends existed and gave up the yawls for a Toyota Supra. Right full rudder and full speed ahead!! Watch out Bill, the "Rules of the Road" are a little different on the Interstate. We will never forget his annoying logical systematic approach to ***everything****. Who else would spend three weeks of research before buying a sleeping bag? Somehow girls never seemed to fit into Bill's scheme of logic. I guess they don't have enough right angles for him although he did seem awfully interested in a certain Army Lieutenant. Of course Bill was a member of the famous Savage River Expedition. Everything that could go wrong did, including Bill almost dying in the middle of the night of food poisoning. Care for some frozen chicken? Now Bill is headed to Nuke School. Just think of all that green. No, not the money Bill . . . your skin! And say good-bye to what little hair you have. We all wish you luck as a nuke skimmer. You will need it more than once during your 35-year career.*

KLW



John Wesley Montgomery

Wes
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Surface

Everyone that knows Wes has seen a nearly perfect man. He is well known for taking his time at meals. His most memorable study environment was horizontal, blue, and furnished with a lamp just over the pillow. I have no idea how many hundreds of electrical engineering problems were conquered from that comfortable office space.

Sometime after midnight, Wes managed to finish the homework and get some sleep. However his roommate had the peculiar problem of being deaf while asleep, as Wes patiently woke to noisy devices each morning for three years. For most mids a "double-E" major is enough to stay busy with. Yet Wes was able to conduct Bible studies, be a member of the Honor Committee, play basketball, golf, football and work out, and still make time to be sociable, kind, and a good listener in his unhurried way. We often answered the phone to hear a pretty voice from Tennessee (with a distinctive drawl) say, "Is Wes Montgomery there?" So we all knew Wes and Marice were more than just friends . . . but their September secret kept real well until after Christmas. Our congratulations to both of you and may God bless you. With the foundation of good parents, and the faith, hope, and love that only God provides, we anticipate that your future will be one of great satisfaction and reward. Fair winds and following seas on the finest nuclear surface ships. "All that are with me salute thee. Greet them that love us in the faith. Grace be with you all. Amen." (Titus 3:15)

(JEH)

Peter Marshall Mullenhard

Thunderchicken
North Augusta, South Carolina
Aerospace Engineering, Surface Line

Pete Thunderchicken Mullenhard came to USNA from North Augusta, South Carolina where Pete was a high school ROTC stud and cruised 120 mph in his chicken coop orange vega. Pete was famous for his vega stories. We have heard every one at least 1000 times. We can't understand why he ever got rid of the thing. If you ever suffered from insomnia, you just had to ask Pete to tell you one of his stories. You were cured within minutes. Pete never drank before he came to USNA, but we soon changed that. We are sorry we did. Pete always did one of two things when he drank - he either jumped into your rack or went woman hunting. Pete's first experience with overindulging was when he found love in a Dutch prison during youngster cruise. His next experience was during youngster year when he met Amy and was in love again. But a month later he did it again and met Jeaneen. Four months later they were engaged and that led to joint checking accounts and bedroom furniture. Pete's last experience with alcohol came the day after service selection. He blew tubes in first period class! What a class-ic! Pete enjoyed the surface line phase of second class summer so much that it became his life long ambition. We all want to wish Pete, Jeaneen and the kids the best of luck.

Scott Michael Newman

Mugs
Baltimore, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering, Navy NFO

Scott joined us at USNA after a one hour car ride from Baltimore. This could be one reason why plebe year had such little affect on him, since he knew home was just over the horizon. From day one, Mugs was always one of the most dynamic people in the company, that is, when he decided to open his mouth. (How can you go for four years without saying a word?) Of course, he had some more passive ways of letting us know he was about, especially in the wardroom. Scott had a very successful academic career, being the only Aero to both survive and keep his grades up. His efforts did have some influence on his otherwise drab social life, as the number of weekends he didn't take will attest. Scott's sportsmanship will never be forgotten. No separated shoulder, bruised or broken nose, or cracked eyebrow could ever come between him and his endeavors. (Remember passing out from that strenuous PE lecture?) Scott showed his true colors in Pasadena when he refused to let any of his friends meet his sponsors' daughters. (How about that California basket leave?) Scott was an excellent roommate and friend and he deserves the best of wishes for the future. See you in P-cola.

James: "Scott, you didn't!"
Scott: "Thank you." (smiling)
James: "That's disgusting!"
Scott: (Service Selection night, if I can remember) "It just doesn't matter anymore."

JAC

Nicholas Palmiotto

Palmtree
Mahopac, New York
Applied Science, Nuke Subs

Palmtree came to the boat school from Mahopac, NY, home of famous celebrities such as Henry Winkler and the B-52s. Nick's plebe year was relatively uneventful except for one minor 5000 series offense. Youngster year, Nick soon began his normal routine of life at USNA. Any late night at the hall Nick could be seen studying and sweating profusely. Nick met a certain "Naomi of the North" youngster year and it looked like he was going to be sharing his igloo with her after graduation. It all ended suddenly second class year, however, and Nick was never the same after that. Soon after I believe he decided to go Nuke. Nick never really deserved the nickname kneepads because he went to three striper boards and struck out at all three even though the Batt O was a nuke. First class year was a complete change for Nick. He gave up his geeking and four consecutive 4.0s and began to lift weights so he could be like the grease-man. He also became a party animal. Trinity College will never forget the night of Nick's 21st birthday. Good luck Ens. Nicky Kneepads and watch out for Japanese freighters.

Javier E. Roquebert
Javi
Panama City, Panama
Systems Engineering, Guardia Nacional De Panama

Javi came to USNA via the Panamanian connection and having been used to the slower lifestyles of Central America he had to learn to adjust to the fast paced life at USNA. He was always late for class.

Javi's grasp of the English language was a little problem during plebe summer. Who can forget Javi being fried for not knowing the National Anthem! He knew his but not ours! Or how about his attempt to save Mike from suffocating.

Javi was never one to work hard at anything. He will be remembered for his strenuous afternoon workouts. It must have been tough for him to get out of bed every day for formation. His favorite passion was to sit in his room with a cigarette in one hand and a coke in the other. He dreamed of this. Javi liked classes, they enabled him to catch up on his sleep!

Since he was the only smoker among us, Javi was always switching roommates. Of course he always got along with his roommates like when he got fried a 4000 series offense over a quarter.

For a man who by law can't marry until 1986, Javi sure has been flirtin with disaster. It all boils down to the BB theory. The ladies-man at all times, Javi sure knew how to love them and leave them. That is until he met Dawn!

In a final glimpse of what it must have been like to live around Javi at USNA, I think it can accurately be defined in one word: sloth. Javi was the epitome of slothliness. We will all really miss you and your adventures. Have fun in Panama and don't get married before you are 30!

Scott S. Spearing
Spears
Danvers, Massachusetts
Political Science, Marine Air

Scott arrived at the Academy the same way he left complaining the whole way. Being a native Bostonian Scott could always be identified by his use of the "proper english" (what accent?). Taking up rugby early in his academy career, Scott gave his all for Navy and shattered the record for the number of broken noses. On the academic side, Scott took up the "rigorous" Poly Sci program as his major. All Poly Sci did for him was make him cry about doing papers, at the last minute, and let him go to Georgetown twice a week to "research". We all know or at least assume what he was researching - beer and women Scott's two favorite combinations. Mr. Fidelitey still as his hometown honey, but we all know how that goes. Scott has had to fight off the women since he has been here. We know he has done everything in his power to resist, but, the Trinity girls, the "Porcelain Princess" and other such desirables are just too overpowering at times. Through these four years Scott has been a friend to all. We did have to put up with his crying at times, but then again he was always the first one that we would cry to. Scott's been a great friend to us all and we know that he'll do great in the Corps and anything else he decides on in life. Take care and stay "Spears" . . .

S.L.T.

Jerome Stephen Stefanko Jr.
Jerry
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Chemistry, Nuclear Submarines

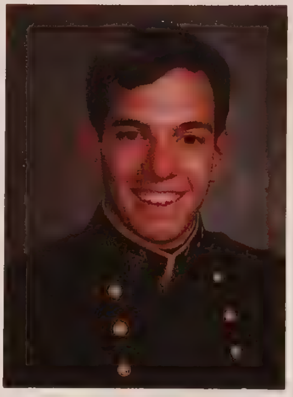
Jerry came to Canoe U. expecting to rip the academic facilities apart; with 155Q SAT's and valedictorian of his high school, what would you expect? Since he had no problems with academics or rates, his main goal was to stay out of trouble. He did this by becoming an out of company plebe. He had more weekends plebe year with the Glee Club than most of us had as firsties. Unfortunately, companies tend to forget you when you're out of sight. Therefore it wasn't until second class year that Jerry finally got those big stripes he was after, but not without forgetting his own company at the interview. He later lost those stripes in a power play to a four striper, but during first class year he regained three and his "wife" didn't outrank him.

Jerry met Marjorie on a romantic moonlight cruise on the Chesapeake Bay in an 80-foot cabin cruiser. Together they survived the cruise and the trials and tribulations of second class summer. Marjorie wasn't the first three striper that Jerry dated at the Naval Academy. It must be that affinity for intelligent women in uniform.

Jerry has really changed at USNA. He arrived a short, meek, quiet little guy but when he leaves, he will be known as the beer drinking, muscle bulging, womanizing man that he really is! (His alcoholic tolerances just amaze everyone.)

Of course Jerry went nuclear power, what would you expect from someone who drives a Ford Fairmont. We will always miss you (Ask Jerry, he knows, he knows everything). Good Luck. Hope you have lots of little Stefankos with big noses!

ELA



Douglas A. Suriano
Mugs
Medford Lakes, New Jersey
Management, Marine Corps

Doug came to his second home via the Marine Military preppie school, wearing his Izod Lacoste pink and green cammies. Hound had that whooped look in his eye from day one. Though he had been away from home for a year, he still possessed one of the longest umbilical cords in history. He went home every weekend he could to work on his car but, supposedly, never to see his "buddy". Of course, we knew better. His dad worked on the z-plane while he sucked face! Amazingly, he still had $100 a month phone bills, that should have been $50, except that he had to explain things twice. Doug's academic career was non-existent. He could frequently be seen roaming the halls at night, working on Co. business, of course. Even though Doug was an integral part of the navy's national caliber rugby team he was always getting abused by the GETO, producing the famous saying "you guys are too tough for me. I'll never mess with you guys again!" Doug was the easiest and most abused of us all, but only because he was the only one who was willing to put everything he had into the company and the class. Without him, '84 wouldn't have been '84. Good luck to you and Lisa with the (Supply) Corps.

Heb. 11

James Shizuo Tajiri
Shizuo
Parkridge, Illinois
Chemistry, Surface Nuke

Jim came to the Naval Academy from a suburb of Chicago. He quickly became known to his friends as Shizuo. His career is a never ending series of zany antics and has been marked by a general disrespect for just about everything. For one thing, when this kid drinks, look out. He has slapped his best friend's mother, destroyed TV sets at Army, beat up officers and gone swimming in the creeks of Annapolis in the dead of winter. Being a chem-head Jim has access to assorted explosives which, at one time, resulted in a fire alarm. Typically, Shiz works out for hours, then studies until 4 and wonders why he feels so tired. However, his intensive workouts have produced one of the best athletes in the playboy gang. The Tajiri room has always been a spectacle. If you enter into his realm on a weekend, you may not get out alive. His personality is subject to assorted quirks. His big kick for senior year was culture. This resulted in the acquisition of a fledgling collection of classical music and a renovated wardrobe. Unfortunately, his ability to use the English language failed to experience equal improvement. Finally, Shiz was a member of the infamous and ill-fated Savage River expedition. Overall, Shiz is a fun and decent person and has been a super and unpredictable roommate. The nuke surface community is lucky to get him. May your shield continue to protect you from the better half of mankind. Good Luck and God Bless.

M.V.

Stacy Lee Turner
The Burner
Columbus, Georgia
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Subs

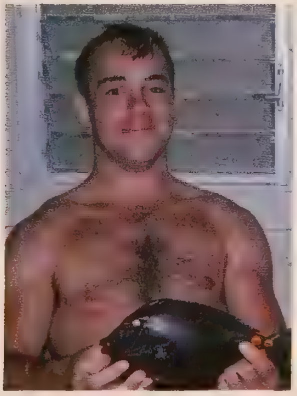
Came to USNA from Columbus, Ga. in the hopes of following in his big brothers footsteps. A marine, true to the core, that is reactor core. The big bonus was too much for the Burner so he became the next best thing in a marine — a submariner. Besides his love for being a bubblehead and diving deep, Stacy enjoys a voracious appetite for women. Big women, little women, tall women, short women. You know, sort of like Armour hotdogs, tough girls, sassy girls, girls that climb on rocks . . . the Burner just can't turn down a pretty face. His favorite stomping grounds was Frannie O's on Friday night because the odds were more in his favor since the underclass weren't around. Able to charm women with his obnoxious sense of humor and quick wit the Burner could always be found with a slim trim dreamboat under his arm. On the more serious side, Stacy will always be remembered as one of the boys. His wide grin, quick wit, and "squeeling" laughter will always remain imbedded in our memories. No matter how deep you dive, Burner, you'll always be in our thoughts. Good luck to you in the future.

Semper Submarino

Maarten Vermaat
Vermit
Beloit, Wisconsin
Political Science, Marine Air

Maarten has always been a slight deviant - Just look at him . . . then look at his name: Maarten Vermaat. What kind of retard writes two aa's back to back. Twice?! Maarten came to us from the belated town of Beloit, Wisconsin. Where the heck is Beloit? What is this place that spawned this pre-pubescent psuedo Marine. Well, in Beloit 100% of the population chews tobacco and the men rope their women. Weeee! Haaa! Needless to say, Maarten's a little backweird. — RUDE GREEN SWEATER, #%¢&!? — The Vermaat lineage has a history of drinking like trout, they have developed an affiliation not only to alcohol but to the residual effects. Maarten has been known to sleep with, cuddle, and show affection to the regenerated residue of multiple pictures of beer and pizza. — FLOURESCENT GREEN SWEATER, Barrff! — Fishheads Fishheads rolly polly Fishheads, He ate them up. Big old Japanese one's. Yep, bit their heads off in the Mayport O-club classic Maarten. — STOP THAT CRAZY LAUGHING!! — Maarten is a poly-sci who can argue any side of any argument and often does so simultaneously, confusing his friends and himself as well. But despite his lack of any form of organization, Maarten has a 3.65. In short he's an apathetic success. Surveys, Savage River — OBNOXIOUS GREEN SWEATER, Puke!! — STOP THAT CRAZY LAUGHING!! — See you later Maarten. We'll miss your laughter. Look out Marine Air and P-cola women!! Good luck and God be with you.*

Shiz



Keith Leonard Wagoner
Worm
Sedro Woolley, Washington
Oceanography, Marine Air

Keith came to us from the Wagoner Ranch on Wagoner Road, somewhere in Washington. He is immortal, a perfect physical specimen and the coolest person he knows. As a plebe his incredible wit led him to bet against Navy when his home team came to town. The next four years were spent doing what he does best - showing off. He went to jump school (and got a rash), vacationed in Bermuda (and wrecked a moped) and honed his marksmanship (but couldn't even qualify on rifle). Then he found the ultimate way to show off and took charge of conditioning squad. Coach Lenz was so impressed, he put Keith on the cover of his new book. Next he bought a '53 Jaguar, but had to tow it home. At the end of the year his mischievous side took over as he terrorized the company with his gunpowder contraptions. First class year followed with the Great Savage River Fishing Expedition. He began to sleep whenever he wanted to (mostly during class) and stayed clear of trouble by employing his great manipulative powers. I asked him about the future and he replied, "I'm a MARINE!" and something about, "Habba du gi, habba du ga, kapernk, kapernk." His shaved head proved it. My roommate had turned into a Marine. I'm sure he'll have fun showing off as Mr. Pep for the class of '88. But most of his time will probably be spent chasing those girls in blue (Service Dress Blue that is). He has been all over the world — MP at Andrews, E-5 at Tinker, 0-1 in D.C., E-5 at Point Mugu . . . Anyway, it was a good four years and I know it won't end now.

WLM

Twenty Two

Rebekah Ruth Barrish
Boo
HEG Naval Intelligence

Rebekah, you've done it all here ... survived varsity track plebe year with Major Dunham (a big accomplishment), come back from knee surgery to star in three musicals, taught English, earned a 4.0 and four stripes. Well, almost everything - you never did run the entire Miklos escape route (guess the upperclass wouldn't have stood for two plebes eating with the "gang" at Chick and Ruth's), or earn your MRS degree, although you came close more than once - and that was only the first year!

Except for wrestling lessons youngster year, from a "captain" no less, you spent the next two years directing your energies away from this bastion of male virility towards more intellectual pursuits. Intellect came to a screeching halt first class cruise, when you went to Hawaii to further Canadian-American relations — or was that relationships? Just couldn't resist those shorts, eh? From Canadian Sub-Lt to Regimental Cdr, your politics made interesting news.

You fooled us all by going Intell instead of Corps. They'll be getting a hard-working, devoted, outgoing, shall we say "lusty" individual. Good luck to a very special friend. CMG and GMD

P.S. From me (RB) — I couldn't leave without telling Gina, Chris, Kathleen, and Barb that I love you all, mucho. Smooches kids.

Stephen L. Blau
Steve
Phoenix, AZ
EME Mech Engineering, Nuclear Surface

After going to NAPS, Steve joined the rest of us here at Navy and quickly made a name for himself by being the only one to make it through plebe summer without getting fried. Steve is quite a runner. He ran Cross-Country and during plebe year he ran a 50-mile race. I shudder at the thought but Steve has the right idea, for life is a marathon not a 100-yard dash. That is the way Steve looks at the personal relationship he has with Jesus Christ, his Lord and Savior. Jesus loves Steve and Steve loves Jesus. Christianity is not a set of rules to live by, but the endurance of an everlasting relationship with Christ and that is what motivates Steve to do what he does. Steve's lifestyle challenges us as he runs with endurance the race that is set before him, fixing his eyes upon Jesus, the author and perfector of faith. (Hebrews 12:1,2)

Scott R. Campbell

Scott
Wallingford, Pennsylvania

Plebe Summer . . . What's that funny smell next to me? . . . A rally hub, what should I bring? . . . Plebe year . . . Listen to what happened to me tonight . . . Come get your roommate, he's out here in his skivvies . . . It's 5 o'clock, should I go to practice? I didn't think so . . . The bet! . . . Great Med cruise, doing circles with 1 weekend in Rota . . . Youngster Year . . . hey, give me another Kamikaze . . . Who's tennis shoes are those? . . . Let's get some hamburgers . . . What class are you guys?! . . . Any plans for spring break? . . . 15 long days . . . Where did those bottles come from? . . . You saw nothing, right? . . . 2/c Summer . . . This is the wrong way, Warren . . . She's only got half her teeth . . . Directing traffic on Bourbon Street . . . You guys will have to leave now . . . Best toot in Louisiana . . . You walked in at the wrong time . . . 2/c Year . . . Tell your roommate to save some energy for me . . . Colorado . . . Where do you go to school at? Oh really, just take it as a compliment . . . Meet my husband . . . What do you mean you won the bet? . . . 1/c Summer . . . Got any movies? . . . Take this card and look her up . . . 1/c Year . . . You hitchhiked? . . . You'll have to get out of the car . . . Look at those grades . . . Am I ranked high enough? . . . No problem. It's been a lot of fun, see you in P-cola, K.

Colin Brett Chaffee

Weed
Horseheads, New York
Chemistry, NFO

Colin started off well at USNA. His plebe year he avoided most potential problems and all upper-class. Third class year Colin's illustrious career really took off. How about that cozy gutter outside Hammerjacks? Looks like you took that Kamikaze idea a bit too far. Then there was the U. of M. lacrosse tailgater, sorry you missed the game. Second class year brought Ivan and his friends who fought valiantly but died, 3D Schrodinger wave equations, and golf at Harry Brown's. Colin and RH set out to vanquish the entire USNA lab facility. We must also remember (because you can't) that night at Fort Appache, U. of Delaware. First class year saw Colins academics give way to comic books. Colin really tried to get into the spirit of leather at the Billy Idol concert. Overall we must thank Jim and Sheila, with a special thanks to Ann, Eileen, and Debby for providing Colin with more mail than the entire plebe class. Good luck as an NFO - watch where you aim those things.

"Goin' where the climate fits my clothes. Goin' down the road feelin' bad."

JJM

Kenneth Alan Everill

Ken
Picayune, Missouri
Applied Science, Marine NFO

Ken came from the bustling city of Picayune, Missouri. Being an ex-NAPSter Ken found Plebe Summer very easy. He also found academics fairly easy. Ken had himself a girlfriend at NAPS, and through Plebe Year he continued his hot romance thanks to AT&T calling her every Saturday night at 11:00. It went like clockwork every weekend until Ken found Fran O'Briens, and that there was more than one girl in the world. Ken found himself in conduct trouble Youngster year when a loser gate-guard wondered why Ken was driving in the yard without his ID card. Old C. C. wanted to take away Ken's first born, but the Battalion Officer straightened that out. "Who owns blue Etonics?" Schnapps, Beer, Killer Kamikazies. Colorado roadtrip. The man with many shadows. "Hey Kenny, getting ready for the weekend?" 3 striper tool. Europe and the Greek islands. Good luck in the Corp.

SRC

Kathleen M. Farnett

Kathi
Cinnaminson, New Jersey
Physics, Engineering Duty Officer

Kathi arrived to USNA via the same path all good mids take - the Jersey turnpike. Not exactly the land of Oz at the end of that yellow brick road, eh, Icky? Not one to come unprepared, Kath brought her flute, Mickey Mouse ears, and a case of homesickness not even a letter a day from Mom could cure. Having a 1/c sister upstairs helped - nothing like a little TV and hot chocolate when curled up on Joanie's rack! While Kathi's plebe year exploits may have come to a screeching halt, youngster year brought a whole new set of adventures in the form of a 6 foot hulk named "Markie." Don't look so innocent; we know what you're thinking about!

After a 2 year long distance engagement (that's a long sigh) during which she nursed "Markie's" way through Nuke school, and her own dilemma over service selection, Kathi's settled on Engineering Duty, and a home in lovely downtown Norfolk. Anything to be with the guy she loves!

Well, Kathi, it doesn't seem possible that you'll finally "be free" on the 30th of June, your wedding day, but we all wish you the best. God bless you both. By the way, does the hulk know you blow dry your hair while balanced on one leg?

R.R.B.

Edward A. Flores
Taco
Fredericksted, St. Croix
Physical Science, Surface Line

Why anyone would leave the Virgin Islands to come to Crabtown we'll never know but Taco did. Eddie came to USNA a highly touted track star only to become captain of the excused squad instead. Despite his annual knee operation he managed to fit in a year of 150 # football and eventually even convinced himself he was the "star" of the company lightweight team first class year.

Taco was as close to being married as one could get upon arrival in Annapolis. As youngster year came to a close it was becoming very clear that Eddie would be one of the first to walk through the tunnel of swords on the chapel steps in May, 84. Second class year, however, seemed to show him the light and he will now graduate a free man like the rest of us (we think).

Eddie spent four years here thinking of two things (besides girls): motorcycles and surface line. We are convinced that he will do much better with surface line than he did with the others. Good luck on the USS Long Beach and we hope you get your Pegasus.

DET

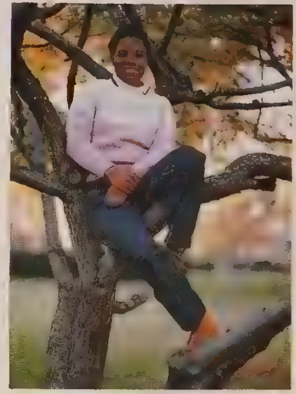
Idean J. Fortune II
Sugar ("Sug")
Elizabeth, New Jersey
English, Marine Corps

Sug hailed from Exit 13 off the turnpike and made it through Plebe Summer relatively unscortched (only 2 Form-2's), but she nearly burned herself out trying to pass SC, SM, EN and NS. With the help of two crazy roomies (Sue and Di), she was able to pull it together during finals. Thus missing the ACBoard by 3/10 of a point. Second semester went a little better. Sug went from a .78 at 4 wks to a 2.5, while starting at 3B on the Varsity Softball Team. (Softball was a varsity sport back then.)

On Youngster YP Cruise we all found out why Sug would never go Surface. That year she became 22's first 3/c flamer. An 'F' on the Statics final convinced her to go from MECH E to HE. Known for her bluntness, Sug was once asked what she was allergic to. C^2 asked her. She replied "Everything that's green and grows, sir."

Sug went from 3/c Flamer to 2/c Torch. Just ask anyone in '86 who gave chow calls near 2004. When S. W. departed, Sug got the pleasure of living with R. B. Room 2004 soon became known as the Icebox. Sug took her anger out on the books and hit a 2.79 at the semesters end.

1/C summer took Sug to France via LCC 20. Upon return to CONUS, she returned to USNA for her 3rd consecutive year with the people at NASP. She also spent a month teaching '87 how to fire a .45. Even though she rarely called the column rights on the right foot, everyone thought she would go Corps. She did too until a week before service selection when she was torn between Navy Crypto and USMC. As it turned out she decided to be one of the Few and Proud.



Dianne A. Hardin
Di
Evansville, Indiana
Economics, Supply Corps

Di came from the land where you "worsh" your clothes and "arn" your pants. You'd think that they didn't have snow in Hoosierland 'cos her favorite line was "Ha! It's snowing!" at 1:00 in the morning. She spent plebe and youngster year running from crew practices to D&B performances. It took her two years to decide to stick to crew, and her heart's been at the boathouse ever since. After practice, she was always too tired or hungry to study. When it came to classes, she thought it was "better to be lost than confused." She was lost most of the time. Study hours were better spent operating the 2-0 Deli and Disco 2021. Thanks to Di, (and her uncle's xmas presents) 2-0 Deli soon branched-out into deli/kitchen/TV room. Needless to say, her favorite hobby was collecting electrical appliances. Her most traumatic experience ever was when that one favorite appliance broke — her waterpik. (to the sheer delight of her roommates who could now sleep in the morning) As a firstie, Di's professionalism and leadership abilities began to shine, during plebe detail. Conversation at the table revolved around "bring me a form-2 and pass the A-1 sauce." As crew captain, Di felt responsible for the well-being of her team. She felt that the crew that parties together, rows together. (that was her excuse for all those Friday-night crew parties) Anyone who can cook in the room and watch a little TV on the side (without CC getting a clue) is destined to be an Admiral in the Supply Corps. Good luck and God bless.

IJF & SLH

Susan L. Honan
Sue
Madison, Connecticut
Political Science, Pilot

Sue, who we fondly call H. B., Honan the Barbarian, or Susie-Q (by the boys), first started at NAPS, and come to USNA with everything under control. She laughed her way through plebe summer, and never saw a form-2. Since Sue was not the studious type, socializing was much easier for her. When she wasn't chasing Navy pilots (or NFO's), she was running around Georgetown, where the civilians chased her! (One poor soul even tried to convince her that he was a mid in 22nd Co. - was he in for a surprise!). Only Sue and Monica could stay out until 7 am the next morning, then go for champagne brunch that afternoon! Or convince Capt. Dempsey to let them throw two Army parties at his house! Or give a champagne tailgater ... with straws! But only Sue could mix her own drink in Franny's! Nothing was more precious to Sue than her liberty, except maybe food; she became the joint owner of the 2-0 deli and polished off any profits that could have been made! Sue's #1 priority here was running with the track team, and her excuse for eating massive amounts of carbos was that she needed them for her track meets. By the time she became All-American and captain of the team, we couldn't begin to count the number of varsity letters she earned. We also couldn't begin to count the number of nights she spent carousing the town with her special ex-Navy quarterback once she got her three striper libs (and before!). But headed for Pensacola now, for a different kind of "AIRBORNE", we know you'll make a great pilot, Sue! We love you!!

DH and MS

John L. Judy
Ludes
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania
Oceanography, Navy Air

JJ never let too many things bounce him from his comfortable laid-back every-day mode: not plebe summer, not finals, not PCR's, not mile runs, not severed engagements, not CC, not even four years of bad luck with roommates. In fact, the only thing that could consistently accelerate the mountain man's heart rate was a road trip with good friends and cheap brew. And it usually took JJ to make things happen or to get things done: A lot of those road trips might never have happened without Ludes lighting fires under our butts.

Among the people who matter most - "The Gang" - John earned tremendous respect and friendship. Very few of the genuine "Good Times" - and there were many - occurred without JJ being a central figure. Yet beyond the numerous traits which make him such a great friend, John has a quality which we all recognize. This quality makes him a capable, efficient, and clear-headed officer. So let the good times roll, JJ, but don't sell yourself short. Few people have your traits and talents. And when you're down, think about us, about "The Gang". And we'll pick you right up.

Konrad Kircher
Kirch
Kettering, Ohio
Political Science, Marine Corps

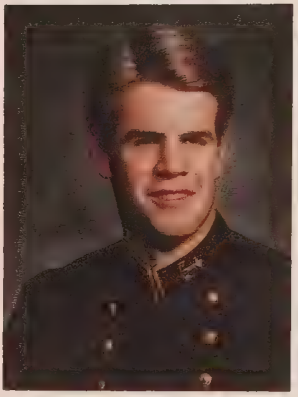
Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly ... Many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism ... nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars ... and whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should ... in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.

Max Ehrmann

Scott T. Kushino
Suki
Elk Grove, Illinois
General Engineering, Supply Corps

If anyone was ever at the wrong place at the wrong time, they were never there as many times as Suki was. Suki came to USNA from the Chicago suburbs and began to decorate his bulletin board with Form-2s. He met the First Company boys on restriction and soon became an integral part of Fun One. Suki had hoped to fly when he graduated, but his eyes would not cooperate, forcing him to sport geekers plebe year. A lover of the good life, Suki spent many late nights partying with the boys - how 'bout them swimmin' parties! Suki entered Youngster year with a huge stereo system and a laid back attitude, but never could seem to see eye to eye with the Tool. He was eventually rewarded with an inter-Brigade transfer, winding up in the Captain's company. Suki's favorite pastime has been fast cars, and he is another member of the porsche club. After trashing one 911 at the end of second class year, he found another one, although it is so hot to touch! Suki thinks that heaven can be found in either Hawaii or California, and he hopes to eventually wind up on the beach with his wild baggies. Now he has found a home in the Supply Corps, so better watch that weight Porky! You are a machine Suki, so keep pumpin' or else you might lose face. Scott, even as we go our own ways, you know the boys are, and will always be, the boys. Sayonara.



Thomas Sumner Leach
Leacher!
Aurora, Ohio
Economics, Navy Air

With his housing deposit already paid for at OSU, Tom got back from the Bahamas only to find out that he received an appointment to USNA and that he had 2 days to make his decision. Subscribing to the WTF philosophy, Tom found himself at USNA on I-day with electric guitar in hand. Tom had relatively few problems with plebe year and actually did pretty well on the military aspects of this institution. 3/c cruise with the "Squeech" changed his outlook and that's putting it nicely. With the beginning of 3/c year came a new company officer who came to view Tom as "defiant." When Tom had a free weekend, the gang formed for many a good time with Matt C. and his party machine, with many incidents bordering on truly classic. 2/c summer saw Europa round 2, with the Stones in Munich. Then there was Gunny and many memorable roadtrips. Who could forget Army that year with Tom saying to Don, "Don, Annapolis, road trip," at 3 A.M. the day of the game (in Philly). Gunny met a flaming death that following July while Tom was on his way to Georgetown to meet two young ladies, yet he remains with us in spirit. 1/c summer saw Europa round 3 with an interesting experience with East German security police with submachine guns on the train to W. Berlin. Then there was "The Party" in Brussels with Philippe and friends. 1/c year has been wild, which is to be expected when talking about Leacher. We wish him the best at P-cola, knowing him the town will never be the same. Remember Tom,

IYCBG, BC. ITF, NHAM! J&D.

James Joseph McConnell
Jimbo
Chester, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering, Nuke Subs

I remember as little of Jim's stay here as he does himself. Plebe year he destroyed his parents Bronco and spent a month in the hospital, pretty routine. Jim jumped into youngster year with a floor clearing erotic dance with a girl of questionable age. Remember the Dead concert? Probably not. How about your night with the girl with "Woodstock" sunglasses? Painfully unforgettable. Second class year brought an equally unforgettable trip to Georgetown. Didn't it snow that day? How about golf at Harry Brown's? And everyone thought it was impossible. Those mountain dews first class year were a bit stiff. Thanks to Jim and Sheila for all that they've done. Good luck in your sewer pipe under the sea. "If you get confused, listen to the music play."

CBC

Brian A. McIlvaine
Mac
New Braunfels, Texas
Electrical Engineering, Nuke Subs

Brian came to us from Texas, but if you didn't know that, you needn't worry, he would've told you so. In fact, he would've told you so even if you already knew. But if by some reason he happened to be thinking of something else, or he didn't see you walk in the room, it wasn't too hard to guess where he was from. He was the only guy in the company who wore a cowboy hat during study hour and jeans and cowboy boots every weekend. And if you happened to meet him on the weekend it was even easier. He spent every Saturday waving a Longhorn's pennant and all day Sunday waving his Cowboy's flag. It was always fun when the gang got together to watch Dallas and Washington play football, especially when the Redskins won!

I don't think anyone will forget the Second Class Road and Ski trip to Colorado. Everyone had a lot of fun, especially Brian, who'd never gotten sick ***before!!*** *And of course how can we forget 36 hours inside Seika (his car!)!*

Studyin' or Stompin' Goat was always a lot of fun. He could always be counted on when you needed a favor, a friend, or part of his nuke bonus (just a loan "B", I'll pay it back . . . someday). You were a true friend to all of us, an example in Academics and Leadership. Good luck at UT (I hope you remember how to wear your uniform after Grad School), Nuke School, Prototype, and in the Fleet. We'll never forget you so keep in touch.

JBW

Donald William Merino
Big "D"
Tenafly, New Jersey
History, Surface Line

From exit 18w on the N.J.T., weighing in at 233 lbs., the Mr. "T" of Tenafly, The Savior of Psuedo — intellectualism and the three martini lunch. - Don "Juan" Merino. He was accepted to USMA to play football but, declined the invitation and took on the bigger challenge - USNA and the black "N". A fighter at heart, he never takes the easy road, even though he always tries. He heard the mythical tales about the Black "N" and earned one before Army Week plebe year. Throughout his trials and tribulations, he weighed in at a lean 205 after his first year and was ready that summer to explore new erotic frontiers - Sue.

Youngster year, back at 233 lbs. and almost engaged, a new roommate (as usual), Don was ready for challenges, even if they weren't ready for him. There weren't enough challenges around, so he found the Double R's (Restriction and Rack). Ah! But alas, the true explorer of distant lands and myths did discover Delaware. As was quoted, "He came, he saw, and Quinny came." The explorations didn't stop there.

Australia, the Philippines, Europe, Thailand and others were not spared from his follies. But amongst Don's many adventures and antics, true strokes of semi-genius have occurred. Finds such as Harry Browne's, Sarah, Barbara, the L. A. Woman, and Crab Cakes. Ideas such as . . . Censored. Don will always be remembered for literally sweating out the weekend on Thursday night.

Let's hope there are no scales on BB-62. Good luck and have an adventurous and exciting, but brief career. Catch you at N. Y. U.

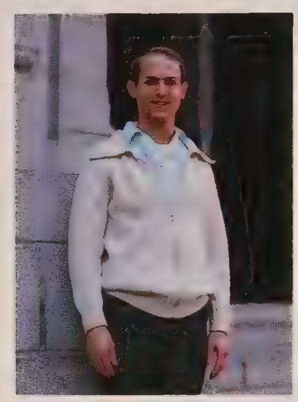
TL&JJ

Mark C. Quinn
Quinny
Southington, Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Subs

Look out world, cause here comes the Amazing Spiderman. No?!? It's just Quinny, bouncing off the walls. Not a good way to start off on the right foot (your other right), but what a way to make an impression. So what if he did take microdots before (?) going to the institution (USNA), but he'll get over it sooner or later (I think). There's just not enough words anyway, so why try? Twins are opposites in reality, that's why they go to West Point. But at least they see the light. And then there's Delaware, if you can Navigate out of that mess. Oscar Madison (big D) didn't have the key so why not put it on ice, you know, chill it! When your first roommates try to axe you, it only gets better. So he picks up this one guy, will it work. It does work and we both (I'm Will-it) go to Head to get some Hood. It really was his first time, which is quite obvious to his roommate (is there life at 0900?). So now we're both unsat. That means we're both below C level to you morons.

Sooner or later we'll come up for air. "Fun, Fun?" (That's 4 Nancy). But seriously, Mark's a super guy and my best friend and he is going to be one of the best in the Nuclear Submarine Fleet. Good luck and God speed.

Perry



Eric R. Rice
Eric
San Jose, California
Applied Science, Surface

During high school, Eric was heavily involved in C.A.P. from which he learned a lot about being a leader. This experience helped him to become a quality company commander during the first semester. Yet he considered himself as a servant as did his best friend Jesus Christ. "For even the Son of man did not come to be served but to serve, and to give His life a ransom for many." (Mark 10:45) Eric's desire to walk with Jesus increased all four years here because of what Jesus could provide and the world could not. Jesus said, "Come to Me, all who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn from Me, for I am gentle and humble in heart; and you shall find rest for your souls." (Matthew 11:28-29) At times this world is full of frustration and confusion but Eric knew where to find true happiness and desired so much to share it with others. Jesus said, "but whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up to eternal life." (John 4:14)

John J. Riley
Riles
Cohasset, Maine
Economics, Navy Air

The Life of Riley

A mind clouded by an overindulgence in alcohol. It will be a free trip to Hawaii. What do you mean it's not short enough. Sweat, Sweat, Sweat. We got to get out of this place if it's the last thing we ever do. Escape to T's. Weekends on the water. Weekends on the ice. The floating hotel. The Hotel 33. Scandinavians. Europe. Another Marine. Time to get out. Applications. Escape to Europe. Rays on the Riviera. Jamming with the Stones and Giels in Munich. Accepted. Room assigned, deposit in. Another mind altered decision. Here. No. Too late. Do it on a Windsurfer. Cinnaboof. The Tilt'n Hilton. Endless, Mindroasting adventures of OC and Stiggs. Schleuter Love. 9:30 a place in time. The SX-Mobile. Go Feet. The Beat. Steamboat. Slamming. 100 Punks Rule. Gen X. Is there music after WHFS? Nobody thought you'd ever make it this far but you made it out to Baricade Beach. Insect Surfers. Morning Light. Rip and Tear. Cut back. Gotcha. Custom Boardsailing. Air. The only thing that helps me pass the time away is knowing I'll be back on Echo Beach someday. Just give me some tasty waves and a cool buzz and I'm fine. The Sinbin with Passion pit. Vengence. Maybe now Hawaii . . . You see Dee Dee, out there is a wave one maybe two miles high and someday I'm going to get on that wave and I'm going to ride it forever and not fall off . . . Oh Frankie, you're such a dreamer.

Joseph M. Sawitsky
Joey
Bronx, New York
Aerospace Engineering, Nuclear Power

Well, "It just doesn't matter!" so, sometime in '80 Joe decided to give up a lucrative "used" hubcap business in "da" Bronx to become a Naval Officer via USNA. Actually, rumor has it that a lenient judge offered him a choice between the slammer or a "free" education. He opted for the later and found himself at the pearly gates of USNA with his hair parted down the middle and his new wave sunglasses. He really got a kick out of Plebe Summer and on a number of occasions he laughed his way to Regimental come-arounds. Joe began Ac-year with an all out assault on his academics and on a 2/c. His illustrious career here at Navy has been characterized by an inverse relationship between his CQPR and MQPR, and a record amount of restriction-/room tours accumulation. Joe nearly drank himself to death after seeing his blind date for the Valentine's Dance, and Quinny, being the altruistic person that he is, covered him for the evening. 2/c year, he began training for the Olympic Swimming Team (Special Olympic that is!). He acquired the "Batmobile" after spring break and while backing out of T-court minutes before dinner at the Ring Dance (at high speed) nearly ran over the Dant. 1/c year saw him still training for the Olympics, and road tripping to Delaware. Joe is ready to graduate and we wish him the best of what life has to offer. Good Luck and we will always remember the good times that we had.

Sonja Patricia Soleng
Sonja
Croton-on-Hudson, New York
Ocean Engineering, Civil Engineering Corps

Sonja hailed from a town on the Hudson (that's Croton not Crouton). Short in stature (I'm keeping a low profile sir) she could be found at the end of a formation. Plebe summer saw her guided by Goatboy though she nearly ended his career with a bayonet. First semester landed her in Ice Station Zebra with Boo. Younger than most of her classmates (I'm not old enough to vote sir), rough treatment from a cowboy made her grow up fast. It looked like she was headed for civilian line but encouragement from the home front helped her through. Summer came and she avoided the greyhounds of the Severn by cruising the East Coast on a Blue Pig. The fall Semester brought Shari Baby and . . . True Love (or so she thought). She was ready for wedding bells but they never rang. Another summer came. Though Sonja missed out on P-cola, an airdale in Oceana kept her from being too disappointed (she always preferred older men). Second class year brought yet another roommate and some rough times. Fortunately Wiggles (her best USNA friend) was there to give her a hand. The last summer came with 64 days of leave. Cruise in the Philippines convinced her that the Orient was for her. First class year brought a new roomie (Sug) and duties as Squad Mom. And so, with that big smile and dimples, she's fleetbound.

William H. Stephens
Billy Bob
Ozark, Alabama
Oceanography, Marine Air

Stephens, William H. "Billy-Bob", "Billy-Slob", "Slob", "Ill Hens", "Retard", "Baldy", Bill has been called many names, but we would all be missing something from our life (we're not sure what) if he wasn't here. He is a necessary item at any party, if for no other reason than entertainment. Bill joined us from NAPS and had a rough Plebe Year. Being the same age as most of the seniors, he had a hard time calling them "Sir". He had an idle sophomore year, without getting into too much trouble. He just didn't get caught that year. Protramid was the start of a very long year for Bill, after doing his time for getting kicked out of Protramid, he seemed to get in trouble every weekend — Drinking in his room, UA, etc. Senior year started with the big move to the twenty-second company, where he, not by choice, has been quiet. At the end of each semester here it was always touch and go; nobody thought he would make it through, but he always seemed to be here the next semester. Bill just barely got the last Marine Corp spot and we all wish him luck at flight school. If we could sum up Billy-Bob it would be his home address — Squirrel Drive, Ozark, Alabama.

Daniel E. Teclaw
Claw
Port Allegany, Pennsylvania
Economics, Navy Air

From the upper wilderness of Pennsylvania came ole Danny boy, alias Claw. He always wondered if he was going to survive the four years. Five letters a day helped him through plebe summer. By youngster year the letters started to come from California instead of home and then they stopped completely.

By 1/C year Dan showed us three things: even 3½ years of being Semper Fi can be changed by a pay change, Orientals naturally picked on him, and he would even let the Colonel marry his sister in exchange for a party.

Danny had a couple of unique things about him, especially his laid-back slouch walk. Whenever he was out of the rack, his walk would tell us it was him even at a distance.

Your mellow attitude and the couple of talks we had will always be remembered. Don't lose your "mug" and play the same song over every now and then.

Navy air has gained a fine officer. We all know why you did it (you couldn't get your RX-7 to go any faster) and we know that even though you won't be Blue Angel #2 you'll be one of the other five. Watch out for that great ball of fire.

EAF

John B. Wilcox
JB
Santa Clara, California
Aerospace Engineering, Marine Air

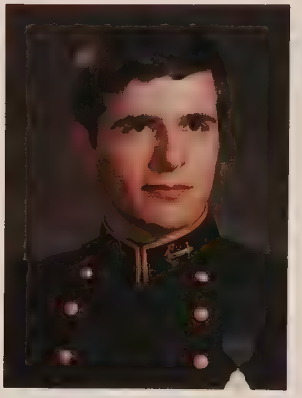
JB came to USNA to be a Navy pilot. From the start, JB was a glutton for punishment. He spent as much time in the hallways as possible during Plebe Summer, just hoping the firsties would ask him rates. Plebe year came and he would volunteer for watches just to stay in the hall. His only consolation was to be able to look at the endless pictures of his beloved sister.

JB seemed to have an obsession with the sister services also. He spent countless hours on the Plebe Army Project and even more on it as a Youngster. Second Class year JB decided he needed a vacation and headed for the Government Country Club in Colorado. But, he never let us forget him, as he wrote the Company 3 times that semester (with no reply). Upon returning to USNA, JB had real problems readjusting to the disciplined life here in 22. JB liked his new room (and rack) so much that he found it impossible to leave, even for Morning Quarters. He soon found himself (thanks to C. C.) spending a lot more time in his room (but not in the rack).

JB always made the best of every situation. He saved enough money to buy his Subaru and take his imaginary girlfriend (who was older than 16) back to Goucher.

All in all, JB was a friend to everyone and was always there when we needed him. JB, you've verified that you're a glutton for punishment by going Marine Air. We'll look for you in Blue Angel #2 and we know that it'll someday be you.

DH, SH, EF



Perry Neal Willette
Chill-it
La Canada, California
Applied Science, Nuclear Submarines

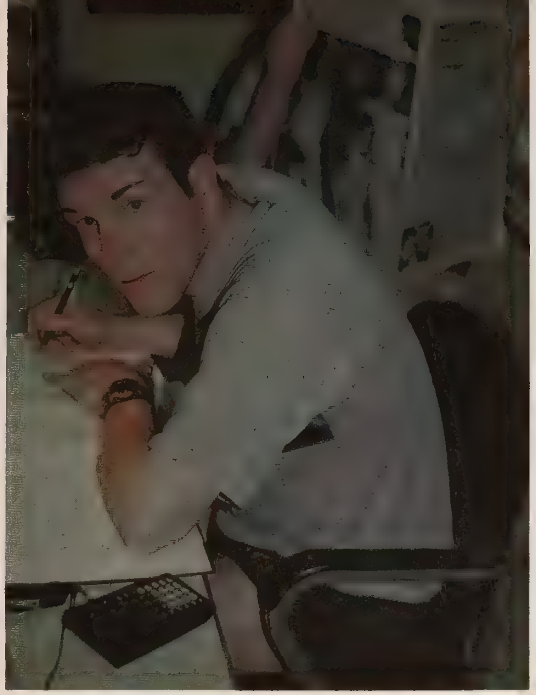
During plebe year, Chill-it commuted to USNA during the week from 60 miles away in Rockville. Leaving an interesting life of a college student partime fireman, he proved to have all the skills for surviving this place. Like the time when Perry put his firefighting skills to use when he torched Joe Sawitsky's shower.

Youngster year found Perry rooming with Ludes and the Colonel only this time he was a resident at Navy since the circus (quoting Lodes) moved to CA. Second class year, being a different year, brought a different set of roommates in Quinny and Don. This promised to provide a wealth of new experiences for Perry. One of which was joining the EMBC for a disagreement with the Company Commander. This earned Perry admission in the company rebels.

By Second semester there was only Perry and Quinny. Perry, being the older and wiser(?) of the two began, as he likes to say, convert Quinny. This was not without a price after all Perry went Nuke. Anyway, with frequent road trips, double dates and his solo to E-town, not to mention the successive days without studying, the two managed to party their way through the rest of the year into first class year.

Connecticut became a popular destination for the pair, despite Perry's paranoia about cops. Setting their sights a little closer to USNA, the two cruised off to Hood. That's the night when Perry was left out in the cold while Quinny was elsewhere. Still, Perry didn't break stride, leaving a trail of broken hearts wherever he went. But with graduation coming the question is: Will Nuke school slow him down? Probably not. Best wishes and good luck in the fleet Perry.

Engineering Mechanics DYNAMICS



NAVY BUTTS ARMY'S
• • •

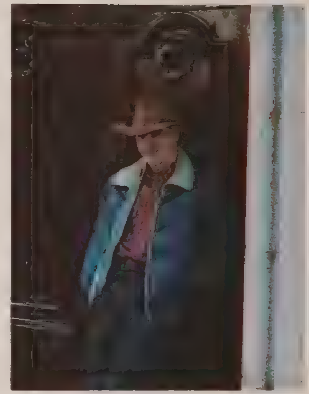
Twenty Three

Bernard Frederick Allman
Bernie
Brazoria, Texas
Physical Science Nuc Surface

Bernie came to USNA from Brazoria, Texas feeling that he had places to go and people to see. Four weeks after Plebe Summer ended, he had gotten to the top of the Chapel and had seen the Deputy Dant. Joining the Antiphonal Choir took him from New York to New Orleans. Joining the Pep Band sent him to West Point, Air Force, and the Liberty Bowl, as well as many other places in support of Navy sports.

First semester youngster year, his academic prowess allowed him to meet the Supe, the Dant, the Academic Dean, and the five division directors. Not being satisfied with the result of their first meeting, his company officer arranged another one for him a few days later. Fortunately, it ended much more pleasantly. He then entered the "Brotherhood" of Physical Science majors and has stayed over 3.0 ever since.

Second class summer, his travels took him to New London, Connecticut, where he decided that Nuc Surface was where he wanted to be. This decision provided him with a trip to Naval Reactors and allowed him to meet Admiral McKee and all the other nice people at NR. After graduation, Bernie gets to go down to Orlando and bask in the sun. He then travels to New York, to Newport, Rhode Island, and finally enters the fleet in the fall of '85.



Kevin J. Astrup
'Strup
New Hyde Park, New York
Physical Science Marine Corps

'Strup was one of those guys that stood out Plebe Summer. He was well known in Mike Company for having to shave 2 or 3 times a day. It seemed like some firsty would ask him at every formation if he had shaved that day. As academic year rolled around, 'Strup was ready to play J.V. Lax and breeze through Plebe Year. At first, academics gave him a little trouble until he worked a bit harder. He also found out who the gouge profs were and became one of the brothers of PHY SCI. Even though life became easier, 'Strup was still somewhat of a sweat. He has been known to brush off 20 minutes before formation and leave for class half an hour early.

'Strup has wanted to be a Marine from the beginning. Even though he occasionally talked about going Navy, none of us had any doubts that he would be going to Quantico after graduation. The Marines are lucky to be getting a guy like 'Strup. He has a sense of humor and tends to smile more than the typical Marine. His friendship has definitely made our stay at the Naval Academy more enjoyable.

Good Luck Kevin, we hope that your eyes are good enough to fly once you get through with TBS. If they're not, have fun driving tanks! We still have one question for you: How much longer are you going to be single?

Miles Courtland Baker
Miles
Anchorage, Alaska
Ocean Engineering - U.S.M.C.

During plebe summer, Miles made a lasting and lingering impression early when his mom sent him a truly "down-home Alaskan" chow package. Miles was frequently frustrated by continually having to explain to girls that "NO, I do not live in an igloo," and that despite his "baby-face" and "cute buns" he was still a commie-eating, beer-cooled, battle-ready Marine. OOO-RAH!!!!!! Except for taking a short but untimely nap on Main St. in Anchorage, Miles finished plebe year in outstanding fashion, as evidenced by being named 3/c Co. cdr. However his year and a half of stellar performance was rudely interrupted in the entire span of one weekend. Miles started that famed w.e. by placing a call to RALPH via the company officers shoes at the company's annual dining in, and he then closed the evening on an unfortunate note by failing to run fast enough in civilian clothes. 2/c year saw Miles being awarded the title of "Mr. Accountability", due to his narcoleptic tendencies. (Gee Miles - wasn't that neat - all four of us on the Q's list - & not for outstanding performance either!) Miles demanded superior quality in three areas - his clothes, music, and women. Unfortunately for Miles, fine clothes and music were easier to find. The search for the elusive "10" goes on. Good Luck. Seriously though Miles, your quest for perfection, constant enthusiasm, and leadership have impressed us all. Any Marine unit will be fortunate to have you as their commander. "THE FEW - THE PROUD" - you certainly belong. J.S., M.M., & L.D.

Joel G. Bishop
Sloth
Dallas, Texas
Naval Architect, Navy Air

Following in big brother's footsteps, Sloth came to the Naval Academy directly out of high school, full of ambition and professional zeal. This attitude lasted through plebe year and a 73 day boomer cruise, but an antagonistic grilling at a striper board along with the corrupting influence of Habib the Terrible eventually corrected his attitude problem. Joel's "excitable" nature and nocturnal habits unjustly led to his being tagged with the nickname "the Sloth" by an ungrateful roommate.

Better known for his academic exploits than his athletic prowess, Joel somehow always managed to get his B in PE so he could keep his stars, despite a broken nose in boxing and a rude introduction to the mat in wrestling. His roommates grew accustomed to hearing Joel moan and groan about what a tough time Narcs have academically, but they also grew accustomed to his pulling out a 4.0 after finals.

An avowed submariner when he first came to USNA, Joel eventually saw the light and decided to carry on the family tradition. Go Navy Air, see you in Pensacola.

George Steven Carradini
Deer Park, New York
English United States Marine Corps

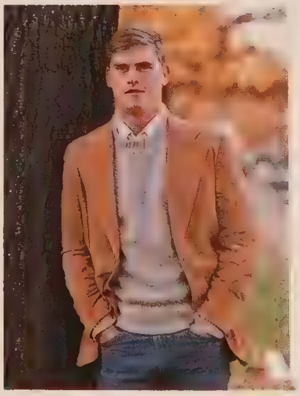
George stormed the academy with high hopes. His crew cut showed that. Of course his expectations were never met. How could they be? He was a Marine ROTC from the University of Colorado at Boulder (and let the whole company know it). He was fun, at first. How can anyone forget George Curtis' feet getting tied to his chair, or the famous chapel climbing episode which netted George and seven classmates a Class 'A' under the real conduct system! However, recons soon got old and form-2's were coming fast and furious. Who was the first mid to get fried for dumping beans over his entire person — yep, George. Oh, well. Who says nothing good happens plebe year? He was fortunate in meeting Kasey, his one and only for his entire four years. Herndon came and George faded from the limelight very quickly. Youngster year he managed to star and not get fried once. He sure learned what "low profile" meant. It was smooth sailing in his rusty pinto every chance he got. Weekends would come and George was nowhere to be found. He was at Kasey's (New Joizey — yes, Gary, exit 11) or New Yawk, ya know lawng'island. (Are you happy, Fray?) He soon outgrew the pinto, Kasey outgrew the academy, and it was a **long** second class year. Good thing first class cruise broke the monotony. What fun he had in Camp Pendleton (watch out for the poison sumac at Quantico). However, first class year arrived, and George and Kasey made wedding plans. Now George can't wait until graduation (plus two days) . . .

Good luck and God Bless you both.

DJW

Steven M. Cochran
Slim
Reisterstown, Maryland
Applied Science, Navy Air

Where do you start with a preppie like Slim Dog? Maybe at NAPS where he set new records as quarterback. For interceptions. Right from the start we realized that Slim was nobody to mess with, as he returned from his Saturday Night Escapades bruised and bloody, but always ready to go another round. If Slim played hard then he worked twice as hard. He was the only mid to have his only key to Nimitz Library. When not hitting the books, you could find Slim out on the pitcher's mound for Navy baseball. He was a hit with the team, except maybe the outfielders, whom he kept running around on most afternoons. Slim really showed his stuff first class year. He was sitting pretty with brand new wheels, his old girlfriend, many cold brews and a fresh can of Copenhagen. He surprised us all with his genius academics first semester and he even settled down long enough to give Igor a second chance. Hey, Slim! somewhere out there is an F-18 with your name on it. Until then, P-cola will have itself a Golden Boy and a great pilot. Take it light and best of luck from "The Infamous Five."



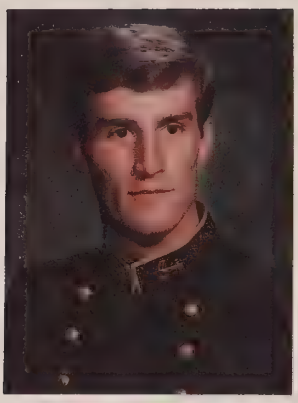
James J. Collins
J. J.
Bay St. Louis, Mississippi
Naval Architecture, Surface-EDO

J. J. emerged out of southern Mississippi and came to USNA directly from high school. He had never been north of Tennessee before I-day, so to J. J. Maryland was as far north as Maine. He figured if it snowed here it could not be in the South.

During Plebe year, Jim disappeared into the sailing team and spent all his time either sailing, studying, or drinking. The fact that he managed to maintain a 3.5 average amazed his classmates. His roommate once accused him of being practically illiterate, and realistically he had the spelling ability God promised Bill the Goat.

Being on the sailing team and traveling every weekend was not enough for J. J. He decided the only way to get away from USNA was to transfer. Since Southern Cal and Florida were not offering an exchange program with USNA, the Coast Guard Academy would have to do. It was real convenient since his girl friend was only an hour from USCGA. First class year provided some changes for Jim. After 2 letters and countless hours of sailing, J. J. left the sailing team and reappeared in his company. As Sub-Commander he always claimed he had alot to do, but everyone knows Sub-Commanders do not do anything. As Brigade First Lt. he did even less if that was possible.

Being locked up here for four years did not teach Jim a thing, because two days after graduation he will be married. We wish Jim and Tammy the best of luck, and hope she can keep him out of trouble in his Navy career. God Bless Them.



Frank J. Crespo
Frank
Pittsburg, California
Applied Science, Navy Air

The Stickman came to Canoe U. with one thing in mind: to 'drive' ships. However, we learned that he often changes his mind. After 3/c cruise he became loyal to the airdale cause. He switched to nuclear power after 2/c summer at New London. Moving back to air and then going Nuke again, and finally being forced by the Nuclear Power Rejection Board to opt with Navy Air, all in 1/c year, he finally ended the Human Twig's little chess game . . . WE HOPE!!!

Unlike some of his classmates, Frank was civilized before he arrived at the Boat School. His fine little lady was "numero uno" in his mind 100% of the time. She kept him busy by either writing letters almost daily or drying tears over the phone. Their only argument was over the subject of how many little Crespos they were going to terrorize Naval Stations with!!! We all know who will win that bout and SHE is about 5'6" tall. (We know who "wears the pants" in this family) But being a Management major, Frank can find a way to cope.

Frank has many friends at this institution of higher learning. Best of luck to you and the wife, Big Fella.

James Doyle Cunningham
J.D.
Speedway, Indiana
History, Surface

J.D. came to the Academy with the hopes of being a Midshipman who would be mentally, morally, and physically the best ever. Those hopes soon faded and his goal became more realistic — girls and booze. Over his years here, J.D. has shown his aptitude to get along with anyone and sometimes noone; however, on the weekends, there was always someone. The Army/Navy game in Pasadena became a turning point for J.D. Having become engaged to his high school sweetheart a few weeks before, he swore his faithfulness to her. J.D. failed to mention his responsibility for ensuring that the thousands of ladies that came to the victory dance were entertained. Come on J.D., not even you could have met that challenge. What is that rumor we hear? . . . no more miles for Navy.

Richard S. Dohoda
Rich
Seward, Pennsylvania
Chemistry, Medical School

Rich came to the Boat School from Seward (or is that Sword) PA. After surviving plebe summer and the culture shock of WW III, the academic year promised to be a breeze while playing JV football.

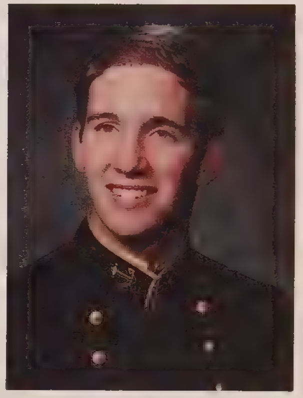
Youngster year brought on the chemistry major. He tackled it with a 4.0 first semester. "How tough is chemistry?" Rich's varsity football career lasted 12 seconds. "Nice pitch Rich!"

Navy football couldn't use the services of a "twelve second" quarterback so he set his sights on medical school. When you think of Pennsylvania basketball who do you think of first? Thanks Duff!

First and Second class years found Rich at Penn State on many weekends. "Six years with Karen. Time to get married." Medical school grabbed Rich and his next 17 years at service selection. "Can Karen wait a year? Sure!"

First class year, Rich survived the heat of the "shade" and WW III once again. "Never pass up an argument."

"Thanks Mom and Dad!" God Bless you.



Edmund Lee Elkin
Edmundian
Macomb, Illinois
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Surface Line

From the start, Ed has demonstrated that he was meant to be an EE. Few things that have come within his grasp have not been taken apart and put back together again. Ed's room soon became the home for unwanted stereos. Youngster year was definitely a very trying time for him. Ed came back from a three day weekend with a broken ankle and crutches that would help him get around for months.

Ed makes use of his spare time reading science fiction books requisitioned from the Midstore. If you can't fine it, chances are that Ed probably has it. He also has the distinction of being the video game master of 23rd Company. As you can see, Ed is constantly thinking of the future and that future looks bright for him. Ed is entering the Nuclear Navy like his brother Herb, except Ed will be on top of the water.

Good luck Ed, we hope you have as much success with neutrons as you've had with electrons.

Paul S. Esch
Easch
Grand Haven, Michigan
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

Paul breezed through Plebe summer (a natural born plebe). His 64 teeth served as a guide for others to be inspired by. Paul's only problem, which had to be corrected by none other than RFN, was his inability to keep his eyes in the boat (Some people's boats are just a little bigger than others). Plebe year, Paul's experiences centered around the D&B but it was life in 4016 that opened his eyes — all those new words and phrases he knows. All along Paul fought hard to maintain his innocence but the forces of fun (M. T., 23rd co., and Cdr. B.) are winning out. After two years of living in great liberty ports such as 2-0 and 4-1 it wasn't until he was a firstie that he realized what a "benny" out-of-company was. Although out-of-company did not always mean out-of-Q. Navy Air will do well by Paul's services — especially when they start putting grand pianos in helos.

GAQ

Gary R. Frey
Semper
Canoga Park, California
Aerospace Engineer, Marine Air

Gary comes to us from warm, southern California, where everything is twenty minutes from his house. Not being satisfied with the Air Force or the Marines, Gary just had to try the navy. Being unaccustomed to the wintery weather in Maryland and the nasty sickness that accompanied it, he soon remedied the situation by vowing to keep is feet warm. Having conquered this obstacle, he was ready to attack plebe year and any classmate that he disliked. After Herndon, it was off to the P.I. where most of his fantasies were fulfilled. One remains, however, soon to be accomplished. Youngster year was full of abusing roommates who did not know any better, firing bottlerockets and studying Physics on Hospital Point. Second class year brought the reality of academics and the release of tensions in Memorial Hall. Finally, after all of that work, First Class year arrived, being full of travel, skiing, too much EE and a return home for Thanksgiving. Good luck Gary and we all hope to see you flying with the Marines very soon.

Harold L. Gilreath, Jr.
Bert
Marietta, Georgia
Applied Science, Navy NFO

When he arrived at USNA, Hal (Harold to his friends) had a singular purpose - sailing. Sometimes sailing would take priority over this, and at other times sailing was more important. Then there were those rare moments when sailing was his highest priority. Below sailing (far below) was sleep. For Hal, sleep was not a duty or a necessity, but a pleasure to be indulged in at every available moment. After quarters, before quarters, after 11, in class, free periods - Hal simply chose not to be awake. After the 2-0 experience and some Navy Sailing indoctrination, for Hal, liberty and civilian clothes became interdependent. Not just ordinary civilian clothes, either. Only the most outdated low-rent Salvation Army fashions would suffice. Hal's counterculture trends didn't stop at clothes, for his fascination with reggae music knew no bounds. At any moment Rastafarian rhythms could come booming forth, with Hal's radiant voice crooning in accompaniment. His charm over beauteous women at Army was legendary. Not that he wasn't a professional too! Hal got a hair cut every week. (Which one? we would ask.) Truly, Hal, the Air Navy was designed with you in mind, so good luck and go NADS.

PCM

Jan Thomas Goff
Pat
Saltillo, Missouri
Chemistry, Marine Corps

Jan arrived in Annapolis straight from the bustling metropolis of Saltillo. Unable to put his football skills to good use, Jan was inducted into the cult that is Navy Crew. Plebe Summer was spent facing Pigley at PEP, and laughing with roommate Bad Ronald. Plebe year was spent at Timmy's, at practice, and above all, laughing with an insane person from California. Youngster year, Jan embraced the desperately fun chemistry major. Most of all, Jan was rack-starved. Whether it was after supper (wake me up at 8) or in Boats, Jan had the talent of being able to fall asleep anywhere. Instantly. The most enduring image is Jan, in full uniform, in the rack, books in hand, both feet on the floor, snoring happily. Another is Jan's ability to trip over girls like Jessica and Bernadette. Don't ask me how; he doesn't seem too certain himself. It has been a long strange trip, from camping in the Keys, to the Ring Dance, to "Liquid Sky," to desperate Hobie fun, and all to musical accompaniment by the Sex Pistols. We've even survived the Q and the Amazing Hal's Reggae Spectacular. Best of luck in the Corps, and continued success in whatever you end up doing. Do ***not*** *salute Bill.* ***Ever.***

PCM

Richard E. Haddad
Habbib
St. Louis, Michigan
Chemistry, Marine Air

Rich Haddad alias Habbib The Terrible & M/LTCOL Haddad came to us from St. Louis, Michigan. (I know St. Louis is in Missouri, but don't tell Rich.) Plebe summer taught Rich how to keep from laughing at the absurd and brought ideas of serious pain to certain upperclass. Plebe year ended when Rich met H, Chop and Stu. (That was around October.) With Rich's selection of Chemistry as a major, thoughts of filling goat court with pink smoke emerged. Youngster year came and brought with it a tirade of complications. Rugby replaced football, Friday night jogs to the Seven River Inn supplemented the third wing bar, and LCDR Kehoe took a special interest in Haddad. So Rich drove in the yard a few too many times. But we all know that he shouldn't have stopped the car that fateful night in College Park when Petro got him arrested (oops). Junior year came, and Rich left to become 11th company's special envoy to 23rd company. (Thanks Mikey) A great year in rugby, the finals in Brigade Boxing, and an unexplainable talent for always having a pretty lady beside him. (I sure as hell can't explain it.) Senior year was a relief after the marching in Camp Pendleton that summer. Along came Julie, Las Vegas, and the Marines. What else does a man need to be happy? Plus, Rich possesses the proper fighter pilot mentality. Who else (besides myself) goes as fast as he can the first time he rides a snowmobile? Rich is finishing up here with great grades, great friends, and great memories. Good luck Rich and look out Marines 'cause all Hell's about to break loose.

FMP

Gregory S. Hook
Doc
Ottawa, Kansas
Mathematics, Surface

The Guns of Brixton - The Clash

When they kick at your front door
How you gonna come?
With your hands on your head
Or on the trigger of your gun?

When the law break in
How you gonna go?
Shot down on the pavement
Or waiting in Death Row?

You can crush us
You can bruise us
But you'll have to answer to
Oh - the guns of Brixton.

The money feels good
And your life you like it well
But surely your time will come
As in heaven, as in hell.

You can see he feels like Ivan
Born under the Brixton sun
His game is called survivan
At the end the harder they come.

You know it means no money
They caught him with a gun
No need for the Black Maria
Goodbye to the Brixton sun!

You can crush us
You can bruise us
Yes, even shoot us
But Oh - the guns of Brixton.

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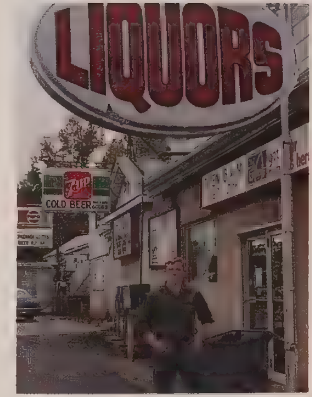


James A. Lamontagne
Jimbo
Berlin, New Hampshire
Marine Engineering, Surface Line

Jimbo came to the un-college from the scenic mountains of Berlin, New Hampshire. Here at the Academy he excelled in being mellow and, of course, sleeping. If he was not in class or doing mandatory workouts he was perfecting the art of "rack". Jimbo always managed to do well in academics even though he didn't study much. He learned early that "gouge" weighed more then knowledge, and "gouge" he had - enough to fill the room.

Jimbo's favorite pastime was playing video games. He could not resist the temptation of walking past a video game without playing it. The dragon was never a match for Jimbo. He also enjoyed listening to music when he wasn't watching a James Bond movie. His love of 007 flicks earned him a temporary nickname of "JAWS" when he came back first class year with his mouth wired shut, due to some dental work.

We'll always remember Jimbo as an easy-going guy who would always do you a favor. Good luck on the "BERRY" and in the Med.

SURFACE LINE MIGHTY FINE!!!!

BULLDOG
FOOTBALL

Jack E. Leanhart
Jake
Townsend, Montana
Oceanography, Navy Air

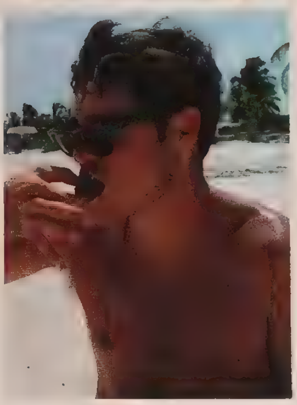
This Yoda-looking Montanan was so backwards when he came to the uncollege, that he didn't know there was a plebe summer to go through!

During plebe summer, the inevitable took place - Jake was fried. His punishment was one hour of marching. A night to remember, Jake ended up marching a total of four hours that night, with the first hour double-timing!

Plebe year went by faster than we all had anticipated, and being an upperclass was a reality. Jake deided early in his USNA career that he would be a dual major - oceanography and sleepology! Oceanography was such a "bagger's" major to begin with, Jake felt he could fit the extra major in with no problem. In fact, Jake studied so persistently towards his sleepology degree, he has already began his master's degree before leaving the Academy!

Although low on the totem pole of class rank, Jake's ultimate wish came true - NAVY AIR. The air community will welcome Jack as he will be a fine naval officer. Good luck in all you do, and strive for nothing less than the top.

P.S.- I will make it to Montana . . . some day!



Patrick C. McCabe

Pat
Maitland, Florida
History, Nuclear Power

Pat rocked into the Naval Academy from Maitland, Fla. with visions of rowing, rock and roll, and engineering. His career in rowing was illustrious though unfortunately short. Calculus and Chemistry spelled the end of any engineering aspirations. However, Pat found a home in the history dept. and used his free time to expand his record collection and his roommate's minds. The remainder of his time was spent digging for Miss Right in the depths of Dahlgren Hall. He struck paydirt in the form of a short southern girl who was incredibly gracious and approving of Pat's gentlemanly ways. No one could even guess then what a gold mine he'd actually found. Pat was all for it when Mr. YOUNG came to town. Yes, NEIL was great. Too bad he didn't hear Andy. Pat then tried to sail his way through first-class cruise but lost his lunch on the way. He looked forward to being a nuke but the glow boys put him on hold. This was the year he felt the influence of a NAD. He was introduced to Riverside, Weems, Creek, Reggae, and 4-1. Whether it was ELVISCOSTELLODEVONEIL, it was great. Along the way were great road trips to Key West, Orlando, and others that Jan, Pat's moderating influence rode along. He was always there when Pat needed to be guided back to Mother B. The Navy looks forward to gaining a cynical and satirical wit, so relax, enjoy the ride and let's go easy skanking.

JTG & HLG

Mark William McCann

Saratoga, California
Systems Engineer, Marine Corps - NFO

To Mark life at the Academy was a long game of craps. Unfortunately "7-line away" came up always too early and usually too often. Mark came to the Academy with a seemingly endless vocabulary and an uncanny ability to manipulate the English language. This coupled with his perceived duty of educating the masses often found him alienating more than he allied. But we knew Mark was destined to be an engineer when plebe summer he tried to educate M-Company on the principles of sail aerodynamics. "Thanks Mark, but even Jimmy Buffet doesn't know what a viscous boundery layer is."

When he wasn't studying, Mark was pursuing one of his three favorite pastimes: scouring the bars of Georgetown in his relentless but fruitless search for his female intellectual equal, trying to customize his RX-7 at the casinos in A. C. (. . . now was that leather or vinyl interior and where should we put the Escort?), or sleeping off the monotony of the Academy routine. Mark expanded the traditional youngster afternoon into youngster mornings, youngster evenings and sometimes even youngster days. His propensity to sleep found him a frequent but unfaithful member of the restriction squad.

"Hello? Cash Call?"

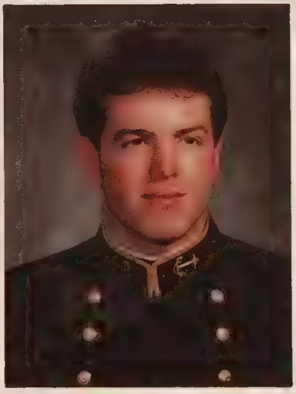
But seriously Mark, without your continual quest for excitement, life for us at the Academy would not have been complete. We'll never forget the double trip to A. C., Myrtle Beach and Mother Fletchers and other typical McCann adventures. We're sure you'll breeze thru flight school with the same ease that took you thru the Academy. Any pilot will be lucky to have you aboard. Good luck at TBS and in P-cola. Go CVGT!

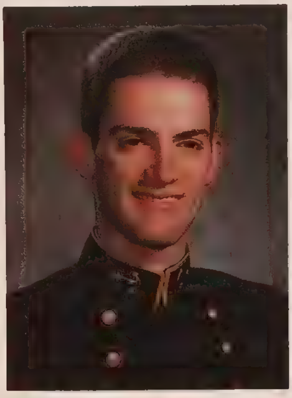
M.C.B. & J.A.S.

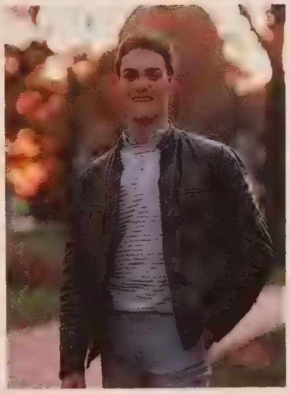
James Andrew McGregor

Drew
Fairport, New York
Applied Science, Marine Corps

You'd never think that Drew Daddy would go Marines, but sure enough it happened. It all began a long time ago as Drew set his bags down in Newport. He couldn't have been happier, with more money and more bars than he could shake a stick at. Drew's most important objective was always finding out where the biggest party was. Drew was a big splash with the women, a knockout with the girls, and always a little out of control. He seemed to mellow with age though, especially after that night when he first met the onionsprout. He finally found the girl of his dreams right here in Crabtown. On a whim, Drew decided to go out for 150# football during his junior year. He surprised us all by getting All-League honors two years in a row. He wasn't too pleased about the starvation diet though. Drew never let school cramp his lifestyle. While most of his classmates were out buying cars, Drew got a little action on a sleek new ski boat. Most weekends during the summer and fall, you could find him skiing up the Severn, downing a few brews with the Moose and Jim Daddy close at hand. Best of luck in the Corps, from the "Infamous Five" and all the rest of the Boys.







Marc James Miller

Marcus
West Point, Missouri
History, NFO

Marc Miller . . .?!?! If your friends are a measure of your sanity, then Marc and the rest of the Muskateers must be on the verge of the funny farm: Girard's, the Browns (maybe still), Hood, Notre Dame, crashing parties in L.A., Doreen and Lorelei - psuedo sisters extraordinaire. New Jersey! GUH!! Or is it GUUUHHHH! (C'mon Marcus, more gut!) Second class summer (if Cindy only knew!) After all, what are true friends for?

Who would ever think that a deep down Southern boy could enjoy the Northeast as much as Marcus has? Actually, it was pretty easy: the saga of "Bubbles and Soap Scum", hearing music four years before Aldo, and knocking over coffee tables at Colgate all helped. Mix well with three striper libs, Apfelkorn, and 7-11 burritos and the package is complete. One of America's finest - a mid. Even though he never could sing on key.

(Pssst . . . hey Marc! Is that a new wave hairstyle or is your cover on too tight? Ask Aldo, he knows all about it. Nice outfit, but those shoes have to go - here borrow some Capezios.)

Desperate fun - and lasting friendships. That's what it was all about. In amongst the road trips, the sodas, and the desperate fun, we had a blast. Despite our haircuts. Where do we go from here? P-cola, of course - all of us. USNA was only a prep for what's in store. So, its head to head, toe to toe, mid to mid - or as Shaun would say, "   !" Can you dig it? CLICK.

Robert Forrest Newton
Bob
New Baltimore, New York
History, Surface Line

Bob came to USNA from the Hudson River Valley. A sweat (in several ways), he earned a reputation for sweating and "Newton blisters" during one of the hottest Plebe Summers ever.

Not content to remain in "Mama B" Bob joined the Antiphonal Choir. Virginia Beach, Atlantic City, and Hood College made Plebe Year more enjoyable. A port cruise in Italy made it worthwhile.

Youngster Year brought a navy good deal, the Pep Band. No march-ons, funny hats and trips from Boston to the Liberty Bowl improved life. Choir trips to New York, New Orleans, and Hood College did too.

Second Class Year brought more travel. Protramid meant Boston-New Orleans. Fall meant Air Force (via Pep Band). Spring break meant New Mexico (and being snowed in in Denver and sunburned in El Paso). NAFAC '83 Staff provided other experiences too.

First Class Year brought a twenty-six day tour of West Germany, a five week SSN cruise in San Diego and the Rose Bowl. It also meant leading the Antiphonal Choir, as its President, to New York, Williamsburg, and Hood College and writing the program for NAFAC '84 as Program Chairman. It also meant an East Coast destroyer on Service Selection Night.

The future? He'll start with New England this summer. Then the Med and then ...?

Gary Allen Quist
G. Q.
Saline, Michigan
Political Science, Navy Air Pilot

"Think positively, imaginatively, aggressively (but more aggressively than anything else)."

G. Q. claimed that his home town was in Michigan, but it soon became clear that he was originally from New Jersey (not **too** *obvious). Gary got off to a good start Plebe summer by taking a leisurely stroll thru 1st class alley only to get a personal visit from Joe Arango himself. ONE ... TWO ... THREE! G. Allen had too much energy for his own good (OOPS! No one needed that rifle anyway). He soon got involved with sailing and pursued the sport vigorously. After a year of forgetting to do chow calls, youngster year brought us a year of heaven on 2-0. Toot!Toot! A pull-up a day and one shattered Rubik's cube. Belch Fire Motors! Second class year saw Gary as captain of the Resolute, fighting rough seas, heavy winds, and ProDev. In our last year and final stretch we saw Gary looking amazingly busy without actually doing anything at all. We know Gary as a man on the go and ready for action. Good Luck, Gary.*

PSE

Samuel M. Ridder II
Slam, Ryder
Eaton, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering, Marine Corps

Sam came from the sprawling metropolis of Eaton, Ohio, home of the infamous ***Eaton News.*** *He came here to be a football player, but soon found out that he wasn't one of the coaches' boys. He took some good advice and joined the track team where he lettered throwing the 4.4 pound frisbee. He has always wanted to go to space (at times others think that he won't need a rocket) and figures that Marine Corps aviation is his best ticket there. He is an avid anti-Nuker, mostly due to the great examples set before us. He's had some good times - eating cinnamon in Philly, and ice cream in D. C. Civies never felt better than as youngsters. And there is always the cross country road trip and Rush Street. The girls have been there, but he always seemed to find the ones that wanted meaningful relationships, not just fun. Sam has always given his all to his endeavors, a fact which will ensure his success in whatever he does. Take it easy big guy, and remember, "This place s——s!"*

David A. Sanchez
Dave
Silver Spring, Maryland
General Engineering, Navy Air

This native Marylander is by no means run of the mill. His "do it till someone tells you to stop" attitude always keeps him on the go. The best thing about ol' Dave is that he'll try just about anything once, guaranteed. If ever there lived a man of intense cunning, unparalleled courage, immense physical capabilities, and a "I don't care what you say, I'm going to do what I want to do" emotional and mental strain, it can be none other than David. Just ask the 150-lb. football team, whom David slyly and cunningly fooled into believing he was a football player who really wanted to play, when all the time this devious gentleman just wanted to get out of formations. Oh, what a clever gent! David really had a way with the ladies, too. Why, not only did he manage to find one of the most beautiful of the female species to fancy his attentions, but with suave manner and eloquent voice dodged the dreaded "June Week Chapel" syndrome she tried to afflict him with. Surely David is one of a kind. The skies await you my friend, and there can never be another that flies higher than you. Take it to 'em, and never accept less than that which you most rightfully deserve - the best.
WWIII

James A. Sauer

Bernsville, Minnesota
Electrical Engineer, Navy Pilot

Jim came to USNA with Reef Points in hand, a gouge vocabulary, and a Go Navy attitude. But this is no surprise considering that Bob ('58) and Bob Jr. ('83) blazed the trail. We knew we had a sweat on our hands when he arrived on I-day with the "Laws of the Navy" memorized. But academic year liberty calls revealed that Jim's Navy training was not quite complete.

Drinking is one thing you didn't learn in Rota, Jim. Your "receding hairline" got you into bars but we had to carry you out. We'll always remember you facedown in a German snowbank, locked in the Piedmont lavatory, and crashed-out in the back of Dale's Towne car. And of course no one will forget your first Army party. Dale will never forgive you for "borrowing his SDB's"

When it came to blind dates Jim, you always seemed to lose the coin flip. Have you heard from Maureen lately? But restriction and room tours 2nd class year made any date at all seem worthwhile. Being a TV repairman and a computer hack in H. S., you seemed like a sure bet to ace EE. However, the almighty rack "D"-nied you of that worthy goal. Luckily, Batt stripes 2nd semester enabled you to soothe the pain by racking through 3 formations a day. Is the Navy really going to let a man who couldn't do a headstand in Plebe gymnastics and sleeps with the pillow on ***top*** *of his head fly F-18's?*

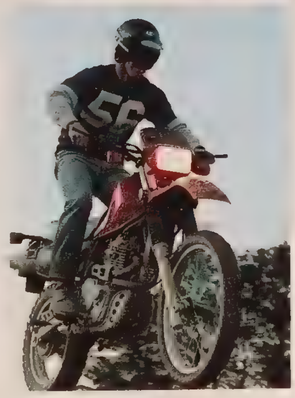
But seriously Jim, we wish you the best of luck in Navy Air; we only wish we could join you. Some jet-jock will be lucky to have you as his wing-man. You've always been an unselfish friend who would give a low-interest loan to a friend in need, or lend out your car. Good luck in P-cola and don't forget your friends in the Marine Corps.

MCB & MWM

Ronald P. Sichau

Sic-Dog
Torrington, Connecticut
General Engineering, Surface Line

University of Hartford sent their finest prospect to Canoe U. when they sent Ron "Sic-Dog" Sichau. Sic-Dog was known throughout the company for his extraordinary eating capabilities. He would put Jethro Bodine to shame. Ron started off as a promising electrical engineering student until that fatal second class year when it ended with a shock. This, however, did not stop Ron. He charged through general engineering with flying colors and even passed "jones's" class. During the weekends (which incidently he had more his plebe year than the last three years he was here) he could be found with the "Groad" riding his motorcycle and downing large quantities of beer. He spent many hard hours in the weight room almost every afternoon and now looks like a miniature Hulk. Ron always kept us amused with his fly chasing antics, B.B's,and any other off-the-wall thing that came to his head. He had one hellava imagination, some of which got him into trouble: his single handed devastation of the plebe rooms second class year. His typical answer to something like that; "I'm sorry". Ron's future shipmates will soon find what fun is all about when Sic-Dog walks aboard their ship. Even if the seas are calm, Ron will find some way to rock the boat, "just to make it interesting." He sure made 23rd Co. lively and "The Infamous Five" wish him the best of luck.



Donald Joseph Wallace

Tweetie, D. J.
Petaluma, California
Physics, Civil Engineer Corps

D. J. hailed from San Francisco (or at least that's what he said until we all accused him of being . . . different). Well, he finally owned up to being from Petaluma - the arm wrestling capital of the world, although you'd never know it by looking at "Tweetie." Where did you ever get those Marty Feldman eyes? Plebe year was rolling along, and so was D. J. when he was fried his only time plebe year. Those beers with Desmarais were sure good! I must admit, drinking was rare for D. J., but he'll never forget the NL303 Mess Night. What a bad influence I was! Sorry buddy, but I got you wasted! (I guess I ruined your string of 4.0's). But the year wasn't a total loss. He met his true love - love those Navy diver's! I must admit he tried to keep a low profile, but Bonnie wouldn't let him. At least he kept it quiet until after Herndon. January 1, 1984 was a night that all firsties will remember, er, I guess not, but D. J. will. That's the night he hung the boulder from his neck (he gave Bonnie her rock). Hang in there Tweetie, 86 isn't that far away. The Elite Force lost a good man, but the Corps (Civil Engineers, that is) gained a great student. Practice that common sense and you'll be fine! I'll miss you buddy.

GSC

Woodrow Wilson III

Drow
Atlanta, Georgia
Operations Analysis, Surface Line

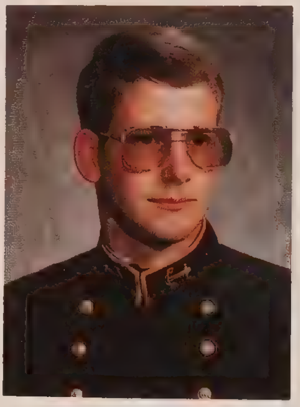
Drow arrived at USNA calm and cool. As it turned out though, he had everybody fooled. We soon found out that Drow is not one to keep a low profile. Drow always kept everybody on their toes with his special way with words. You always knew when Woodrow Wilson III was in the area when out of nowhere could be heard a "Hey Ho"!" or maybe a "Yo Frat!" And if you made the mistake of asking him where he was going, he'd undoubtedly say he was "Gettin' on the M-Train," and if he wasn't riding the M-Train you could be sure he was "Goin' to see the 'Good Doctor'. Dr. B. A. Cardi that is!"

Drow was not all fun and games. He had his serious moments too. Like the "Serious" O-Course wall and the ungodly "Serious" tower jump. These were just minor obstacles for the man who could do anything. Hey Drow, thanks for livening things up for all of us. Never has there been a dull moment with you around.

USS Saipan look-out!!!
DAS

Twenty Four

WHERE'S
BOSTON?



David G. Abell
A. J.
Slidell, Louisiana
Computer Science, NFO

Dave gave up the good life to come to USNA. He said goodbye to wine, women and song at Kansas U. and said hello to Murph., telephone bills and marching on weekends. Youngster year found Dave involved with his double major, consisting of midnight wardroom T.V. and pulling Petitt through with computer science. He also learned how to sign up for "area libs." instead of a weekend. Second class year Dave had all his mail forwarded to the Marriott, because he spent more time there than in the hall.

As first class year rolled around A. J. quickly assumed the role of the brigade etiquette officer, buying everything out in town because it's better quality in town. Dave single handedly kept the cobbler shop in business with his "Slidell-shuffle". Known for his endurance, people have been trying to square him away for four years yet he has managed to outlast all of us. Dave will be going Navy Air and we all know he has the right stuff.

Scott A. Allen

Corning, New York
Applied Science, Marine Corps

Breathes there the man with soul so
Dead who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
Burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him
well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his
Name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can
Claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he
Sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.
Sir Walter Scott

Conrad N. Brown Jr.

Cochise
Passaic, New Jersey
General Engineering, Marine Air

That we head towards
our separate End
and know it only
by the name of Death . . .

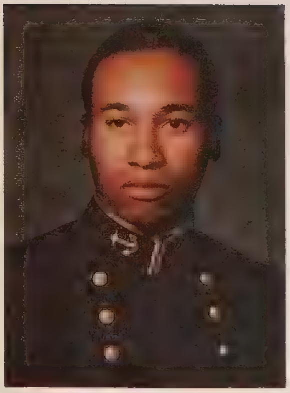
But makes this life
with you more dear.
And having known
this joy and you
so tender

without a fear
I face this life
so beautiful

and in the End
will with pain
surrender

the sight,
the touch,
or memory
of You.

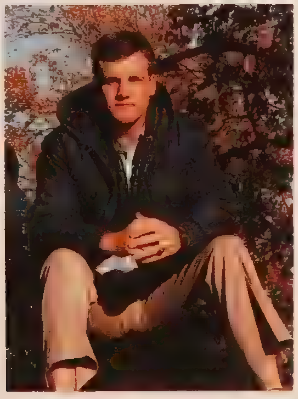
STEPHANY.

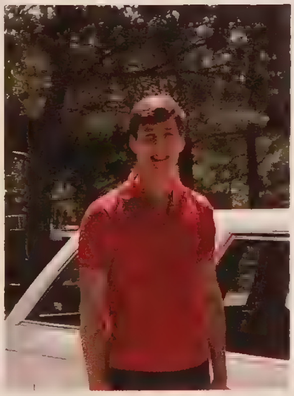


K. Brent Canady

Harvey
Shelbyville, Tennessee
Economics, Navy Air (Pilot)

Brent spent four long years in Annapolis, but, somehow, he never really left Shelbyville, Tennessee. He always had tremendous pride in both his hometown and his state: he kept a Tennessee state flag above his bed, a pint of Jack Daniels close at hand, and pictures of Kate everywhere. Always a ladies' man, Brent was never at a loss for visitors in Main Office. But Brent's heart always belonged to Kate and, while he was never really mean to anyone, he broke at least a dozen girls before telling them so. A collector at heart, Brent always believed that one man's trash is another man's treasure. He probably spends his time at home digging through dumpsters. As a mid ship you discover quickly that it never rains at Canoe U., it pours. Most guys have a difficult time coping when the bottom falls out. But not Brent. He never really seemed to notice it. He'd just put in another dip of skoal, screw his riverboat gambler's hat down a little tighter, and keep plugging along.





James W. Coogan

Coogs
East Greenwich, Rhode Island
Political Science, Navy Pilot

Jim came to USNA from that place they call the "United States of Rhode Island". Plebe year turned out to be not so easy, with the aid of a favorite firstie and academics. Third class year came with Political Science, a collar device, and no more comearounds. Second class year found Polly Jane, roadtrips to North Carolina, and more success in the world of academia. On first class cruise, Jim got a taste of aviation in the "Fleet" and decided that P-3's were the way to go. As a firstie, Jim found more papers, more roadtrips, and more Polly. Come second semester, Jim left the guys on 4-3 and 2-3 to live in the swamps of 4-0 with Battalion Staff. Jim found his new job to be extremely well-suited to his lifestyle - a phone, a second class, and negligible accountability. Graduation will lead into marriage, flight school, and hopefully, continued success for Coogs.

Gregory W. Crabtree
The Tree
Stillwater, Oklahoma
History, Nuclear Submarines

I don't think there is a person in 24th that didn't know Greg was from Stillwater, OK. He carried that pride in his home state with him in everything he did. Greg knew more professional knowledge than anyone and he let the plebes draw it out of him. He spent long hours trying to counsel his roomie, to no avail. Perhaps it went the other way. The road trips to I. S. U. and Chicago were instrumental in Greg's development as a complete midshipman. And how can we forget the Wolframs and the Churches? Ma Wolfram and Ma Church kept Greg busy on most weekends. He introduced them to the ways of the Sooner and they opened up their homes and their families.

Greg's personal tour of Canada had to rank as one of his all-time great accomplishments; next to winning the car, of course. History major or not, the nukes are getting a dedicated professional. Thanks for living with me for four years. You will be a true friend for life.

J. J. P.

John Michael Daniel
Jack
Gibbstown, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering, Nuclear Power

We could never figure out why a guy named Jack Daniels' ever came to old Canoe U. Maybe it's because everyone from New Jersey comes here. After a year at Glassboro State College and many all night campus parties how could he ever adjust to a disciplined atmosphere? The first things he said when he got here were; "Where's the Rathskeller?", "Where's all the girls?", and "Where's everyone running to?". The only thing we did know was that he wanted to fly. If you asked him why he took aerospace engineering as his major he would have told you because he wants to go Air. So, Jack why did yo u go Nukes?

No matter how many times he was told that he would never get any stripes if he parts his hair down the middle, Jack would not change. As a result, they made him company commander anyway. Maybe it was due to his company officer's help when he stated at Jack's striper board that "even though Mr. Daniel parts his hair in the middle I know he doesn't do dope."

First class year was a tough one for Jack. He was probably the only company commander restricting his last semester. During the week, if he wasn't at boxing practice, class, or at work as CC; he was out making up for his lost weekends. Jack lived by the motto that if he could sleep or party at least half the time that he would only be at the Academy half as long as everyone else.

But, now that it's all over, how was it Jack? Yeah, we know the answer. IT'S O.K. SIR!!!!!

Gerral K. David
Tex
Conroe, Texas
General Engineering, Naval Flight Officer

Our lives will never be the same nor our vocabularies after four years of Tex David. If you don't believe it's bigger in Texas, just ask him and he'll tell y'all. It's been a wild time ever since Plebe year recons and Moe's famous "Tourist Watch." Soon sailing took the Texan to sea, and lighting took him to Mahan Hall and he next emerged second semester youngster year to start studying aero. That only lasted 2 semesters, you know what they say, "Sooner or Later You'll go General." Not being one to break with tradition but mostly due to a couple of those wonderful engineering profs, Tex made the transition. This setback didn't affect the work he did as XO of Morning Light and as lighting director in Mahan Hall (Love that booth!). Whatever Tex did, whether it be screaming at plebes or captaining a foredeck, he always put his own special flair into it. That special flair included a secret notebook and a secret known as "Bicki"; at least a secret until after Herndon, 83. By the way, was that week in Bermuda really worth ten weeks of sailing Insurgente? Finally, thanks Tex for our fourth roommate firstie year (We love you, Bicki!) and your service as chauffeur.

Well, Tex, Graduation is on hand so - Fair Winds and Following Seas.

Stormer

Christian C. Decker
Decks
Churchille, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Civil Engineer Corps

God give us Men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands; Men who the lust of office does not kill; Men who the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who have honor; Menwho will not lie; Tall men who live about the fog in public duty and private thinking; for while they rabble, with their thumb-worn creed their large professions and their little deeds, mingle in selfish strife. Freedom weeps, wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps

....Josiah Holland

Make new friends but keep the old. Those are silver those are gold. New made friendships like new wine, age will mellow and refine. Brows may wrinkle, hair grow gray, friendships never know decay. for "MID old friends, tried and true", once more we our youth renew. But old friends Alas! May die, new friends must their place supply. Cherish freindship in your breast - new is good, but old is best; make new friends, but keep the old; those are silver these are gold

....Joseph Parry

Philip J. DesJardins
Phil
Redding, California
Applied Science, Supply Corps

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads onto way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
- Robert Frost

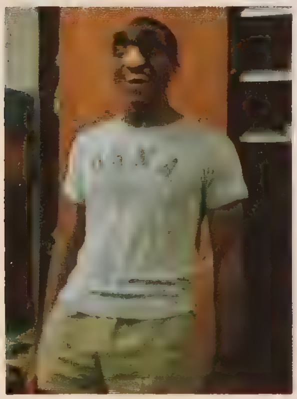
Brian E. Doyle
Hot Rod
Sterling Heights, Michigan
Ocean Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

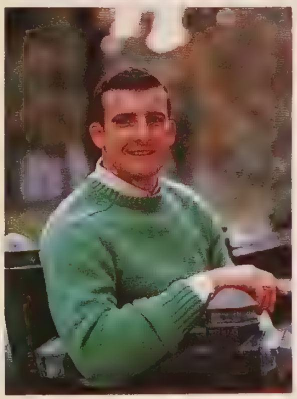
Hot Rod came to us from a suburb of the Motor City, fresh out of high school. He soon became known for his "athletic" gait and the 'ever-receding' hairline, as well as his intimate association with the roots of rock 'n' roll. He soon adopted a G.U.E. policy during plebe year, and ended up dating more young ladies as a plebe than anytime since. While some of these ladies were, at best, marginal in appearance, both G.U.E. and "beer-goggles" made these illegal meetings tolerable. In the spring, he declared his major as Oceanography, but his unselfish love for money forced a switch to the more "practical" Ocean Engineering, which not even the Rocket could deprive him of. Youngster year found BeBop as chairman of the I-Hate-Jim-Coogan Fan Club as well as a necessary ingredient of Mech-E's "raunch party." 'B' returned to my room as a second class, only to pick up a 1000 for horseplay next door, as well as a beautiful, gold '70 LeSabre from Nellie. SINGING WHEELS was sold for a profit over the summer, making way for his dream car, a classic '70 Vette. He was forced to room with Tony as a firstie, since I was gone, but second semester finds us back together again. Kelly, Harry, Karen, and visions of Allison have stayed with him for four years. Without Mountain Dew, I doubt he would have survived at all. Thanks, Brian, for making life bearable and for being such a good friend. Good luck in submarines!

B.L.L.

Leonard "SCOOTER" Gaines
Abbeville, Alabama
Physical Science, Surface Line

You will not meet a person like me because I'm different. I had no pattern to follow because I was simple. If you read this and try to figure out what I was about, just give up and take it from me. I was one cool and laid back dude and there is no doubt.





Douglas J. Gattuso
Gatx
Mickleton, N. J.
Applied Science, Marine Corps

Doug left easy street and chose to come to Annapolis. Having the advantage of a few predecessors, he knew what to expect once he was here. While proud of those predecessors, Doug spent his four years in his own pursuits, which were plentiful. He views his Naval Academy experience as a positive form of delayed gratification. "Drive yourself today and tomorrow you may not have to." Destined for "big cigars and motorcars," his future is bright. Diane is the love of Doug's life and always will be. He is grateful for the opportunity to join the few and the proud. Doug thanks his parents for their unending guidance and love. He also thanks the First Marine for just about everything.

A wise man once said, "Life's frustrations are a mystery or a challenge, depending on whether they are confronted by faith."

Godspeed and Semper Fidelis.

Jeffrey R. Graham
J. R.
San Antonio, Texas
Applied Science, Naval Fight Officer

Jeff claims San Antonio, Texas his home although he never came from or went there on leave. God knows where he's really from. Is it Oklahoma? Germany? Alaska or Ohio? His parents are still trying to decide, perhaps it'll be Texas another time, Jeff! Jeff is the only real Don Juan I know - charming, intelligent, experienced, quick witted and a great conversationalist (but never make fun of his clothes) - if he couldn't dazzle them with brilliance he could baffle them with B. S.! Jeff never failed to entertain us with his ability to wash socks in the sink or his exciting, worldly stories of distant places and experiences.

Jeff gradually broke away from his extremist life style (especially his Plebe Saturday night ritual) to a more moderate "middle of the road" ("leave me out of it, Mike, please!") company leader and professional with a steady (finally) girlfriend. Jeff is a damn good sport and, I hope, a friend forever. Good luck and good show at P-cola.

Michael F. Hagan
Hages
Hertford, North Carolina
Physical Science, Surface Warfare

And he went back to meet the fox.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Goodbye," said the fox. "And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye."

"What is essential is invisible to the eye," the little prince repeated, so that he would be sure to remember.

"It is the time you have wasted for your rose that makes your rose so important."

"It is the time I have wasted for my rose —" said the little prince, so that he would be sure to remember.

"Men have forgotten this truth," said the fox.

'But you must not forget it. You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed. You are responsible for your rose . . ."

"I am responsible for my rose," the little prince repeated, so that he would be sure to remember.

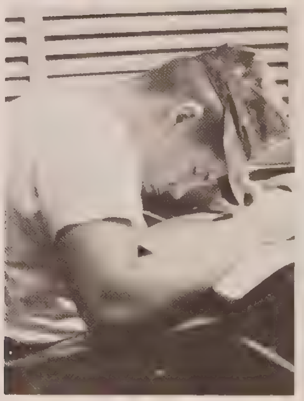
The Little Prince
Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Mark P. Heaphy
Dog
New Milford, Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering, Marine Corps

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stand still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove
the flood,
And they climb the mountain's
crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy
blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

And each forgets, as he strips
and runs
With a brilliant, fitful pace,
It's the steady, quiet, plodding
[illegible]
Who win in the lifelong race.
And each forgets that his youth
has fled,
Forgets that his prime is past,
Till he stands one day, with a
hope that's dead,
In the glare of the truth at
last.

Robert W. Service



George H. Herlong
Falls Church, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering, Marine Air

Behind every man now alive stand thirty ghosts, for that is the ratio by which the dead outnumber the living. Since the dawn of time roughly a hundred billion human beings have walked the planet earth. Now this is an interesting number, for by a curious coincidence there are approximately a hundred billion stars in our local universe, the Milky Way. So for every man who has ever lived, in this universe there shines a star. But every one of those stars is a sun, often far more brilliant and glorious than the small, nearby star we call the Sun. And many - perhaps most - of those alien suns have planets circling them. So almost certainly there is enough land in the sky to give every member of the human species, back to the first apeman, his own private, world-sized heaven - or hell. How many of those potential heavens and hells are now inhabited, and by what manner of creatures, we have no way of guessing; the very nearest is a million times farther away than Mars or Venus, those still remote goals of the next generation. But the barriers of distance are crumbling; one day we shall meet our equals, or our masters, among the stars. Men have been slow to face this prospect: some still hope that it may never become a reality. Increasing numbers, however, are asking: "Why have such meetings not occurred already, since we ourselves are about to venture into space?" Why not, indeed? Here is one possible answer to that very reasonable question. But please remember: this is only a work of fiction. The truth, as always, will be far stranger.

A.C.C.

Robert A. Kametz
Bob
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Naval Flight Officer

Hailing from Bethlehem Pa. Bob arrived at U.S.N.A. via Perkioman complements of the Naval Institute. Plebe year was full of activity and Bob's main efforts centered around squaring away his roommates. Waking to A. J.'s "rise and shine" and Harvy's grunts told Bob just how much work he still had to do. It soon became apparent that the level of Bob's professional knowledge exceeded most anyone's here at U.S.N.A. More than one know-it-all was destroyed as they tried to match Bob's knowledge in military hardware from the M-16 to the MIG-29. Another of Bob's favorite pastimes was ridding the countryside of its varmit population. In the tradition of the safari, the "Death Merchant" rarely returned without an interesting story or a smile. As weekends became more plentiful, Bob spent various amounts of time at Frans, Dockside, Afterdeck Georgetown, Mary Washington, College Park, Marymount and other haunts in the pursuit of the fairer sex and good beer. Both of which he maintained at a very high standard I might add. While first class year has been a little more interesting than Bob might have wished, graduation is close at hand. Good luck at Pensacola Bob and as they say "Good Hunting".

Richard T. Lawrence
Doc
Daytona Beach, Florida
Physics, Nuclear Surface

Is that all there is?

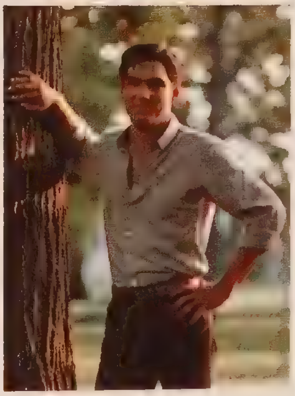
Peddie only served to glue up the coast button, but it wasn't inactivity that earned the move to 24. (Boating never had happy endings for this sailor.) 12 was left **very** willingly. Galilean sacrifices made 24 into a place somebody could live.

Armed with a completely incomplete education, there is no hope for a final empty glass — the chances are gone. Only trips to Palm Tree Paradises will give the desired effect.

Beneath the wind turned wave
Islands join hands
'Neath heaven's sea.

Bruce L. Lipphardt, Jr.
Lippy
Independence, Ohio
Oceanography, Nuclear Submarines

Lippy came to us armed with all that his little podunk had to offer. From his earliest plebe days as a member of "Second Squad, Stud Squad" to his rather unique, if not downright hateful, relationship with Crazy Pepe Lopez to his somewhat more amiable "relationship" with M/LTGEN Ryder, Lippy always left you laughing. His sense of humor somehow managed to carry him through three years as a D&Ber and on into first class year where he became a Trident Scholar and a 5-striper. First class year also taught him about cars and women, of which he went through two and six, respectively. He finally settled on a "L'il Red Corvette" as his means of motion, and an equitable time-sharing plan for all his admirers. But Bruce seemed to date girls who did more mental damage to him than anything else. Girls such as Ellen, Chris, Michelle, and Barb who came from all walks of life — professional teenagers, naval officers, and ballet dancers. Lippy, on the rare occasions when he wasn't in the rack, made this four-year sentence at the Rock-on-the-Bay all the more enjoyable. Good luck to you in the fleet.



John H. Lyon II
San Diego, California
Mathematics, Surface Line

John came to USNA from California as a last minute decision that he's not sure if he's going to regret it or not. Only time will tell. After much travel around the nation with his family, he chose the Academy in the hopes of finding a better life. There is not much else to say, except for good luck to all his classmates, especially his room-mate and best friend, Rob. Also he has this quote for all:

Always reaching for the sun
I know I'm not the only one
My life is a song in the air
And even though the things I hear
Seem more awesome than my fears
I know that the night will soon appear
Then lost in clouds that turn to smiles
Visions fall upon my mind
Pain is a word left behind
For here my life just carries on
Without the hurt when all is gone
Here my song belongs to
Dreamers-Dreamers-Dreamers
Through the mists of forgotten time
Faint and haunting in my mind
A voice seems to whisper in my ear
And even though the light is dim
A glow ascends from deep within
Urging the dreams ever nearer

D.M.

Thomas Hamilton Manley

T. H.
Belleville, Illinois
Physical Science, Surface Line

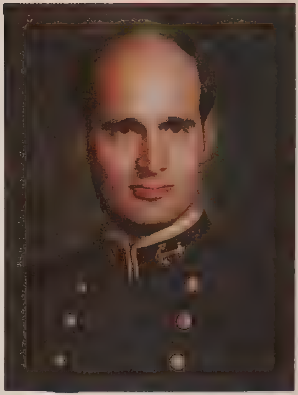
Tom reported to 24th PLT, Mike Co. from Belleville, IL. He was always a bit miffed when we pronounced it Bell-view, but not as much as his SQD LDR, M/ENS BUTCH, was when he was late to formation. Remember those famous words echoing throughout deck 3-4 "WHERE'S MANLEY!" The usual reply was, ". . . in the head maam." Still, all the firsties got a kick out of Tom's sense of humor, especially when he returned from Parent's W.E. looking like a victim of a vampire attack. Luckily the upperclass that Tom didn't like never found out that those little candies he gave out for Halloween were "doggy treats!" But, what do you expect from a guy whose hero was Surface Murphus. As plebe year progressed we said so long to Foxo, aka BPB and finally climbed Herndon so the Dant could go play tennis. Many will remember Tom because they were victims of the feared SB, IP, and TH cutdowns. To tell the truth, Tom is one of the most fair, hard working and professional guys around. Tom, Moni, and Bri, Best Wishes in the future and Good Luck in the Fleet!

CES III

Michael M. McCutcheon

Gator
Bremen, Georgia
Political Science, Navy Air (Pilot)

Mike came to the boat school from two years in the fleet with two goals: to graduate and to go Navy Air. He easily achieved both of these, and also earned a couple of varsity letters for 150lb. football before being sidelined by an ankle operation. Although few people enjoyed having a good time more than Gator, he was basically a serious guy who liked to surround himself with a few close friends, and who kept everyone else at a distance with his sarcastic wit. The end of plebe year found Gator combining his unique line of b.s. with Jeff Graham's as the two covered Annapolis in search of women. They were just getting their technique down when he met Diane. What a nice girl like her sees in a guy who lives for raunch parties and who wants to be a road warrior when he grows up, we'll never know — but three years later they're still together. We wish you both the best of luck, and we'll see you in Pensacola this fall.



John J. Pendola

Poo-dic
Hillside, Illinois
Mathematics, Nuclear Power

It's 24 hours before the weekend and nothing to do. A road trip seems in order and over 4 years the whole east coast became victim to the Pood-Newm antics. ISU, OSU and LSU were but a few of the places with which Zeke, O. S. and a bottle of George ran wild. From the Schilthorn and Feldschlossen to '81 spring break and a fantastic voyage a new and unique story developed. John drank Old Style but never touched Bud as he wants many kids. Miller also became very satisfying on those long week nights in which John constantly tried to turn USNA into a full college experience. We can never forget Leon on those dreary mornings after or the "spot" where the USS Sims found it's only life in years.

Poodle excelled to great heights as a runner and academically. He owes his inspiration to Terri where his true heart always lay. She made those road trips to the midwest really fun, and from now on sheet posters will remain in their rightful place after those weekend experiences.

Proviso West and Wiz should be proud of John as he heads south to NPS. Times could not have been any better than they were here with the distance corps. After all who else could have sung the Mermaid song.The Poods will always be a schemer. There is not an idea that has not passed through his head and that is why he was so unique. The Pood-Newm antics will continue on as many road trips between Orlando and P'cola will be made.

HEPS
INDOOR
TRACK
CHAMPIONSHIPS

Steven Bradley Peters

Petes
Freedom, Pennsylvania
Physical Science, Marine Corps

Thoughts from a guy ready to move:

Far From The Madding Crowd

It seems to me I'd like go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well,
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

Nixon Waterman

David G. Petitt
Skyler
Lake Charles, Louisiana
Computer Science, USMC Ground

Give me, God, what you still have,
Give me what no one asks for;
I do not ask for wealth
Nor for success, nor even health —
People ask you so often, God, for all that
That you cannot have any left.
Give me, God, what you still have;
Give me what people refuse to accept from you.
I want insecurity and disquietude,
I want turmoil and brawl,
And if you should give them to me, my God,
Once and for all
Let me be sure to have them always,
For I will not always have the courage
To ask you for them.
— Zirhnheld
THE PARAS' PRAYER
Fadeout . . .

Leslie Robert Ryan
Rob
Phoenix, Arizona
Political Science, Marine Air

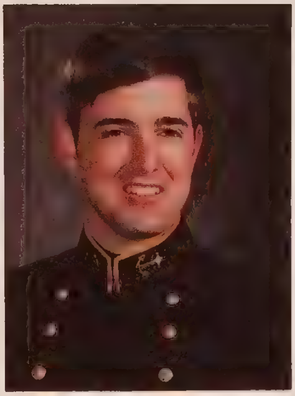
Tryin not to lose myself
In the women and the wine
Tryin not to change my point of view
Hopin I can keep my feet
Above the water line
Even after all my dreams come true
In a sea of motion
Water edged with foam
Clinging to the things I used to
know
Swallowed by an ocean
Sinking like a stone
But I'm drowning in the undertow
Tryin not to lose myself in the
Glitter and the gold
Trying not to change the way I see
Hopin I can keep my eyes on the
things that stay the same
Even on the things I know are real
Caught up on the waters of some
Dark and nameless sea
Whoa let the current carry me
Tryin not to lose myself
In the fortune or the fame
Tryin not to change the way I see
Hopin I can keep my eyes
On the things that stay the same
And disregard the things that seem
to be.
Rick Roberts
Firefall

Anthony R. Saccavino
Sac
Palm Coast, Florida
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

To my parents,
with great love and appreciation;

Home is not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where Affection calls -
Filled with shrines the hearth had builded!
Home! Go watch the faithful dove,
Sailin 'neath the heaven above us.
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us.
Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!
Charles Swain

Run Silent Run Deep!!!



Carl Emerson Schwenker III
Schwenk
Daytona Beach, Florida
Oceanography, Navy Air

After saying thanks but no thanks to the bus driver school, Carl left the easy Daytona Beach lifestyle only to meet a squad leader who hated everything, piles of forms, and endless shot lines. When Ac-year finally arrived, Carl found himself the fourth class gypsy, wandering aimlessly from room to room until he finally settled down with BPB and TH. As the year passed, Schwenk decided to get even with his flaming second class by putting dead fish in their lockers. During study hour, Carl could be found shooting bottle rockets and flying flaming paper airplanes in Goat Court. Youngster year, Carl had more time to play his practical jokes, however, the Great Rack Dog heart attack got him in trouble with AJ. Second class year, Carl brought his security blanket, blankey, from home. These two life long friends were inseparable and Carl became a starting player on the rack team. First class year found Carl heading for the mountains and waiting for graduation. Service selection was a big worry but all went well with Carl selecting Navy Air. After Graduation who knows, whatever happens we'll know that as always, we can all count on Carl. If dependable was a guy's first name, it would surely be his. He has always been and always will be, a true friend.
THM

Norman P. Smith

Stormin' Norman
Tiffin, Ohio
Physics, Nuclear Surface

From day one we all knew exactly what to expect from Norm. He was a BIG boy - looked like he ate a side of beef for breakfast - but DUMB. You could read it in his face. He was always running around saying "No cubba, No bwain, Sir!" And to make it worse, when asked his sport his reply was "Duh Futbol." Of course, Stormer never did a thing to show that we weren't absolutely right! Well, not exactly right . . . Okay, Okay, we were dead wrong. Norm crutched through the end of plebe year, just getting off crutches in time for good ole' youngster cruise, because of a knee injury in football. Youngster year, he helped organize MidActs. Second class year he played football in the fall, hurt his "good" knee in the Spring and made the agonizing decision to quit football. He also had a 3-striper staff billet. He decided, after that, that he didn't want out of company stripes so he told the Co. Off. he wanted to be Co. Cdr. After firstie cruise in that vacation spot, Beirut, he came back to USNA to be Plebe Summer and First Semester Co. Cdr. Now, you have to realize the Spacious One had not marched since our Plebe Summer and now he was upfront. The guide-on bearer called cadence continually and he survived other than a few minor things like "Company Right Eyes!!" In the midst of all this he became a Surface Nuke, was the Pres. of MidActs, and did a little acting on the side. Behind every great man there is a great woman. For Four years Norm and Mary fought off the obstacles of life. They were engaged over Christmas Break, Dec. 83.

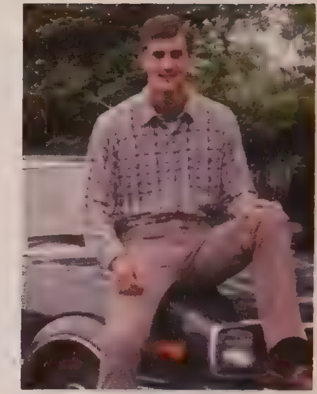
Well, Stormer, Graduation is on hand so - Fair Winds and Following Seas.

Tex

Glenn E. Stahl

Rackdog
Devon, Pennsylvania
Resources Management, Navy Air (Pilot)

Glenn came to the boat school from Devon, Penn. He thought this place would be fun in the sun and swimming. His plebe year he mastered the art of blending into the woodwork. However, youngster year Rackdog emerged, many a plebe had wet dreams because of Stahly and T. H. It seems impossible to imagine this place without his stories and subtle abuse. Glenn has amused us all at one time or another. Additionally, if you ever received an anonymous phone call, an advertisement in your mailbox, or even a cartoon on your desk, you can be assured Glenn had something to do with it. With Glenn's personality he may not reach the highest levels of success, but he'll be happy. Only the Rackdog could convince a L.A. State Trooper he really was sober, even though he could not remember the girls name in the back seat, or where he was going. We all know Glenn will make a hell of a pilot, and wish him luck in Pensacola.



William D. Wright

Billy Bob
St. Joseph, Michigan
Aerospace Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Bill brought a remarkable family heritage to USNA from the frozen wasteland of the Lower Peninsula. He wasn't the only one of us to get fried for getting up too early during Plebe Summer, but he was the only one to get out of it because he got up to read his Bible. Somehow you can't go wrong with upbringing like that.

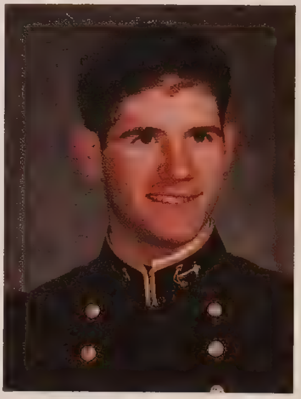
Since Billy Bob's Dad flew for the Air Force, he had a flair for airplanes. He chose aero as a major and kept the skies of our room full of jets. As if that wasn't enough we had graph paper all over our combined desks for ship scenarios which constantly changed because he knew EVERYTHING about EVERYBODY'S Navy. Bill was an endless source that we all took advantage of in time of need. The most amazing thing is he never seemed to mind, even during second class year and first semester first class year when he seemed to never sleep because his classes were so hard.

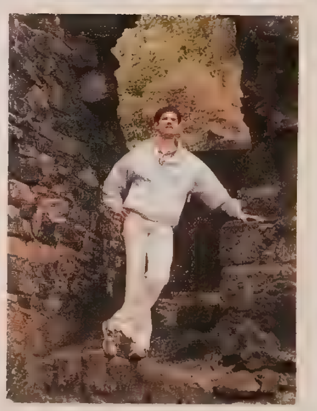
Through all the trials and tribulations, Bill always had a way to turn because he was very involved with the Navigators. This group provided the framework that he clung to until he was able to stand on his own and be a part of that framework for others in need.

Now that we near the end of our stay at USNA, Billy Bob has chosen Nuke Subs. He even hints that the Navy wouldn't be a bad career. At any rate, it's been great. God Bless and Godspeed.

GKD

Psalm 107: 23-24





Branch Wrzeszcz

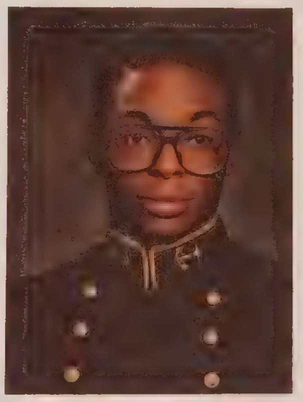
Enzyme
Villa Park, Illinois
General Engineering, Marine Corps

Always having an affinity for water, Branch found the Naval Academy to be the ideal vacation spot. After he showered his sponsor with surprises he lost some of his inhibitions. He displayed many different talents for dancing on the Doors to doing the lawn mower. Plenty of doors will open for him if he remembers to turn the knob first - or just give it a good pull. His paroxysms of frenetic activity will not soon be forgotten. If his truck is still running, he'll be crusing out of here in May. By the way, what happened in your truck anyways? We're having much more fun. You don't know where we've gone. WE'll crawl through your backyard and whack your yappin'dog. We're having much more fun!*!

5th BATTALION

Twenty Five

lly like it.
NAVY

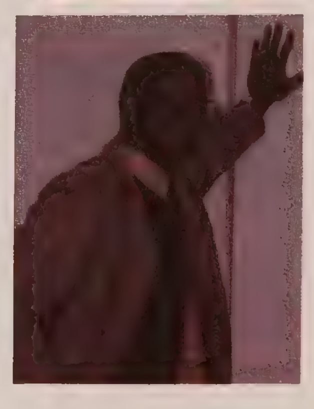


Jeffrey Alan Andrews
Drew
Dayton, Ohio
SMA, USMC

Drew, Worker 2674958, came to the Academy to prove that it's true what they say! Upon arrival his three great loves were running track, fast cars, and fast women. Unfortunately, his times went down as his weight went up and his car slowed down as his engine blew up, fortunately he had better luck with the women. Just ask Anita from Washington, D. C., Patricia from Dayton, Ohio, Raksha from California, etc. After seeing Jeff on stage with a belly dancer in Baltimore, we tried to pull him away from the woman long enough to get some dancing lessons ourselves, but met with little success. Always the proper gentleman, Jeff was never one to offend others or to take sides in an argument. He did slip once, in Pasadena. Jeff, always the gungy type, naturally chose the Marine Corps as his service selection.

To show his devotion to the Corps, Jeff even allowed the Plebes to give him a Mohawk haircut, which he now wears proudly. Good luck on your car, good luck in the Corps, and remember — don't ever trust a woman with your Mastercard!!!! May you always have a green landscape and good camouflage. We love you!!!!

RDM
GAP
PRB



Kris M. Belland

Wheels
Pacifica, California
Physical Science, Supply

The fable is he was born in a shiny red corvette and rode a silver Harley into Shipwreck Tech in July 1980 with a rugby ball tucked under one arm and a bag full of charm in the other - whatever, this ruffian from the golden land of California added a lot to the spirit of EZ-25. He brought his own style of language to 6-2 with WFW and FA and a whole lot of babbling about some dream girl named Deneen. Whether it was bashing heads on the rugby field (where he must've gotten his inspiration to be a Doc) or helping out the area Kids as a Big Brother or singing obscene drinking songs in the local watering hole, he was always a rush to be around. We dusted him off and made him Head Duck for a while where he simply led us to a "good time." We all wish the Wheels the best - go kick some A.

Hugs Brock

Thanx Brock - Fair winds and following seas to you and Missy.

To: Co. 25 There are none better, keep charging 85, 86, 87!!

Peter C. Bernard

Pete
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering, Navy NFO

When Pete cruised into the U.S. Naval Summer Camp in July of 1980, he had two goals in mind: graduate from the place and become a Naval Flight Officer. During Plebe Summer, he was regarded as the aviation expert, telling the firsties more than they ever wanted to know about any Navy aircraft. From then on, everyone knew this guy belonged to Navy Air. As an aero engineer, Pete had his share of academic setbacks but managed to survive with his favorite study aid, loud rock and roll. When there was serious studying to be done, out would come the headphones and the Van Halen albums. When the weekend rolled around and it was Miller Time, he usually headed for the nearest hole-in-the-wall beer dispenser with anyone who cared to tag along. After he got a set of wheels, it was down to Va. Beach for the weekends whenever financially feasible. As a member of USNA's Rifle Team, "the Rifleman" spent many an afternoon punching holes in a piece of paper fifty feet away. After graduation and thirty days of well-deserved leave, Pete will make tracks for sunny Pensacola to follow in his dad's footsteps as an NFO.
"F. A. and KMAG YOYO"

FLY NAVY!

Paul R. Bollinger

Bubbles
Erie, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Submarines

After spending a couple years in the Real Navy, Bubbles came to the Naval Academy for four years of playtime. Paul's high number of Validations enabled him to coast two and a half years before having to study, while at the same time instilling these study habits in his roommates. Body Beautiful kept his great shape by dropping under 160 lbs. once a year for light-weight football weigh-ins, while at the same time earning a first string position on the Brigade diet tables. However, his coordination allowed him to rise to the occasion in defeating Big Bad John in a grudge wrestling match and thereby winning over his Ring Dance date. His Mechanical Engineering major did not interfere with the countless hours he spent giving extra instruction to his classmates. As the company genius, it was only right that "Brains" chose Nuclear Power as his service selection. Always remember Snap, Crackle and Pop as the number one team.

GOOD LUCK! Dive deep, dive hard, and dive often — then dive again!

RDM GAP

Bryan F. Butler

Bultar
North Carolina
General Engineering, Navy NFO

Bultar rose from "The Grave" (Hargrave Military Academy) to arrive at USNA one step ahead of the law and half a step ahead of his mother. It was either the Academy or spend the rest of his life as a J. D. He's not quite sure where his home town is, but it's somewhere in NC. Bryan was definitely the financial wizard of the company, he paid more interest on his VISA card than most people charged. He was a master at manipulating his debts so that one loan could pay off the other. A gadget man, Bryan was the first to get his PQS signed off on the company's Betamax. He had a little more difficulty with the academic side of life. Bryan was so interested in Engine Math they let him take it twice but stopped him on the third try. Bryan's favorite color must be red because of his choice of cars and women. An ex-Aero major, Bryan was an airdale from the beginning. VTNA let Bryan do the flying himself but the Navy will only let him sit in the backseat. Watch out Pensacola, here he comes. Hopefully the air lanes will be a lot safer for him than the highways have been (above 10,000 feet they don't arrest you for speeding, careless and reckless, failing to stop, . . ., etc.) Good luck Bultar, see ya in P-cola.

Thanks guys, see you all in P-cola or wherever and good luck to you all!

Bultar

Leif A. Dahl
Leifer
Poway, California
Applied Science, Surface Warfare

Leifer arrived at USNA a short 10 days after leaving his boat, the USS Birmingham (also known as the Bammer-hammer), on which he was a plankowner. Four years earlier he graduated from Poway High School (what's a Poway?) in Southern California where he grew up. During plebe year Leifer hooked up with the Oceanography Club, the Antiphonal Choir, and rowed Crew. This year he's Vice-President of the Antiphs, but if you ask him to sing something he'll tell you he can't sing. After 4 years? Oh well . . .

Youngster year Leifer's life turned around a couple of times. At the beginning of Ac year he got involved with the Navigators, and began to grow as a believer in Christ. Long about Christmas time though, he had a few difficulties with his inner abdominal workings, which put his faith to the test. After a myriad of tests, a medical board, and endless paperwork, God pulled off a miracle (through a lot of prayer), and ol' Leifer Deifer's off to the fleet again as a SWO.

A lot of people gave Leifer grief for going SWO after being a submariner, but he explained it like this - After having lived in California for 18 years, and then in subs not seeing the sun for weeks on end, he decided surface was the way to go. Leifer always seemed to have a verse for the occasion, and as he left the banks of the sunny Severn, he left me with Joshua 1:9 and told me to look it up.

Jesus J. Fierro, Jr.
Jesus
El Paso, Texas
English, Surface Line

I was born and raised in El Paso, TX. After graduating from Burges H. S., I spent nine months at NAPS in Newport before arriving at USNA — in July 1978! Yep, I was a ploob in the class of "82". ***Well,*** *after 2'nd class year, the academic board decided that I needed a vacation; so, I headed for home. There, a smooth-talking Navy recruiter convinced me that I should enlist in the nuke program. Once again, I packed my bags and, this time, headed for San Diego — BOOT CAMP! After traveling with the Navy for two years to Chicago and finally Orlando, FL. (nuke school), I decided that I should come back to USNA as a member of the class of "82+2" (eighty-four). Then, with new determination and enthusiasm, I "hit the decks running" first class year to gain what for some (myself included) is the most coveted prize — a USNA diploma* ***and*** *a commission in the World's Greatest Navy. Coming back here was the most difficult thing I've ever done — staying here was even harder. I couldn't have done it without Jesus Christ. The family God gave me and the great people in "Killer Duck" Twenty-Five helped a lot, too. I don't want to fool anyone; but, the following verse* ***has*** *meant a great deal to me: "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Philippians 1:6) . . .*

Michael Joseph Fillis
Captain Quiche
Salida, Colorado
Oceanography, Nuclear Submarines

Mike came to us from the little town of Salida in the heart of the Rockies. He was sometimes looked upon as a father figure primarily because of the sparsity of hair on his head. Of course there was also a certain picture which added to that image.

Mike was always known as a future Naval Aviator. We were all shocked when, during 1/c year, he decided to fly one of those planes with the propeller on the back and the wings on the conning tower instead of an F-14. It's terrible to think that he sold out to a nuke bonus.

Mike was a blower in the Drum and Bugle Corps all four years at boat school. He was always known as a "mellow" person in D and B. His enthusiasm toward the D and B was always welcome particularly after long hours of practice or one of the many long, dull bus trips which we endured.

Best of luck in everything you do Mike, and may God continue to watch over you.

V.D.

Michael David Gerhardt
Mickey
Chicago, Illinois
Physics, USMC

Chickenheart came to us from the political capital of the world, after spending eighteen years hanging out with the bro's. Having once been a rising international gymnastics star, Mickey settled down into the laid back attitude that he brought with him to the Naval Academy. He was a financial genius, amassing great sums of money by only buying the necessities of life — alcohol. While he was not drinking he spent several hours a day working hard at gymnastics trying to attain his ultimate goal — three striper libs, a three day school week, and team captain. Mickey encountered great difficulty in doing his homework, but his homework always managed to do him. After carefully planning his way to becoming a nuclear power officer by taking several reactor physics classes, spending two summers on submarine cruises, and surviving the physics major, Mickey chose the Marine Corps as his service selection. As for Nuclear Power Mickey says, "Up yours!". Good luck Mickey — We love you! Get a haircut. ooo-RAH!!!

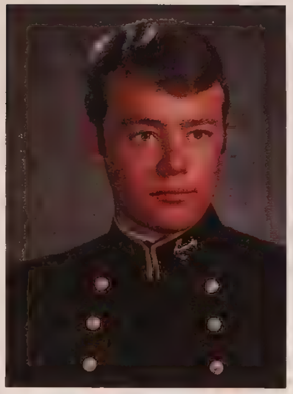
GAP JAA PRB RDM

Brian Douglas Goodrow
Brian
Levittown, Pennsylvania
Political Science, Navy Pilot

Goody, the man with the chow packages, turned down Purdue, Notre Dame, PSU, and a string of other schools to become a morally, mentally, and physically developed midshipman (he had a jump on the physical part). Does he regret the decision? If you asked him one night over plebe summer when LCDR Glutting caught him in the shower after taps he would have probably said yes . . . Brian demonstrated that the plebe indoc system works as he came to a stark raving naked attention when the OOD ripped the shower curtain open. In the beginning we didn't see much of Brian, although Ron Almeter did. He was busy knokin' heads on the astroturf with George Welsh. Brian decided to give football a rest and become 25's director of professional development. The more we saw of Brian the more we liked. The more we saw of his girlfriends the more we liked. And Brian, being the unselfish individual he is, always managed to get dates for mids less fortunate than himself. On one such date, being the gentleman he is, offered to drive into the yard youngster year . . . it wasn't seen in the same light by the administration. Brian was also known for his belief in equal rights for women, specifically Naval Academy women. He believed they should have the same opportunities as normal girls and was seen on several occasions helping out his company mate, "Spike". Good Luck in P-cola, Brian . . . you deserve the best!

Brian C. Hawley
Bri
South Lake Tahoe, California
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Air-NFO

From the ski slopes of Heavenly, Brian came skiing into Plebe Summer at a pretty fast clip and continued to barrel through obstacles until second semester plebe year when he met up with a second class named Webb. But elastic enough to bounce back Brian picked himself up and continued down the hill only to hit another mogul by the name of 4000 series conduct offense. It seemed a football pep rally wasn't exciting enough so he and his roommate tried to brighten it up with fireworks - only to be caught red-handed. Again picking himself up and brushing off the snow he persisted down the slopes only to be nearly hung on a tree branch called second class aerospace major academics made worse by his summer fling - Susie. But Michelle came along and straightened him out (kind of) and Brian made it the rest of the way with only minor slips - including a heartbreaking battering of his sweet little 240Z. Brian's laid back Californian skibum, rock climbing ways will be missed but Pensacola and the NFO community will benefit from his presence.



William P. Hudak
Bill
Torrance, California
Mechanical Engineering, Submarines

Never one to go with the flow, Bill began life in Torrance, California. After doing as much damage there as possible, Bill decided to join the Navy and see the world. Realizing he could have more fun (and make more money) as an officer, Bill headed for USNA via NAPS (where his presence was deeply felt).

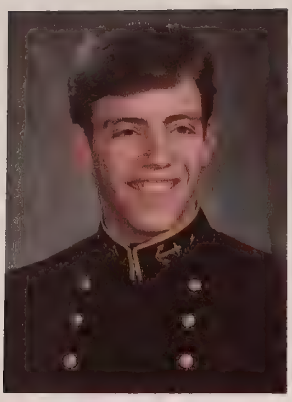
Bill hit Annapolis running and promptly made national headlines, being voted "most photogenic" by the Joint Chiefs of Staff (enough said). As Mechanical Engineering began taking up his time, Bill settled into the life of a scholar-bum (with emphasis on bum). Second class year Bill started karate, often doing more damage to his own body than to his opponent. Nuclear submarines were the obvious service selection for Bill; lots of money, good food, and no seasickness. Bill plans to accomplish great things in the Nuc Navy; His immediate aspirations being to live on a sailboat and start a harem of valley girls before Nuc school. The girl who finally settles Bill down will need two things: nerves of steel and a large wooden bat. Good Luck in the future Bill and take it easy on the turkey.

PJ

Peter A. Joseph Jr.
Pete
Seattle, Washington
Ocean Engineering, Navy Air

Pete was born on APR 61 and, since his father was a Coast Guard type (USCGA 61), he never lived in any one place long enough to call it home. He launched his career at NAPS where he learned to drink and fall down with the saltiest bunch in 84. During his five year internship, Pete completed a degree in Ocean Eng and firmly believed in fast living and faster women (except Sue). It was only fitting he chose Navy Air. Now he has an excuse for acting crazy, whether dressing up for a late night swim after dinner or going after the wrong girl in Va. Beach. But, when it comes to women, Pete is great to have around. Who else picks up Burger King girls for their friends. Best of luck to you at P-Cola and I pity the dude(s) on the business end of your Tomcat.

WPH



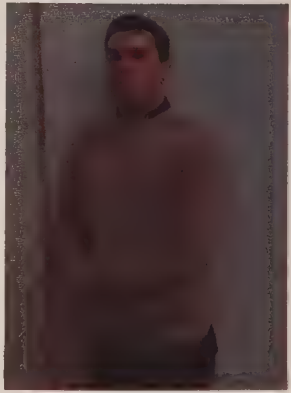
David J. Landess
DJ
Des Moines, Iowa
Ocean Engineering, Navy NFO

Dave walked through the gates of USNA from his origins in the Midwest (where is this place they call I-owa anyway?) not really knowing what was in store. Plebe summer took him by storm, but he made it through the rest of the plebe experience with the help of the Dooner "screen." After a brief stint with the glee club, Dave faded into the obscurity of youngster year, save for one shining moment: a 4000 series Demolitian Qual. The Corps figured they had this one bagged by youngster year when he and his roomie tried to blow 6th wing into the Bay. Dave decided that the top was where he wanted to be and second class year found him pushing his grades and performance into the spectral zone. Never to let stubbed toes slow him down, Dave became Mr. Intensity for 25th company sports (it's just a little 'ole sprain, really, I can finish the game.) Rewarded for his efforts, Dave was presented with the Company Commandership and he marched 25 through the fall of first class year with his innovative leadership. A born aviator, Dave will grace Pensacola with his slick dancing and GQ style.

Ralph Daniel Mize
Ralph
Marietta, Georgia
General Engineering, USMC

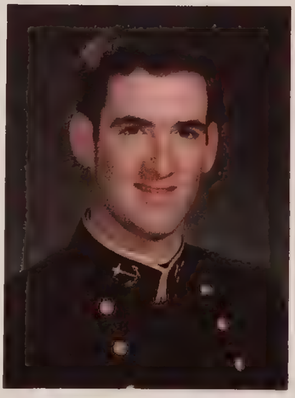
Ralph came to us on a four year loan from his girlfriend, Terri. It didn't take long for him to make friends of us all and become one of the leaders in our class. He worked hard at his academics, but gradually as time went on found that he enjoyed wrestling during study hour more than studying. He also discovered that General Engineering went along with his new hobby better than Mechanical Engineering did. Ralph didn't restrict his activities to just wrestling though; he was also an avid bowler and football player. He was so impressed with the 81-82 lucky ducks that he carried on the name if not the trademark of the lucky ducks as coach of the company heavyweight football team. Speaking of heavyweights, Ralph was once one of the lites until he switched his most productive workouts to the dinner table. He eventually became well known to the wardroom workers because he never left until they took his silverware from him. On the serious side, Ralph earned himself the position of Deputy Vice Honor Chairman for Education through many semesters of hard work and genuine concern for the system. In fact he was so concerned about the system that he decided to test it once with an anonymous call to Main Office. Guess what — it works! Ralph's future now lies in the hands of the Marine Corps, but before they get him, Terri is going to foreclose on her loan to us. We wish them both all the happiness in the world. We will miss Ralph but we know that the miles will never separate our friendship.

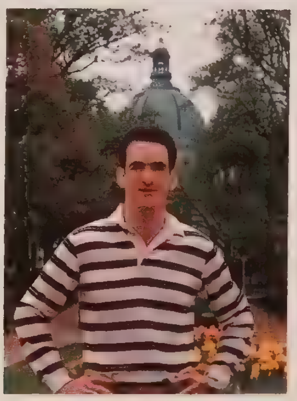
PRB JAA RWS



Richard C. Muldoon
Dooner
Newington, Connecticut
Applied Science, Navy Air-Pilot

Dooner cruised in through plebe summer with the help of a year of NAPS experience and a "no-chopping" chit for mono. The return of the brigade marked the beginning of a new Rick though, and he performed the invaluable service to his classmates as "The Screen". Through youngster year (and every year for that matter) Dooner was enjoying his weekends with the D&B while his roommates waxed the floor for formals. He was often conveniently absent, especially when the roomies got into trouble. (It was a great pyro display, Ricky. You really missed it.) Second class year found Dooner enjoying first class weekends and long nights, a slave to the computer, but tireless effort proved fruitful when he was presented with the D&B Commander consolation prize, plebe summer. He finally became a true mogul-masher first class year (who couldn't with a roommate who sleeps with his skis?) terrorizing the slopes of Tahoe. Hopelessly succumbing to the Navy Air bug, he snagged one of 25's few pilot billets, and will fill the skies of Pensacola with the blessed notes of "Anchors Aweigh". Take care, Rick. You were always there when we needed you most.





Scott K. Nelson
Tank
Paradise, California
Applied Science, USMC Ground

Tank came to this glorious institution on the Severn by way of the Marine Corps. Once here, he found that Plebe Summer wasn't bad; he just could not get into all the Navy stuff. After the summer, Tank found his niche at the Academy; Navy football. For the next 3 and a half years, he was not seen much in the company as he alternately played and managed, eventually becoming Senior Manager. Tank also earned the nickname of "phantom Snowman" as he was in White Works whenever he was seen. During his spare time, Tank took to relaxing and staying away from the Academy as much as possible. Although Tank will leave a giant hole when he leaves, we will wish him the best of luck in his career in the Marines.

Victor Dwight Pratt

Rackdog
New Vienna, Ohio
Oceanography, NFO

He descended upon Boat School in 1980 from the pastures of Ohio for Plebe Summer. Although that summer was quite hot, Vic managed to sweat more than the rest of us. Those of us who knew Vic were happy to see him kick back some after plebe year.

During his four years at the Academy Vic excelled in academics, but he never lost sight of his number one priority - sleep. Most every free period (and sometimes during class) would be spent napping, and it was a crime to stay up past 11. His narcoleptic tendency as well as his favorite saying, "Well rested, well tested." , earned him the cherished nickname "Rackdog".

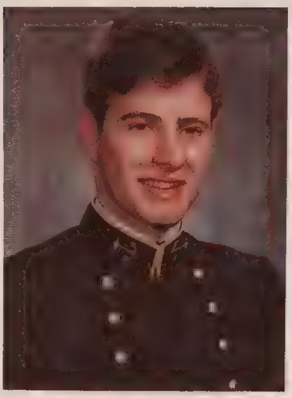
During the brief moments when Vic wasn't sleeping he was tapping out a lively drumbeat for the Drum and Bugle Corps. I'm still convinced that you were the only one who knew how to play slow and steady.

1/c year holds nothing but fond memories. I'll never forget the incident with the roses, the "unbreakable" glasses, and the testing of the conduct system. Too bad you lost that last battle. May God bless and guide you wherever you go. I consider it a privilege to know you and wish you the best of luck for the future.
Matt 6:33
MJF

George A. Pregel

Tony
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Mechanical Engineering, Civil Engineering Corp

Although he was the youngest member of the class in the 25th George did big things when he was here at USNA. Starting out Plebe summer he quickly established his place in the company as someone who would do anything for a classmate. When not helping someone else he was continually improving himself in all aspects. Introduced to wrestling by a roommate he spent countless study hours flinging his body around the room in an attempt to get the other guy on his back often times ending up in the shower or having an arm punctured on the bottom of the top rack. Nevertheless, he was never discouraged and his strength and build continued to increase as he grew. George also spent countless hours on academics having a near disaster first class year with "the Rocket" and doubling his QPR at finals. When out with friends and having indulged a little too much George became the life of the party including waking up half of New Jersey at four in the morning. George will be missed by the 25th but the CEC community will pick up a fine officer and one hell of a guy.



Nelson Judson Rich III

Nellie
Long Island, New York
Resources Management, Surface

Nellie was born and raised in "God's Country," the place only God could love. His major ambitions in life were to be a great lover, a great pitcher and a great Naval Officer. Due to unfortunate circumstances in New Orleans his plebe year his baseball career came to an abrupt halt. Well, one out of three isn't bad. While at the Naval Academy Nelson tried for a double major. Girls and . . . girls. Well, due to an unfortunate incident with a runaway Washington cheerleader Nelson became slightly disheartened (very slightly) with women and decided to complete his tour in the management field. Nelson will shortly be moving on to bigger and better things, namely the "IKE," where his presence will surely be felt . . . we're not sure how or where, but his presence will surely be felt. Good luck in the future, Nellie. Who love's ya', baby!

Eric D. Rosen

Bud
Metuchen, New Jersey
Economics, Surface Warfare

The Grand Poobah of Exit 10 made the hiatus to Canoe U. in July of 1980 to find a virtual gold mine of chances to excel, all of which he met with his own brand of Rosen resolve (or at least with a good sense of humor). Starting his career in EZ-25 in SS1430, Rosebud wrestled with the likes of the Master K, drew the ultimate straight line in Nav, and won Wires Wars by becoming a member of the hallowed LTM club as a disciple of the Guru. He charmed us with his dry wit and awed us with his ability to quote any page of the Wall Street Journal and give you the latest prime lending rate in the blink of an eye. He also had the envious and uncanny knack of possessing the latest in technology, be it a remote control stereo, a personal computer, or a cool set of wheels. The Closet Executive of 6-2 is a Killer Duck in the finest sense and, to put it simply, a cool guy. Please do that voodoo that you do so well Look out Navy - Bud's at the helm.

Your roomie, Brock

Brian K. Stolley
Brock
Clearwater, Florida
English, Marine Corps

Brock came to Canoe U. from the sunshine state of Florida with one goal in mind, to graduate and get his commission with the Green Machine. Plebe year found Brock learning all kinds of great things, including the football schedule (ha, ha!). Brock survived the year and hit youngster year running. When not listening to the Stones, Brock could be found reading a book by one philosopher or another (a marine reading philosophy?). It was during second class year that academics hit Brock the hardest. Wires was Brock's undoing, but he did manage to get through it (in three semesters) and become an LTM. While sorting through diodes and resistors Brock did take time out to get engaged to a great girl from Long Island named Missy. First Class year Brock got four stripes and left us for awhile including spending a lot of time at his mother's house (she moved up here for first class year, probably to keep her eye on Brock). Brock has always been known to be a natural leader, both in Bancroft Hall and Dockside, the Ramshead Tavern . . . The Marines are getting a good man and we here in EZ-25 will all miss him.

Rosebud

Robert W. Stowe
A.F.M.
Glendale, California
Electrical Engineering,
Submarines

Bob, the American Fighting Man, came to us from Glendale California after eighteen years of carefree, fun in the sun, California life. Upon arrival, Bob quickly assumed the burden of November Company, while at the same time beginning his never-ending search for the American Fighting Woman. After unsuccessfully attempting to win the love of a mysterious girl by way of love poems through the yardmail, Bob was forced to marry his Electrical Engineering book after it gave birth to an illegitimate electron. Bob proved his devotion to his newfound love by spending countless weekends wearing out his book. Now Bob will carry that same devotion on to Nuclear Power and the Navy. We wish Bob all the luck in his future endeavers and hope that somehow, someday, he finds the American Fighting Woman. Take care Bob; we love you!

RDM GAP JAA MG

Robert Allen Stubblefield, Jr.
Stubbs
Houston, Texas
Mathematics, Surface Line

Allen dropped into the Academy in July of 1980. Affectionately known as Stubbs by everyone here, Allen claimed Houston as his hometown. That must be the reason for his accent. When Stubbs had his jaws wired shut during 1/c year I thought it was to fix his accent, but when the wires came off, the voice was the same. But, watching him eat jello was funnier than listening to him try to talk.

Stubbs favorite pastime was basketball. He was the varsity team manager until it got unbearable (You can't say it was without its benefits. Anyone who got all youngsters for two semesters gets no sympathy from me.).

Stubbs mind became partly clouded during 1/c summer deciding that surface line was the way to go. Why, I'll never understand. He wanted to be a nuke since plebe year. Stubbs, I know you will be a success, but don't let Capt. Krunch past the quarterdeck and remember, the bigger ship has the right of way. May God bless and guide you in your journeys.

MJF

Greg Alan Thomas
Greg
Hennessey, Oklahoma
Oceanography, NFO

Greg came to Annapolis from that ever thriving metropolis of Hennessey, OK, and we know that only two things come from Oklahoma . . . Being accustomed to going to small schools his graduating class consisted of some 60 odd sodbusters, he fell right into place at the Academy. Not one to over tax himself, he promptly entered a non-engineering major where he could excel in his most popular environment — the rack.

Getting right into the swing of things Youngster year, Greg found a second home in Dahlgren Hall where he met a very lovely girl who became a friend to all of us, and they lived happily ever after . . . sometimes. Never one to fall into a rut Greg began looking for something kinda new. Greg has a line for every occasion. None of which can be printed here. Unlike most they get better with each drink, as most girls he meets can attest (As can his slapped face).

Whether partying on the road, in the room or out in town, he managed to stay ahead of the system throughout his four years but not necessarily out of difficulties as the plumber of his rooms can attest. To keep up his fast-paced social life, there was only one way to go after graduation - Pensacola.

JEW

John Edmund Weires
John
Beltsville, Maryland
Ocean Engineering, Navy Pilot

John came to the Academy all the way from Beltsville, Md. It was tough at first being that far from home but he learned to adjust with mom's chow packages every weekend. John has always been a morning person and by taking those 4 o'clock showers he managed to get a jump on everyone else. (barely)

Innocent to the ways of the world, John fell prey to the ways of the "devils henchmen" and quickly learned to party and swim with the best of them since he was one of the infamous mess dress swimmers of Dorsey Creek.

John kept very busy during his time at the Academy and eventually won a varsity letter on the crew team. He never minded the hard work but he eventually got wise to the ways of the world and quit the team for those wild weekends and those spring break road trips.

John has always been a real man when it came to the ladies. How could they resist that good looking body, that baby face, and not to mention those rotating hips. If it was not for locked bathroom doors Johnny might have reached his blonde beauty.

John was undecided what to do with the rest of his life so he looked at many options. After spending 3 weeks of his summer swimming through mud at BUDS he decided he would rather try a drier environment. With his newly developed partying skills the next logical choice was Pensacola. He may not exactly be soaring with the eagles in his helo but he'll be there when the main brace is spliced. Good Luck at P-cola.

GAT

James W. Wilhelm
Jim
Memphis, Tennessee
Oceanography, USMC

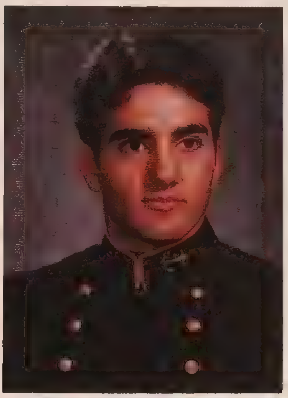
Living by rivers is nothing new to Jim since he grew up on the mighty banks of the Mississippi. Jim started off slowly during plebe summer in part due to his part (in his hair). Once plebe year rolled around Jim got into gear and has been shifting ever since. After a short career on the top Battalion Cross Country team he decided to go for Varsity status. Since he shot well in pistol over the summer maybe there was some hidden talent or natural ability just waiting to be discovered. Well, the rest is history, Jim was an All-American his youngster year and has been ever since. During the summer he just couldn't get away from it and spent a week out at Camp Perry with TC and the gang, taking turns posting the W. W. As youngster year came along Jim went out on a blind date and found the girl of his dreams. Ever since then he only slept in the hall in order to maintain an official residence and to pick up his mail. As a second class he was great at taking long weekends. Even when the first class couldn't get out, he did . . . with a foot or two of snow on the ground it only took some cleats, sweats and an hour of running time to see his sweetheart, Marilyn. Now if that isn't devotion to duty, what is? We wish him the best, for we know his aim is true.

Brian David Wittick
Brian
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering,
Submarines

Brian was content to live in Philadelphia for the rest of his life. It was the consequence of a volatile adolescence that brought Brian to Annapolis. Reform school would have been letting him off easy, so Dad "suggested" the Naval Academy. When he got here he quickly demonstrated his desire for command through ability to manipulate people - in particular a former roommate, Pete. By all rights Brian should have received a military funeral. But it was that "Golden Tongue" of his that saved his life. As a result, he is still alive and well — to party! Party is this man's middle name. Everyone who knows Brian also knows Sea Isle City. Those fun in the sun beach parties shall never be forgotten, what can be remembered of them.

Brian gave us all a scare for a while when he met Trish (and Jessica). He was becoming a real family man. However, the magic of Disney World brought him back to us safe and sound, unscathed by his risky business.

Now Brian has other plans staring at him. He will be joining the nuclear Navy come November 12, 1984. Until then, where else but in the "City of Brotherly Love" would he get TAD.

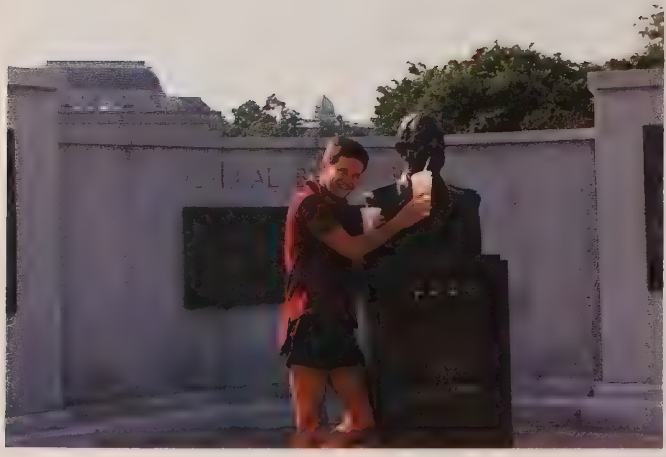


Jeffrey Alan Young
Jeff
Atlanta, Georgia
General Engineering, NFO

We met Jeff and immediately saw that he was not one for small talk, just a lot of talk. He lived in places all over the globe and gathered a vast amount of knowledge and being the unselfish person he is, he continually enlightens everyone with what he knows. We will always thank him for that. Plebe summer we saw that Jeff was not going to do anything he did not have to, so he tried out for the soccer team and skated throught the summer. His efforts were well deserved because the next year he won the starting goalkeeper position and kept it until first class year when the lure of company sports and extra rack time took him away from varsity soccer. One thing that never ceased to amaze us was his champagne taste and beer pocketbook. He was willing to buy anything as long as it was the best. Jeff always did give his all out effort and go "all the way" in athletics (where he became famous in Medical for using his head as a battering ram), Burger King employees, USNA water transit methods called the Dorsey Creek swimmers, and most of all partying. While the Navy made a big decision for him and told him he had to take a back seat for the first time in his life, he still had a major dilemma: who was the main love of his life - a speedy, silver, sports car of a Corvette, or that everpresent Conn. "mustang" (he always did prefer blondes). The Navy is certainly getting something special when Jeff gets to Pensacola.

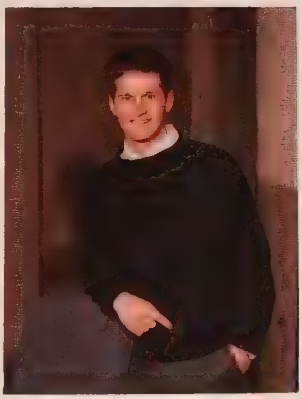
JW

Twenty Six



Jeffery L. Bournes
Bitin', Fitin', Loring, Bones
S. Africa, Dublin, etc.
History Surface

"Bitin" Bournes arrived in Annapolis after growing up the Army way in South Africa, Ireland, and Tunisia - a "True American" - as he often attests. When everyone memorized hometowns in Plebe summer, Jeff was known as "the kid from Dublin"; and many thought he was of true Irish blood. Jeff quickly took to the Navy life and showed his pride by excelling at Batt squash and the YP Squadron. Proving his committment to the sports, Jeff played one match in Squash and got more sleep on the YP's than in Bancroft Hall. After a stint in Brigade Boxing, the fiesty Ian Dury (and the like) fan channeled his energies to academics and Nuke Power. Jeff studied on weekends for three years. He finally surfaced as a socialite fall of first class year, and never studying but one weekend, received his best grades yet. A veteran of summer school (voluntary), Jeff's folks moved to D.C. in the fall of '83. It was then that Dad the Colonel bought Jeff a Porsche 914. Three months later and not out of the shop, Jeff has driven it once. Probably the most well-liked and personable in the company, Jeff also received the most abuse. (Are you wearing that shirt?) But showing his true colors, I might add, Jeff was quick to retaliate with equally abusive treatment. (Are you wearing **that** shirt?) When not in the room studying, sleeping, or reading the Wall St. Journal, J.L. Bourneee could be found listening to the hi-fi stereo of Rm. 6128. Armed with a typewriter, this History major managed to complete many papers - without ever learning to type. Jeff will most likely end up as a lawyer or diplomat, but not before adding his professionalism to the Naval Service (mmm . . .). After four years, what would I do without you, Jeff? G.B.



Kenneth J. Braithwaite II
"K.J."
Livonia, Michigan
Political Science
Navy Pilot

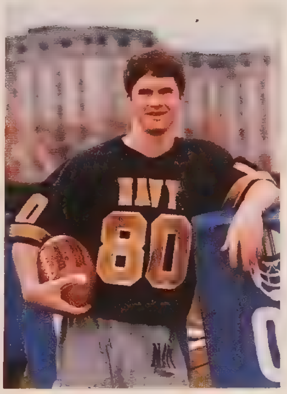
Ken followed his dreams to USNA after a year down south in the Heart of Dixie (Marion, Al) on a Naval Foundation scholarship, only after turning down a WooPoo appointment his senior year. Ken's a midwesterner and a big ten boy, who calls Michigan home.

Ken was well known for talking a smooth line, and if politics ever entered the conversation, Ken could be found doing his fast talking (remember D.C. and L.A.?). Ken is truly a politician at heart. Speaking of his heart, Ken was also well known for his ability to fall in and out of love. Ken's love for the fairer sex led him to be one never to be without. Even his plebe year he managed to maintain a romance. Later he could often be found cruising in his vette dressed in a tweed coat, collar flipped up, oxford shirt, and knit tie, with this month's **GQ** in hand. Ken's reputation with women often preceeded him as did the aroma of Polo.

Second class year was a good one for Ken, until Capt. Cubscout broke up a "sloe" Friday night. An event which earned Ken his only "N". Second semester brought with it many interesting weekend excursions; from camping in the Shenandoah to spring break in Florida. There was always a girl that lay broken-hearted in Ken's wake, from Cal. to Costa del Sol (remember that Danish bombshell?)

Ken's career here at Navy has been varied and always exciting. After three years of sailing on the sailing team, Ken decided he'd rather fly. What's more fitting than more flash and flare for this soon to be airdale. The sky's the limit - go for it all Ken! Good luck and God bless.

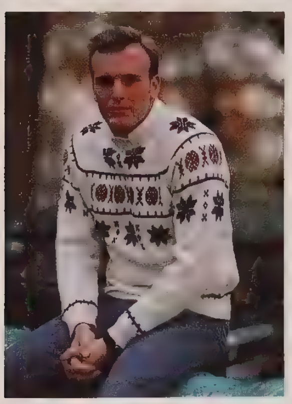
MCF



Gregory R. Brand
Marlon, G.B.
Bellingham, Washington
Applied Science Navy Air

"Go East, young man" were the words Greg heard; and from the 'Land of the Lummi's' he came - with football in hand. Plebe Summer left Greg dazed and confused, and it wasn't long before he implanted two teeth into Patti the Coke Machine. Starting Plebe Year, Greg was absorbed into the football way of life. He mysteriously ended up with the best profs, and academics after lunch were unheard of. It was youngster year that the Varsity team discovered his talents, and as a firstie he was catching touchdowns against Pitt and Lehigh. Always wary of using the wrong muscle, he proved his athletic "prowness" by achieving four D's in four consecutive semesters of P.E.

Greg has always been a man of habit - up at six forty-eight and in bed by eleven. In between those hours Greg could be found reading Sports Illustrated, sweeping the deck, or staring blankly out the window. This is not to say, however, that Greg is limited - he's experienced the ski slopes of James Madison, scored at the Liberty Bowl, and was treated at Walter Reed. Books never appealed to Greg - it took him two years to get to page forty of **The Right Stuff,** but he must have picked up something along the way - Greg will be wearing Gold Wings in the future. I feel like wishing him luck, but he won't need it. After four years, what would I do without you? Take care (hmmm . . .) J.B.



Eric Blanchard Byrne
Byrnestein
Baltimore, Maryland
Chemistry, Nuclear Surface

Eric claimed to be a 'ghetto' man, telling everyone that he was born on the city streets with switchblade in hand to brave the dark allies and muggers of Baltimore. What seemed to be somewhat convincing at first quickly became BS. Living with BS for four years can become quite unbearable, but in time this enigma of a man was solved. Needless to say, those who did not know him so well fell in up to their necks without realizing it.

He started his 'joke' here giving Cary the 'heebeegeebees' plebe summer. No wonder he was 4/c CoCdr. For a guy who hated to be here and didn't care and thought stripes were for smacks but didn't have the guts to leave he faired well. He spent second and third class years tutoring two Chemistry geeks, John and Doug (both of whom went on into first class year as successes, a brigade commander and trident scholar).

He spent most of his first class year worrying about his neck size. When people caught on that he was a genius he could always deny it because of his shirt size (never mind the fact that he had room to spare around the collar).

Eric was the best kept secret here. He always kept a low profile to keep him a step ahead of everyone else. As a Nuke he made the right choice. The Admiral was lucky to get this one but only for what he claims to be five years — just enough time to make light commander in his case.

GLD

Gwyn Norman Crump
Stormin'
Troy, Ohio
Physical Science, Navy Pilot

According to Norm's plebe summer roommate, when Norm first arrived on I-Day, he was quoted as saying, "I hear that your first year here is like Hell and your last year like Heaven." Well, Hell came all too soon in the form of flaming firsties and a mop-wielding roommate (who left us a bit early).

Norm had a fairly respectable start on his four year term at USNA. Stormin' Norman was an aspiring young systems engineer who showed great promise with Navy crew. (By the way, what ever happened to that shell?) Norm also managed to find himself well in to the upper half of the company's fourth class in overall performance.

From that point on, I don't think anyone knows exactly what happened to Norm. It could probably be best summarized by saying, "Well hell, if I'm not having any fun, what's the sense?" So from that point on, Norton started a nice EASY descent for a perfect carrier landing - Graduation. Systems engineering went by the wayside and Crumper decided to join the Loyal Brotherhood of PhySci. Norman also got tired of riding in the back seat of a crew shell (what a true pilot), so he decided to try for the front seat; but in a much more dangerous sport - rugby. Well injuries came early in this new sport (How's the knee?), and Norm decided intramurals were a pretty good alternative.

In all, Norman had a pretty colorful career at USNA. If not blasting Ozzy and VanHalen or driving like a madman (How 'bout them plebes?), Stormin' could be found racking up flight hours in that big blue airplane. P-cola, 23 July, be there!

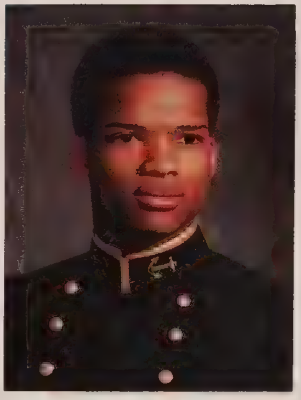
Robert Lee Curbeam Jr.
Beamer
Baltimore, Maryland
Aerospace Engineer, Navy NFO

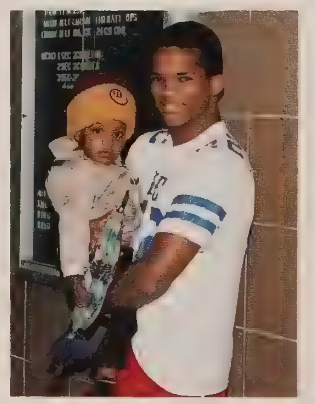
Robert came to sunny USNA from the land of the Blast and home of the O's with lacrosse stick in hand and Marine Air in his eyes. The "Fat Man" soon did away with lax for Robert, and a quick trip to Quantico took care of those Semper Fi dreams. Annapolis was not a haven for pride and professionalism for Robert, but rather a sanctuary from college tuition. Being the sporting type, Robert was willing to give professionalism a whirl and soon climbed through the ranks to the heights of brigade commander 2/c year. Deciding the scene was not of his picking, he decided to bow out gracefully without a scene. Here's to ya, Bobby Socks. Cheers! (From your buds CS, MF, KB, DA, DK.)

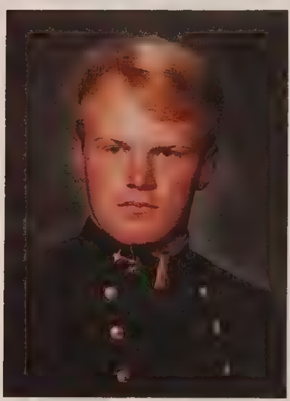
Rob wasn't only a military superstar, but was also quite the academic stud. Who else could get over a 3.0 in Aero studying only the texture of his pillowcase and the fronts of vending machines? His classroom notes are a combination of technical excellence and artistic genius. I want the first share of Starbeam stock!

Robert always had plenty to do on his liberty hours. Between cruising the Islands, buying new clothes, and dancing the finish off the floors of many a B-more club, Bob could be found destroying the lives of half the girls he's met. You ole dog! (See exhibit (a) in arms above.) By the way, I don't appreciate you getting more mail from MY girlfriend than I do!

Well, after four years of hard work (?) it looks like you got out of here with exactly what you wanted; an engineering degree, a varsity letter (Quantity: 1, Style: Black), and no ring around your finger. Too bad about the glasses. What the heck, it could have been MSO 456. Good luck in the back seat.







Chris LeMastus Dickerson
Dickie
Parts Unknown
Political Science, Navy NFO

Chris came to Annapolis short in stature but big in heart. We swear he's adopted, since his dad is 6'3", 310! After getting run over by Norton plebe summer, he was forced to wear crutches. We started worrying about him when he used standard rudder commands to square corners. From his famous haircut by Tracy to his run in with the Spark-monster over a Beat Army chowcall, Dickie had an eventful plebe year. Youngster Army was the hilite of a great 3/C year. Though he had the "flu" (which half the Brigade caught that night), he was still able to keep his head about when a certain Cap. asked for his name as we were "escorting" him to the subway (poor Bongwoo). Second class year brought the little red Chevette and many excursions to the Dr.'s. Even though it didn't have a back seat, the "Dynasty" was able to fit six members in on that memorable Veteran's Day. He traded the Vette for a 280ZX and has been cruising for chicks ever since . . .

Speaking of the babes, the best way to describe his stay here is to go over all the women he's been out with. Though celibate plebe year, Chris more than made up for it the first night Dahlgren opened her doors to the Class of 84. He always had a love for track and field and found the value of the Porta Pits with the Trake that first night Chris made the local women's colleges circuit and came across some real winners. His first serious romance came from the Quiff at Goucher. A summer fling at Dam Neck with the Gwahle ("we can't tell anyone") set our man straight. Another trip to Goucher landed the Lebanese Wonder when he was intrigued by her sailing knowledge ("I love to climb masts"). After this nautical nymph came a former company mate which lasted into first class year, until TBS came between them.

Really Chris, thanks for all the good times and we're sure we'll see you soon.

RKS TJQ

Gary Lee Douglas
Geddy Lee
Waverly, New York
Oceanography, Surface Nuclear

Good ol' Gary Lee showed up in Annapolis one rainy summer day in 1980. His small town upbringing was instantly recognizable in the bewildered look upon his face. This did not change much during those long days of Plebe Summer (remember Hubal's Heroes?). Plebe Year would see a slight improvement as Geddy began to climb aboard. How about Ed Gardner? Yeh, he went home about Easter time; back to his dope smoking friends at Texas A + M. I wasn't around at Herndon, but your "true love" was. Unfortunately she barely lasted the Summer. Admit it! She went for the guy with the trenchmouth! It was the best thing that happened to you. Youngster year saw the new GLD - all work, no play. With this new outlook the academic types had new competition. Two 4.0 semesters later summer finally arrived. I'll never forget driving 24 hours straight to see your latest heart-throb in Mississippi. Second Class Summer saw another 4.0 and the appearance of Lucky and Lucky, Jr. You guys were such jerks. Second Class year saw the exit of our beloved roommate - the Jay Geil's fanatic. It also saw another 4.0, but it was expected. First Class Summer saw the Plebe Batt Sub-Cdr conducting remedial pinging for the class of 1987. What else did you do with your summer? Of course you were Co-CDR First Semester. We know you had a lot of problems. You did a pretty good job, though. By then you decided U235 was more fun than helos. Its good thing the Admiral liked you - unlike your Hogshead buddy. Anyway we suspect you'll go far, if you learn a little etiquette. Good luck and we'll meet again, haze gray and underway.

EBB + JLW

William Gerard Doyle
Ger
Andover, Massachusetts
Mathematics, Marine NFO

Ger came to USNA from Andover, Mass. a small town just north of Boston. It can be found in most geography books on the map of "God's Country" (at least that's what Ger tells us). Despite these setbacks, Ger was determined to make it through the Academy, in fact on I-Day he could be heard telling everyone, "I'm through!" This attitude persisted into the academic year and was magnified by the similar attitude of his roommate. Yet, he persevered hanging in there on sheer guts and an iron will, and, in time, he would come to be known as, that dip down the hall. But Ger wasn't to be shunned by everyone, statements like "We've got a Doyle!" and "Who was with you Mr. Doyle?" proved that some cared. After surviving plebe year, Ger started devoting most of his time to gymnastics rather than survival. There were a few more setbacks, but as hope springs eternal spring was Ger's last hope. He had a new attitude on life, he had to shave once a week and he was in the flower of his manhood. To this flowering upstart flocked a multitude of nubile beauties. Ger's black book knew the likes of Throbbin' Robin, Mean Jeane, Cathy the mad Latin, Jan the untouchable, and Joyce the dud. But with all their background differences, they all had one thing in common . . . they possessed huge tracts of land. Ger made some new friends on Protramid by singing the YP Song with his chief cohort, Tools. The same Tools who would later introduce Ger to the family, but Shelley and Lori in particular. Senior year saw a very dedicated Ger striving for both good grades and good form on the pommel horse.

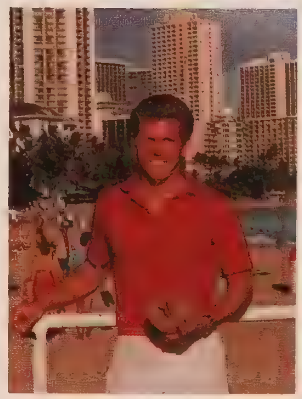
Well Ger, as always I admire your dedication (it's really not all that stupid) and I'm sure others you meet shall be too. You'll do well no matter what you set your sights on, take it from one who knows, your second biggest critic. If I may use some Yeats; When you are old and grey and full of sleep, And nodding by the fire, take down this book . . . and remember.

MVO

Michael C. Flynn
Mike
Pensacola, Florida
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

After vacationing for a year at prep school Mike thought it was time to apply himself to the ***challenge****. So the all-American boy with the pepsident smile came north to USNA. Plebe summer was summer camp as the nimble-fingered novelist managed to write at least 5 letters a day to his love back home. Plebe year on the whole went well for him as he ended up one year smarter but one woman less. Never one to be without for long, a new lady arrived on the scene June Week. Cruise lasted an oh-so-long 9 days but ac-year came suddenly just the same. Mike found academics doubly hard with his heart and mind on his love in Oregon. But Christmas soon arrived and it was off to the West Coast. Mike never made it home that Christmas but he did return to USNA a real man. Academics improved and Mike charged into a party filled summer. Unfortunately, the party ended all too soon as did his red-haired love. 2/c year began and as promised EE haunted many an endless night. Always one to enjoy a good party a certain Friday evening found Capt. Cub-scout an uninvited guest along with a direct invitation to the EMBC. Spring break was the highlight of the new year as a new lady became a ring dance date. 1/c Cruise was love for Mike aboard a bird farm and 1/c year finally arrived. Mike has selected Navy Air, a pilot like his father before him. Mike* ***will*** *be the best. I'll never forget Shenandoah, Rosies, or UVA. God bless Mike, we all wish you the best of luck and then some.*

KJB



Jeffrey J. Grabarek
Grabber
Baltimore, Maryland
Physical Science, Surface Line

It all started 3 Aug., '79. Grab came from Overlea. Who can forget being a Nicky Napster with guys like Horny, Bang-Bang, Gonzo, Flu, Heiny, Kirk and Gene. Newport was great with Spindrift, Dockside, Yesterdays and the EM club. Watching the (Tequila) sunrise from the bushes and pipes. It was Maryanna then. He was "The Wall" in soccer and "Swiss Cheese" in lacrosse. Then came Plebe summer.

July 7th was I-Day. Good ole "Hubal's Heroes" with Ger and Sty hanging the November flag. Grab tried Narch before finding out that the brotherhood was the only way. It was a long year, putting up with Baudhuin but we made it through with Stoneman in 6108.

Youngster year was quiet with Wy in 4148 as we fell into the syndrome. Cruise afforded him sights of Europe and then there was Hawaii with Wy and seeing the Admiral of the Damn Fleet about the new (?) haircut standards. There was . . . Snides the lightweight . . . Dieter and Blast games . . . and of course NS252 and the dawn of surface line . . . then the turning of another Paige: Grab leaving bachelorhood as he and Paige started looking towards the future.

Second class year was eventful . . . the summer brought orange hair and pick-up truck rides . . . his buddy Hoffheimer . . . Wednesdays at Pete's with the boys . . . the friendly welcome at Duke . . . Vicki the brick . . . the engagement . . . the ski (?) trip to Albany (oh those pictures!) . . . and problems with inanimate objects at Cornell.

First class year brought . . . the Sara in Lauderdale . . . Detail . . . jumping in the police car and heading to Sunfield Ct . . . and Service Selection . . . remember the Alamo! . . . those damn Injuns and Davy Crockett!!

Who could forget . . . Veteran's Day at Paige's . . . Miss Teenage America . . . Harlan, Candi and Jodi . . . 2 for 0 . . . and Moana in O. C.

Grab loves those big grey pigs! Good luck on the Alamo and with your 20 and out career. Hope you and Paige love Diego.

JJH

Jay P. Graves
Albany, Georgia
Physical Science, Marine Pilot

Jay found his way to the coveted halls of Bancroft from Georgia or was it Texas? Whatever the case Jay crawled into the woodwork and no one knew he existed until his youngster year. For cruise he found himself on a love boat but instead of love Jay found himself in debt and thus was launched the first "Save Graves" campaign. Jay managed to make it to ac-year, never one to scrub floors or clean showers his room soon came to be known as "the ghetto." Academics became trouble as Jay found it more enjoyable to play his guitar into the wee hours of the morning rather than study. Soon summer arrived and Jay, not being the greatest financier, was brought safely thru protramid and summer school when the 2nd "Save Graves" campaign was launched. Ac-year arrived and it was back to the books. 2/c year Jay found the "light" in the Marine Corps probably due more to Capt. Gouge's flashlight than anything else. Jay also began to break the ties from Mother-B as a wild fling at Goucher brought a late night of asking "where's Jay?" and an eventual ring dance date. Summer arrived and Jay found himself on a man-made island and a month aboard convinced him that long runways are more conducive to long life than being yanked out of the air on a line and a scream. Jay began the year with his red vette and a long scarf. Envious of his roommate's black N, Jay found out that vettes and women don't always mix and thus he found himself starting first-class year on the EMBC. Jay selected The Corps - the few, the proud-We're all gonna miss ya roomy, good luck and God bless.

KJB

John F. Hamann
Hambone
Fairfax County, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering, Nuke Subs

Hambone came to USNA from Fairfax County, VA. a byproduct of the USAF. Plebe year proved to be quite a challenge for John. Academics were no problem, but the conflicting values of a sweat and a slob provided for a great deal of internal, as well as external conflict. John mellowed tremendously youngster year. Besides many a night of heated discussion with his roomie, Guzzo, on theology, and his impatience with those unfortunates who didn't understand basic engineering fundamentals, he was pretty laid-back. Never much of one for the books and always able to get by on a minimal amount of studying, he spent many a night crouched in front of his personal closet installed TV. T-Head even caught him once. But, having an uncanny resemblance to his other roomie, he was too unsure of John's true identity to take conduct action. Second class year saw Hambone spending a semester in Colorado Springs. Pulling such antics as driving his boat through an outside formation during Air Force week, he represented USNA well. John returned second semester having found his true identity. Expressing his true love for the video, he became a charter member of the "Wardroom Rat" club with Recliner and Crumper, and was better than any TV directory on the market.

After spending his first night at Hood sleeping in the car John decided that he was going to be a real killer. He got his first real taste first class summer in Virginia Beach and was never the same again. He even started the "Lucky #7" club. First class year finds John equipped with three stripes, a brand new Celica, and ready to take on the women of the world. We had many great times together; you've been a true friend. Good luck in whatever they decide you can do.

DJ

James J. Hirst III
Hirsty
Schwenksville, Pennsylvania
Physical Science, Navy Air

Hirsty, 'Stee, Moist, Colonel, Patty — call him what you want — but Jim came to us from Jenkintown, PA (or was that "Chickentown"?) Actually, he made a pit-stop at NAPS, as he enrolled in the five-year program, enroute to his final destination, the front seat of an F-14 (or perhaps an E-2!!!)

Just as he carried many names, he also wore many faces throughout his endeavors at the Boat School. As a plebe, Jim was highly motivated. He played JV lacrosse and participated in 74 of the 75 possible ECA's available (excluding only the Black Studies Club!) As youngster year approached, Jim thought it would be neat to see how many majors he could try. Hitting all but about three, he decided to stay with "Phy-Sci". Now a member of the brotherhood, Jim decided to act like one. He let his "perma-na" down and decided to have some fun! It was as a second class when Jim found his favorite ECA of all — GIRLS!! His warm, tinseled smile and smooth talk were soon well-known over Dahlgren Hall, The Afterdeck, and even Rm. 4146! We suppose he had a nice-looking Ring Dance date, even though all we could see of her were the bottoms of her shoes! Throughout first class year, Jim took his efforts abroad. He began by making a "Cleft" turn off of Rt. 50 and headed for LeMoyne College in New York. (where's that ring?) Upon his return, he sorted through his messages, realizing that he had enough local action to keep him busy for awhile! Jim was "forced" to spend the remainder of first class year in and around Goucher, Mary Washington, Notre Dame, etc., etc . . . What a guy!

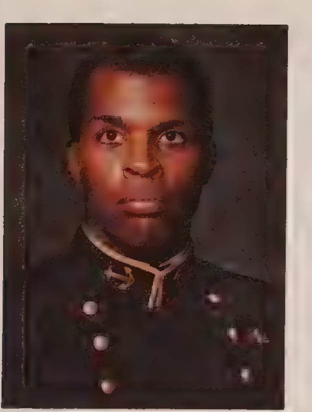
But no matter what name you use, or what face he wears, he will always remain the best friend a guy could have. Thanks for everything, Jim. You helped make this place almost bearable. I'll never forget you. Best of luck in all you do . . .

JJG

Daniel R. Johnson
Stoneman
Davenport, Iowa
Mechanical Engineering, Nuke Subs

*Dan came to Annapolis from Davenport, one of the famous Quad-Cities (at least **he** thought they were famous). Although Danno had no **real** military background, his brother being a West Point graduate, he slipped right into the rhythm of Plebe year. Youngster year rolled around and the Stoneman found himself thrown in, quite unexpectedly with two new roommates. Dan was soon tasked with the job of referee between the two "friends?" who argued about everything under the sun. But 3/c year brought more than just "Hambone" and "Johnnie-O", it also brought the discovery of a place some said that girls were there for the picking. Yes, Dan found **"HOOD"**. During this period, Danno was experiencing the "golden era" of his time at the Academy. Academics were but a play-thing to him (so were girls such as Bev). Then came 2/c year, a time which even the strongest mechanical engineer cowers under the academic load. Dan was no different. Stoner survived the first semester with just a few minor scratches, but second semester Dan got "Rocket Reed", which is the equivalent of a death sentence to Mech E's. Fortunately, even though The Rocket didn't think Danno was engineering material, the Advisory Board did and Stoner made it through 2/c year keeping his major. As D. J.'s final year approached, only two things were on Dan's mind, passing and getting Nuke subs (Well, there may have been one other thing on his mind but "that's a given"). Since he accomplished both of these goals, it was just a coast to graduation (studying only 40 hrs. a week instead of the usual 70). In this biography, I could have mentioned his disgusting habits like that constant baseball in his cheek and the accompanying gross spit cup, but I won't. Dan, thanks for being a friend and good luck in subs. Hopefully, I'll be there with you. You deserve to be successful.*

JFH



Lawrence E. Marshall
Elmo T. Rughead Jr. III
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Oceanography, Nuclear Surface

Lar grew up in the tough steel town of Pittsburgh. After dancing Professionally for some years he finally realized his dream and became a welder. Lar soon realized, however, that welding wasn't what he thought it would be and in fact it was torch-ure. Seeking an out Larry applied for the Naval Academy. Well that may be stretching the truth a bit but who wants to hear about how boring Pittsburgh really is.

After spending a year at NAPS he was united with the "Dynasty" and became an integral part of it. Plebe year was a quiet one for Lar but youngster year his true personality shone through. Using the Lyle Alzado technique for picking up girls, Lar entered a dance contest and brought back the coveted "Drained Pitcher Dance Trophy."

Second Class year Lar was a figurehead to the company. Most agree the Lar changed as a direct result of him receiving his destined nickname "Elmo" The nickname didn't stop there it avalanched into "Elmo T. Rughead Jr. III, Admiral of the Damm Fleet, Keeper of the Sea, Colonel USMC, Mr. T., and finally Nucmo" each name had its accompanying role in Lar's complex-multifaceted personality.

On a serious note, Larry has been able to harness the rare quality of maintaining a high degree of professionalism without losing the ability to joke around on occasion. Good luck, but you don't need it, you'll do well no matter what you set your sights on.

MVO

Michael Vance O'Gara
Oge's
Sacramento, California
Oceanography, Surface Line

Oge's blew into our lives from Sacramento, CA, or was it Detroit, well pick the one that sounds better, he always did. When we heard he was from the Golden State we didn't expect someone 6'2", 127 lbs., and white as a ghost. Bones ate like a horse but had a hard time putting poundage on his near perfect physique, but kept reminding us of his one special attribute. Oge's swore constantly, freshman year, that he'd graduate from Berkely or Davis, but only tried to leave once, thank God. His grades (and laundry habits) reflected his attitude towards our beloved school missing ac-boards by .03. He did have some fun dressing our roommate, wearing his Seacadet ribbons, and getting commended by the Brigade Commander for pyrotechnical feats. We started Youngster year on double secret probation (Proj. 21). But Bone's found a wonderful, direct proportion between high grades and the amount of beer consumed at Dahlgren, and we all got a look at his outrageous dancing, he also found an expensive young lass from Hood. He started 2/C year consuming with Kev, and avoiding his ex-love, it's hard to remember this year, he was asleep for 90% of it, certainly not studying. He did serve alot of tours due to a sloppy room and a roommie liked by T-Head. As a 1/C Oger showed some motivation by trying 150's, but quickly went back to himself, the "droom", and the slide, after running skit nights, perversion excursions, and losing form 2's. You're the funniest, most likeable guy I know. You'll do great at everything, have friends everywhere, including Moi! if your spelling improves. Take care, good fortune and God Bless -

ERIN GO BRAUGH WGD

Thomas Jude Quinn
Tom
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania
Mathematics, Navy Air

Old "One Hung Low" came to the Uncollege as a legacy from Bonner. Having a first class brother made Tom more prepared for the summer than most. What he wasn't prepared for was Bongwoo. The summer remained hectic with all his trouble coming to a "head" when Bongwoo was unable to blow his French horn. AcYear rolled around and T was fast to show his prowess on the b-ball court (and he'd be the first to tell you). This made him an instant hit with such firsties as Bohanka, Semper Eide and Burkey. Our first Army was good to Tom as he met his first girl. What wasn't good was that she was his roommate's younger sister!

Yongster year found T still in love and still searching for the easiest major. He came across "the best kept secret" at the academy and changed to a math major when he found they had the least hours of any. A trip to Dickie's found Tom falling in love again; but this time with Tequila shooters and girls in red and white stripes.

Second class year he got into the study mode. After receiving a typed letter on his birthday, he had more time to concentrate. A run in with Capt. Cupcakes also made Tom have a change of heart for service selection; the green machine wasn't for him. A skiing trip to the Dr.'s showed T there was some thing he wasn't great in. He did meet his future wife at the Cellar while wearing his geekers. Heather was the only one able to draw his attention away from his favorite subject; himself.

Plebe summer he was able to put the fear of God into all forty of them; even though he saw more of Heather than of the plebes. Second semester he reached his goal as Co. Cdr. and the staff room will never be the same. It's been a great four years and this place was only bearable because of guys like you. Take it easy and we'll see you at your wedding (you'll go first!!!).

RKS CLD

Christopher James Sonderman
Sondy
Clinton, Iowa
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

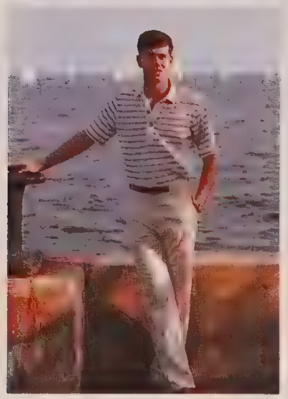
After discovering that his brother could hack plebe life, Chris thought it only fitting that he give it a shot. He came from a small Iowa town called Clinton leaving a small, but very unforgettable problem behind named Beth.

When Sondy arrived "out East" he was amazed to find out that people really did wear clothes other than overalls and flannel shirts. After two years of harassment he decided that maybe it was time to throw away those 8 year old jeans and wear something a little less revealing.

Chris' years here found him trying to make Bancroft as mellow as possible. After dumping Double-E, he thought he needed a hobby, so he took up cooking youngster year. Everything from Mexican meal to superburgers were cooked to culinary perfection in the Sixth-Wing greasy spoon. He pushed his luck one night, allowing himself to be caught kicking back with five of his friends (RC, MF, KB, DA, DK) and a cool drink by Captain Cub Scout. Thirty days in the cooler and Thanksgiving on restriction only made Chris laugh a bit harder.

Sondy began to get a bit serious after Army of Second Class year when he met a little Irish girl named Erin. Even 50 hours of intoxication that weekend and a 4 a.m. train ride to make tours couldn't shake the memory. He was hooked, and every liberty hour first class summer and year were spent in pursuit of Miss McGinty. Sleep, of course, was also very important, and when not chasing his Irish sweetheart Chris attempted to spend every spare minute in a comatose state.

After four years of sleep, fishing in the hall, parties in Heidi's room, two majors, a black N, and the T-head experience, what does the future hold for the second Sonderman in as many years? Navy Air, what else?



David R. Sousa
Docter
Albany, New York
Oceanography, NFO

Dave hails from Albany N.Y. The land that fosters drunkedness and a total lapse of reality. Although the Muth started off Plebe year the all American boy, No wine women and song, that quickly changed. His new love in life was not Tammy but alcohol. DR was the all-time Dalhgren hound. When the beer goggles were on there was no stopping him. No women were safe from his scrutiny. He became so good at it that he found himself one night after Dalhgren in the back seat of a chevette giving a lecture to two women on weight loss methods. His social life was growing at exponental rates which at times forced him into unseen confrontations. These came in the form of wooden statues and Baltimore Colts. The Muth is the only man I know that has the nerve to tell a 235 lb professional running back that he is lucky that he didn't get his butt kicked. to follow the DR through his escapade of life was an experience. Although considered to be very professional, the Muth always had a way of starting off the semester with a Bang, which resulted in high 4 week grades. But the cruise button always seemed to be pushed early. The gravy he acquired the first 4 weeks always seemed to just sustain him the rest of te semester. As first class year rolled around and the Muth was finally through with that very healthy girl Tammy, he was down to serious business. This came in the form of finding himself a "Damn Wife". As quickly as Tammy had left, Frau had entered. The Muth finally reunites with his old time sweetheart and the crazy man we knew and loved had finally decided to settle down to the more important things in life, Graduation, NFO, and Cathy. Through all the trials and tribulations we have gone through the friendship and good times we had will be cherished by me always. Good luck in your future endeavors and hopefully you won't get Norm as your pilot.

JAS

Robert Kevin Stevick
Kevin
Wheeling, West Virginia
Systems Engineering, Surface Line

Kevin hails from the Mountain queer state where the men are men and the sheep are a little nervous, where how you hold your pool cue is a better social indicator than financial status. Chubbs came to Camp Bancroft expecting a regular college "with a little Navy thrown in." He made his mark quickly though when Capt. Mickey let him know that he'd be one of our two-a-day shavers. Plebe year found Vick studying a lot. A lot of the inside of his eyelids and the pictures of Karen. Who else had "Baby-doll loves Bobbybear forever" pencils? The only thing to amaze us during his four-year stint was the uncanny ability to maintain his excellent academic status.

Youngster Army found Kev, Tom and Chris in a two-fer with Butch the book. Navy let us down though and in the resulting pandemonium Kev was forced to carry both of his roomies, with a little help, back to the Sheraton. The fatman was never a heavy drinker, but he somehow always ended up next to a twelve-pak of tall-boys. (mostly empty) who could forget the trip to Goucher with Chris and Tom and the ensuing battle with Yukon Jack. (a losing effort on Kev's part) Only disaster was in store 2/c year when Vick found out he could kill two birds with one stone. Beer and pool at Pete's kept Kevin in/out of trouble. It also helped him forget the loss of his one true love, Karen.

First class year found Kevin as a platoon cdr. during plebe summer and even Co. sub-cdr. second set. Who could believe this Mr. Congeniality runner-up could attain such positions of authority. Kev skipped the Nuke boys in favor of a FFG-7 out of Charleston. Spending his first sea tour in a new construction ship was the only way we could see Kev bowing out. All in all it's been a real pleasure living with you. See you at Pete's, and take care of them J-stains, would ya?

TJQ CLD

John A. Stewart
Stewie
Port Jervis, New York
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Power

Stewie came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Port Jervis, NY - at least that's what he tells everyone. Stewie was recruited for wrestling, but that was a mistake. He's a natural for driving cars. Ever drive into someone's house upside down and climb out and try to run away? To escape from homesickness Plebe year, John brought his old prom pictures and proudly displayed his date on his blotter. Swimming tests would have been a cinch with her for a partner. She'd be better than a kapok!

Youngster year Stewie decided that Mech E took priority over wrestling. So, he hit the books. After being caught by the 6th Batt Officer with his Captain America inside the 2 mile limit, he hit the books even harder. He loved the Rickover Lab decks. One Saturday night he even showed a Dahlgren girl how to work his personal equipment down there.

Second class year Stewie's main squeeze moved down to the area so she could keep an eye on him and his now orange hair. She did keep him away from the Rocket, but couldn't keep him away from those nasty Baltimore Colts in Gambits on Veteran's Day.

After a first class sub cruise, Stewie decided to slow down (?) and put a rock on his woman's finger. Poor Sheri - it weighed almost as much as she did. First semester classes were difficult for "Pedro, the used car salesman." Maybe it was those two-tone "Pedro" glasses that made John take up soccer briefly one weekend in the fall. He reasoned, "I didn't know what the hell to do." Stewie got accepted for Nuke and he was so happy he even wrote Admiral McKee a letter at the end of the semester to thank him. John's been a great roommate and a sincere friend. May he always rise with the bubbles.

DS

James Lawrence Waugh
Ben
Ewing, New Jersey
General Engineering, NFO

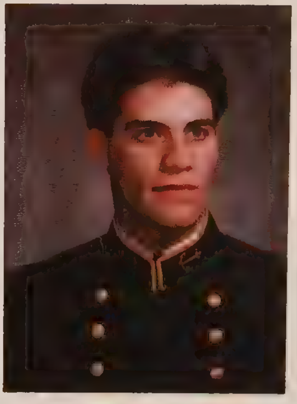
*James was a man to be respected. Behind **all that hair,** and hailing from New Jersey no less, was the stigma of pride and professionalism. We assumed it was expected since he was such a standout at MMA. His four year stay turned out to be an unexpected uphill struggle. But Jim would not allow the system to do him in as it did his roommates early on. For his persistent effort he was branded "Ben" Waugh. This proposed a peculiar problem for Jim as he found it difficult to explain the origin of his alias to the women in his life. On a more serious note, Jim was a good friend to have around — that is when his Corvette was running (which wasn't often until he had the engine replaced and learned to make major engine repairs like replacing a fan belt and battery). It was a shame that the Admiral was to waste such talent and force Jim to take to the air (fortunately, as a backseater, he can't do much damage up there). It was obvious that the brass had no idea of the potential Jim held. Only because they hadn't lived with him for four years. I believe this mistake to be their loss. Good luck James and keep working hard. Someday they'll see the light.*

GLD

Twenty Seven

PROPERTY OF
H

SPRING BREAK
UNIVERSITY OF
DAYTONA BEACH



John Christopher Aquilino
Lung
Melville, New York
Navy Air Oceanography

"Once in awhile you can get shown the light in the strongest of places if you look at it right . . ."

USNA - just another strange place in a long strange trip. Coming to us from the land of snow, Lung got an early taste of Academy life scrubbing cracks in Bancroft showers. A Youngster j.g., he chose hockey as his favorite sport, traveling to the Capitol Center to get his fill of stick action. At the end of plebe year, Chris broadened his horizons with the arrival of the "wheels". After a subtle exchange at Busch Gardens, he went on to Norfolk and his first exposure to the Fleet. Chris quickly bored with Bancroft life. Seeking distractions, he took up darts, cards and even interior decorating, selecting unique wall coverings amongst various styles, patterns, and colors. He distinguished himself at the game of "hearts", slashing his way to victory by invariably "shooting the moon." Through amazing feats, he became a Penthouse legend. Finding pleasure in his friend Johnson, he traveled the East Coast, coming and going as he pleased. Relieved of his leadership responsibilities as head of a dissident faction, he moved to 27 a free man. Chris leaves us for Pensacola where he hopes to fly jets as a Navy pilot. Best of luck friend, and be it fighter or attack, we know you'll always fly high and score Lo. Take care and Godspeed.
RBJ

Joseph M. Arnoso

Tool
Lake Ronkonkoma, New York
General Engineer, Nuclear Submarines

Little did the members of our class know that when Joe arrived here at the Academy, just after completing his high school athlete-scholar days, we were in for quite an experience. After living with him for four years, I think I've been the most affected. Along with the "tool" came his Long Island vocabulary: power, key, the ex, bonus, mega, massive, the list is endless.

After watching Joe proudly post his two pictures of his newly found "rabbit" on his blotter just after arriving for plebe summer, it became apparent that this young lady would have an incredible influence on his life. Best of luck to the new Mrs. Arnoso, he couldn't have been luckier. At U.S.N.A. Joe turned his efforts away from his great swimming days and concentrated on more "powerful" things. Mr. Arnuso, or Arsono, so many ways to pronounce such a simple name, spent his free time, quite excessive this last semester, working on his 300 plus bench, his incredible breaker at the local bowling alley, and his newly found passion for a card game called bridge. He also served as a member of the elite 5 slama jama team handball team and always practicing his tool walk. No one will ever be able to imitate it.

The "tool", a guy understandably liked by all, will be sorely missed. It will be both an honor and a privilege for me to serve as his "worst man." Best of luck Joe, see you on the slopes.

Heather E. Carrington

Bakes
Kingston, Jamaica
General Engineer, Foreign National

Heather or 'Bakes" as she is commonly called is our resident Jamaican. Even though she is only 5'2" and 100 lbs, no one can overlook Heather or her dazzling smile. She has been with us for two years and has been a fun addition to the company, blending in so well we feel as though she has always been here. Her corny sense of humor coupled with caustic remarks makes her a pleasure to be with and she is one of the top advisors in the company on social and political matters. Heather is an outstanding athlete on the track and has broken many of the old school records. She dislikes chocolate, wimps and cold weather. We of twenty-seventh company are sorry to see her go and wish her success in the career she chooses. We hope she will remember us when tanning herself on the sunny beaches of Jamaica.

Timothy N. Daseler

Tool
Nineveh, Indiana
Systems Engineer, Nuclear Submarines

Tim arrived at USNA shortly after completing his H.S. valedictorian speech, somewhat unsure of what he was getting himself into. Since then however, he has accomplished some incredible feats, the foremost - living with the "tool" for four years. After realizing academics were a piece of cake and that he was destined to live in Brigade mega-striper country one day, he began cruising the sreets in the Blue Angel. His favorite drags were "Bullwinkle," "Sara Lee," "Jelly," "Moose," and an assortment of flag officers' daughters. For amusement, Tool changed girls like skivvies, letting no one get total control of his heart.

In his spare time, you could find Tool on the courts (tennis and 5 slama jama), the bowling alley, weight room, or playing bridge, but most likely geeking in Mitscher Hall. In the future it won't be so easy . . . it's a vast, deep ocean.

The Tool has certainly been inspirational to us all. For those who were fortunate enough to know him well, he has been a blessing and a great, dependable friend. Best of luck to the Tool - from he who will be both privileged and honored to have as best man. Finé.

Eric K. Fippinger

Fipp
Manhasset, New York
Oceanography, USMC Air

Bearing a remarkable resemblance to Uncle Fester, Fipp came to the Boat School from sunny North Carolina. Of German descent, Eric had a taste for stout beer and even stouter women. Fipp showed no fear of heights by earning a pair of jump wings at Fort Benning and a pair of red wings on the roof of Dalghren Hall. Though Fipp's wrestling career went sour due to injuries, he still managed to letter with a black N first class year. As well as earning him a black N, Fipp's passion for women led many to the back seat and an ill fated few to Bancroft. No one could accuse Eric of excessive drinking, all he ever wanted was just one more beer. Fipp spent alot of time in the weight room working on his upper body, but he went to the infamous Hood College to build other parts. Yes, the master of the cold one could drink the most hideous example of womanhood pretty and often did. After all, Fipp's motto was "What is a women except a life support system . . ." The boys of 27th Co. wish him the best in the Marine Corps and in his pursuit of a decadent way of life.

James Edward Fogerty
Fogs
West Milford, New Jersey
Mathematics, Surface Line

Jim lead a very sheltered life until youngster year when we started rooming together. I exposed him to almost all of the finer things in life. At the end of second class summer, he had doubts about continuing his stay here at this fine university. I told him he had to stay if I did. As for Fogs being a Math major, he surpasses any record any Math major has ever set for the amount of time in the rack (by one hundred fold). In the dining department Jim will eat more at one meal than a football player can eat during the entire day (snacks included). Jim was never a varsity sport player, but if you could win a letter for intramurals, Fogs would have gotten one. He played soccer, lightweight football, and slowpitch softball for the company. Jim entered the Academy wanting to be a ship driver. Throughout his stay his mind has not changed, once a skimmer always a skimmer. At the Army-Navy game second class year, Jim got bitten by the Love bug. And as things look now he will be hitched to this blind date of his. Good Luck my friend. . . . I Remember . . .

Carl J. Garbelotti
Garbo
Waterbury, Vermont
Political Science, Navy Air

Garbo decided to take a break from skiing in Vermont and come to the Academy. Adjustment was easy for him - he just had the Academy adjust to him. As a freshman, Garbo was either found sailing or at the docks, either way he was never without his standard issue sidearm. To take a break from all his hell raising, he dated girls (Hey plebes don't rate that). Youngster year saw him live in his own time zone in a room the likes of which could only be found in some sleazy dorm at UVM. After Moss ordered the return of the bench and the taking down of the flag, Garbo was able to convince us that he was only an exchange student from UVM and thus entitled to the 3 striper liberty he was taking as a third class. In order for no one to get serious about studying Sophomore year, the lights were taped off thus making sleeping the only alternative at night. Carl John's saving grace (or demise depending on who you talk to) came in Feb. of his 3/c year when he met Stacy while doing room tours. His favorite course that semester was GD419. Trips to Tech took up most of his weekends as a second class. Spring break found Garbo in Baton Rouge, Houston, Lufkin, and Laurel. Laurel? Involvement in the Riverside incident earned Garbo his Black "N". His professional wealth was spread among the brigade his senior year. Weekend trips to Tech continued, restriction lasted nearly a semester, and Jack was found at the "Creek." In order to keep his 20/20 vision, he studied at Clark's. Last we heard he was supposed to be a pilot in the Navy, but I'm betting he's in his pick-up headed North.

Robert L. Gass
Gasman
Pensacola, Florida
Physical Science, Surface Line

A smart monkey would have given Bob a run for the money on the physics final. Have to give him credit though - prior enlisted to a commission through the finest institution in the Navy. Character does not spring from calm seas - Bobby got through and that's all he will need. The start of a race draws much excitement but it is the finish where our man will prove true. The old man is a sensitive and caring person. He will treat his sailors with respect and command the same. Enough of that - Quicker feet would have done him well when Wally and Bob got cornered on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Industrial espionage? Too smooth got himself into a sticky situation with those carry on panties. We're still not sure if he can carry a note but it was via Antiphs that Bob found his true love. Long blond hair and just close enough to keep Bob too far away. Burning rubber to Philly on the weekends - Don't ever let this one go. Bob lost those fighter pilot eyes somewhere in academia. The backseat just wouldn't be the same so it's all ahead flank for Gasman. Mr. Fixit can jimmy rig absolutely anything. Practical abilities separate him favorably from the book smart engineer. Just remember you can't take it with you so project your future earnings and spend them now!
M.D.S.

Mary Jean Helinski
Noodlehead
Sussex, Wisconsin
Ocean Engineering, Civil Engineer Corps

A while back, Mary jumped into her '73 ScampBess, left the Dairy state, and arrived at USNA. Wanting to impress her folks, Noodlehead demonstrated how to take a bayonet stab in the head during the final p-rade Parent's Weekend. Mary called youngster cruise to a premature halt and boggled the little minds down in medical when her blood test came up positive for mono and she spent four days as the invisible patient down in the ward. Much to everyone's surprise, she got a ring, wore it for just over a year, and much to everyone's surprise, gave it back. A free woman once again, Poodlehead let her curls down and joined the other wench to party. Georgetown has yet to thaw and the Federals don't have a number 38 playing. Maybe Donny found that out when he showed up for practice. She even met Jack and Ralph one night while "swingin'" at the Creek. She'll learn how to play Ms. Pacman yet. Bess tried to keep up with life in the fast lane but sometimes failed - like in front of the liquor store and 15 times between here and St. John's. "Want me to drive?" Being a country girl, Poodlehead wasn't interested in fashion before living with J. T. Then she had no choice, even if it did take 10 shoe stores to find her size. Unfortunately, she didn't buy new slippers. Always one with a stupid joke, Mary kept everyone smiling for four years. I still wonder how she got good grease after turning down her squad leader plebe year. I'm glad we got a clue in Scuba and surprised they never drowned us. Good luck in CEC. I know you'll be heads above them in Japan. One last reminder - don't laugh when I slip on the ice in white.
JTT

William C. Karditzas
Greek
New Smyrna Beach, Florida
Mathematics, Surface Line

Greek came to USNA after a year of sun and fun at the University of Florida. He came with high hopes of leaving after youngster year to marry his U. of F. love, Patricia, and becoming an architect. This beginning of youngster year, however, saw these two lovebirds go their separate ways, and Greek decided to throw himself into Academy life. Youngster year also proved Greek's prowess with women. He spent the year juggling as many as six girls at once! Fortunately for him his roommate was able to keep track of all of his girls' names. Greek even went so far as to see four of them in one weekend. Spring of second class year, however, his roving eye was stopped when he met Patty at a pistol meet at West Point. Patty just happens to hail from the most beautiful area in the country, North Jersey, an area Greek once swore he would never go to again. During Greek's years as a midshipman, he has contemplated just about every possible service selection offered. First class year, however, saw him settle on the finest branch of the service, Surface Line. First class year also saw Greek as co. sub cdr. and captain of the pistol team. By the way Greek, we still don't consider pistol to be a real sport. We also know you never did any work for these three stripes. All kidding aside, Bill's been a great friend and a super roommate. Patty and the Navy are both getting one helluva guy. Good luck and God bless. We all know you and Patty will be very happy together. Hey Greek, do you remember? . . . How, Jim? . . . Easily, Greek!

John Graham King
Harold Q. Smith
Canton, Massachusetts
Applied Science, Supply Corps

Harold hit the academy fresh out of NAPS "High as a kite" and "soft as a grape". Striving for excellence Harry took on the highest leadership position as class president. Excelling in sports, he vaulted his way from Halsey Field House straight into the Fleet Reserve Club, where he was warmly accepted by the slightly balding crowd of old salts. Paaahty! was Stunpy's middle name; always ready with an extra bud and a wild war story. Lord knows how, but old Harry could get the women . . . couldn't keep them, but like they say: "after the challenge is gone . . .". What Harry lacked in professionalism, he more than made up for by improvising. Who can forget Harry and the Dam Neck 10's "body surfing party" or his knock them down drag them out (knock'em down again) "Burning down the House" party!!

When he's not weaseling an SIR chit because he is "exhausted", Stumpy can be found, comatose, under his blue sleeping bag, immune from the woes of Mother B.

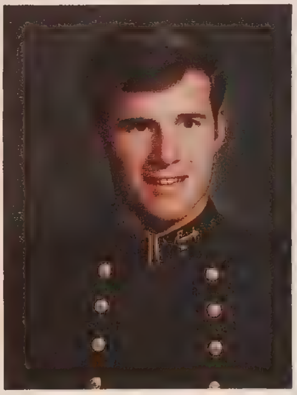
Poor Johnny destroyed his knee with just ten yards to go for a T.D., thus sealing his fate with the Corps (Supply Corps, that is) but he's done Boston and "the Family" proud and we all think he is a "great kid".

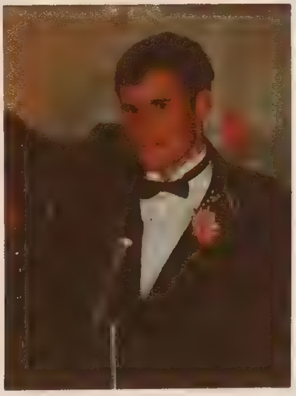
Fipp, Nick and Jorge.

Karen A. Malloy
Loider
Belmont, California
English, 1100

Loider was pretty much a snob until she met up with some derelicts second class summer. Aside from a brush with death at a phone booth, sneaking guys into the all female hall, etc., she stayed out of trouble. These past two years would have been very boring, though, without having Loider to get her hair permed for entertainment. Let us not overlook her tremendous athletic skill and bravery as evidenced by her everlasting impatience to run another mile or "please can I jump off the tower one more time?" A strong Navy fencer, Karen now has a huge, bulging right bicep to show for it and numerous bruises. Her worst bruise, though, resulted from a rough laundry folding session. Though she may call herself spastic, paranoid, neurotic and pessimistic, she is never all of them at the same time unless she is falling down the stairs in front of Mr. Adonis, "H". Karen had hordes of secret admirers who, unfortunately, chose to keep it that way. Luckily, the winter warlock is finally out of the way and, at last, a nice guy has appeared on the scene. The wait has sure been worth it. Following graduation (avoiding the elusive "HO") I wish Karen the best of luck in finding a great guy and lots of money, she deserves them. All joking aside, it has been the greatest knowing Loider, always ready with a quick smile and a sarcastic comment. Keep in touch — we have to let our kids play together even if their black rimmed glasses and apple computers get in the way. Thanks for being a great friend and good luck.

B.





Kevin J. Monahan
(various assumed names)
Redwood City, California
Political Science, Marines

Rather than someone else's account of all the stupid mistakes I've made in the past four years, I want to thank all the people who pulled me through the Academy, time and time again, and participated in the copious amounts of good times I've had here since July, 1980. To my family for support, understanding, and sourdough bread. To the General, Terri, John, Dan, and Mary for being my home away from home. To the people of the Annapolis area for their kindness, hospitality, and beer, which made us all feel at home. To those who've gone before, whose guidance, gouge and good natures eased the pains. Chuck, Mike, Mick ('81), Frank ('82), Eddie, Bruce, Doug, Phil, and Zing ('83) were always there and willing to listen and help.

To Capt. Strasser and Col. LeCornu for taking special interest.

To Mikey for doing anything he could, unselfishly. To Larry, for pushing, inspiring, and setting an example. To all my classmates, who encouraged me when times were rough and went wild with me when time was ours.

To the lovely young ladies of the East, from New England to the South; a pretty face is good therapy for a weary boy far from home.

Are you there?
Say a prayer
for the Pretender.

Lawrence M. Moore
Larry
Aberdeen, Maryland
Ocean Engineering, Navy Air

Larry comes from a super family that settled, finally, in the Baltimore area, and who made many a road trip to Annapolis, bearing cherry pies, cakes, and cookies for their Little One and his roommates. He spent as much time in the field house weight room as he did in Rickover Hall, giving his 110% to both. It is difficult to find another who works as hard in all fields of endeavor as this boychik, and no one operates on less sleep.

His burning ambition to fly has him looking for housing in Pensacola. He claims to be solo for a long time, but how long can he protect his bachelorhood from the confines of marriage? Larry, the good Samaritan, helped a young lady with a flat tire a couple of times in high school, and all of a sudden Youngster Year Mikey and I learned of Dawn, of car trouble fame. They've been on each other's minds ever since . . .

Larry put up with me for 3 years and even gave his best shot at speaking English so we could understand him. He even tried it with a California accent.

We worked when we had to, played when we could, did what was asked of us, and made more racket than was necessary.

Life is Life
And don't forget that.

Michael Lydane Moore
Slingshot
Cary, North Carolina
Political Science, Navy Pilot

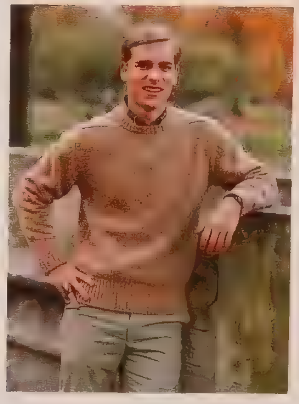
One would hesitate to believe Danny could have ended up at Canoe U. When he heard about this place he was already set on playing soccer at Carolina. With a fortunate roll of the dice he ended up at the big city of Annapolis. Hoping to further his soccer career, "Sling" played JV as a plebe but later switched to boxing. 2/C precoms rolled around and failing eyesight ended his boxing days in hopes of making it to P-cola with 20/20. Life in the big city changed Danny and he soon took to traveling. His adventures included the Med, Hawaii, the Far East, and his month long excursion to Germany, France, and Spain in which Danny found two new friends, Drew and Mooey, and a well-deserved nickname, "Slingshot" in Munchen. Entering senior year, Sling got tired of all of his East Coast girls and took advantage of his three-striper libs to become very acquainted with a local Bolivian muchacha. The Dark Ages arrived and he soon realized marriage was not in his Naval air future. — All of us in the Class of 1984 will remember Danny as the President of every other organization at the Academy and for getting us our $8000 loan, Sling always had a different way of doing things. After graduation he heads for grad school first in Shangai for three months, then in Moscow for a semester before heading for flight school. Whether Danny's soaring at 50 thousand or at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, we all wish him our best.

Drew and Skunk

Hal C. Murdock
Mad — Dog
Bountiful, Utah
Aerospace Engineer, Navy Pilot

Hal lived one of the dullest lives as a midshipman — to hear him tell it. Hal made known his presence plebe year by barking out his chow calls for all sixth wing to hear. Hal came to the academy with the dream of becoming a fighter pilot. He soared to the top of his company first class year and served as company commander. Hal's path of academics was one of **most** *resistance: Aerospace engineering. He pulled through as he always does — with flying colors! With the second class loan came Hal's beautiful yellow (lemon) Porsche. Hal dropped in a totally rebuilt engine and beefed up the suspension with a small fortune. Then a beautiful young maiden of an Army Colonel liked it so well that she decided to make an impression on it with her car. Hal's lemon was so upset that it wouldn't start for the insurance adjuster. Hal's spiritual strength has brought many a midshipman in trouble to his door any time of day or night. Hal is one of a special breed of people who will always be a counselor and leader of men. Hal will always be loved and respected in all walks of life. Hal — all of us are honored to have one such as you as a classmate and a Naval Officer.*

R.L.G.



Alan R. Nichols
Point Man
New Albany, Indiana
Ocean Engineering, Marine Corps

Old Al Nichols represented to us the epitomy of a redneck, (despite his frequent, vehement denial of the label) coming to Canoe U. from Southern Indiana. No one, however, can deny his intense patriotic support of his country (Below the Mason-Dixon line) as he undoubtly pulled the U.S. tobacco and Anheuser-Busch industries through some tough times. Neither can we accuse him of a lack of imagination with such monumental bright thoughts as the first quadruple under water beer bong. Sure, Al might have been a little hoky in his ways, but that never slowed him down with the "sweet young thaaaaings" over at Disco Dahlgren. He wouldn't take no for an answer - no way! After all, "point man" coined the supremely elegant phrase "Who needs foreplay when you got a good sharp knife!!"

It's a good thing Al opted for the USMC at Service Selection, but the Corps may just have to come up with a new MOS for the guys! Al was also "Mr. internal combustion" as he boasted both a Harley Davidson and the "Baddest" Vet in the yard - You can take the redneck out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the redneck! Good luck and ***Raise Hell!!!!***

Fipp.

Michael J. Nichols
Slim
McLean, Virginia
General Engineering, Navy Air

Red was one of the Napster boys, and came to us from McLean, Va. He had talent aplenty, not the least of which was his quick pick'in on the guitar - seriously, when it came to strumming a good ole fashioned "tear jerker" Nick was the greatest - watch out Bob Dylan. He was also a baseball stud, though a late bloomer, and he captained the team first class year. With the women (how old? don't ask. I think she was over the ***second*** *hill!) Honestly, Mike was a real casanova, a charmer from the word go, unfortunately it was* ***quantity*** *over quality. Nick was a real partner too, two beers and Slim was history. Well, maybe three . . . no two. No lie, Mike could knock them back with anyone's ninety year old grandmother.*

All kidding aside, Nick's real ambition at USNA or anywhere was helping others. He always had an open heart and open mind and would listen to anyone's problems. Truly "one of the boys" slim, you are a good dude and we all love you! Good luck with Navy Air.

Fipp, Harry and Jorge.

Michael J. Ohlhaver
Deerfield, Illinois
Physical Science, Navy Air

Mikey is one of the few midshipman one would allow to meet their grandmother or date their sister. His little rascals smile has kept him out of trouble and his marimba has kept him out of company. "Who's this oliver guy?" He showed us all how mellow a youngster could be during third class year, and second class year and first class year too. Whenever we ask a favor of him, Mikey always does it as though he was supposed to anyway but just forgot about it. He is never too busy or too tired to help out and as long as he has change in his drawer we have money for soda. His Howdy doody disposition makes him a joy to be around, especially when times are hard for the common mid. All who know him love him as the quiet one who doesn't cause problems for anybody. However there is an elite few (his roommate) that realize he is more than just a nice guy. - Mikey is a concept. Anything he does that seems out of character is actually true to form.

Mikey doesn't seem like the type to chase women or get tied down so we won't mention the law student from college park or the girls from the D and B who stopped by occasionally or the minister's daughter. Our lips are sealed. He isn't one to go to Dahlgren or frequent the bars in town, but imagine our surprise when he began asking for more than ice in his coke. In wires lab, he once wrote as the conclusion to an exceptionally difficult experiment; "Holy smokes! It works!" pure mikey.

Christine A. Phifer
Killer
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Physical Science, Supply Corps

A softball player at heart, Chris came to the Academy with a great deal of hope. Proud of Pittsburgh and not afraid to voice her opinion, she did what the academy asked as long as it made sense to her. Even though sleeping through plebe year and avoiding the AC Board might have been too much for some, Chris made it through quite well. But you have to remember her willingness to help (Chris, can I borrow your car again?) and her ability to care. Chris is the kind of person that can help you smile in spite of yourself. I mean, who else has to swim for safety when she falls into a two foot deep puddle? As situp champion plebe year, she earned her nickname Killer. One would never suspect such a name from looking at this barely five foot frame. Despite her small stature, her voice was always one of the loudest in the choir. I just hope Supply treats her well. Take care Chris - Thanks for being there.

K.W.

Jorge Rodriguez
George
San Jose, Costa Rica
Economics, Foreign National

George arrived from Costa Rica, Central America or, wait, was that Puerto Rico? Anyway, Plebe summer offered some heavy culture shock for poor George - the language barrier didn't slow him down, it stopped him in his tracks! Youngster year, however, brought out the international charm and charisma that quickly won many young ladies hearts (how young? don't ask).

He became "one of the boys" when a past-taps excursion was cut short and he found that being "one of the boys" isn't always fun and games.

Don Juan never looked too threatening, but as captain of the Karate team first class year, no one bothered to test him. Actually, George never completely abandoned all the cultural customs of Central America as he was an avid believer in a daily afternoon "siesta". He may be from the heart of Banana country but he still travelled in style in his little black "go-cart". George looks forward to some Grad school action upon graduation and we all wish him the best of luck. - Adios Amigo y Buena Suerte!!!

Fipp, Nick and Harry.

Michael Daniel Sullivan
Sully
Napoleon, Ohio
General Engineer, Navy Pilot

How does a hard core civilian convince the US Navy that he will make a good Naval Officer? Just ask Mike. (But then again, Pilots aren't in the Navy anyway.) As a matter of fact, this King of the Silver Tongue could convince a greedy baby to give him candy - and get away with it! As we all know, birds of a feather flock together, and mutual slobishness was our first similarity. I'll have to admit, validating the 1/c tower jump in pitch darkness was a good way to usher in 3/c year. How 'bout that forced march - I mean backpacking trip - thru the Shenandoahs? If nothing else, you met that foxy Southern Belle. And our mile long midnight swim thru hypothermic, jellyfish infested PAX River - I bet those cans of paint are still where I dropped them! Oh, your career as a rooftop photographer was short-lived you say? But, when it rains it pours and you've got to admit, half a semester of restriction does teach you to maintain an awesome inspection uniform. Those nights of hard studying in summer school rate an occasional dip in the Academy's fountains, so not to let ourselves down, we "christened" ourselves in what should have been the end point of our last parade. We musn't forget Mike's love for money! How about the time you got a letter from home, your girlfriend and your bank . . . and opened the bank statement first! Don't knock anybody over on the way to the phones, your stockbroker called. In addition to his love of money Mike enjoys the opposite sex. He'll even go so far as to say he's a lady-killer, but when the cry "but Mike, you don't understand, I just can't!" went running thru my ears at 0400 I had to wonder. Remember that Monday excursion when you prayed to the sink for an hour and passed out in the shower? Mike, your unshakable self confidence and poise will serve you well, good luck.

SBW

Joan Teresa Taverna
Joanie T
Upper Saddle River, New Jersey
Oceanography, Supply Corps

Joanie came into 27 youngster year to be reformed. I guess no one told her her roommates were supposed to be uncorruptable. One should never underestimate an Irish-Italian. This half of "the Wenches" has always been a partier. Take youngster Halloween, making her way back to restriction muster, sauced beyond belief, trick or-treating down Captain's Row. She's probably the only female member of the Black N Club. Joanie's downfall is men; they all love her, especially those Marines! She swore she'ld never take the plunge, but that A-6 NFO was too tough for her. I think Webster had JT and GB in mind when he invented spaz. Ice, Hands, and bathroom stalls are only minor reasons she earned the nickname Erratica. Crystal City, Georgetown, and 'swangin' at Weems (where she first introduced me to Jack and Ralph) are just a few of the wild things Momma Moan the Masher has done. Cruising in Sven, her Camaro, she's a real sight to see; just ask those mids on the Beltway. But never take her shopping; her Visa bill is bigger than her car loan. She is the only person I know who spends all week trying on clothes for the weekend. Maybe one day she'll even let me put a pair of shoes in the shoe rack. JT has a heart of gold and a tongue of fire. Ask anyone who has survived a visit to the "Home of the Wenches". O Clueless One, I will miss our scuba lessons, like always, but I will not miss matching your clothes or taking out your contacts. The 'other' Corps is getting one hell of a Lady. Good Luck to you and Larry. May your bottle of JD never be empty.

MJH

Stephan Bradford Walton
Wally
Greensburg, Pennsylvania
Oceanography, Submarines

Beware - this is what you get from crossing a Green Beret with a sweet German lady. Given a few moments Steve could convince anyone that he is from an impoverished family. Kind of fell through when his "poor" folks showed up in their 'cedes and well, Steve does have that Beemer. A clever one, and so convincingly sincere - Sorry ladies, he probably meant it at the time. A true soldier fond of the toughest discipline, unfailingly obeys all unavoidable or convenient regulations in a most pious manner. Rational for occasionally overstepping the bounds? The Navy doesn't want totally straight officers besides, they usually lose his restriction orders. Steve is ever ready to share three striper libs with those who really have them. Does Loverboy ring a bell? What is it about a woman in uniform that drives Wally wild? Squad Daddies really shouldn't be scoping out their plebettes. Steve has had them all from the giant to a petite blond. Not always so smooth, he once took the evening's new acquaintance directly to Marriott and then spent the night talking foreign policy. On better weekends, Chiquita would be proud of him. Enough on women, they are just a filler when he's not thinking about Nuclear Power or some crazy Swim, Bike, Run contest for neanderthals. Steve is a driven individual, an ungodly amount of patience and pure persistance will see him through. Those he serves with will be safer for it. Those opposed - SAYANARA!

M.D.S.

Maude E. Young
Liz
Playas, New Mexico
Chemistry, 1100

Liz came to USNA from, of all places, Playas, New Mexico (no, she's not a foreign national) bearing cactus and big hairy spiders. Liz suffered the immediate misfortune of picking me for a roommate, finding herself in later years surrounded by furs, jewels (the two dimensional variety) and the Sex Pistols. Let's talk about the ***interesting*** *"men" you attracted over the years. I'll never hear a LA LA LA without wretching. And, phew, how close you came to being a BAD girl. Luckily for Liz, she was recruited heavily to the fencing team by Dave Smalley and Navy gained its greatest fencer. Liz, always looking for new ways to maintain her level of physical fitness, invented a new sport by combining the mile with the tower jump one day in Halsey. Don't worry, Lizard — scars fade with time. Liz's second great misfortune took the form of her choice of chem as a major. Who would have thought that so little acid could have done so much damage. All joking aside, you've been a great roommate through the years. Who else could I count on to pick me up at the airport? True, you did lock your keys in the car and ripped your pants on the fence and left my bags in the parking lot but who cares? What matters is that you're a true friend. You're one of the greatest people I've ever met, Liz, and I know you'll do well in anything. Thanks for putting up with me for so long, and half the towels are mine.*

K.

Tae Wan Andrews
Tae, T.J.
Omaha, Nebraska
Political Science Air Force!

Tae has been at the U.S. Naval Academy longer than he's been any other place. Or has he really - most of the four years have been spent on the track or carrying on in one of those weird poli sci classes.

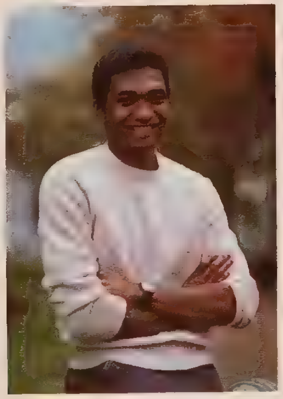
What words describe Bucket Head - his firsties couldn't think of any, especially plebe summer when the tall, lanky plebe ran insanely looking for a fire extinguisher which looked like a "bulkhead".

Tae epitomizes it all, the cynic, comic, the massive sweat and the kicked back athlete. He is definitely one-of-a-kind, who else wears red hot gym shorts (with adjustable zippers), a designer SDB blouse, and a tiny bandaid on his left earlobe!

The Captain of the Track team will be remembered in '84 in many ways. Tae has been an outstanding athlete, a top military performer and a hard working (well, sometimes) student. It is no wonder that he went Air Force, anyone seeing the unsalty dog hanging over the guardrails of a YP knew he'd find a way out . . .

But the Navy's loss is the Air Force's gain. A guy with class, looks and a true Navy fan.

Good luck T.J., don't fall in the quicksand.



Turney Andrew Bruner
"Wheezer"
Medford Lakes, New Jersey
Physical Science USMC

Unlike Jimbo, Tab came from the balmy beach between the Delaware and Hudson Rivers. After surviving a stay at NAPS, the "Wheeze-Daddy" came to USNA and tried to civilize himself. Instead, he was westernized by Klondike and now dreams of living in California. (the clincher had to be Pasadena!)

While at USNA, Tab encountered many a "tangled-web" only to pull himself free through poise, hard work and a little "Comfort." He developed a rather mellow outlook and refused to be swayed by "negative waves." Tab also played a mean game of soccer (then Rugby) helping Navy to a few victories along the way. (Army . . . what a blast!!!)

The Wheezer is looking forward to wearing the green and becoming an NFO. We wish him luck and know he'll never need it.

(Hey, Jose, where's California?)

Thomas P. Callahan
Flommy
Buffalo, New York
Economics, Nuclear Submarines

Tom came to 21412 from a family of several. Freshman year Tom joined the light weight crew team and has been rowing up and down the Severn every day since. He really works hard preparing for rowing season, usually putting in two workouts a day. It takes an unusual type to row crew and Tom is definitely a crew jock. I guess that explains a lot of things.

Tom fit right into the academic routine and got off to a good start. Many weekends were spent diligently studying trying to get ahead in his classes. At first, Tom thought that political science was his calling but later decided that a real major would be more beneficial so he switched to economics.

Senior year all of his hard work paid off, he was chosen to be first semester company commander. Tom did a fine job at leading the company, especially in p-rades. Tom had an image to uphold as a stellar performer and academic stud so his face was seldom seen in the gutters of Annapolis. But deep down inside a real party animal was waiting to escape. Finally, on his twenty-first birthday, he took a weekend and ventured off to Roanoke College. After a few drinks Tom began to make his presence known to everyone, especially Bonnie. We would like to extend a thanks to her for her cooperation. The remainder of the weekend was a bit unclear for him, however he did acquire the title of P. M. because of one particular incident in a dorm room which should not be discussed here. He still tries to deny the whole thing.

All joking aside, Tom is one of the best guys I know and I am proud to have him as a friend. Good luck in the future.

Mark Victor Cebulski
Ceb
Wallington, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Surface

Ceb made the scene at Navy wanting nothing more than a set of wings and a Tomcat (sir!). Well, as time passed, those wants became increasingly more complex. For instance, Ceb wanted pizza and beer, never mind if my hand got in the way. Then, of course, Mark wanted girls (of all shapes and sizes). Let's see, there was Peggy (more or less), Michelle Rosenblatt (definitely more!), and the girl on I-95. No, really, Mark was quite the ladies man. Then Ceb wanted to learn how to be an engineer, no sweat when it came to electricity (my wires grade can attest to that), but when it came to railroads it was a different story. Mark may have more track and railroad cars than Conrail and Amtrak put together. I guess I should throw in Erie-Lackawana, too. Then, of course, Mark wanted a car. Ceb researched this area quite a bit. He tried a TC-3, but didn't like the shocks; Mark didn't like all the glass in a VW Rabbit (that makes three of us). He finally settled on an RX-7 because it had limited slip differential. Ceb also began to want sleep, more and more of it, never mind quarters; but then again, he always did like the Michelson-Chauvenet basement. Mark wanted $3000, so he went nuc surface. (Actually, the doctors wanted him to go nuc.) Finally, Mark wanted to be the best roommate and typist any man from the promised land could want! Good luck, Ceb!

DMD

Michael Thomas Clark
Moto
Niceville, Florida
Physical Science, Navy Pilot

Our boy Moto arrived at USNA from Boggy, er, I mean Niceville, FLA a timid, little lad . . . then the transformation began. Mike left the blocks quickly plebe year with his best grades to date, but quickly faded with the aid of his infamous roommate JD's corrupting force. This force, of course included beer, with which, Mike had little previous experience. On the subject of experience, who'll ever forget the loads of "Joy" Mike found June Week. The prime example of Moto being O.O.C. was when JD and Dep persuaded him not to jump off the Eastport Bridge. While Mike's grades went eternally downward, other things skyrocketed (his weight). The Ac Board and The Brotherhood finally convinced Mike to forget about Mech E when his laundry grades consistently exceeded those in Engine Math (even the 2nd time around). When we inherited the Mote', the bizarre traits and possessions surfaced. These included the smoked oyster ledge picnics, pack-rat shelf, levitating spaceman watch, Varsity haircuts, model demolition service, and the MOTO DESK/LIGHT/BOX/FOTO/CAN. Mike's early morning routine was well publicized, but we could do without his late night outbursts ("We've got 5 minutes 'til formation!" at 3:00 AM). While Mike would usually spill his guts on beer, another fluid would soon replace it for sheer laughs — SODA. Then, the only lighter side of Mike appeared . . . Donna. Senior year brought lots of admin work, but in his spare time, Mike successfully melted down his car and raced ambulances. We think he's changed for the better, and we are certainly better off having known him.

Best of luck, Ceb and Dep.

William Dempsey
Demps
Massapequa, New York
Economics, Nuclear Surface

Dempsey, William J. "Demps" Bill is an individual to say the least. When he first came here we all thought him quite strange — He always knew his rates and could be found, in his room, studying on Saturday nights. It wasn't until after the start of sophomore year did he break out and start having a good time. He finally realized that coming here to play Lacrosse goes hand-in-hand with partying. We soon came to know that ninety percent of the time he is "Asexual". He simply doesn't like girls. The other ten percent of the time, those of the opposite gender better watch out. (Krakatoa may explode at any time.) Bill has been a great asset to the Lacrosse team. He was awesome in the fall. We'll never forget the road trips to the away games. Bill has done well adjusting to living at the Academy considering he left behind a home environment where his T-shirts were ironed for him. Mrs. Dempsey, you spoiled both he and us rotten. That's not to say that Bill had a protected life at home in Long Island, but he did learn how to tie his shoes on Sesame Street and didn't know how to change a car tire until Senior year. Even with Lacrosse and the Procrastinating influence of his friends, he still managed a 3.8 GPA and be accepted for nuclear power. Bill will be a success in whatever he does and he is the most loyal friend one could have.

David M. Depman
Dep
Cinnaminson, New Jersey
Economics, Naval Flight Officer

Yo, God's gift to USNA arrived from "His country" via the 'Grave with a lovely temper, a set of pet peeves (closet doors), and a voice to boot (dB Depman). Plebe year started out as Golden Gloves training but luckily, nothing serious, except the O-Coat of course. Dave was tough to nail with a fry except during the stereo incident which brought us all down. Everyone knew what the final result of the cohabitation with "Camus" and his seemingly infinite bag of tricks would be, but he kept coming back for more. The UVA trips were started as we wondered "Why USNA?!" Jake, JD, and Schlegs proved to make weekends interesting while Moto, Wertzy, and Tiger added comic relief to them. Always a stellar academician, plebe year finally ended with Deadly's D. Depper came back from youngster cruise a changed man — Kathy had entered his life (she'll be around for as long as those scars in his back). More FB games (Yale and ND), lax games,, and the Hoodwinks followed. As we dreamed of our hands at Norman Scott's neck, we barely escaped drowning. The new stereo and the brigade's finest album collection began to crank out the tunes except for those 30 day and 2 day periods, his penchant for sleep both in and out of class began, and Moto became ours after JD's departure. The 1st of 3 NAFAC's and June Week festivities rounded out the year. Sauce's experiences during Bus/Beertramid were nothing but fun and the obligation was soon at hand. The academics got harder but the room held up with the Moto-desk, sit-up average of 60.3, and Slick Watts' final. The Ring Dance was over and we were not firsties. Plebe Detail was Dep's chance to exercise temper control — he failed. Schaefer City dominated most of FB season and Kathy the rest. The future has NFO in it and the best of times for you two. I'll Miss You.

FW&FS,
(Beat Army. Love, Ceb)

Richard James Eason
Dick
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Mathematics, Navy Pilot

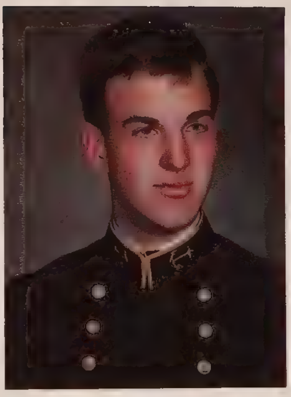
Dick came to us from the wide, open flat wastelands of Iowa and immediately became the affection of many of the upperclass. He got talked out of Electrical Engineering his plebe year and decided to be a Math Major. It turned out that he became the President of the Society of Automotive Engineers and everyone thought he was a Mechanical Engineer anyway. By the way, is the project done yet?

When it came to girls Dick was an "expert"! Barbie, Suzanne, and especially Stella are excellent examples of his expertise. And then there were all the girls back home. Oh, but the girls back home were another story of course.

His love for his Camaro was only outdone by his love for the blue monster. He says he is a confirmed bachelor, but we know he is already spoken for: his car, the object of his time and all his money. Who else has carburetors and engine blocks in his room?

After sweating through service selection Dick easily got his choice and will be going to Pensacola to get his wings. While there he'll probably go on recon raids around the airfield at night, Protramid style. Dick, best of luck to you in your future. We know you'll be one of the best pilots around but come on, don't hot rod any of your planes.

The Ugly Club



John Joseph Ennis
J. J.
Clinton, New Jersey
Economics, Surface Line

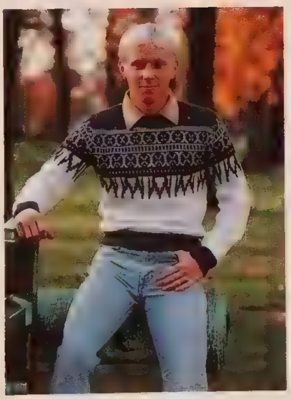
Case history: Patient arrived in fair health, with two black eyes, and a sore back. Former distance runner, now content to sit round, smoke, and get fat with the rest of the surface navy. Usually stable personality, but has lost temper when others around him exhibit lack of "common sensitivity." Though radical in High School, no discernable character flaws were observed until first class year. Apparently influenced by roommates, John began to have problems staying under control. Subjected to such deviant behavior as contortionism, lighting off 5 radios simultaneously, and studying to make up for a lack of intelligence, J. J. began to show signs of severe stress. He felt the need to retreat back to his NJ hideout for as many weekends as his C.O. would allow. This only forstalled the inevitable. The capstone to the devolution of the patient came on service selection night when he missed getting NFO by 12 people, while his roommate (nearly 100 places below him) strolled away from the event with a navy pilot billet.

Diagnosis: Terminal Insanity.

Long run prognosis: In the long run …… we're all dead.

All Our Love Always.

T.P.J. & A.L.M.T.M. III



Carl J. Fricker
Carl
Cocoa Beach, Florida
Oceanography, Nuclear Submarines

Fricker, Carl J. "Frick." Frick is one of the few double majors at the Academy; Oceanography and Girls. Carl has known love; at least three times a week with three different girls. A habit that will soon be broken when he enters the submarine community. Carl is a class guy, he sleeps and necks with dip in his mouth, and takes his dates to Weems Creek Tavern. All the Atlantic City casinos have "WELCOME FRICK" doormats. His bad experiences at the gambling tables in A. C. made it necessary for Carl to get even by having his own games in Bancroft and taking the second classes' paychecks. The closet slob came out of hiding when he no longer had Billy-Bob to blame for the mess in his room every morning. Carl could put Oscar Madison to shame. The Frickmobile was a slum on wheels. A '67 Chrysler station wagon that had a second home on the Jersey shore. Only a YP veteran could navigate that beauty to Wildwood. Carl sold himself short by not being an engineer, but was still selected for nuclear power. I hope they sell Copenhagen on submarines. Carl's last submarine ride was a record setting 72 hour sleep-a-thon during a protramid cruise that was abruptly terminated for him by a navy captain in Dam Neck. Restriction in Annapolis was more fun anyway. Carl is determined to clean up his act and salvage his reputation, first by becoming a nuclear power officer, and second by owning a new Cutlass Supreme. I'm sure he will be successful. Carl has been an adventure to live with and will always be a great friend.

Allan G. Galsgaard
Gunnar
Los Altos, California
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Gunnar hails from the far west Bay Area. He arrived in time to practice writing 500 "O's" on the wall for "Bruiser" while held at his most professional position. He held his own plebe year and made the mistake of choosing "MECH E". This gave him the opportunity to experience two semesters of "The Rocket" and one of "Wild Bill." Youngster year Gunnar was inducted into the "Ugly Club" (what else could you do with a face like his). Second class year Gunnar fell in love with Miss Kimberly. I quote, "I'll never get married until at least five years after graduation." Ya, right ace. Good luck on your June second wedding.

Gunnar will be remembered in 28th company for his tactlessness as Academic Officer and his professionalism as a platoon Commander. Going nuclear submarines was only a natural extension of all that he has worked for at the Academy.

Do a great job in the "Fleet" Gunnar as we all know you will. When you make LCDR before I make MAJOR expect to hang on a good drunk, but don't expect a salute.

DCM

Robert W. Garland
Buddy
Edgewater, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Buddy came to the waiting arms of Mother B from far off Edgewater. Armed with his lacrosse stick and sizable ego he set off down the dark, crooked path of "MECH E".

Buddy started out fast, barely getting by 1st semester with a 2.20. He then decided that maybe he should start studying, something he hasn't stopped doing. What can you say about 6 straight 3.00's?

Youngster year brought an additional roommate, trips to Virginia and Hood, and last but not least, Kris. Coming back to USNA after Christmas and finding that Buddy actually went out with a girl more than twice was almost too much.

Second class year came and went. Buddy was having fun with Cables, Thermo, and all those other fun classes. He always found time to do other fun things like go to W. Va. to see Kris, beat Army in lacrosse, go see Kris, go see a movie, go to see Kris, etc. I think we get the message.

First class year rolled around and thus began the beginning of the end. Buddy saw stars (or dollar signs) as Nuke service selection came and went. He survived Wild Bill and his boys in the Mech E Dept. and graduation is almost here.

Buddy and I have been roommates for the whole 4 decades, er, I mean years that we've been here. We've had some rough times, but the good times have been many and varied. I couldn't have asked for a better roommate or friend. So to you, Buddy, it has been real, it has been fun, but you still "AN'NO GOOD!"

James H. Howard
Jimmy
Johns Island, South Carolina
Physical Science, Supply Corps

I made one good pitstop, here at USNA. I must admit I had fun here, because I wouldn't have it any other way. I always had that rambling blood in me to roam the south and the west of this great country. I was tempted to leave many times, but I knew my day would come because of the clear picture I held in my mind. Through many victories and defeats, playing 150 football, varsity football, running track, boxing and of course academics, I felt myself grow. The victories always came when it was important and from the defeats I learned and became stronger. With every forward step strode greater freedom for everywhere I went I kept God on my mind and in my heart. I am very pleased to contribute to this country as an officer. Many good men have come and gone; Frontiersmen, Railroadmen, Timbermen, Military men, Cowboys, Indian Chiefs and so many more that helped build this country. I feel all of them as a part of me. Being an American brings me great happiness yet greater still is my happiness as a child of God. I therefore feel equipped. I am greatly joyful and humble to have friends here. May the sunshine of the best days be with you all, many smiles to you, congratulations, and most of all may God bless you all abundantly.

*to: Sam Graham of the Class of 1973. "Three cheers for the lion hearted, the cowboys and the good ole boys, the mounted eagles, Semper Fi and the **L.E.A.Ders!**"*

John Augustine Intintolo
Johny I
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering, NFO

Johny was evicted from Philadelphia and somehow ended up here at USNA. He didn't have much of a plebe summer, as most of his time was spent validating courses. Plebe year found him on many D&B roadtrips where he developed a love for "the uniform." Most guys have black books, but he had a performance file ($18.69 roses?!). John found trouble almost immediately, however, when he glued a "sleeping bag" to a certain future 5-striper's door. His interest in the outdoors was spurred by many camping trips to VA (a locksmith, in Gore, on Easter?!). Youngster year also brought John academic success with a 3.7 and 4.0. Recon raids at Oceana were the only things that could pull him away from a pool table Second Class Summer. Second class year brought the Johny I Mobile and A. J., but went on to bigger and better things (USA-1 is taking charge!) First Class Summer found John off the coast of Beirut, then back to USNA as 28th Platoon Commander (how 'bout that sailing school?). He almost reached escape velocity while studying Aero at Maryland, but came crashing back to USNA second semester. Service selection gave John his long awaited NFO billet; see you in P-cola! Best of luck in the future and may your skies always be friendly!

The Ugly Club

Thomas Parrent Johnson
Tiger
Alexandria, Virginia
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Surface

Tiger arrived here from his home in Sunny Florida and quickly showed where his talents lay. He seemed to validate just about every science and math course offered here, took EE as his major, and has hovered around a 3.0 CQPR while competing for the Navy sailing team all four years. He proved to be one of those characters who could do no wrong in the tough courses, yet had trouble writing a complete sentence. He would usually deal with life's crises (such as having his new car recalled) by simply muttering "blah" and turning his attention to something more pleasant. His aversion to shoes and socks were outweighed only by his aversion to work. Widely known as the only guy around who could place his feet behind his kneck, he could usually be found in his room intently studying the comics or absorbing some Pink Floyd, or wandering aimlessly about, looking for some excuse not to study.

Tiger tore himself away from the boats often enough to make trips to several of the more popular "real" colleges in the area and make a lasting impression (of some kind) on the ladies. We, his close friends, have tried hard not to notice the fact that one of his girlfriends looked suspiciously like she might have been his sister. We could hardly tell them apart in the Valentine's Dance photo, but the gown gave it away.

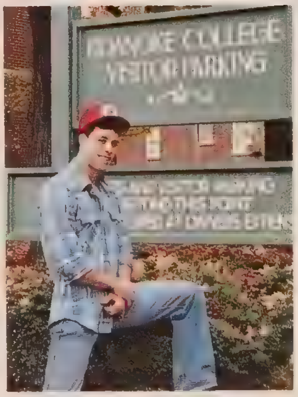
Rather than follow his father's footsteps and command a surface ship, Tiger decided that the Nuclear Navy was more deserving of his abilities (and he was deserving of more $). We wish him the best there and in every future endeavor.

Donald G. Marcum
Greg, Don, Bart
Hodgenville, Kentucky
Management, Nuclear Submarines

Deep from Kentucky's bluegrass tradition, Greg left the farm to see the big city. Unfortunately he wound up at our small engineering school on Severn's shore. Big boned and strong backed he set-in for a long struggle. And struggle he did - KD insured that Don's afternoons were delicately scheduled to fit the most work in the least amount of time. Tours of the Severn and numerous chases around the yard eventually yielded to regular afternoon lifting and community awareness board meetings. But plebe year was more of a struggle than crew alone. Books of seemingly foreign press held Greg somewhat shy of excellence. Could it have been crew, the fact that he spoke in backwoods jawing, or that for a plebe (upperclass at that) women monopolized his free time? I'm firmly resolved that Don rowed solely to keep up with Bob.

Suddenly a calm befell our raging grit. Greg found the gift of speech, a natural aptitude for management courses, and a certain girl began to claim more of his blotter. Only the obnoxious twanging of the steel guitar and a Hoosier-Wildcat rivalry dispelled the notion that Greg had become civil. Our country boy even managed to make the Supe's list. Had we a snapper in our pool there may have been a repeat performance.

Studying at usna now lost its challenge for Greg so he elected to matriculate at Roanoke and pursue additional professional training at Va. Beach. Successful in these ventures Greg was able to convince the Naval Reactors board that an SAS could standout with the rest. Yet in the interim management majors know how to better manage their bonuses. Personal management will soon preoccupy Greg for he will shortly wed his blotter beauty - Buffy. These years have been fun-filled and may your future be all the brilliant. Best of luck Don and Beth!



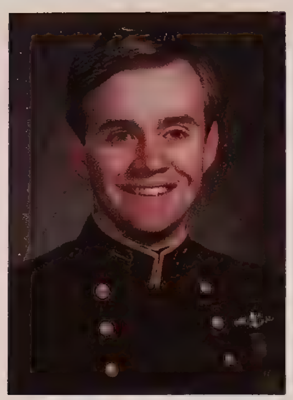
David V. Marin
Ziggy
Middletown, Connecticut
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

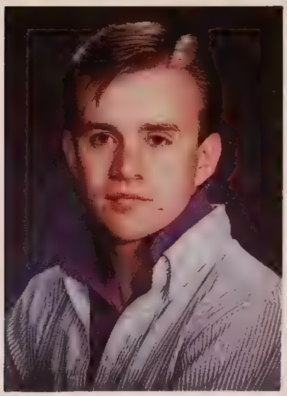
Marin, David V. "Ziggy", "Chico Menendez" Like all of us, Dave has undergone some dramatic radical changes during the past four years. He came to the Academy by way of NAPS and immediately impressed us with his ability to cope with the military environment. In fact Plebe Summer and Plebe Year seemed easy for David. It seemed like he was headed for big things in the future after (he earned) being named to the Superintendent's List first semester. Sophomore year brought the big change for Dave as he decided to concentrate on having a good time. It was a decision that I'm sure he's never regretted. Dave gave up rowing and switched from Aero to General Engineering. He now specialized in card playing and sleeping during the week along with drinking and collecting phone numbers for his blotter collage and the weekends. He and his carousing cohort, Stumpy, explored every drinking establishment within striking distance through the bottoms of their beer mugs. Dave became an illustrious member of the IIIC "wrecking crew", miraculously escaping restriction, though certainly not thru a lack of effort. We'll never forget the admirable job Dave did piloting the lethal "Frickmobile" back from Wildwood I in a torrential downpour. It was also during this time that Dave's sexual preferences switched from older to younger (much) women. All in all, knowing Dave has made these past four years a little easier and more enjoyable for all of us. One couldn't ask for a more considerate roommate or a better friend. I'm sure that his ability to adjust and take things in stride will serve him well at flight school. We wish him health, happiness and continued success.

Doug C. Marr
Dugly
Wayne, Nebraska
Applied Science, U.S.M.C.

Doug hails from Nebraska where men are men, women are few, and sheep run scared. As plebe year rolled on academics rolled on him but he came through in fine fashion. As the years wore on Don pressed on into his favorite pastimes of boots, beer, and "ugly tours". He wasted his summers at Airborne and in Hawaii on Marine Option Cruise. As our last year marched on he became Company Commander. Ya, who would have thought the same four years ago.

Doug's weekends were spent camping, usually out at 'Rudys'. Every now and then he could be found with a female type. She was usually engaged, overweight, had more hair on her face than he does, or taller than him. Ya Ace, the Marines deserve you. As for marriage, sorry girls not at least for five years. Doug has been and always will be a great friend and brother to us all. We wish him all the luck in the U.S. Marine Corps.





Angus Laughton Malcolm Thom Mclean III

Thom
Annandale, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering, Naval Aviation

Angus has always wanted to be the center of attention, and for four years, he has been, in some sort of way or another. He was a favorite of an '82 grad, the Kais, and his roommates second semester plebe year. His plebe year was highlighted by Scotty beaming his books up to the Enterprise during midterms and a pillow which exhibited properties of spontaneous combustion. Angus was an audiophile until he got fried for it.

Poor Angus suffered from an unfortunate operation youngster summer which left him slightly less symmetrical, but still Angus. His roommates never paid the same attention to him after this.

Angus never really studied hard. His QPR can attest to this. Anything above 2.0 is gravy anyway, and having a 1.5 doesn't necessarily mean you have to go to an ac-board. His order of merit was still good enough to guarantee him an air billet (his first love), and that's what matters.

His loves over the years have been as far flung as anybody's, from area girls to actresses, to captain's daughters in far off Scotland.

One of his most outstanding qualities is his collection of playthings. His room was made comfortable with a radio over his bed, a computer within easy access of his desk, his radio controlled model airplane, and even a couch. His biggest toy was his RX-7. There won't be any mention of his refrigerator.

At least he enjoyed his stay. He always takes care of himself (and his roommates). Good luck in the air, Angus. May your winds be tail winds. Godspeed.

Michael D. Mullen

Moon
Maple Shade, New Jersey
Applied Science, Marines

Moon, as he is affectionately called, hails from the great state of New Jersey. He came to the Naval Academy after attending the Marine Military Academy for one year. Mike came as a Marine and later graduated as a Marine. It sort of tells you what he thinks of the Navy. No regrets though! The 150 lb football team kept him busy as a freshman and sophomore. After lettering in this great sport, Moon retired and started taking Hood trips with Dep (sauce), Ceb, Marcscum, Tae, and Trent (worm). He was king of Hood rock! (inside Joke) Second class year rolled around and the weekly board meetings started at the Dockside Inn every Wednesday afternoon. Mainly these meetings concerned when the next Hood trip was occurring. When Moon became a Senior, he had no intentions of a serious relationship with a girl. Since dating a Philadelphia Eagle Cheerleader, he has changed his intentions. I know Moon has worked hard to get where he is today and that he is very grateful to his girlfriend Mary, his parents, and his Lord.

Moto

Andrew J. Pulliam

A. J.
Tullahoma, Tennessee
Political Science, Nuclear Surface

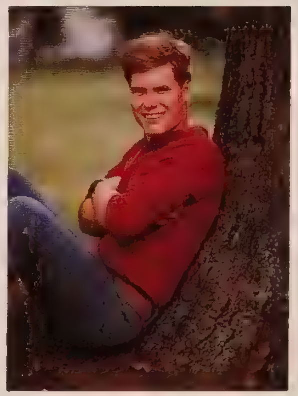
A. J. came to Annapolis from a relatively small town in Tennessee. In High School A. J. learned to do his best and was voted "Most Likely To Succeed" boy in his class. Success could be his middle name. When he came to USNA he got a sheet of paper that predicted that if he graduated, he would have a 2.7 cumulative grade point average. A. J. graduated with about a 3.7. He beat the odds as usual.

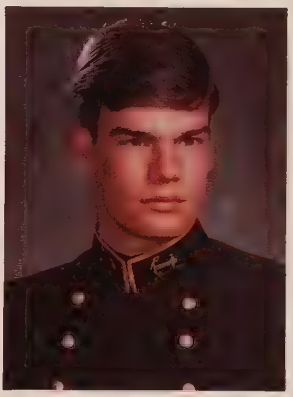
He succeeded throughout his years at USNA and that's why they gave him the Second Regiment during second semester of first class year. However, his greatest success at USNA came by co-founding, with Doug M., a group known as "The Ugly Club," who A. J. calls "The Boys of 28." I guess we could also be called "The Magnificent Seven," and the main thing that A. J. will miss about Canoe U. will be having good times with "The Boys."

Nevertheless, in reality A. J. is a loner and a team-player. He is good and bad, innocence and sin. He is intense, boring, violent, temperate, creative, destructive, friendly, mean, vital and irrelevant. He must succeed though failure is inevitable. But he keeps on, each day, every day. Each time he falls, he gets up and starts over. He has four rules to success, "Don't lie, never make a promise you can't keep, never quit, and always do your best."

For the future, A. J., the top Poli. Sci. major in '84, hopes to drive nuclear powered ships, and someday, maybe, politics.

Keep doing your best; you will be successful.





Martin Rahn

Marty
Hauppauge, New York
Aerospace Engineering, NFO

Big, dumb, and ugly came to us from the Island, leaving behind Stonybrook, long hair, and a blue feathered earring. He started off on a bad foot plebe summer, a bad leg actually, and ALMTM III didn't help much. Things picked up when Clone Daddy found him on the JV Swim team, which eventually led to his two year hitch as Company Commander. Youngster year brought Kim and sleepwalking. Want a cookie Marty? His car disappeared second class summer, but reappered in time for the road trips to Hammerjacks. Leadership experience gained as a stormtrooper brought Marty a pair of three striper positions. Since then he has become intimately acquainted with his blue buddy as MIR. Being the first of 28 to visit 4-1 at service selection, Marty finally rid himself of the nuke temptation and selected NFO. Before he gets to Pensacola, he'll do a stint at NASA Houston, where he'll make good use of his Aerospace degree. Best of luck in the back seat.

The Ugly Club

John Henry Schlegel
Schlegs
Malden, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering, Navy Air

Schlegs came to us from Malden Massachusetts, where all the cars are Z-28's and the girls are named Kathy. Up until the day of service selection he didn't know what career path he wanted to pursue, however when the big decision came he decided to go Navy Air. He should be well suited for this field because he has been in space ever since I-day.

John has two loves in his life. We couldn't decide which one was number one and which was number two. The number one contender for John's affection is his new Z-28, which has had to be painted twice since he had it, due to the daily washing it receives. Once John has ended his navy career it is rumored that he will open a chain of car washes. Number two on the list, is a little girl who is easier to hear than see.

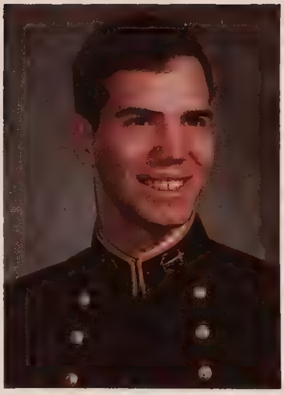
But seriously, John has been a great friend since he came to the University. We know that he will excel in everything he does throughout the years to come. Through ups and downs, the cat was always there. A loyal friend, a hard worker and a funny guy, the cat was quite an experience to room with. Remember, when you're up in the air, keep your feet on the ground, don't lose touch. Best wishes and luck in whatever the future may hold and may the world be yours.

RLW, KAP & "TAE"

Glen Reay Sterling
G. R.
Morristown, New Jersey
Physical Science, Surface

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what's the story here? The story begins with Sterls reporting to USNA from none other than the armpit of the East coast. After having his own room once Grimes went on his long weekend, G. R. got his share of roommates in the following semesters. No matter how simple the task Sterls found a way to screw it up. What's a FGG-7 look like? What did the Dant say about painting monuments? Don't you know you can't play catch with torpedoes? With second class year and EEE, Glen turned into the Sheik and became the Gouge Hunter? Live by it and die by it. How's Phy Sci? Physically he was a good runner, yet somehow still a spazz. Ever hear of the Sterlstop march or slam dancing? When it comes to female types, he was a gallant knight. These damsels were not worth the effort. After sweating service selection like everything else, the CDR found his dream of destroyer duty realized in DDG-41. 6-4 will miss the company chaplain but we know he'll take care of his men. Good luck in the fleet.

The Ugly Club



James Mathew Wasko
Klondike
Newark, California
Management, Navy Pilot

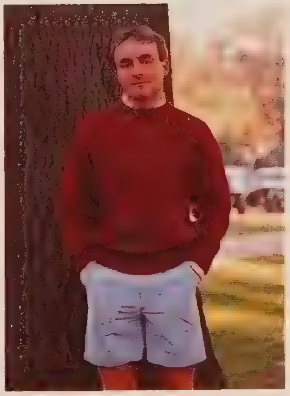
Jim-Daddy came to USNA via the sunny beaches of California. This journey did not daunt his efforts to find wine, women and song along the Eastern Seaboard. Surfboards, water-skiing, scuba-diving and ultraviolet rays were often mentioned in the same breath.

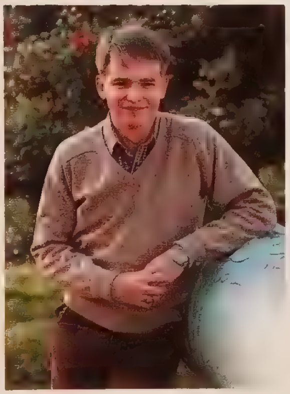
"Klondike" became famous with his "casual" scuba dive for oysters (in mid-January) because he was hungry and nothing to go with his beer. However, behind his laid-back and often humorous front, Jim always had a deep and sincere concern for his friends and classmates.

Jim then found his true love in Navy Air and will soon be taking California to the skies. For Jim, we wish him the best; as for us:

"There you go again man: Keep as cool as you can, face trials with piles of smiles. It riles them to believe that you perceive the tangled webs they weave."

(Hey, WHEEZER, where's Jose?)





Trent L. Wertz
Trent
Flat Rock, Indiana
Electrical Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Trent came to Annapolis from Flat Rock, Indiana. You say you never heard of it. Well, neither had I until the Hurryin' Hoosier showed up here in Annapolis. Trent's good sense of humor and ability to stay calm have kept him on top of things here. Trent knows what he wants and he gets it. USNA has been ups and downs, but he always seems to come out on top. What has happened since 8 July 80? Let's see, how about, George, Crasher, your almost stars semester, my class A, Indiana winning the NCAA's, cruising the Med, living downstairs with D. R., Hood, Goucher, da HOG, McCall's departure, me and Kristine you and Terry, losing your driving privileges (Did Terry have anything to do with that?), protramid, avoiding 3rd degree Burns, getting Sharkey and Everdrunk, Capt. Bagpipes, me finally getting my sweater, the car loans, getting our rings, you getting engaged, plebe detail (featuring Johnny the Wad), nuke interviews, early service selection, 1-R 2-L's, living across from the Kentuckian, and always, always counting the days. Is that it? No way. We have had so many good and bad times, but it was all worth it. Trent, I am so glad we could share these four years together. You have been the best friend a guy could have. There will always be a part of us here at Navy. Well, with your luck, success is imminent. And remember the harder you work the luckier you are. How many days until June 2nd, Trent? Or should I ask Terry?

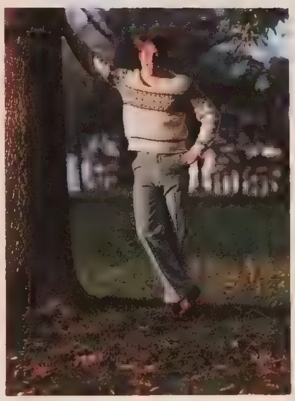
Twenty Nine

David Alber
Captain Crunch
Centerpoint, New York
Aerospace Eng. Navy Pilot

Captain Crunch came to USNA from Long Island, N.Y., with a beer bong in one hand and a sixpak of talls in the other and got his career started on the right foot by having his first hangover on I-Day thanks to Cdr.-Dog. From then on everything got brighter for Dave as he struggled through four years of aero to finally get both his degree and his Navy pilot billet. Although he could always be found behind his desk Mon.-Fri., the Capt. was always leading the way to parties every weekend. Not only was he the first guy to own a car but he set the all-time record for keeping it closest to the gate. The Crunch-mobile was the source of countless roadtrips to girls' colleges, DC, Balt. and most of all Florida for Spring Break with Fipp, George, Smitty and Pointman.

Dave gave new meaning to the word awesome as he chased incredible numbers of blond babes around Maryland, Florida, Italy, Hawaii and California. World-famous for being the first man ever to bong underwater in a jacuzzi, he made all his friends proud as he finally won his Black N in his junior year for sharing some sloe gin with Krite and four buddies.

NO one worked harder to get through this place than Crunch and he certainly won't stop even after he gets his wings. Good luck in the rest of your life and RAISE HELL!



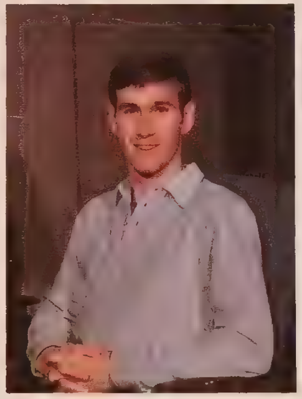
Clifford A. Brunger
Cliff
Fairview, Tennessee
Electrical Engineer, Navy Air

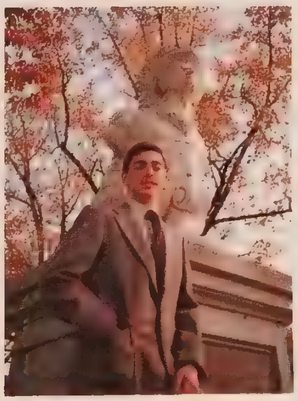
Cliff was known as the grandfather of 84. He made the age cut-off by 19 days making him a firstie of 25. To put that in perspective, the plebes of '87 were just fourth graders when he was graduating from high school!

You'd think that all those years would make him wise and knowledgeable, but perhaps senile is a more appropriate word. Due to his decrepit state, Eddie crowned him "Withering Stock," which he consciously kept secret from his girl friend. Speaking of which . . . she couldn't decide which school to go to, she loves Van Halen (which Cliff's country heart can barely tolerate), wants to visit relatives in Nepal, and him and has him drive through rain or snow to Syracuse just to run up his VISA bill. Was she worth it? I'll guess we'll see in the future.

As a four year prior enlisted Nuke Puke, Cliff became the Shell answer man for anyone having promlems with anything . . . except love lives. After four faithful years in the YP Power Squadron, he finally came to his senses and practically denounced the squadron his last semester. Not only that, but he turned down Nuke Power, bonus and all, for a real life. Watch out seagulls . . . he's heading for P-Cola.

Clif spent most of his last semester working out every conceivable way to afford a new Mitsubishi Starion to replace his trashed Impala. Who cares about homework when you're working on real-life problems? I get the first ride! See you on the cat.





James F. Churbuck, Jr.
Jimmy
Indian Head, Maryland
English, Navy Air

Jimmy came to the Boat School from the life of a Navy brat already heavily salted down and on his own. This man even knew about ships already 20 years decommissioned. James spent Plebe Year picking up trash from the hallway, scraping Chunner off the wall and making J.C. clean the shower (in his own unique way). A man too enlightened for engineering, Jim decided on English only to find he needed advanced Mech-E to rebuild his crab-town Civic and overpriced stereo. The Civic was a true love-hate relationship — he hated the car but loved driving it to see Cindy. Actually, Cindy has lasted longer than the car, but there have been times — "Who told you I can go out in town every night?" Second Class year was spent keeping Terry in the Navy and paying insurance on a new Scirocco. The first semester was frustrating; the second, in a second-class squad, was aggravating (I never let him forget it). Firstie Year was the best: living with a miser and then an egotist and only taking one ***real*** *final. Life's tough when the H.E. Dept. won't give you a break and your roommate is about as accountable as the Company Officer. The only tough things he did all year were to go from bad to hardly better on the drill field, stare at Saul for 16 weeks, and put up with a certain problem child's tantrums (these really were tough for Jimmy). The life of a hot-shot Navy Pilot is waiting for Boy-Jim, but we never had any doubts. Only two questions: did you ever get that booster shot and which ring hasn't Josten's fixed yet? Later — J.P.M.*

Carlos E. deLeon
Los Man
Phoenix, Arizona
Physical Science, Marine Air

Los left the immense family ranch in Phoenix, Az. with all the cacti and tumble weed, first to spend a fun care-free year at N.A.P.S then on to U.S.N.A. Physics started out as his major with sleep an important minor. As academics took their toll Los became a scientist of the physical realm, majoring in sleep and minoring in womanizing. His outlook on life is best characterized by the phrases "Better to rest than to worry about a test" and "All men are created lazy" - him more than most. As a result of a lack of oxygen at birth his taste in Music was permanently warped. No Rock-n-Roll for this man. If it is not New Wave he won't listen. Los's stuffed animals, Merlin and Mad-dog, characterized the most traumatic period in his life. Merlin and mad-dog's flight out of fourth story windows, beatings with brooms, tapings to walls and periodic hangings kept Los in a constant state of emotional turmoil. His Marine Option Cruise brought him the name Waterbuffalo after the mysterious disappearance of his water and everyone else's. His First Class Year has been highlighted by his car disappearing on liberty. His awesome street machine is often seen flying at close to 50 M.P.H. His future will see him flying with the Big Green Air Machine. No doubt one of the great future Marine Aviators/Drinkers.

William B. Few Jr.
Fewbar
Baltimore, Maryland
History, Civilian

Bill is a good ol' boy, a history major, from S. C. Upon entering the Academy, Bill immediately became part of the Academy's musical aspect, starting with the D & B and the Glee Club Plebe Year. This journey was by no means without slips and trips. Bill made it through Plebe Year, then there was the call of the high C's as a Glee Club tenor. Aye mates, this was the life of a rugged youngster. I remember it well. It was a cold blustery Boston day on the high C's and naturally Bill caught Pneumonia. It struck Bill hard, but he gave a (censored)-eatin' grin and bore it. Then the ***Pirates of Penzance*** *brought him in line. Unrecognized without crutches for his constantly sprained ankle, Bill continued to learn the skills of life. Bill set out at Christmas time to give a White House concert with the Glee Club, this was where the real learning began. Miraculously, Bill learned to trip gracefully over a T. V. cable while spraining his ankle, after which Bill found himself in the position of a papoose being carried by Big Chief Jim Coles through the big white teepee. As a second classman, Bill seemed to be majoring in hospitalization and* ***A-Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*** *as Bill fell heir to the part of Erronius. No explanation necessary. During Bill's 1/c summer he got engaged and it was all downhill from there. As a first class midshipman and producer of the musical, Bill was able to show what he knows, jujitsu and 14 other Japanese words, as he japanized the empire of the* ***Mikado.*** *Sianahra Cubshi*

ML

Gregory Allen Goins
Rocky
Fairfax, Virginia
General Engineering, Civil Engineering Corps

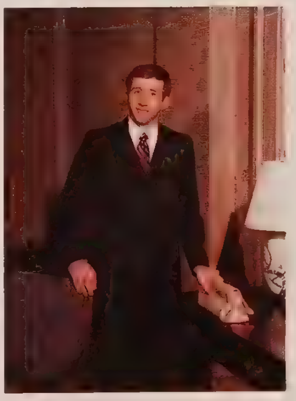
Coming from an assortment of hometowns including Houston, Tampa, New Orleans, etc., the Robinson Dance King two-stepped his way into the hearts of many Jersey women and passed the medical boards into his long awaited service selection, CEC.

The Rock has roomed with many classmates, but has yet to room with his favorite Midshipperson. He stayed up many nights studying and praying to the God of 2.0 who once ignored his prayers giving him the opportunity to chat with his favorite Captains. This x-ME spent more time creating nicknames than worrying about entropy. He quenched his thirst for high living only by excessive funds from Dad.

Although life at USNA was good for Rocks, there are some things he would like to forget such as arriving at Halsey on I-Day thinking he was at UMBC, dancing at a strip joint in Hawaii, being pawed by Tigerwoman in Dahlgren, juggling 3 dates in 1 WE, having 2/c stripes, and Murial Scrimshaw. He will never forget when he took 5 of his buddies home only to be paid back by ZAM relieving his good time on his front lawn.

The Rock was one of the busiest mids around, dividing his time between Midstore Boards, Wardroom Pres., Honor Rep., CAO, and so on, and so on . . . Thanks for doing all of the work, don't think it has gone unappreciated. Rocky has been a pillar of moral strength, giving whenever needed. Thanks for everything. Oh yeh, sy hello to Uncle Al and Aunt Bonnie.

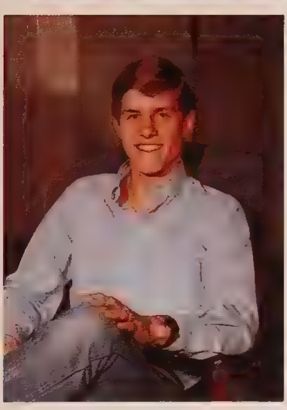
T.A. & M.G.



Michael E. Groody
Groods
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Operations Analysis, Navy Air

Mike must have been given bum gouge, he took one wrong exit while heading down the Jersey Pike to an Ocean III party and ended up with a four year stop at Annapolis. Young Mike took his time in deciding whether to come (one week) and during this time Mike's vault soared enough to be noticed by the track coach. Once here, Mike traded in his track shoes for his football spikes which he used for rugby until he was slowed down by a broken leg. Mike's varsity letters where not his only athletic accomplishment. Mike's fastest running occurred on Friday afternoon once his weekend started. Let's see, PCR starts at 8:00, have the car parked and loaded in the midstore parking lot, leave by 10:00, get to West Chester by 12:00, party with Kathy and friends until 2:00, go to sleep - reset, start again.

Mike has as many friends as there are people from the New Jersey shoreline to Philly to Annapolis. The innovator of good times, Mike can always be found at the center of a party. Mike can always be depended on for a smile and a good time whether it be decorting the yard in front of Herndon, running around St. John's on rainy nights, climbing in second story windows, sleeping one off in my car, or behind the Hilton. Good luck Always and Forever!!!



Ross Holcomb
Holes
Seattle, Washington
Management, Navy Air

Keeping with the family tradition, Ross Holcomb decided to go to the Boat School. We never did know exactly where he was from. During the first few days of plebe summer he told half of his classmates that he was from Bethesda, MD and the other half Coronado, CA. This caused a bit of confusion among his classmates and angered a few first class, but it was nothing that his sponsor, the Commandant, couldn't straighten out.

Ross's problem with home towns didn't stop during plebe year. Youngster year his parents moved to Japan and second class year they moved to England. (I wonder if they were trying to tell him something.) Needless to say, he became an expert with CONUS leave papers.

Ross came to the Academy in order to fly. He thought that the best way to become a pilot was to be an Aerospace Engineer. After one whole day of Aerospace he concluded that the major was too difficult and would require too much time. Therefore, he changed his major to a more sensible one — Management. Since Ross was headed for flight school, he didn't want too do anything that would damage his eyes, so studying was out of the question. Instead he concentrated on his real major — Volleyball.

First class year arrived and Ross got a new car — a Honda Prelude. He loved driving his car and catching the eye of the girls. It was just too bad that he got more attention from policemen with radar guns than girls with (I'll leave that to your imagination).

Ross finally ended up picking Nuc Power — Lary the Lama says, "Wrong!!" No, Ross went Navy Air and talked his roommate out of a fate worse than death — Nuc Power. I hope to see you flying high, Ross.

David Kriete
Krite
Brooklyn, New York
General Engineering, Nuclear Power

Kriete: pronounced "Krite" to all his close friends, came to us from the well known town of "Beer Ridge" N.Y. Launching his academic career off as an oceanography major, Krite realized his real talents lay in the field of engineering. Switching to General Engineering sometime after his arrival opened new doors, like studying more (sometimes) and, of course, partying harder on weekends to compensate for the tougher schedule. This was hard to do after those well spent plebe weekends in Timmys', but Krite managed anyway. For instance the time he asked Captain Crunch if going out in town was cool while standing MOOW watch. This was the equivalent of asking the Capt. if he liked beer. And then there was the trip to Italy. Who else would try navigating steep cliffs and rocks with a bottle of wine in one hand and a towel in the other in order to find the nude beach. But right here, back in the ranch, was his most remembered feat. With the help of the Capt., Beamer, Chris, Mike, Ken and "Patrick", Krite successfully completed all requirements needed to achieve the coveted honor of the black "N". With this distinction Krite has mastered such skills as the double beer bong, "painting" the walls before not going to restriction muster and remodeling his car. Ending his USNA career as a NUKE, we wish Krite the best in his undersea travels. A good friend to all indeed.

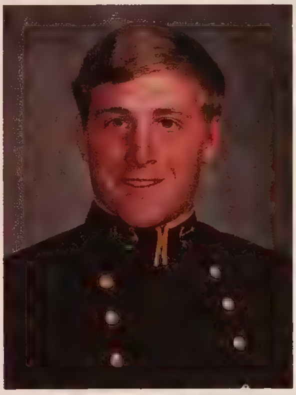
Vernon M. Martinez
Vermin
Mount Holly, New Jersey
Physical Science, Surface Line

"Vermin" screamed into our lives from beautiful south Jersey - exit 5 to be exact. Coming from a family whose fame spread to Saturday Night Live, (ever seen the Loud family?) he quickly earned a reputation as a boisterous, fun loving kind of guy. Indeed, life at Canoe U was a never ending party for Vern, which explains why he never studied. Known as the "one man economic recovery program," Vern was born with a beer in one hand, a new gadget in the other, got his first Visa at age 2. He always had new stereo gear, a car, new clothes, and a never ending stream of women.

Ah, yes, Vern is a ladies' man - just ask him, he'll tell you! No one ever saw much of Vern on the weekends; he was always off gallavanting somewhere - in fact, first class year, we weren't sure if he was a student at the Boat School or somewhere else. As if this weren't enough, the Glee Club and being Le Pres de Poop Band, always afforded Vern an opportunity for new social contact - or should we say whaling? How about that trip to Winston-Salem?

What strikes you about Vern (besides his lack of volume control) is his energy. He simply never stops moving, unless it's between 0200 and 5 minutes before quarters. He's the kind of guy that once you get him started, (and frequently when you don't) he'll keep going until long after he's worn you out, unless we're talking about exercise. Vern is the kind of guy who'd have fun no matter where you put him, right up to that last minute panic stage and he sweats through his finals, papers, or paper work that he's put off as long as possible in the firm belief that it would go away. Even so, Vern was even able to make being Batt "Fat" a fun job. What are 2-striper libs anyway?

But despite all the kidding we gave him, Vermin is the one guy you could always count on, especially when you want a party!



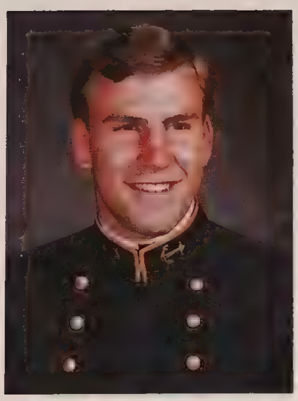
James M. McGee
Max
Naples, Florida
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Power - Submarines

This little blond beach boy came to USNA from Naples, Florida. Of course wearing a uniform was a shock to him; wearing pants, shoes, and a shirt was a shock. Max was a quiet dude at first; now he is renowned for his carousing.

Academics were certainly Mike's strong suit. This Mech Eng. awed the Nuke selection board when he worked a complex integral in his head. Some of us wondered if academics were all Max had in his head. A true space cadet, Max was famous for his air-headed moves — like the time he crutched around with one crutch longer than the other. Max, as in "maximum punishment," claimed his airheadedness was actually his incredibly acute powers of concentration.

Max started partying heavily at USNA — too heavily, as his first real conduct offense came after he was apprehended by the jimmy legs. From this soon evolved that loathsome creature — Bad Max. Bad Max was a weekend Mr. Hyde who had a hard time keeping his hands to himself, to many a female's public chagrin. In this state he concluded one with "because you would love it." Max was also confused one night when he failed to locate the power window button in his own car.

Max had an incredible knack for breaking things. He is also not known for his levelheadedness under pressure — "We . . . we could swim for it!" Hyper down Max.



Eric Charles Meyer
Bru
Downington, Pennsylvania
Management, Navy Air

Bru (Brew for those who know him affectionately) had a rough start on life jumping from ski resorts to country club greens depending on the weather. Entered the Academy with high hopes of becoming a math major, but soon found that it left him no time for "Hill Street Blues", and switched to Management. He did well here studying things like weekends, women (in and out of uniform), offensive driving, youngster afternoons, and three striper libs.

He learned the secrets of stripes by rooming with a future B. C., what not to be by rooming with marines, and learning the rules of life with Snake's motorcycle gang. Yes, he got around!

Spring found Bru either playing out 18 holes with the Pro's or road tripping to Key West - Salty Dogs, sunburn, and windsurfing.

Pensacola bound as a crazy fighter pilot-Lord help the enemy. Be yourself, Bru, and good luck. Watch out, some of those Admirals shoot a mean game of golf. Adios.

Snake

Michael Thomas Midas
Mesuvius
New Hartford, New York
Oceanography, Surface Line

Liked by all understood by none. If Mike could have only played the guitar, it would have been CSNY&M. He has had a difficult time locating his parents and has yet to understand the message. Mike is the happiest partier you ever want to meet with an incessant ear to ear smile until satisfied by french fries. We are not sure whether Mike's proper calling in life is the naval profession which has been shown by: tending bar at the Taff mansion, cook at the Threesomes Bar and Grill, part time maid for the nation's hotels, storyteller for roommates, sparring partner for a female rapist, provider of car for test drivers, resident artist for the Mach's house, and official salad taster for Wendy's.

Ex lax player, ex football player, ex Paula, and now married to a BMW and Surface Line Navy. Mike has never totally bought the educational system at USNA which explains his inability to take a derivative. Mike, you have made a lasting impression upon your many friends in Annapolis and we know you will continue to create smiles wherever you go.

Bayls, you're obviously taking this much more seriously than it actually is.

Groods, it's raining, you get the blinds, I'll get Joni. And let's have a cold one after red beach. Always and Forever.

B&M

Joseph Pearce Miller III
Joe
East Lansing, Michigan
Political Science, Nuclear Power-Submarines

J. P. left East Lansing for a year of partying before he decided to get serious about school. His year at Delaware did count for something though; he validated himself into Grad school. After being our Company Commander, a semester as an M.I.R. whose only responsibilities were Quarters (at Timmy's?) and bowling was a little less challenging. Joe did have one domestic love affair as a Mid, with his Plebe Summer Squad Leader. You could almost say he and Stolz had a religious affair. Crew allowed Joe to validate the rest of Plebe year, but cost him one of his most valuable assets: his knees. Youngster year found him in Whiteworks at government expense. Second class year Joe was in WUBA again (but not like Wyle E.) as an MPO and my Squad Leader. During Spidey's First Class Summer, Joe collected per diem at Los Alamos (he likes the government to pay for everything), took a round-the-world cruise (yes it was on a Naval Vessel), and took Detail. As our beloved CC, he was kind enough to let the whole company get a great look at the reviewing stand during P-rades. Academia called Joe away from noon formals and taps second semester, but never Hill Street Blues. Should he ever decide to tear himself away from scholarship, the Nav will give him sub pay and a boat of his own if he doesn't fly off the handle and spaz out first

JFC

John Kevin Morrow
Gumby-Master
Oak Ridge, Tennessee
Chemistry, Nuclear Power Submarines

John is the only mid at USNA who has done everything possible — except restrict! In one summer he qualified subs, airborne, surface, BUDS, forest ranger, and druid priest — and he still had time to get ahead for the next school year.

Destined to succeed, John has already filled 3 albums of USNA "G". Rumor has it he even files all his old laundry chits, one sample of all his "Tina-Food", one pair of underwear from each of the four years, and all the Forrestal Lecture Bulletins. Actually, we are all proud to have John as a classmate in 29. He was 2/C B. C., 1/C B. C., went to England, and he made Pasadena happen. He had concerts revived again at USNA, and his search for excellence is inspiring.

John is responsible for many new twists of the English language. Some of our favorites: Frah-ah-ahnce, Ying-Yang, Gumby, Heeba-Geeba, RRR, Watchawannabee, and "What up, sport". The rest have no spelling!

Good luck in the core, John. You'll do great. Take time to "mellow-out" sometime, and take care of your special girl (you know, the one who feeds the company?!).

JWS, TGR, MTM

Thomas D. Nolen, Jr.
Toby
Statesville, North Carolina
Mathematics, Surface Line

Toby burst into our lives from somewhere in the Deep South. Arriving here with a monstrous Confederate flag, a huge array of pictures of a beautiful girl, and an irrepressible (though many tried) personality, there was no doubt that Toby had come to work — but also to have a good time. The thing that strikes you most about Toby, besides his size, is his "charm". Always ready for a joke, usually at your expense, Toby quickly earned a reputation for being "the abuse king" — both giving and taking. But Toby was a good friend, despite his gruff exterior; at least as long as you had food for him.

After having a respectable Plebe year, Toby spent a profitable 3/c financial planning (read: cheap) in a room full of the largest people in the class. The next year found him in the ABF room, spending his weeks with Space Math and his weekends in Dahlgren - not picking anyone up but bragging about it anyway. Tell us, Toby, how did you explain those moonlit walks to Carla? After spending the last semester of 2/c year as Brutus in Caesar's squad, acquiring a dislike for Hawaiian punch, and writing letters in his spare time, Toby was ready to assume the reins of leadership, much to the Plebe's terror.

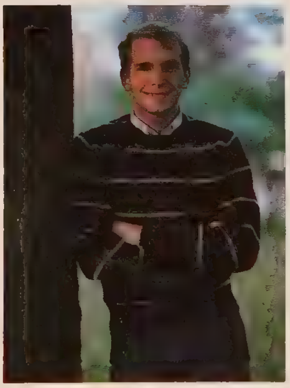
First class year was fairly uneventful for Toby, except for such minor things as getting engaged, going surface line, and talking to the people in formation. Adjutant was a tailor-made job for Toby - his favorite phrases were "no watch credit" and "fry him". However, after making paperwork for the Conduct Officer for a semester, he got his just reward - he became the Conduct Officer. Toby will long be remembered in all of our hearts, esp. for the b-ball games, cigars, beer, and financial advice. Good luck to Carla as she has her work cut out for her trying to civilize him!

William D. Orton
Wyle E
Chesapeake, Virginia
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Wild Bill came to us from the backwoods of Chesapeake, where he indulged in motorcycles, soccer, and some hog raising (somehow, these have affected his taste in women). Anyway, Wyle E set many precedents among his friends. He was the first to get a crewcut as well as pick up a Chiquita sticker during Plebe Summer. He bloomed in to the perfect flamer with good prospects for stripes. Second class year, Wyle E's eyes went bad and we started noticing that receding hairline (Yep, he went nuke). Wyle E proclaimed himself "the lover of all women." He dated all types: BIG, little, old, young, and even uniformed. This man's a magnet for abuse. Just ask him about Friday Night Wrestling (Did he ever win?). So now he's headed out to the Boomer force. He wants to be located down South. The Navy will probably send him to Antarctica (Far enough South Bill?). So what about marriage. Will Wild Bill join the ranks of Toby, Boy-Jim or Klink? Not a chance. He's already married to the Navy. Well Bill, remember this: just as you cherish all those memories of Stolz' and Burnsie, there are some guys in 87' that think as highly of you! Good luck in the Fleet — keep yucking it up, and don't forget the roadrunner, Spidey, and the rest of the gang.

John G. Parillo
John
West Islip, New York
English, Supply Corps

John was a good friend and a great guy to those of us who got to know him but then again he never said a whole lot and not many of us ever really did. Though we can't be sure, it's rumored that he joined us from the wilderness of New York: the land of Bruce Springsteen, leather jackets, and fast cars. Not an overly rounded individual John's only interests were the marines, sailing, weights, cars, and women. In fact despite his less than fanatical approach to the opposite sex he managed to let himself be picked up several times by some none to shabby lookers - who can forget that lipstick all over your SDB shirt, or the day your whites looked like you'd been attacked by a giant moth. Too bad you were never smart enough to realize it. Plebe and youngster years he was on the water so much that most of us forgot who he was. Second class year started right for John; in summer school sweating the 2.0. He managed to make it through both the summer and ac year but somewhere in that time found himself subjected to what would become a terminal love affair. Not having a large profile (figuratively if not literally) John was able to enjoy his 2/c evening liberty on many a Friday night including one that found him mopping up a side street with his bike. But he still managed to get in a few Polkas with Lou as well as making it back without raising eyebrows. At least we always knew where he was going. Medical, as well as some outside urging, caused John to chose the "other" corps but then again you never were to tough to please; by the way where is your bike, and how bout the leather jacket. To know John just look at his car: not bad looking but not stylish either, red like his neck, powerful but not high tech (or even medium tech for that matter), and American. Enjoy Athens and take care of him, your lucky Linda.

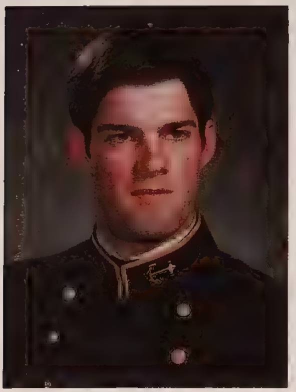


William A. Paulson
Bilbo
Walkersville, Maryland
Mathematics, Marine Corps

Bilbo came from a little known town of Walkersville, Md., located near the well-known Hood College. Of course, he spent a large part of his free time at both places during his early years at USNA. This type of action was known by his good friends as Bilboing out. Here at ground zero, Biblo could be found either in the rack or roaming the halls in search of knowledge - his youngster year, he learned in Psychology that what he was really doing by racking and roaming was known as self-actualizing, the high state of mind that constantly escaped him.

At times, Biblo is two different people - an undersexed Donald Duck and the world's most obnoxious human being. Very often what Bilbo, the mathematician, thinks and what he does are two mutually exclusive events. Bilbo thought that his future position as a naval officer could be somewhere under the seas. Seizing the moment, Bilbo struck quickly and decided to stay on the ground as the mean Marine.

Bilbo is a stang man. He loves his stang. He names his plants after certain private parts of the human body. He has stuffed elephants. Biblo with his care-free attitude is well liked by all. And he drinks too much.



Gary David Price
Chief
Markleeville, California
Oceanography, Geophysics

Chief comes to the Boat School from the Lake Tahoe casinos. Drafted for his basketball skill, he gave up his gambling talents to serve his country on the Navy Basketball team. He attended the Baby Boat School in Newport for a year where he excelled in areas such as sleeping, eating (Ten meals a day), and hoops. An avid member of the Red Beach Sun Club, he can always be seen with the sunglasses, oil, and a Frisbee outside when the sun comes out - even if it is below 50°F and in February. Favorite pastimes include cleaning his stereo, collecting laundry from 18th Company ("Hey, guys, do me a favor . . ."), cranking rock-n-roll, and spending as much time as possible making sure his rack stays warm. When he's not at the Academy he's out polishing his '79 Superglide, or going cross country with his roommate ("This is -censored-").

Good luck, Bro, on your new service - Geo (civilian) Physics. Send us a post card sometime of those exotic ports in the Med! I hope you don't forget how to wear your Navy uniforms, but if you do within the next three years just write us and we'll send them out to you with instructions. Thanks Chief.

Snake & JWS

Tod Gene Ray
Dot
Clyde, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Power Submarines

It is quite possible that Clyde is on the opposite side of the International Date Line. Tod is always a day behind, starting his late night activities at midnight and often running through quarters. Dot overcame the Mech E. mountain by burning the midnight oil and sacrificing weekends. He did however have a few adventurous times including some youngster year nightcaps and several choruses of "Hail To The Hogs" in D.C. Tod had a tough time adjusting to city life, as shown by his bewilderment to see more than one stoplight in the same city. It was inevitable that he would get hitched with Shelia, since Clyde has a population of six and the Ray's have a family of four. It is evident that God looks favorably on Tod's life by the many lessons he has to share. Tod is always willing to help a friend, even if it means sacrificing a night of homework. We are sure Tod will be the best of bubbleheads, 20,000 leagues under the sea (even though he has never seen sea water). God be with you in all your endeavors, thanks for the friendship, and have a good family life with Shelia and son.

To my friends here - thanks and take God wherever you go.

To Trudi, Troy, and Ty - keep striving, great blessings are just around the corner.

To Shelia - here we go, finally! (Matt. 28:19)

Jonathan Wide Scholl
Jonny
Alta Loma, California
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Power-Submarines

Where the hell is Cucamunga, anyway? Jonny came into our plebe room fresh out of high school. Right, no Newport intelligence! However, soon after joining his derelict roommates, all three became ideal sailors right down to the last Dunhill, Stroh's, and J. D. on Saturday night (3 minutes till taps? No problem, relax, pour another round!")

Youngster year included second year of Navy Swimming (Skunk B at ECU?!), one formation a week, no hair, and his roommates favorite — 0545 morning wake-up (workout). And we can't forget the Navy funded, all-expense paid vacation to Mazatlan ("If you guys weren't going to the beach everyday, you'd be water-skiing off the fantail"). Then the Best came into his life — again! Jon "I'll-never-marry-a-Mormon" Scholl went straight, and got into "crazy" music — Amy Grant. It sure drove his roommates crazy, anyway.

Still a Californian, he loves the Best, beaches — five times a day! What an animal! You tell her everything! Je t'aime, where are you? She's going to kill me. I can't believe you told her, Gary. You missed a great party, Jon, but tell Karen we understand. Alright guys, stop talking about the van and let's go to bed. Well, Jon, I think we should wait a few years.

Tell Ashley we want a date sometime. Good luck in the Reactor Corps, Tron, and take care of that girl.

Timmy and Gary

Mark V. Stys
Marcus
Utica, New York
History, Marine Corps

Straight from Utica, NY the beer capital of the world, came this Polish Italian conservative, Marcus. Crutching his way through Plebe year also learned to survive the AC board with his amazing academic efforts. At least now he waits till ten to put the lights out! You'd better wake up soon Andy Capp because the ghost of Barney is still out there.

Speaking of clothes this man has the best, next time you see him just ask him. Brother Marcus was not known for his kind heartedness, especially toward those prayer breakfasts. The owner of the cheese-mobile, a rodent propelled cruising machine, this mobster was always trying to break his own consumption records; mexican meal, chicken wings, Matts, a test tube baby, and tuna to go.

He left a trail of broken hearts from Florida to New York and now the question is which one will he end up with. While on the Marine Cruise to Southern California he shocked the roots so bad that even the Marines were snickering about his bald head. The man was definitely an aqua-rock; he almost drowned beer-bonging. The king of the TV would never allow academics to stand in the way of his favorite shows. He was a saint of a man - he saved a zoomies life.

Timothy W. Summers
Snake
Atwater, California
Applied Science, Navy Air

The Snake was another one of those fine graduates of Newport who decided to go on to post grad school at the Academy. Coming out of NAPS with awards such as Honor Man and Military Excellence, one would never expect to find this man on a Harley-Davidson riding around the country with various motorcycle gangs. (A car? That's too many wheels to think about at once!).

A native Californian who loves sun and fun, can be seen riding down interstates without a shirt and wearing shades in quest of the perfect beach - sometimes as far as California. Snake loves his freedom as much as he loves his whiskey (Jack Daniels or George Dickle - **only!**), and that's probably why he doesn't have time for girlfriends. But, he kept busy. Whenever a car needed a little help starting, his automotive talents could put Mr. Goodwrench to shame for a "true" mechanics price - A Cold Brew!

How about these: Financial Madman making $3000 on $50 a month, Waylon Jennings, Key West - Pam, getting lost in Baltimore and missing taps, Late Night Study Club- #1 boiler on line, BB-62 and the San Miguel Express - Darn Aussies, Rage and the Bro's, The Van, the Wedge, Dana Jeanette Jantz (the soap opera of the year), the big fat fight at the Pub, Jimi Hendrix and Fender guitars.

Good luck in P-cola with Dana and the Harley.

DJJ

William Bayly Taff
Hic
Lookout Mountain, Tennessee
History, Navy Pilot

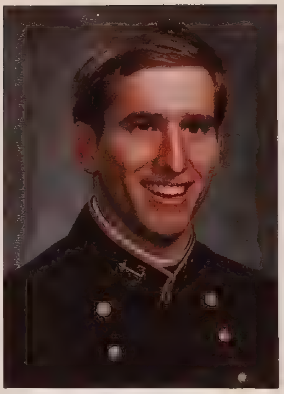
. . . And on the eighth day he gave Bayly three stripes, proving that miracles can happen. Armed with a Rude starfinder, Bayly DR'ed his way off the mountain and headed for Annapolis. After M. O. Taff purchased the Tennis Center he quickly climbed to No. 1 right in the footsteps of his role model Dave Andrews.

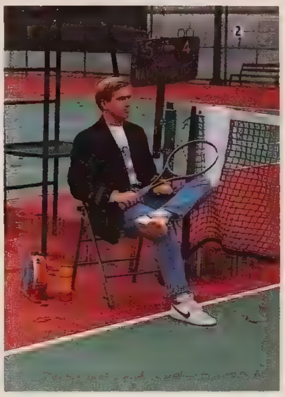
On the condition that Bayly supplied all electrical appliances necessary for penthouse living, we took him under our wing and introduced him to college life. After drinking too much Tennessee moonshine, Hic had a tough time adjusting to civilized life. In the early days he found himself in awkward situations: waking up to his surprise in a female aviator's arms, being buried alive in a comatose state, getting a personal manicure at the Hilton, and a five yard penalty for illegal use of hands in South Philly.

Bayly is a tuner, possibly a Mctuner, and will be a success in his Naval Aviation career as long as there is a library where he can plug in ET and a tennis tournament at every NAS.

Thanks for the memories and friendship, and after we get out of the Navy can we have a job at the Taff Estate? And Bayly, you know deep down you wanted to be a blackshoe weapons teacher. Always and forever,

M & M





Ross M. Wilhelm
Klink
Tacoma, Washington
Political Science, Navy Air

Coming from the rain forests of Washington, Ross had a rough Plebe summer, sliding from guidon bearer to squad leader to MIR. We finally had to make him Adjutant as a firstie to keep him off the drill field. Despite being an abuse magnet, Ross never stopped smiling - or that obnoxiously cheerful "Good morning," both of which earned him the name "Chuckles." Ross was quite the lightweight; two beers and he's a lumberjack, add a tequila and he's a male dancer, and Timmy has to carry him back again.

Youngster year brought the loss of both his Plebe year roommies (hey, no one should have to put up with Simmons for that long!) and QE1, and with it an annoying tendency to walk out of Dahlgren with the best looking 14 year old there; probably they thought he was harmless.

2/C year found Ross a charter member of the ABF room. Being a bull major, Ross was never without an opinion, which you were sure to know, no matter how subversive. But that was when he met, fell in love with and became engaged to a hometown girl he hardly knew. But, as he said, "When it's right, you know." Hey, why don't you get direct deposit with United or Ma Bell? Without you and Liz, they'd go bankrupt!

After sweating 3 years and finally getting that 4.0, Ross decided to get mellow and make his motto "Navy air, there is no substitute." So now he's off to bite the dust, but the question remains, "Has he, or hasn't he?" Maybe someday QE2 will tell us why he never stops smiling. Maybe someday we'll tell her about him, too.

George D. Zamka
Gonzo
Rochester, Michigan
Mathematics, Marine Corps

Gonzo strolled into USNA from his home state of Michigan, a place that he loves and also loves him dearly. He swears some day he will return. Plebe year was highlighted by the adventuresome night he and Max were picked up and apprehended while crawling through an Annapolis intersection. He was not sober. For that matter Gonz was rarely sober on the weekend and Jack became an intimate friend. As such friends go sometimes Jack spoke for George. To truly appreciate George you had to be one of his close friends and understand his unique perspective on life. Hopefully George will someday find a mate worthy of his gene pool and we can only ask - how much longer will the world have to wait? Houdini had a way of sidestepping uncomfortable situations and his social maturity brought him the admiration of all he came in contact with. George was not known as a faithful correspondent except for a little friend down South, who through her influence helped George decide to go Marines. Gonz loves doing things in quantity and has often boasted of his intent to do a "group boom", one of his more respectable New Year's resolutions. The ultimate question - will Gonzo ever find his true self? - Maybe, it depends largely on which movie he watches.

Thirty

Frederick C. Adams, Jr.
Derf
Ontario, California
EGE, Navy Pilot

Fred always had a very strong desire to come to USNA. So strong was his desire that he left comfortable L.A. and Lake Tahoe to take on the challenges of the Academy. Once here he wasted no time demonstrating his leadership abilities when during plebe summer he lead a platoon back to the company area when there were no firsties present. Strangely enough, he did not receive the credit he deserved for this brave act.

When academic year started Fred split his time, not necessarily 50-50, between the water polo club and academics. His efforts won him a spot on the first team for water polo and also many guest appearances on the ac-deficiency list. It was these frequent appearances on the ac-list that caused Fred to have the ship list out before service selection night only to be saved at the last minute by the last few pilot billets. Academics and water polo caused Fred to miss many of the 30th company 'social' functions, but the few he did attend he accounted for himself well. Rooming with you for four years was no problem because we never got our stuff mixed up, whenever I came across something with handwriting on it that looked more like it was typed, I knew it was yours. Well Fred, Tom and I are certainly going to miss you, I mean, who is going to remind us of important meetings and deadlines that were in the Brigade Bulletin but we just never bothered to read. I know that I'll never pass a stamp collectors shop or see a stamp magazine without thinking of you. The Navy is getting a good pilot but we are losing a good friend and company mate. Good Luck.

Kid

Glen Alberto
Bert
Mickleton, New Jersey
HHS, U.S. Marine Corps

I didn't enjoy it much but I'm proud and glad I did it. I wear the ring now and no one can take that away from me.
Thanks to:
Dad, Mom, Gino, Greg, Angelo and Lorraine for helping me get through it. I love you all.

"Man turns his back on his family well, he just ain't no friend of mine." B. S.
Uncle Bruno for the weekends; all my classmates in the company, especially Ducky for the friendship and gook times.

"Tramps like us, Baby we were born to run." B. S.
All the women, you were all special in your own way.

". . . hey that's me and I want you only . . ." B. S.
Bruce Springsteen for the inspiration for the last four years and John Eddy for the motivation and for reminding me where I come from.

"At the end of every hard earned day people find some reason to believe." B. S.

"It's a wonderful life the good lord gave to me." J. E.
Dels, we miss you Dels.

Mark William Barranco
Crib
Atlanta, Georgia
ESE, Nuclear Submarines

Mark came to USNA to escape the fast pace of Atlanta, where he graduated with honors, played soccer and baseball, broke girls' hearts, and drank Stroh's heavily. Crib likes to keep busy, so he became a Systems Engineer, a squad leader as a 2/c, a Batt. Cdr. during Plebe Detail, a Co. Cdr. twice, lettered on the varsity soccer team for two years, and earned stars during four semesters. Mark is our role model; a scholar, an athlete, a God, and a nuke - three out of four isn't bad.

During 2/c year, Crib told me something that changed his unblemished lifestyle. He said, "I'm tired of busting my butt. I am going to enjoy the rest of my time here." Enjoy, he did, but I don't see how he was able to maintain his high QPR when he went out with the boys at least twice a week. (The boys of '83)

Then Mark did something we never thought possible. He stopped ringing his Southern Bell. He threatened to join a monastary, but lost his mind and instead went nuke power. Hey Crib, let's compare tans in a few months. Better yet, let's compare stomachs. On second thought let's not. I don't stand a chance the way you looked after your 1/c sub cruise. It's amazing what 20 pounds of nuclear waste does to the body.

Then came academic year, Mark, you showed everybody how much you missed going on a surface cruise. I've never seen high-speed unreps performed on the nation's highways. Bravo Zulu! Too bad you caught that Frost-bite in the middle of September. Anyways, the Nuclear Navy is lucky to have you aboard. As long as your sub doesn't need an oil change, you'll do well. Good luck, and don't dip too deep.

Jai

Thomas E. Beck
The Kid
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Applied Science, NFO

Tom came to the Academy because the education was great, it was free and to row crew, but not necessarily in that order. Being from Philly the Kid had no clue of what to expect from military life and admits that if he hadn't come here he'd still be on the corner drinking Schmidt's.

Plebe year saw Tom spending most of his time at the Boat House with the rest of the looney tunes on the crew. The rest of his time was spent with two of his favorite people, Vena and Oydna. Youngster year Tom got his letter in an undefeated boat and he also met his new love, Karen, but as usual told no one. As a second class the kid breathed fire for about two weeks until he couldn't take himself seriously anymore. During this year Tom became the stroke of the 1V with Matt as the cox, teaming to be the heaviest drinking boat in Navy history. As a firstie Tom came back out of shape, as usual, to enjoy his final year. He spent first semester presenting a fatherly image to the underclass as a squad daddy. He also decided it was time to make the big move and ask Karen for her hand, but he never told anyone else. The roommates are always the last to know, huh Kid? Second semester he also made a big decision by not returning to row, so he could experience all that life has to offer.

Well Kid we've come to the end, the last four years with you and Derf have been great and the future looks great for P-3's and Karen, not necessarily in that order. We'll never be able to forget your easy going and fun loving character, "we few, we happy few, we band of brothers."
Good luck.

Kid

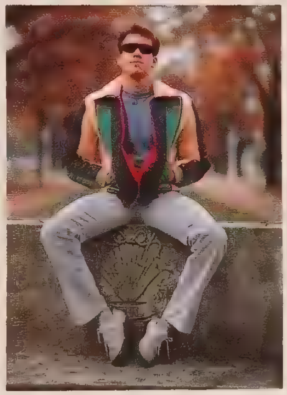
Timothy F. Birdsong
Otis
Garland, Texas
English, Marine Air

Otis came screaming into the hallowed halls of Canoe U. from the bustling metropolis of Garland, Texas. Along the way, he made a brief pit stop at Nuke School for some larnin'. Most of us still wonder just what that place did to the poor boy's mind. Anyway, he got to Plebe Summer a day ahead of the rest of us to set up his web of intrigue and insanity. Needless to say, our boy established himself as the resident Company Crazy Man in short order. That warped mind and uncontrollable wit played more games with the firsties than they did with us.

In his prime, Tim would turn his unique brand of humor on any person who stood in his way. Nothing was sacred. And who can forget those great stunts; the Pig Poster, "4202; The Movie," those bizarre Christmas skits, and most important, those late night sessions at the tape recorder?

Then, somewhere between the fun and games and the occasional serious moment, Mush-for-brains fell and joined the ranks of the Ball and Chain Gang. The mystery woman, that little gal we all know as Trixie, got her claws in him, and he was never the same again. No longer was he an out of control madman. He became serene, even dignified at times. By the way, who really does wear the pants Mr. Goodwrench?

Tim has his heart set on the Corps. I have a feeling that TBS will never be the same once he's done with it. You can fly on my wing anytime ol' buddy. Best of luck to you and Margie at P-Cola.



Robert D. Broadston
Bob
San Antonio, Texas
Electrical Engineering, Navy Pilot

This six gunning stud immediately blew us away with his Texas style of manly bravado. He blew in one day from San Antonio, and boldly announced he was going to bust some heads if he didn't get some answers. Plebe year was difficult for Rob, but through good looks and junk food he managed to survive. In fact, he survived his entire four year hitch in Annapolis on junk food. The good looks went after Plebe Year.

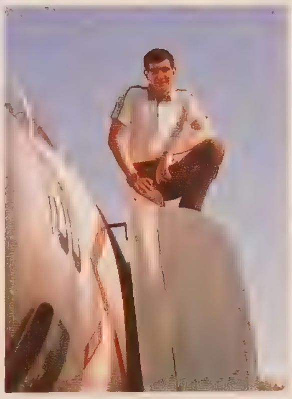
His ruggedness and downright nasty looks, however, seemed to charm the young damsels. He brushed many aside until one YP cohort managed to brand him her own. He and his seafaring companion would cover new unexplored territory as members of the YP Squadron.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Bob managed to do well academically with minimal effort. He was commonly called Rob Bag, because he was such a bagger. All kidding aside, Rob slept with such industry, that he deserves a commendation for sleeping above and beyond the call of duty.

Bob was also known for his satirical tongue. Constantly prodding, he kept us in constant fear of one of his verbal slashings. What couldn't this man do?

Appetite isn't far from right, but getting off of A-Team is more like it. Mr. T and P-12 were at times not on Rob's personal top 10, and at times I've been in the same boat.

The fun faded years are now pleasant memories, and a frolicking future is in store for Rob. As mariners, we all wish him fair winds and following seas as he goes to Pensacola to learn about flying. Take care of him Jane Baby.



Bryan T. Caraveo
B. T.
Livingston, California
Oceanography, Surface Line

Bryan arrived at Canoe U. after Navy made a last ditch effort to find a fullback to lead the way for Navy running backs. Navy dragged Bryan out of the grape vineyards of California, threw a uniform on him, and told him to make sure he got enough sleep. Well, Bryan did everything the coaches told him, especially the sleeping part.

Nothing much made Bryan's list of priorities except football during his stay here at Navy. However, this attitude proved successful as Bryan won a game ball junior year and played in front of his hometown folks who came down to watch the Army-Navy game in Pasadena.

The easy way out ended with senior year football as Bryan became a squad leader and realized he even remembered how to march. Sometime along the way he decided he wanted to be a married man and soon he'll be off to teach football at NAPS, where another Caraveo is on his way to Navy. We'll all miss you Bryan, especially your roommates. Who knows, maybe someday another Caraveo can come to Navy and be a football player too. Fair winds and following seas to you and your career.

Douglas James Denneny
Doug
Canyon Country, California
Aerospace Engineering, NFO

Poco Roho, Slug, Patches, Mug, Astro, Festus, Big Guy, Carrot Top, Red, and Sumo are just a few of the nicknames that Doug earned (or was called), but getting one to stick proved to be a major chore. Just when one seemed to hold, Doug would pull off another "clumsy" that just didn't quite seem to fit the "old" nickname.

Upon his arrival from Scottsdale, AZ, Doug encountered instant success in catching bass, but soon after could catch only whales. Only Doug could master the cycle of bad luck to good luck and back to bad again. Who else could lose his car privileges one week, and then win a new car the next?! Yes, the metallic blue Trans-Am proved to be Doug's pride and joy in the latter part of his academy stay.

The future is bright for this boy, especially in the field of Aviation. Doug will combine his vast aerospace experience in his new career as a naval flight officer. Rising to the top of the aero community, Doug will certainly be remembered for bringing AIAA back on its feet again.

A fearless leader, "87" will never forget Doug's infamous alpha strike - "Go get em!!" In addition, his classmates will be forever thankful to this great host at California's first Army-Navy game. Who else could treat his classmates to three wonderful parties in one night?!

We thank you for your great companionship, Doug. We wish you well in Pensacola and success in everything you do.

SDM

William H. DeRoche Jr.
Roche
Wakefield, Maine
Electrical Engineering, Navy Pilot

Bill stormed into the Academy in July of '80 ready to make a name for himself in Navy hockey. First, Bill had to get acquainted, with military life, academia, and his home away from home, the rack. Although his first love was the blue magnet, Bill managed to pull a 3.3 QPR in EE through osmosis and a position on Batt. staff, through no fault of his own.

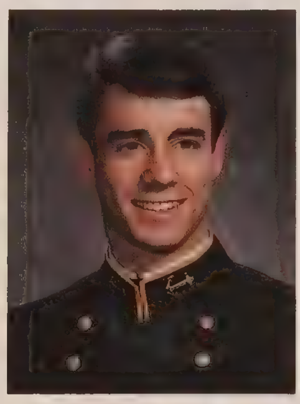
Plebe summer was a shock to Bill, but Plebe year was even a bigger shock to his roommates. From shoe polish on the floor to brasso all over the desk, his roommates attempted to pull Bill through the year. In fact, Bill started doing so well with hockey, that he thought he rated Dahlgren with the upperclass.

Even with hockey, Bill had time to party on the weekends. From Army-Navy game to the UVA football game and various other incidents. (Bill, how long does it take to hit the water off the Severn River bridge?) Bill ranked as one of the best partiers of us all, but when it came down to business, Bill excelled as a most valuable player and leading scorer for Navy hockey, an outstanding student and a classmate we could depend on. We'll miss his smiling face and Boston accent as he heads off to P-cola to be a fighter pilot. May you have fair winds and blue skies and wishes of luck from your roommates and all of us in 30th.

Thomas W. Gallagher
Wantash
Glendora, New Jersey
Systems Engineering, USMC

Hailing from MMA and New Jersey Tom's classmates couldn't decide which was worse. But Tom's priorities were set straight when one of his many Bruce Springsteen tapes went on the stereo. Tom is known for his originality, who else do you know would go up to someone and bite him on the ear to say hello. One of Tom's strengths lies in his love for athletics but because of a certain joint that "just don't go that way" Tom found himself up to his waist in plaster of paris. But come Monday morning he was without his accessory and when asked down in Medical where his cast was, he replied "It fell off," thanks to his kindly roommates who had nothing better to do with a pair of pliers. Tom certainly knows how to throw an Army-Navy party but it took his parents weeks to recover. During Tom's tenure in the staff room as sub-commander he will be remembered for his patience and understanding. As a friend Tom added a new dimension to the room and kept the Kid and me from losing our sanity. As a professional the Marine Corps is gaining a man of strong character and will that will forever be an inspiration to the men under him, his family, and especially Monica and we wish him all the best in his illustrious career.

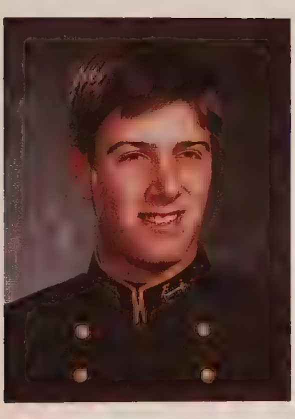
Derf



Charles T. Hollingsworth
Chuck
Commerce, Texas
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

Hailing from somewhere in Texas, Chuck came to the Academy looking for the front seat of a fighter. First he had to spend a year partying at East Texas State with the frat boys, at least that's what we thought he said he wanted when we deciphered that Texas drawl of his. With a little hard work and a lot of partial credit, Chuck got his pilot billet. Chuck never took academics too seriously, but we knew that they weren't going to be his top priority when he swore a factorial sign was an exclamation point.

However, getting involved and working out were Chuck's priorities. If you didn't find him in Halsey, you could find him at BSU or NACA or just chatting with the Dant at a Chaplain council meeting, but none of these activities could top Chuck's performance as Navy's first Mr. "T". What would we have done without Mr. "T" leading the cheers or kissing the opposing team's cheerleaders for us? Well, at least his fiancée, Janet, will be able to live without the cheerleaders and with him. God bless you and may fair winds and blue skies follow you always. You've been a great roommate and we'll be seeing ya.



David A. Hoover
Hoov
Tampa, Florida
Economics, Surface Warfare

Leaving sunny Tampa in search of the unknown, Dave wandered aimlessly north one July and stumbled upon Canoe U. Since then, this place has never been the same. His academy career was highlighted by his Army-Navy adventures, earning him the name "Hoovbeast". We all know him much better for his daily antics, however, especially his four-year affair with the Blue Magnet.

When he escaped from the claws of the rack monster, he delighted the company with his cartoon remakes of the Three Stooges. Thought to be Curly's only living relative, one could hear him saying "yuk, yuk, yuk" almost anytime of the day.

An entertaining character at any social gathering, Dave also delighted his company mates with his spurts of Spanish melodrama and crocodile pantomimes. After "waking up the dog", he was determined to "lop his head off". But . . . sleep finally overtook this tireless mid. Not lacking in the field of humor, the Beast was full of laughter when he recalled his days with "Hillary the Great".

Our first clue came when he purchased his "new" car. His 1977 4-door LTD wagon will certainly match his conservative nature (in the daytime, anyway). Some things will never change, however, as the "Fifth Beatle" will certainly maintain his love of ageless songs and other garbage. Our latest clue came after Service Selection Night. We can't say that Dave wanted to serve on a surface ship all his life, but at least now he has the opportunity. We all wish you well, Dave, and will certainly miss the atmosphere you created.

Richard F. Inman II
Rich
Annapolis, Maryland
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

Rich, our company day student traveled a whole two miles to get to USNA. He spent Plebe training in the backshaft developing his wide variety of odd habits. He must have had an Oedipal fixation because he slept in "The Womb" and liked dark places. He goes through girls like water. Most of his women were rather, shall we say, interesting. He was known to steal away at late hours Plebe year to visit the Deputy Dant's daughter. And there were incidents that the barn won't soon forget. Rich must hold the record for conduct offenses undetected. He and Bob never failed to maintain a professional relationship with the plebettes at the end of 2/c year. The man has at least 9 or 10 lives, I got ta clap for you on that Rich.

With a personal motto of "Impulse knows no laws" Rich tried everything and barely escaped sometimes. However, my friend, meeting girls may not be worth sneaking on board cruise ships, only to jump off and swim for shore with only a phone number. Somehow, I think his incredible luck will follow him into the fleet. Always happily ". . . contented, just livin' and dying in three quarter time."

RBO & RDB

Thomas Milton Jones III
Jonesy
Atlanta, Georgia
Political Science, USMC

This snapper whipper or whipper snapper came from the backwoods of Atlanta. He arrived with a raccoon on his shoulder and a recipe for cornbread. Inside that robust frame was a gentle man, capable of lulling the most irritable child to sleep with his soothing pig calls.

Jonesy and women were quite another story. A poor girl never even had a chance if she was with Tom. He was the cause of enough tears to quench the fires of hell. Surprisingly though, he was not a ladies man. Jonesy was more at home in his rag top with his peers leaping from one car to another as they sped down the highway. I doubt that anyone will ever forget the man who significantly enhanced beer replenishment ops.

On numerous occasions Tom was caught with his pants down. He was the victim of numerous pranks, and Jonesy was not fond of gurus.

The biggest complaint about Tom was his holier than thou attitude, even Earnest Angley can testify to that. In the course of his four year tenure, Jonesy exercised literally thousands of demons. Sometimes as many as one-hundred from one person. Perhaps, Tom should have been a chaplain?

From a fair and impartial perspective Jonesy was quite a guy. When the going got tough, the tough got going. This was one main reason Tom was always left behind. All kidding aside, Jonesy was a gift of joy to dirty thirty. He was a good sport. To top it all off Tom proved he was much more of a man than most of his peers. He did this by opting to be one of the few and one of the proud. We all love Jonesy and will miss him when he struts out of Canoe U. Take care of yourself and show us "What a real man is."

Otis

Allen H. Lamson
Lampost
Gibbstown, New Jersey
Applied Science, Supply Corps

Al dribbled to the academy with the Jersey gang. His first ambition was basketball plebe year but soon decided that there were mellower ways to get through this place. Al came from one of the crazier parts of NJ but learned how to party navy style with the help of his sponsor Col. Spooner.

Such things as driving clockwise around Annapolis' circles with lights out were just some of the good training Al learned.

Mellow is the word to describe how Al would like to be. He even traded in his Yes albums for the Commodores but that hasn't fooled any of us, just ask the class of '87 who rarely ever come by our room. Al has worked hard at his grades, spending many nights in the library, but he has had to put that aside for his all night counseling service for the underclass.

Several things have changed Al's destiny the green lights across the river, my red frog, and the color coded wires labs have given Al alot of shore duty with the Supply Corps. That's okay with Carolyn, the only girl who could take a six foot member of the slightly insane Dirty 30 and knock him down to size. Good luck to both of you, we'll all miss you.

JVL

James C. Lara
Jimbo
Pleasanton, California
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

Jimbo, the California Cassanova came to USNA with a girlfriend, a guitar and a normal mind. He lost several of these along the way, but we haven't decided which ones yet.

Who can ever forget Jimbo's escapades with the girls. He left a trail of broken hearts from the decks of 4-2 to Baltimore. J. C. had a fondness for one special girl and no matter how many times he dropped her, he always went back for more. We'll never forget Jimbo blowing off a girl one weekend and going out with another the next, waxing his room at four in the morning after taking a vivarin, or singing Mexican love ballads in the head.

It wasn't all play and no work for J. C. He excelled in a hard major and was a varsity water polo player. His highlight of the season was scoring against army and getting kicked out in the same game.

Jimbo's biggest acquisition during first class year wasn't a girlfriend but a rice-burner. Going all the way was fifth gear and 110 mph on Route 2. Jimbo's going to be a great pilot and the Navy is getting a heck of a good officer. Take care and may all your dreams come true.

DJD

Joseph V. Long
Joe
Cinnaminson, New Jersey
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Joey slipped into USNA for the most part unnoticed and somehow managed to remain that way until second semester first class year. Armed only with his grade school calculator and the ability to study through almost anything he has successfully taken on the Systems Engineering Department.

In his free time Joey finds pleasure and relaxation in his music, both the weird stuff he listens to and the parts of songs he plays on his guitar. He also likes to run off any frustration for miles and miles. But one of the things he does best is have fun. When the time is right so is Joe.

Some of his high points include winning Guma's plebe mixer contest with the "up and coming cutie". He also possessed a multi-purpose typewriter case and a strange preception of frog reproduction.

Joe's next challenge is the nuclear submarine force. He should do extremely well pending the availability of green paper and imitated frogs. Joe is one of the easiest going, most likable roommates one could have. I won't miss the Academy but I'll miss the people, especially you. Good luck in all you do, I wish you all the best.

AHL

Samuel David Mohs
Schmo Daddy
Webster, South Dakota
Aerospace Engineering, Submarines

Not uncommon to many Midwesterners, Sam arrived at school 4 years ago without having done anything of any great significance, but with great aspirations. Decked out with his can of skoal, Sam set out to prove to us all that someone who had never seen any body of water larger than a mud puddle could become a worthy Naval officer. Sam's addiction to solid, oral nicotine, coupled with his workload, helped him to express his greatest and most meaningless stanzas of nonsense to the rest of the brigade during late night serenades that reverberated off the walls of Bancroft. We forgive him, though, for he was only expressing his deepest gratitude to his Aero profs. for providing the proper stimuli to witness the sunrise through bloodshot eyeballs. It did not end here, however, for the Moo-Man had many outlets for his frustrations. His artistic and psychopathic talents were occasionally reflected in upstooged comics and poetry. He never let people forget that this art form could be found just about anywhere, watching you when you least expect it. It was this comic prototype that gave us "Moo! Moo! Moo! Where am I?", the perfect statement for all of the Sandy Point parties, Dahlgren affairs, and everyone's general state of mind. He was also quite a Romeo, persuading his girlfriend Shelly to take a "love boat" type cruise with him one fine weekend aboard one of USNA's finest. Despite his dedication to so many ECA's, he was able to maintain his grades well enough to seal his fate. Yes, the future for Sam lies in deep water. Watch out Orlando and New London! Here comes a front runner that will knock you over with his wit and genuine politeness. Good luck, Sam!

SRW DAH

Robert B. Olds Jr.
Bancroft Gigolo
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Oceanography, Navy Diver

Robert, our smooth-talking man from VA Beach cruised into Plebe Summer on the crest of a wave of passion that somehow lasted him through our four years at Canoe U. The man was an incredible bundle of energy that survived on Pop Tarts, Tang, and Granola. Bob went through so many girls that you needed a scoreboard to keep them straight. No woman was safe from his roving eye, from our contemporaries at Navy to those foreign women in Curacao and Aruba. By the way Bob "is this doing anything for you!" Strange about this playboy, is that he came in attached. Where is Edie anyway? Of course Crystal was always there to bail him out of trouble. To keep himself in shape for all his romantic interludes, Bob rowed for the crew team. Four years of torture for just a letter sweater? Strange. It is inconceivable but Bob actually did spend over a year with a beautiful blonde from Connecticut. It all ended after his boating accident, and he got back on course, trying to make up for lost time. There is much more to tell, but space is limited so we'll just mention the good things in passing. Maybe they are all b — es but you need 'em pal. We wish you the best of luck Bob, Navy Divers are really gaining an asset with you among their ranks. Keep searching for thay one particular harbour and "Let's Party."

RFI

John M. Przybyszewski
Ski
Fairfax, Virginia
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

The local boy from Fairfax spent a year getting "militarized" at NAPS before he came on the scene at USNA. He came to Canoe U. very cocky, especially for a skinny guy. But he used his arm to get on the Navy baseball team — and out of plebe year. After a year, he rejoined the company and took fast pitch to Brigades and Lt. weight football to its first winning season in 2 decades. He even proved himself in stripes as the Brigade's best basketball ref.

Ski did have his women. With his local connections, he was constantly seen with girls from the area colleges. (USNA not excluded)

Ski saw four ways to spend his time as a mid: studying, eating, working out, and racking. The first was usually ignored due to eye sight preservation, the second and third finally succeeding in putting some meat on his bones, but the last one was never sacrificed. Whether on red beach or a road trip, John was always good company. Light and casual on the outside, yet sincere and thoughtful on the inside, Ski has the common sense and integrity to be a great leader. John, P-cola is the first step toward your success. Fair winds and blue skies from Dirty Thirty. Keep your eyes on the Father - and you'll prosper.

Donald H. Schleicher
Ducky
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, U.S. Marine Corps

Don "Ducky" Schleicher arrived at USNA a naive boy with aspirations of becoming a career ship driver. Equipped with his wrestling shoes and a lifetime's supply of soap and toothpaste, he set out on his quest. Plebe year had its ups and downs. On the up side was academics. When Ducky wasn't studying he was studying. On the down side there was wrestling. It seemed the team had mistaken him for a practice dummy and he spent the year being thrown around the mats. He did gain fame for sleeping through more formations than anyone else. Youngster cruise taught Ducky alot about surface line, like he hated it. Youngster year when Ducky wasn't studying, he was working out. The working out paid off when he earned his N-star. Second class summer Ducky discovered that marines like to workout almost as much as he does. From then on his fate was sealed. Ducky made another discovery second class year, Girls. Yes, our Allentown Bomber became the heartthrob of many area women. On a sad note, second class year saw the end of the weekly chow-packages from home. Life in the corner pocket wasn't the same without the brownies and pretzels. First class year Ducky proved his professionalism by earning three stripes. Of course they were for being captain of the wrestling team. Ducky also made up for the lost chow packages by using his three striper liberty to go on Burrito runs. Ducky will be remembered for many things like his pleasant moods when he is losing weight. Whatever he is remembered for he will always be thought of as a good friend. Good Luck in the Marine Corp.

We miss you Dels.

Blaise E. Scioli
BES
Stratford, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Blaise came to Annapolis from a small town in SOUTH! Jersey. During his four years here he helped redefine the word "party", 84 style. Starting with recons (he never missed one) and Timmys to the crash-and-burn parties at Docksides (happy hour!/Cheryl), road trips to I. C. (THE road trip!) and home, Wildwood parties at Carp's (Joe's?) and of course, THE party: Sandy Point!! With a few modifications he turned an Arizona rabbit into his own playboy bunny. No more accidents, OK Blaise? Even Blaise, always smooth with the ladies, couldn't hold onto his hometown girl (but then who did?). It didn't take long to find a replacement, though. Never one to fool around (?) Blaise has remained ever faithful to Sam; she stands out among the IC snai.

While being an aero Blaise earned the "best grades for time studying" award. Blaise studied a lot, really!, just mostly at night, late. Study hour was made for better things; tunes, sleep, darts (P.A.T., RONE, etc.), contemplating the enigma of Smed, or just shooting the breeze (and I should know about that!). The "all-nighter" was second nature to Blaise, who could often be found in Ward Hall computing away. A couple cups of coffee, and a few "burners" was all he needed to stay awake all night, almost . . . "Mike, wake me up at five".

Blaise is a brilliant scholar and a great leader who should go far in the Navy; but then how far can you go in five years, right Blaise? If he gets out, he'll be successful regardless of what he decides to do.

Blaise is a great guy, a drinking/smoking buddy and friend. We'll never forget him ..

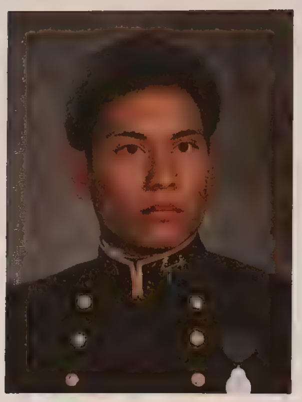
I'll miss you guys. Remember, "it's better to burn out . . ."

- M.I.B.

Alton C. Slawson
Chief
Swainsboro, Georgia
Political Science, Surface Line

Al came to the boat school from the sprawling metropolis of Swainsboro Georgia, via the "real Navy" and NAPS. Being prior enlisted he was naturally the old salt of the company. Plebe year was a breeze for Al especially since he had a flock of "young" firsties to keep him out of trouble. Youngster cruise opened the eyes of many to our old salt though as he managed to fall overboard while the ship was docked. Come youngster year, Al would become the first of many in the company to lose their bachelorhood. Amy is a dynamite girl, but everyone in the company is still wondering what she sees in him. Youngster year also saw Al take up two of his more interesting pastimes, the rack and the O-Course. Al welcomed second class year with open arms and a flamin' voice that had plebes running for cover for many weeks. First class year saw Al buy the plush-mobile with his car loan, and depart on Firstie cruise to beautiful Bahrain, but Al enjoyed his cruise because he is a hardcore surface liner, the only one in the company. By service selection night though, Al had a little more company, though not by choice. Surface line is getting a good man, and if Amy can keep him out of trouble, he will go far in this man's navy. May fair winds and following seas be your draw always.

KDW



Noel Garcia Vinzon

Jai
Oxnard, California
General Engineering, NFO

Known by such nicknames as Vince, Vinnie, and Flip-Flop, Jai (rhymes with 'sky') seemed to best fit the Filipino wonder from Oxnard, California. After making the cross country journey in July of '80 to join the dirty, Jai became a member of the rock squad and encountered such obstacles as swimming through his plebe summer room and living with the 40-day stench of J. C.'s laundry. Jai went on to further display his talents youngster year in serving as head chef of the 4201 Gourmet Club, while moonlighting as a study hour fashion model. You could always spot Noel in the halls sporting his favorite attire straight from the pages of GQ - red bandana, Ray Bans, white SDB shirt, softball shorts, homemade leg warmers, and shower sandals. After applying to several colleges at the end of 3/c year, Jai decided to stick out USNA and swore to concentrate his efforts the upcoming year - too bad his efforts were misdirected from academics to women. The Mech. Eng. department proved to be a greater challenge than keeping Otis off of his rack, and Noel took the oh-so-familiar path to G. E.; and academic wiz he was not, but somehow Jai did manage to avoid any axe boards. Noel used the new-found time to improve his assets: cars and fast women. Never one to exert too much effort, Jai took the easy way out and started close to home (so close, in fact, they lived in the same halls of ma 'B'). He even added a GT-6 to his car collection for trips to Tennessee during leave periods. Setting his sights on better things(?), Jai extended his interest to wardroom ladies and MAA's. No one knows who will be next on Jai's list, but one thing is for certain - Pensacola will surely fit Noel's fancy. Good luck from the boys of thirtieth.

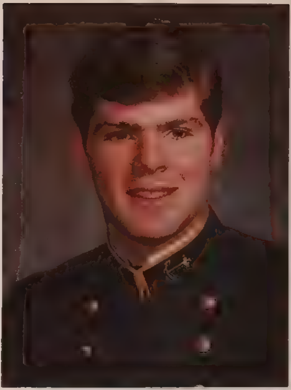
M.W.B.

Ira R. White II

Rusty
Elizabeth, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

*What can I say? Rusty stumbled into USNA determined to make the partiers Hall of Fame. His origins are somewhat a mystery, but a hint may lie in the smell of I. C. Light on his breath (remember **Wildwood**?). On the other hand, some tell of a planet called Zorba . . . Anyway, by the end of plebe summer, he had created a new vocabulary for us (where would we be without utter, flug, snai, and snapper?). Always one to give all for his company, Rusty was carried from the field of All-Star Comearound and given a citation for bravery (at least this time when you passed out Ralph wasn't there!). Plebe and youngster years found him at Timmys and Dahlgren respectively (**not** respectably!) and we can't forget his graceful swan dive at the Pigpen (nor can the five girls whose table it was!). Speaking of girls, Baltimore, Trinity, and Immaculata will never be the same! Yes, he seemed to leave a little of himself wherever he went (like my house, your rack, your cover . . .) and I'll never forget the Hospital Point club. Second class year brought him the "Rock" Reed, and consequently, academic troubles. After killing his last brain cell first semester, it's no wonder. Now we were mobile, rampaging the East Coast instead of just Annapolis. Wildwood, Sandy Point, the turbo Champ, and nasty-grams took our time. And when we thought we could never get enough of him, Christmas ended and there was 20 lbs too much of him! RONE, Dart-tac-toe, and watching Navy wrestle (rip his head off, Ducky!) were his favorite pastimes, but something was amiss. Amidst all of this irresponsible partying, he was a big success. Yes, the king of Sandy Pt. stands with the best! Four years of fooling around hasn't fooled us — you are bright, sensible, popular and FUN! Lots of luck; you won't need it — your future is "bubbling" with opportunity!!*

. . . BES

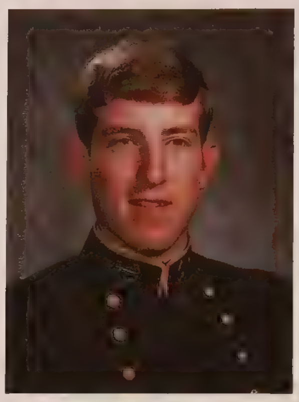


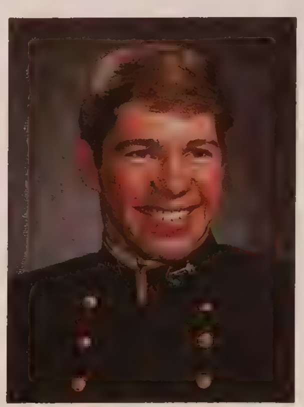
Kurt D. Woltersdorf

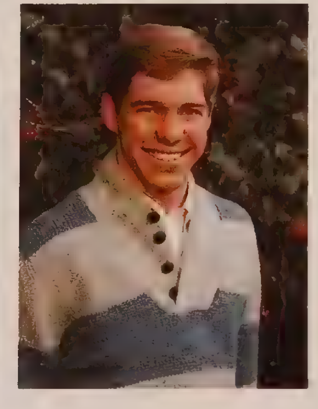
Dorf
Chula Vista, California
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

Kurt came to us from the Navy town of San Diego. Plebe summer was really rough on Kurt. He is the only person ever known who could pick up 45 demos on excuse squad muster. Youngster year saw Kurt begin to predict semester QPR's. Jimmy the Greek had nothing to worry about for whatever Kurt predicted for his SQPR, subtract .4 from it, and that was what his grade was. Second class year saw Kurt letter as a varsity water polo player. About time, after all he had only been trying for three years. Second class year also saw Kurt fall into that deep void known as love. Three months after meeting Kim in Dahlgren Hall, he proposed marriage to her, and much to his surprise she said yes. First class year saw Kurt's greatest quality tested — blind faith. Kurt's class rank was so low that no one gave him a chance at a flight billet, except Kurt. And guess what! He'll be at P-cola earning those wings of gold just like he had predicted. Good luck and God fly with you always.

ACS







Steven Roland Wright

Beaver
Carmel, California
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Pilot

To know him is to love him, and to love him is to know him. Stever Beaver left behind him a trail of broken hearts. Who could ever forget that all-American boy look. He looked just like the cartoon of a little boy on a Pop Tart's box. Steve rode his genuine redwood surfboard in to Annapolis all the way from Carmel, California.

Remember 2/c year when Steve and his equally intelligent aero buddy (the one with USNA 84 license plates) got caught driving within the two mile limit. Steve also had a starring role in "4202". Steve's brightest spot seemed to be his academics. What he lacked in looks he made up with intelligence.

I think we will all remember Steve most as a genuinely good guy. He always drank his milk, wrote his mother and conducted himself as a proper gentleman, until he . . . Beaver certainly proved himself worthy of the animal he was named for.

Those snigh were always hurting for our Beaver, but through wit and ruthlessness he managed to lose them. Then came Lynette. This relationship started with a coin toss and looks like it is going to go in to overtime. It looks as if Beaver had no timeouts left.

Steve burst into 1/c year like a hardened seaman after sub cruise. By avoiding any bad times, Steve thrust himself into the Company Cdr's position. He did as good as job as his talents permitted. That's how he earned the nickname "BZ Beaver".

The academy is in the past, and the future awaits our furry friend. He has opted to crash planes for the Navy. He will be a credit to any squadron he happens to land on. Beav will remain a loyal friend to the end. Good luck Beaver. We all wish "KB" could be here. Remember the Pigs.

TFB

6th
BATTALION

Thirty One

Mark S. Boulden
Mark
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Marine Engineering Nucler Subs

DIARY OF A MAD MIDSHIPMAN

July, 1980: MSB decides to help out his platoon leader by explaining that the 'three-minute rule' is faux pas; the 'six-minute rule' is au fait.

October, 1980; MSB finds studies are too boring and turns to more risqué activities, such as women and offshore sailing.

March, 1981: Spring Break finds MSB at home trying to recover from his miserable grades. His high school sweetheart helps him out of his despondancy with a little TLC.

February, 1982: Youngster year has been fun and almost too easy. Tara takes advantage of MSB's leniency and proposes; he relents cheerfully

June, 1982: PRODEV sees the great leadership potential in MSB and decides to make him Company CDR: his men are not as pleased.

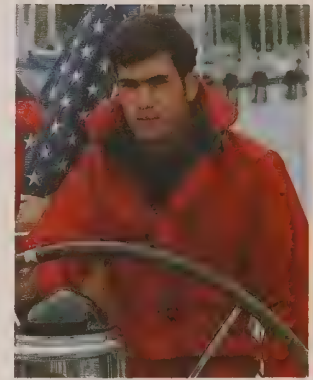
January, 1983: The West Coast has taken away his sweetheart, so MSB takes his holidays in the sunny skies of Northern California.

August, 1983: First Class Cruise has been uneventful and left our hero un-engaged. MSB finds comfort back in sailing and a friend at Goucher.

November, 1983: Pasedena welcomes MSB with a bright red mustang convertible and a girl named Tara. Army/Navy has never been this fun.

January, 1984: Nuclear bonuses don't go far enough as a long holiday in Connecticut and Tara's new proposal leaves MSB in the red.

1984 and Beyond: What more could happen to MSB? Wait for further new tales of adventure. (DGJ)



Thomas M. Calabrese
Cal, T.C., The evil schleemer
Levittown, New York
Mechanical Engineering Subs

Cal, for an all American fella you sure are . . . different. Lax Captain, Tau Beta Pi, engineering, and Company Commander sure, but what about Butch, Dinky four & quarter, and the Evil Schleemer. We knew you were for real when you talked about yourself all night and then woke up. No Cal, you don't have to brasso the bedposts.

After spending every Friday night of Plebe year at the Oxbow with Cates and the boys, T.C. settled down quickly - studying at his memorial desk at Mitcher, going to Church and waking up every morning at 6:40.

Never one to keep a girlfriend, Cal always amazed us with his choice in women. After all, how many guys forget their Ring Dance date's name while they are introducing her to his friends? Cal is a true machigama from the word go - kill a few brain cells this summer as a Lax Ensign 'cause you gonna need the new ones at Nuke school

Joseph Lawrence Carroll
"Joe Barry"
Colton, California
Aerospace Engineering, USN NFO

We never got to know the real Joe Barry during Plebe Summer. Seems that he was having as good a time with Donnell Green as the rest of us. It didn't take long after the summer though to realize that Joe was definitely a breed apart. What breed we still don't know. The alarm clocks going off at all hours of the night in the overheads and the jokes about picking up dates at Special Olympics really kept us guessing. But really, Joe wasn't that bad a guy. Just ask Matt or Neil.

Youngster Year came and we learned what a nice guy Joe was when he drank. "Where's my bayonet? . . . Where's Jung?" Saturday nights at Dahlgren always proved entertaining with Joe around, his lines with females always produced laughs with the guys along with very red faces for his hapless female victims. Second Class Year found Joe up late at night pinging off the walls much to the chagrin of Lasance, a definite candidate for Martyrdom for rooming with Joe for two years. Joe has mellowed out this year although his old self does rear itself occasionally in his cutting wardroom insults to people who happen to be sitting right behind him and his new found affinity for ingesting lit cigarettes. There's no doubt in this man's mind that Joe will make a great NFO and welcome contribution to any wardroom. Have fun in Pensacola and may God be with you.

-Steve

Eric Von Clayton
Clay
Columbus, Georgia
Marine Engineering, Surface Line

Clay floated up from Georgia a few summers ago after the local tomato crop failed. Having lived next to Ft. Benning his entire life, he decided that he wanted to be a part of the Navy adventure and so he rolled up to Annapolis and joined the Donnel Green Co. The USNA experience has made Clay deeply religious, and everyone else confused - When do you sleep? Why didn't you take a weekend until First Class year? Where'd all that money come from? Why do you study with the lights out, blinds down, and many lamps placed in various positions around your head? Who's Vanity 6? How did you get Pete and Guff to listen to them?

For four years Clay has majored in academic difficulty. Isn't Annapolis beautiful in early January? how about those summer days? But academics wasn't the only challenge - how about those roommates? Youngster year there was Lance Liberty Lewis; love those flicks! Sure they were amoral, and you did condemn them in great, flowery speeches after you had watched them intently, twice. Then there was that Gyrene of 2/c year - knock before entering - go Rosie, go. It's been long and hard, but the summer of '83 made it all worthwhile. Eric, I no more work at Filmore East, I go to school now, send money. See you in San Diego . . . Mary Anne.

J.H.K.

David A. Ditton
Seashark
St. Louis, Missouri
Physics, Marine Corps Pilot

There were only three things on Davids mind once he took that first plunge into academic year; and that didn't include studying. His only concern was for young women, D&D, and comics. Frankly, let it be known that these may not be in order of importance. David has had the uncanny ability to pick out the youngest girl out of a crowd and chase after her relentlessly. For instance, the day he was found picking up a plebe's younger sister at a certain Ivy league institution. What's more amazing is the fact that he failed. (None of which was his fault. Right fellas.) During his 2nd class summer in Damneck, Dave accomplished the feat of walking to Norfolk, 25 miles away for no apparent reason. What's more spectacular is that he convinced two others that the trip would only take a little while. Studying never inspired his wits so he resorted to other activities instead. On the days that he wasn't chasing young girls, he could be found in his room where fantasy lurks in every corner, let alone out in the open. Comics and D&D is spread across every square inch of available space, while Dave is lost in the midst of it. D&D is the life and blood, the neccesities of his life that stood above all else. Because of this, why do you think he chose MARINE CORPS! (I hope some of his hair grows back.)

BEF 7th

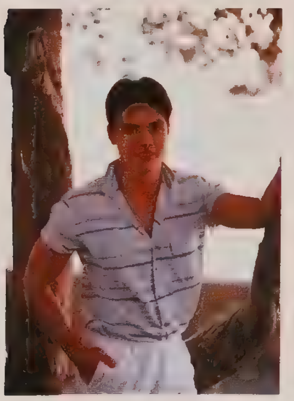
Thomas P. Draper
Drapes
Arnold, Maryland
Physical Science, NFO

After a year of NROTC training at Auburn, Drapes figured that it was time for him to go back home to Arnold. However, on the way he decided to try the Naval Academy as his next college. He was the master of maintaining a low profile and succeeded, for three years, to go unnoticed. He was a common sense person who thought logically and could solve any problem that he faced with a single phrase which cannot be printed on these pages. He was able to live a secret life doing what he pleased, avoiding all the hassles of a normal life. Athletic competition served as an outlet for his frustrations. It was one of the few things that he really enjoyed. Drapes was a smart athlete with good skills and an uncanny ability to cheat, in the good sense of the word, without anybody knowing it. Everything was going great for Drapes until our boy showed up. Before Drapes knew what happened, he was company sub-commander and hating every minute of it, for a little while anyway. By the time second semester rolled around, he had his birds and his life was back to abnormal.

Thomas Patrick Forrestal, III
Spanky
Atlanta, Georgia
Mechanical Engineering, Nuke Subs

With Allison in Roanoke, Spanky spent many an hour in his LTD, complete with a radar detector which alerted him to microwave ovens, burglar alarms, and very quick dogs. The times spent with the Boyz, however, were a true testimony to this man's friendship (and/or drinking capabilities). Perfector of the "Spanky Pass" (the ultimate in Heaving ECCM) and originator of "Spanky Claus" (the meanest St. Nick to ever dip Copenhagen) the man from Atlanta was instrumental to the moral decline of 31st Company. Late night lab reports, nasty-grams from C&P Telephone and the 'Dogs vs. Gators debacle never fazed Spanky; maybe the foot odor kept the negative vibes away. The only official sponsoree of the Y's, Spanky introduced us to the hospitality of Ma & The Commander, and in turn we shared Vanilla Wafers and Iron City Beer for an entire week during Protramid (Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner) If you can survive The Rocket, Spanky, Bubble School will be a breeze.

Colonel and Bing



Leonardo M. Gacusan

Leo
Sunnyvale, California
Physical Science, Surface Line

Leo came to us from Sunnyvale, California (we had never heard of it either). He is living proof that all work and no play makes a phy sci major and Leo a very dull boy. After surviving plebe summer without killing Jung, Leo went on to become one of the best performers in the company (even though we all thought that he was destined to be an MS1 in the fleet).

Both plebe year and youngster year, Leo could be found diligently studying and roaming the halls in search of gouge, but it was sweat and hard work that got him through Canoe U. After his grades stabilized a bit, the real "Leo" began to surface. "GQ" became his major source of extra-curricular reading material, that is, if you do not count all of the smut tucked away under lock and key in his con locker. From weightlifting to running Leo was often found pampering what he considered God's gift to the women, his "bod". Applying his Oil of Olay and Aloe Vera became an art and Leo was the artist. He must have been pretty good because that sucker got lassoed and tied so tight by the misses that it became obvious that weekends were made for Judy.

First Class year, after his second plebe summer as a squad leader, Leo got the billet he always wanted - Company Drill. Nothing like a nice brief with a hyperactive Lt.! Luckily, the random number generator came up on our side. Come Spring, Leo will graduate and become "Haze gray and Underway," but he still hasn't gotten rid of me yet. Let's live it up in the surface line! We made it Leo!

EVC

Joseph D. Gufford, Jr.

Guff
Inglis, Florida
Management, Nuclear Power

Guff's only problem when he left Inglis was that he didn't know there was anything else but white people who like to dip Copenhagen, drink Jim Beam, play baseball, fish, drive trucks, and shoot shotguns at each other. Fortunately, Guff met Donnell Green, his new squad leader, who was black, drove a Firebird, fenced, and drank mixed drinks. They soon became inseparable. Guff found more problems, like the O-course, which cast him into April, and not before he spent plebe Army with Mom and Paula in Florida watching the rest of us freeze in Philly. But two years in white works and no marching made it all worth it, right? Youngster year passed quickly with a low profile, weekly phone calls, and a record-setting number of flights to Florida during home football games. But then, the metamorphosis. Early in second class year, Guff lost his one-woman interest and found the joys of hormone frenzy. From Georgetown to Daytona to LA, no woman was safe. He even borrowed some of Donnell's old tapes to play in his stereo-on-wheels. The final shock was Guff the nuke. Good luck, J. D. — you'll be the first cool nuke and the best sheriff Levy County ever had. Go Gators.

Jack & Yabo

Patrick Robert Hogan

Colonel Hogan
Hudson Falls, New York
Political Science, Marine Air

(Zzzzz ... That was the five-minute call, Colonel ... Wha?) Defying the law of averages, Col. Hogan slept through 2 of his 4 years at Canoe U. During one of his more lucid moments, he decided to prove to the Boyz from the South that intelligent life does exist above the Mason-Dixon Line, & so made several trips to Lake George, N.Y. (to no avail, however). How much money can you spend on a $1000 car, Col.? I only paid $1 for it. And when the Hogan clan came to town (thus emptying Hudson Falls of 50% of its population) the good times rolled. Who can refuse a partying Irishman? The wardrobe wars with Bing were often escalated by sneak alpha-code attacks (of course that's mine, it's got my number on it doesn't it?), but true taste prevailed. By the way Col., how was Hong Kong, and whatever happened to EMSH? Procrastination does pay, at least in the Marine Corps. Really Colonel, that was the five-minute call ... your Harrier's waiting.

Bing & Spanky

David G. Jung

David
Charlotte, North Carolina
History, Surface Line

Collecting thousands of comic books was simply not enough for David. He knew there was more to life. With the help of Drapes and Kiputnick his search for the extraordinary lead to the aquisition of an amazing list of names. Juan DeJesus Emmanuel No Comprende Dorito Von Puerto Henry DDG Mao Tse DeJungJung. With a little bit of extra time, David tried his hand at Masqueraders, choir, sailing, Y.P.'s, M.S.A., an occasional Batt sport, and even swim team management (which he headed first class year.) This man did well at all he attempted, with the notable exceptions of academics and Darvon. Though often found absorbed by a romantic novel and ever the moral conscience of his roommates, David was personally quite emphatically B.G. David was last seen headed for U.S.S. Canisteo in Norfolk, but, as of now, WHERE'S JUNG??????????????

M.S.B.

Jonathan H. Kan

Jon
Springfield, Virginia
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

Jon came to Annapolis from the quiet suburbs of Springfield, Virginia. Determined on making the most money from the Navy, this future submariner started off his career on the right foot by getting 4.0's plebe year. This became a trend for Jon through the four years at the Academy as he stands near the top of the class.

But his life was not totally filled with the call of the geeks. One could always depend on Jon to help out a classmate having troubles in certain courses. He also managed to become an expert at tennis, squash and racquetball through his stay at Canoe U.

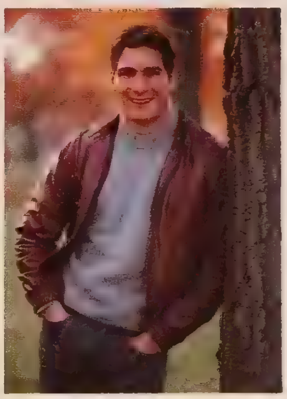
But the model midshipman also had his setbacks. Anyone who buys a car for $2400 that has been through a wreck and a fire, from an Iranian trying to flee the country, has to have something missing upstairs. His car antics did not stop there, however, as he became a proficient stunt car driver, specializing in log jumping and 180-degree turns with borrowed cars (Pete's & Thatch's). He finally found the car of his dreams and quickly spent his newly acquired nuke money on a Z. Now Jon is off to the Silent Service and, hopefully, he can drive a submarine better than a car. Best wishes and, thanks.

LMG

Charles Dale Kilburn

Chip
Harrah, Oklahoma
Political Science, USN Pilot

Chip came from the Fleet, just nine months short of his retirement age. Blessed with a mind as developed as the industry of his home town, Chip set about the grueling task of increasing his speech rate of 20 words a minute. His vibrant and exciting nature (Chip has the personality of pocket lint) made him never at a loss for a date - just ask Bluehead, Captain Slash, the Beast, and Water Gourd. Chip realizes the evils of alcohol, and has pledged himself to the task of ridding the world of as much of it as he possibly can. Drinking and driving is right out - he feels you might hit a bump and spill some. (C'mon Chip, quit the John Wayne and cats). Chip almost had his career "cut" short by Aqualung and the Boy Scout hatchet, but things are looking bright as he is gradually raising himself out of the gutter. Chip retired from football, but still found uses for the astroturf; he had definitely taken a "step" in the right direction. (Bare-chested, brick in hand.) Chip's taste in women and music are similar, ranging from bizarre to disgusting (not to mention his friends, the Wild Wooly Western Boys.) Chip will also be sorely missed if he is standing behind Shimpus when the missile hits. Not much chance of that; Chas will be up in the sky, wondering where he's at, how he's going to land, and what time Happy Hour starts - not necessarily in that order.



Glen Douglas Krueger

Kreegs
Bolingbrook, Illinois
Mechancial Engineering,

Kreegs blew into Annapolis from the 'burbs of the Windy City, bringing with him an appetite, an absent mind, and an unbelievable innocence. During the first summer, he managed to eat more scrambled eggs than anyone else - there weren't any left. After rooming with the terrible threesome Plebe Year, he was ready for Youngster Cruise. Jack showed him the ropes, taught him to drink - "What does 151 mean, Jack?" - and introduced him to women at The Body Shop. Youngster Year Glen was feeling his oats and anything else he could chase behind the Chapel.

After two semesters as a real major, he needed to find an outlet for all the tension of those late-night Mech E meetings. This release was named Missy, and contrary to popular belief, he didn't meet her at Dahlgren. Missy helped Glen settle down a lot and gave him a purpose in life . . . graduate and get married. The final two years found Glen "spongeneering" from Pete, Cal, or Spanky and staying up all night to get those labs in on time. Even though he had the Whease, The Rocket, and Ramblin' Russ, he managed to make it through as a Mech. Surface line or Nuke, kiddo? Whatever it is as long as you can live with Missy (or vice versa) longer than you did your 8 roommates you will be doing fine. Good luck and keep on checkin' off that list.

Pete

John David Lenda

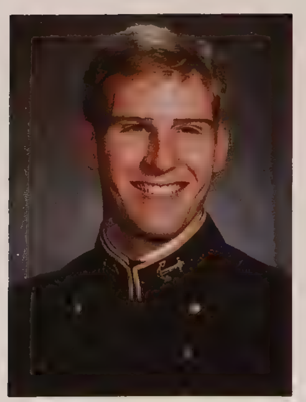
John
Heber City, Utah
Systems Engineering, USMC NFO

With the initials J. D., one would expect John to come from Tennessee. However John, a displaced Californian, hails from Heber City. You know that's the state where everyone shuts down at 10 PM sharp. Realizing this deficiency during Plebe Summer, John joined plebe boxing. After his heroic stand during the tournament, John decided to give his fellow boxers a chance, and he has spent the rest of his time in company sports.

John spent his Youngster and Second class years furthering his career as a comic fanatic and becoming a D&D addict. If you wander the halls in the wee hours of the weekend, you still might hear John and his friends battling some evil-doer and saving the world.

First class year John got a car like everyone else. John had to be a little different though. Most people usually get into their car. Not John, when he goes somewhere, he puts his car on.

John has always had a wealth of Marine Corps posters in his room. When service selection night came, John got his wish and went Marine Air. You might wonder why Marines. Well John's father was a Marine, but why air? My guess is that he was fascinated by his father's story about the time he took flying lessons in the Marines. John, however, decided to play it safe and confine his flying to an airplane, not a mortar shell. Take care John, and we all really wish you the best of luck in the Corps.



Peter Nicholas Lengyel
Bing
Louisville, Kentucky
English, Navy NFO

Always one to set his standards high, Bing began his corrupt period at the Academy on Black Sunday, Plebe Year. He soon degenerated even further, eating glass, Fido's Dog Biscuits ("You're gonna die") & Copenhagen. A master of mate's head barbering (for which he was fried), small ordnance (for which he was also fried), and aiding and abetting (yes, folks, fried again), little else stood in his way on the path to delinquency. And then came Spot (Bing, there's a panther chasing your . . .). A connoisseur of fine autos, Bing took the Audi on several ½ trips (drive it down, tow it back) till the pressure became too much (8th Wing Players fans can attest to that). He then became the proud retainer of 2 cars, neither of which he owned, and concentrated his efforts towards the search for the perfect wardrobe, the ultimate tan, and the fastest aircraft. Every time it is reached (and surpassed), we will always remember "the third beer" and the piercing Whale-cry.

Spanky and Colonel

Lance E. Lewis
Liberty
Pensacola, Florida
Electrical Engineering, Surface Line

Lance came to the cold, cruel north from beautiful Florida where people are friendlier, girls are cuter, the food is better, and most importantly of all it's warmer. Lance made two mistakes that first year: he got in Donnel Green's squad and he picked EEE as a major. He had to be the only person to go through more roommates plebe summer than the average person does in all four years at Boat School. For some reason whenever Lance pulled his shoes off, anyone in the room would immediately turn "green". (imagine his roommates who had to live with the curse) Lance acquired his nickname "Liberty" when he decided that he rated Friday night libs the week after plebe summer.

Lance's years at Canoe U. were well spent, that is, in his opinion. He could always be found recording some weird music on his homemade stereo, building strange little things he acquired (model planes, synthesizers, speakers, and you get the picture I'm sure). Lance's image of being the naive, innocent, mama's boy changed when he tried to become the "Phantom" of 31. Midnight Productions were great even though we did watch them on a projector yours truly bought from Goodwill. The bulb cost more than the projector.

Lance almost ended his infamous career as the lady killer when his grades initiated him into the square root club during the first semester his last year, but like always he managed to pull it out of his @#$! Well, Lance will be out of here soon. He decided to retire in Mayport on a surface vessel. Good luck and High sailing.*

EVC

Mark E. Michaud
Mee-arky
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Chemistry, Nuclear Submarines

"Mee-arky! In the Navy you can, your friend, James Edwin." Mark got off the bus from Oklahoma City and spent all plebe summer waiting to catch it again. The bus never arrived and he was stuck at USNA for four long years. Always with a smile, Mark graced 31st Co. with his innocent antics constantly. Saturday nights found Mark "quick" and saying his "porcelain prayers" often. Mark played musical roommates for four years living with such interesting people as Rob, Joe Barry, and Lance to name a few. Mark's taste in Music was only outdone by his taste in clothes. He is the only Mid ever to spend his entire Nuke bonus at Goodwill buying used tuxedoes, hats, and 101 no class showing, ain't got a job & never gonna be having, loud & vociferous polyester ties! As a member of the brigade soccer champs, Mark demonstrated his athletic prowess on the field as well as back in the hall wrestling anyone at least twice his size. Mark was a true lightweight, from the word go, and he could always be counted on to fertilize the plants at the Y-Singers. First class year saw the metamorphosis of Mark Michaud Midshipman to Mark Michaud "Beep of the Year." Service selection found Mark going for the gold - not wings but bullion. The bus finally arrived bringing with it a Nuke bonus, an '83 Olds, Cindy and his coveted 3 stripes. "Mearky, in the Navy you can, the Boyz."

RAP

Timothy Scott Mologne
Tim
Aurora, Colorado
Chemistry, Navy Air

The Cinderella boy came from the West, already possessing those qualities of tact and modesty that so quickly endeared him to us. Noted for his "heated" discussions with Ivan's buddy Ted, Tim's common sense and control of every situation never failed to illicit a response from those around him - especially the beauties he approached in local social establishments. Being a Field House boy, Tim's football career was inevitably cut short. He continued his athletic endeavors with Co. hoops, dialing long-distance with his high-top purple chucks (the Sultan of Weakness). Being a Chemistry Major, Tim always appreciated the importance of the various alcohol groups, and he sacrificed many a weekend to experimenting with their effects. The ever-present storyteller, Tim never failed to entertain us with the narrative of his exploits (Aqualung, "Boo-Boo, 2 beers means your . . . is weak," "I'll bet you get a lot of dates"). Only time will tell the real direction of Tim's life. He has already attempted many occupations, from rock climber to astronaut; from pearl diver to Olympic Javelin thrower- Tim's done it all. ("What, you haven't seen my commercials?"). Whatever Tim does, he'll undoubtedly be successful. Hopefully, he will remain close to us in the future, but in any case, he can always count on the friendship and good wishes of those around him. And remember, "Never tie rubber farm animals to your clutch pedal to lure small children into your car, bud."

Shimpie Shimpella and
Keybutstien

Ray Aldin Peterson, III
Pete
Warrenton, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering, Surface Line

This story began in Warrenton Virginia with a friendly, easy-going, hagen dipping, country boy. He left his family and friends behind (and the girls at UVA) and came to Annapolis to serve his country. Alright, so the free education was the real reason. Plebe summer had our hero trying to set up the firsties with his sister, good thing she never found out. Soon into plebe year he established himself as "the major" by the way he always seemed to be running for some political office. Pete loved a challenge, and he chose three - Navy Crew, MECH E, and his boxing partner. Young Ray is a creature of habit, and established himself as an alarm clock by blowing his nose precisely at 0630 each morning for three years.

Remember youngster cruise? Boy can you play a mean set of bongos. By the way, the direction of flow for beer is from the mug to your stomach, not the other way. Plebe year, Pete's heart was broke for the first time by the Iranian Princess. Second class year he fell in love again, this time with a '70 Nova. To show how fickle love really is, First class year was an overpriced '73 Datsun. Pete eventually lettered in crew, but there was a greater call he could not resist; it was one to ensure that the three years of campaigning would not be wasted. Yes, he quit crew and served as company commander. Well Pete, good luck and remember when life kicks you in the tush, best just to stop and soak it.

G.D.K.

Michael P. Potochniak
Po
Glendale Heights, Illinois
Physics, Nuclear Power

Po's career started with a boom plebe summer when he acquired the nickname "Buffalo Breath" because in the heat of battle (Plebe Summer) he often forgot to brush those canine wonders you call teeth. Jabberjaws should have gotten several speeding tickets for talking so fast that you couldn't understand a word he was saying. Physics was Mike's chosen major even though we all thought he should have tripled majored. We often wondered how a guy with so many brains could get into so much trouble in one year. Well we kinda understand how that love at first sight happened, but in Po's case it was love at first, second and third sight because that's how many class A's he got each time he looked. Well that's not such a high price to pay for the misses that he plans on spending his days with, that is, when the bubble-head is not 20,000 miles under the sea.

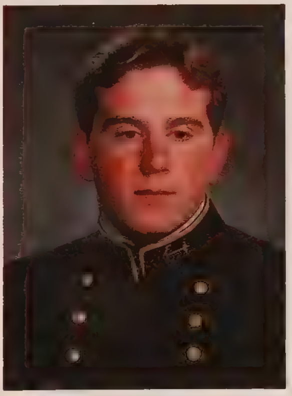
Po's roommates were always lucky because those good ole folks back in Illinois would send his chow packages every week and on special occasions, but not only him, his roommates too. A few of the boxes contained personal little magazines for their viewing pleasure (with all the private parts marked out of course)! Maybe that's why Lance and Po ended up rooming together first class year. (it's kinda like John Holmes and Long Dong Silver) Well Michael, its been a great time, but now we gotta go. I don't have to worry about you though because Anna's gonna take care of you real good and show you who the CAPTAIN of the ship really is. Good luck and many wishes of happy anniversaries.

EVC

John J. Reape, Jr.
Reaper
Phillipsburg, New Jersey
Applied Science, Navy Pilot

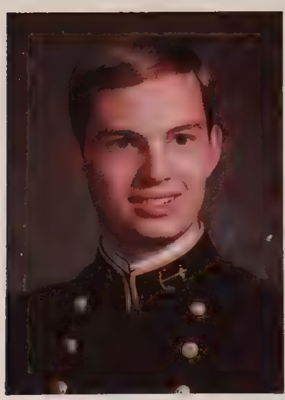
Midgets from New Jersey automatically have two strikes against them. But not Nymphet. Nymphet was not your typical 5'6" New Jerseyite. Being able to bench press his roommates, one in each arm, while listening to Jimmy Buffet set him apart from the rest. Reaper's many talents include powerlifting, driving fast in his Z, keeping a long-distance love affair with Debbie in Dallas (and now Tampa), and the ability to turn redder than human being in the world. Jack had everything; 4-stripes, Navy pilot, amnesia at a chili cook-out in Dallas, and Dahlgren's Reverse Chugging Championship. What more could he ask for? First class summer took Jack to Hawaii for Marine Option Cruise. Jack a Marine? Imagine Nymphet with no hair! Hard to believe. Then came Plebe Detail. The part Jack enjoyed most was the week after Parent's Weekend when Debbie came up. Thanks Major and Mrs. White.! Best of luck, Jack, you deserve it.

Guff and Yabo



Douglas Francis Shupinski
Shimpus
Souderton, Pennsylvania
English, USMC

Doug came to the Academy from Souderton, Pa., and immediately began squandering what little potential he had. Doug set his priorities early, and stuck to his rigid schedule of never wasting more than 10 hours a week on studying. Entrusted with the feeding and caring of Bill, Doug sooned learned his first lesson in leadership, preventing Bill's nude nocturnal wanderings by hiding caches of food in the room for him to find. Doug sky-rocketed to musical stardom with his first (and last) appearance at the Happy Buzzard, but soon he turned to the task of professionalism (you mean the water slugs, sir? I'll bet you did.) Doug is the model of versatility, and he has often said he'd give his right arm to be ambidextrous. (Hhhhh - what?) Doug's jokes are great - the first fifty times you hear them (I must have told you a million times - never exaggerate.) It's a good thing you're going Corps, pal - they don't mind Cleveland Browns shirts, horse blankets, and moon shoes. What, did you get a bowl of soup with that? No, it looks good on you . . . not! Doug has always been a good friend and a person to count on (Mr. Pimp), and he will be sorely missed if he catches a Tow missile in the chest. Keep the cueball down, Shimpus!



John C. Steckel
Steck
Orlando, Florida
History, Navy NFO

Steck's biggest problem in the Navy has been what to call home. First high school in Alexandria, VA, then to Newport with the 2-3 crazies, finally to the beep farm where his hometown evolved to besides Marina's Pizza, to Memphis, and to Orlando, but not without distraction. Plebe year's goals of systems and fencing changed to history and boat driving with the crew jocks. Disillusioned by Youngster year UVatramid, Steck became a confirmed weekend warrior to any college serving beer or with a crew race going on. Second class year found John finding Trinity College, or maybe it finding him. Also during this year, he gained a deep realization that surface officers hit the O-Club rather infrequently. So, this enterprising lad decided to be an NFO and got some dancing shoes in Japan First class cruise to further his favorite weekend pastime, boogieing with Skip Castro. Finally as a Firstie, three years paid off with Steck driving the eight, but forgetting to answer the last ten. Good luck in the fleet, where somebody else can do the driving.

Steven Jeffrey Thatcher
Thatch
Fremont, California
Physical Science, Navy NFO

Of all the people I know, Thatch is definitely one of them. Steve has always been sensitive about his podunk, partly because of its proximity to the K-Y capital of the world. I guess that's why he dances so well. Always in search of the "perfect girl", Steve "cockroached" from Dahlgren to Baltimore to Georgetown to the musky halls of Hood College, leaving a trail of broken hearts and USNA sweatshirts across the countryside. It was on these weekly junkets that Steve became an expert at "slamdancing"; slam a few, dance a few . . . sometimes we slammed a few too many but we always drank American beer (you out there, Neil? Teamsters, unite!) and kept it off the upholstery - hope you never find that seal-a-meal under the seat. In all honesty, I'm really glad I roomed with ole Thatch. He was patient, understanding and best of all had a $1000 stereo. Always remember to drink plenty of fluids and eat lots of carrots. If you get glasses thick enough, you can see the back of your head. Watch your six and don't stutter in the backseat. See you in 'cola.

- Joe B.

John W. Wiggins
Wigs
Central, South Carolina
Political Science, Marine Pilot

Wiggy-Wig . . . whatever, the "manhole cover" from Central, SC via Africa, always thought that his cultural upbringing gave him the right to dance. Wigs came to the Naval Academy to kick soccer balls but ended up kicking footballs. One of the better "unrecognized" athletes in the company, as he spent 1 season with the varsity soccer team and 2 seasons on 150's, where he earned the coveted "N" sweater. All-nighters were common for Wigs, and it all paid off in the end - he stayed high enough in the class to go Marine Air. Some of his more colorful times were airborne school, Va. beach . . . being chased by bikers in P-cola . . . M-cycle rides at 2AM with his roommate on Saturdays, C. C. 1st class summer school . . . and his introduction to wild times (nights) 2nd cl. yr. Some of John's greatest thrills were behind the handle bars of his Yamaha on road trips with Sully or by himself (NY, Indiana, and others) allowing release of tension built up by weeks in the hall. Although one to play it straight, he put some time in the EMBC 2/c yr. Despite the good times with the girls, Wigs never lost the flame for one (dje), HtWo JOhn. Known for being one of the most laid-back men of the Brigade, Wigs found time to become friends with many - whether thru a "gouge search" or just being friendly - forming friendships that will endure a lifetime. Also the only guy to be reborn every Sunday night after a wild wk end filled with donkey suits, green jello baths, and rubber igwanas. Remember Wiggy, keep the Q-tip covered, and when they say get down don't start doing the "Wild Wooly Western Waltz." A good friend to those who got to know him. Good Luck in the green . . . "Land Softly - Baptize Quietly"! I guess some things never change.

David Eric Yablunosky
Yabo
Rockville, Maryland
Mathematics, Navy Air

Yabo came to the Beep Farm from Rockville dreaming of wrestling other college students. He did, but most of it was off the mat, earning him 31's only pink N, not to mention two stars. His other feats included BOQ wall boxing with Guff in New London, the Beltway 500 with a twin green 280Z, SAGA's, rack wrestling with Nymphet, NC State adventures ("Honest, Mr. Policeman, we'll go somewhere else as soon as the windows get un-fogged.") and one of the NAFAC (Not Accountable For Any Classes) chairmen. His biggest assets were the 42 minute drive home (where he would stress the importance of going away to college to get away from home to his sister every weekend) and the best chili, steamed crabs, beer, and family any firstie ever had. 3½ years of service selection disappointment changed with a Vermont Christmas ski trip that profoundly influenced his choice. Best of luck kid - never take a back seat to anyone.

Jack & Guff

Max A. Becker
Minnesota Madman
Ponsford, Minnesota
Applied Science, Marine Corps Air

Mild mannered, soft spoken, naive to the ways of life, Max aimlessly wandered from Ponsford Minn. to Annapolis. Lost and confused like so many others, Max entered the Haunted House of USNA. Welcome to the place where all the creatures meet!

Max observed the ways of life at USNA and soon took part. Though very low key, Max prepared himself for 1/C year. By 1/C year, Max had risen to higher eschelons of the N. A. society. Max was elected for Brigade Honor Secretary. He was now a 3-striper. He began living up to the standards of higher society. He replaced his '67 Ford Falcon, which no one knows how he kept it running, with a new car. With his new job came a telephone in his room and this was the beginning of the real Max Becker.

The Minnesota Madman finally came about. He was worse than Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. The soft-spoken young man was now screaming his famous lines, "Well if it's not official business, then you can't use the phone." Or, "Put it back the way you found it." His most famous was, "Awww Scoob!"

Anyone has to admit that Max was the most highly respected 1/C in 32. On the other hand, the Minnesota Madman was drastically fearing! The Madman will be remembered for professionalism, gentleman-like qualities, and his reversible personality. He will definitely be remembered for his shaven head after Service Selection; bringing about his new name: Grasshopper.

Good luck. May God always be on your side because he is the only one "tougher" than a US Marine, Semper Fi. Peace ...

DCW

Brunhilde K. Bradley
Bruni
Nagold, Germany
Economics, General Warfare

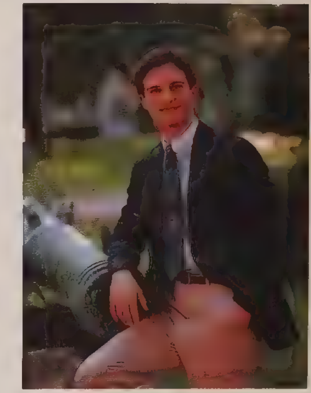
Bruni told us that she was from Nagold, Germany, but we've decided that she's from farther away than that. She has lived in many parts of the world, attending high school on a sailing ship. Before finding the Academy, Bruni tried a civilian college and NAPS, finally settling down in Crabtown. Over the last four years, she has developed not only mentally, physically, and morally, but socially. Through peristance and motivation Bruni has found many of the special characteristics of the Academy, including trips to Germany (German Naval Academy) and, following graduation, a trip to China. She will also graduate from the Academy with an Economics degree while actually majoring in international relations, specializing in China.

Overall, it has been Bruni's resourcefulness which has brought her from Venus to Earth and which will lead her to conquering all those barriers which tend to stop the rest of us humanoids. Her concern for the welfare of all her friends shall continue to bring her more relationships like those she has cultivated (it isn't all of us who can find a grand-dad by going to the Mall.) here. Good Luck in all you do and keep away from that chocolate frosting, babe. P.S. Who is John Galt?

Lundy John Campbell
Lunar Landing Module
Beaverton, Oregon
Ocean Engineering, USMC

After partying and living out his civilian college fantasies for one year, Lundy left "animal house", U of Oregon, Portland, his farm, Paullette, and most of all ORYGUN to start a military career at Canoe U. It was quite a unique experience for the Grizzly Adams type from the Northwest. The liberal land of fruits, flakes, and nuts (and Lundy!) brownies! love em. Beer gardens. The civilian-military transition was surprisingly easy for Lundy and he was able to spend more time on his acting career. Lundy became an instant star in the Three Musketeers. (Sledge & Cornelius F. can vouch for that.) With a style very close to that of Sean Connery, Lundy snagged a fellow actress in the Masqueraders. Now it was LOOONDARR AND LINDARR! But they really weren't making little loonies as his roommates Drew and Stinky would always say. Lunatic's second love was the rack, but Sledge and Vinnie never let him remain horizontal for long with the PAD MONSTER. OBSTCR. TSP ASAP. MHP, stand at ease, attention to announcements. The king of buzz words left us with memories of Cardin, Polo, and the station wagon bomb Jaguar. From your big brother and your little baby brother D&C, Pull for the Goat!

AJD, CTM



William Kevin Campbell
Bill
Spokane, Washington
Applied Science, Marine Corps

Going through Marine Corps boot came while still in high school and then going through navy boot camp and nuclear power school there were no more challenges left for Bill except to give USNA a try. It was no wonder that Bill did well during plebe summer. He was the resident expert in the field of making racks and drill. In fact if you ask him he was the expert in every field. Bill started boxing youngster year and kept it up the rest of the time. However, this was not his favorite pastime, and it was hard to believe he could find time for it between sleeping, which earned him a seat with the early morning breakfast club, and playing with his IBM, that hideous machine that enjoyed keeping his roommate up at night. During second class year Bill was voted most likely to be married before graduation to his OAO, Abby, who lived with the Huskies. But even a girl couldn't keep Bill from the thing which made his heart beat and sweat beads on his forehead - DRILL. After receiving special recognition for this during plebe summer, first class year he went on to become the 32nd company drill officer where his efforts landed the company a thirty-third place in the brigade for the fall. (Look out for those cars the next time you go to the grinder!) Not wanting to feel the withdrawal symptoms from no drill Bill secured himself a place in the Marine Corps after graduation where he can drill until his voice gets hoarse. Remember not to take your men through the steam tunnels and good luck, Froggy!

RAR

Wiliam T. Cebak
Billy C.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Management, Supply Corps

What's up! We found B. C. abandoned on our doorstep — just a small, skinny kid from the steel town. After a rocky adjustment to military life, his "confidence" started to build. He developed amazing quickness and good hands (on and off the field) that allowed him to walk on and lead Navy's wide receiver corps.

Style and smoothness became his trademark. He wasn't afraid to speak his mind and sometimes did at the wrong times. B. C.'s attraction to the opposite sex led to an active social life (even on the weeknights). This is not to say that he wasn't a scholar, just that there were higher priorities out there. We'll remember C for catching passes on Saturday afternoons and throwing them on Saturday night. We'll also remember his never say never attitude and cool head. And who could make a better supply officer than one who has a personal acquaintance with that financial giant, Mr. Visa. Them 'Dawg coeds better beware!

SRP

Jacqueline Renee Davis
Jackie
Chicago, Illinois
Oceanography, General Warfare

Jacqueline came to the Naval Academy from Chicago by way of NAPS. She insisted it was the disciplined environment that attracted her here - but what can you expect from a person who likes to study?! Jackie pursued her studies here as a chemistry major, but decided that the books were too heavy to carry and changed to oceanography after only two weeks.

Jackie is best remembered by her plebe summer roommates for their "Message to Garcia." Her youngster roomies will never forget watching the clock at 12:28 (that's 0028 for you military types), waiting for Jackie to return from Saturday night libs. It was easy to tell when she was rushing back from a 7th Batt party, because she still had her civies on underneath her SDBs. The women's barber shop will always remember Jackie for her weekly Friday "appointments" - she couldn't go on weekend liberty unless her hair looked right.

Jackie's personality can best be described as quiet . . . and mysterious. You could never tell what she was thinking until she made a face, which was her key method of communication. She is well liked by her company mates; in particular a certain company commander from the class of '83. How many special request chits did you put in that semester, Jackie?!

In all seriousness, Jackie is a warm and friendly individual. She is a hard worker, and never seems to run out of energy and enthusiasm. She will make a fine Naval Officer and an even better person. How do I know? I roomed with her since we both entered this "fine institution". If you can't trust a roommate, who can you trust? To Jackie I'd like to say thanks for your friendship, and thanks for putting up with me. We made it, kid!! Fair winds and following seas.

DKP

Breck Allen DeGroff
Bad
Bremerton, Washington
Aerospace Engineer, Navy Air

Bitchin' Breck followed his father's footsteps to his mother's hometown. He aspired to the gentleman's game but dropped it 2/c year so he could quarterback the Heavies and became a regular on the courts at Halsey. A prolific drummer, he used his cork handle sticks on everything from desks to walls to aero books, but never on mom's picture. Although not exactly hi fi, the sound experience got quite a workout with Hendrix, Spyro Gyra, Kansas, Murphy's Law, Tchaikovsky, and even Walt Disney. Breck always wanted to fly but for some unbeknownst reason he wanted S-3's . . . the worst of both worlds. Maybe he was thumped in the head too many times. His aero major caused him many late nights, but he managed to make some good friends - Bunguard, Allen, etc. Breck's tongue is a lethal weapon and it is best not to stand in its way. His main claim to fame is a brother and dad that have done everything. Unfortunately his Andi romance fell through but that's ok, he'll propagate later. He did his best to be Kent Richeson of 84 in the wardroom, but his Huskies always folded. I won't say Breck overdresses but he has a 300 dollar study hour wardrobe and he wears a coat and tie to Chick & Ruth's. Breck should have no problem in Navy Air if the carriers are shaped like wall corners. Best of luck and watch out for the Communist Plot.

PVM, CTM

Andrew James John Duff Jr.
Drew
Smithtown, New York
Political Science, Navy Air

Drew is a native of God's country, L. I., N. Y. You knew you were in Duby's room if you saw Cornelius F. Yarrdar or a map of the island. Of cawse life originated heah but Drew was destined to travel the world. With Mooey and Slingshot at his side, without Baby Suey and Sledge, he hit every major disco from Munich to Madrid and Athens to the Azores. Yarr arr a noot, Carrmoon, whats ee sayin? The toughest part of being Drew's friend was that sooner or later you were saddled w/a nickname. His good friends were Suey, Mooey, Sling, Sledgehammer, Lunatic, and Yarrmoose. Drew's best talent was as a ladies' man. He could pick up a girl in his sleep. And he never forgot his friends; Clit's Nancy, Suey's RN & Viking, Sledge's Chris, Slings Bolivian Chica. Drew would usually say catch before it got serious. "Forget it scoundrels, you've lost." I think he knew everyone in the brigade. It took him 2 hours to go to the Steerage since all his friends stopped him along the way. He always kept his little baby brothers in mind (Lundy, Suey, Sledge, Sling) Duby finished off in style by lettering in soccer and being chosen sub-cdr. Keeping the faith through more than his share of tough times, a great family and loyal friends were a winning combo for slammer! Keep your earlobes to the grindstone. Wammer! Best of luck. LATCH! Luchow.

CTM, MLM

Henry King Gibson II
Fred
Annapolis, Maryland
Political Science, Navy Air

Man Gibson, this is the subject. He exists now, these are the times for Man Gibson and the present days being the year 1984 it truly must be an Orwellian experience for this individual with the voracious appetite for knowledge and pleasures of the flesh. Who is he? He condemns intellectuals for the way they exist and yet is he not himself approaching this status? The only question left for him to ask himself is what plane of life his spherical and spiritual being will become tangential with upon resting? It's like some people got no choice and they can never find a voice to talk with that they could even call their own. And so the first thing that they see that allows them the right to be. Why, they follow it. You know it's called bad luck. Thank You Lou Reed.

"Do you know," it said at length, "that you may be disillusioned in that which you believe at present, that you may discover that you were mistaken and that you ruined your young life in vain?"

"I know this, too."

"Enter!"

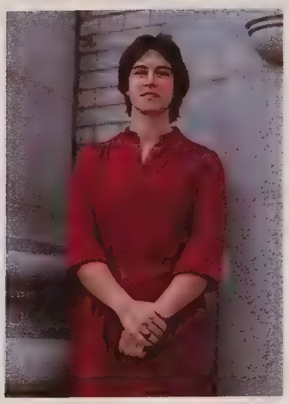
The boy crossed the threshold, and the heavy curtain fell behind him.

"Fool!" said someone, gnashing his teeth.

"Saint!" someone uttered in reply.

Thank You Ivan Turgenev.
Hey Fred! Don't that make you feel whole lot better!

Cash McCall



Anne Marie Gillies

Anne
Nantucket, Massachusetts
Physics, General Warfare

What kind of person would you expect to come from a rock in the middle of the Atlantic? Wrong. Anne Marie, from Nantucket, is not your average aborigine. She is a woman of drive, determination, and motivation who really believes in the ideal of U.S.N.A. Disillusionment bred intensity in this smalltown girl, an intensity which sustained her throughout her stint as Deputy Brigade Commander. Of course, underneath all that hardcore gunginess is a sweetheart. Anne Marie has a heart bigger than the whole island of Nantucket with which she treats the wounds of her friends and 7 little brothers and sisters.

In other words, Anne's a sweat, geek, striper who also happens to be a beautiful person. Thanks, babe and Good Luck (as if you really need it.)

Paul D. Hullinger

Hedgehog
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin
Political Science, Nuclear Power - Submarines

Hedge is one of those interesting type of people you might meet once or twice in a lifetime (and hopefully not that many). He came to USNA from something called a Wauwatosa thinking only "pure thoughts". Over the course of the years though, you'll see that he developed into a decrepit state of immorality (The whole company's immoral!). Serex, alracohoral, and rorock - they all go together.

He began innocently enough by winning the company's Dash to the Altar Award youngster summer when Hedge decided to marry a hometown product within two weeks of meeting her. He swore she looked like Brooke Shields (We all felt sorry for Brooke.). No one was surprised when she wrote him a "Dear Hedgehog" letter that year after she discovered a local fireman who lit her fire. Hedge was a social impresario with an uncanny inability to impress women. Not to be daunted, he bought a hot-black RX-7 complete with an ACME Belchfire Blaster stereo sound system. The Hogmobile currently lacks only a monkey on the rear view mirror and fur-covered seats (revisions in the future I'm sure). Pauley bought a leather jacket and started having his spiny namesake permed. Yep, permed. He was a new and better hog. His track record with women skyrocketed. During a Glee Club tour of the South, Koalie rammed it into fourth gear in a Salem College campus park. That was Hedgehog's first brush with the law. Naturally, we were easy on him. We fed him coffee and doughnuts and told him to go back to religious music. But for all you Catholic girls out in L.A., he's got a present for you, and it looks just like a telefunken U-47, with leather. Yahn, yahn, yahn . . .

I'll always remember one thing about Paul, only Pauley Koalie Hedgehog knows what happened to Ed Ward. Slatch . . .

WDW

Mark Robertson Kalisch

Polar Bear
Annandale, Virginia
General Engineering, Surface Line

I never could convince Pola that Steve Roper and Mike Nomad were homosexuals. He said that it was beyond his comprehension. For these reasons and others I've never let him know my thoughts on Spiderman. Carrots are orange and Mark's shoes are green he belongs on the silver screen. Is not Carrotman truly Orwellian. You know he was the first man here to go on a Sonar Safari with the Insect Surfers? Fortunately this led to a pilgrimage to Ocean City last October where Man Kalisch was confronted with thoughts of being a bad surfer, the meaning of life, and two luscious orbs. This pair danced like sugar plums not only in his mind but on the beach as well. Nice boat! Hobie Cars are fast, right? Thank you Pola from the "far side" of D. C. where SAR missions take place to this day. Nice Blazer! Thank you also for getting the best rooms in Ft. Lauderdale. "Did Mark get stoned?" No, I don't think so. No girls, no noise just living on Spongecake.

Cash McCall

Rosemarie Theresa Kent

Rose
Kings Park, New York
Political Science, General Warfare

"Good things come in small packages"

Using this cliche to describe Rose is not intended to imply that she was just another mid who midded through everyday life at USNA in typical mid fashion. On the contrary, Rose always had a new approach to make Mundania anything but dull. She must have spent all of her free time thinking of ways to make simple things seem extremely complex and often turned routine tasks into unbelievable ordeals.

Aside from this, Rose spent alot of time swinging on the tennis court. This dedicated obsession with whacking a puke green ball earned her the captainship of the tennis team. Rose also spent alot of her time involved in Political-pseudo debates which were clearly above and beyond her reasoning abilities and limited knowledge (deep down you know I'm right!). You should have been an English Major.

The other nth part of her time Rose spent enriching those around her. Always a nice word to say to anyone, she was truly a bright spot during haze gray Navy days. She could be counted on to listen to any problem and give timely advice (i.e., guy probs, gal probs, any problems BUT E. E. and WEAPONS).

The unending optimism of RTK will echo throughout 8-0 and the rest of Mother-Bravo.

Good luck, stand tall, and stay out of the quicksand.

Cheryl L. Kerr

Cheri
Westerville, Ohio
Oceanography, Supply Corps

Who'd have thought that a seemingly quiet girl from landlocked Westerville, Ohio would ever end up as the captain and premier party animal of the real Navy sailing team? Cheri managed to maintain a serious image around Bancroft with her high grades and low (how about non-existent?) profile, but an entirely different girl appeared on sailing road trips every weekend. Few people can keep up with Cheri when she decides it's time to party.

Cheri also spent a lot of time wreaking havoc on the hearts of almost all the boys she met. All she had to do was bat her big blue eyes and the boys would come running. Cheri has broken more hearts than anyone who has come before her — some of those boys may never recover.

Cheri don't ever forget all of the good times: the small grey animal hanging around the room and the wonderful person who put him there, JD and Coke, the gourmet dishes, singing in the shower, parties with lots of atmosphere, and your favorite hot pastrami sandwiches. Good luck in the real Corps! Aloha!

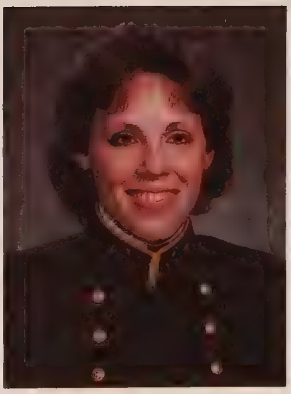
Kelly King

Hampton, Virginia
Political Science, 1100

Kelly came to Annapolis and found a way to acclimate herself to the military way of life . . . somehow. Donning the uniform and abiding by the short hair regulations, she even went overboard to comply — bald spots were not required. Taking advantage of the rigorous Academy curriculum, she acquired vast amounts of useful education, and several beneficial skills. Her specialties were proficieny at interior decorating, to include having the nicest smelling room in the Brigade, gourmet cooking, professional typing, processing paperwork (we all KNOW how she got her stripes!), making paper chains, and first and foremost, the ability to defend her country . . . from cockroaches and mice (dead or alive). And we certainly cannot overlook her expertise with a pistol, which she was more than willing to share with the 4/C. She occupied her time (Certainly not studying — it's bad for the image) with her boys — is this the reason she was an avid basketball fan? — lump days, late night parties, track, and stretching. She made many meaningful and lasting relationships with the bouncers of Annapolis, Captain Morgan, and her best friends and associates, the janitors.

Aloha. Il est ete bon.

CLK



Peter Vincent McCawley

Vinnie
Wellesley, Maryland
General Engineering, Navy Air

Peter Vincent McCawley, a cross between the Tasmanian Devil and the Gerber baby, crashed through the gates of the Academy after overstaying his welcome in Wellesley. Vinnie's roommate attrition trend (RAT) is the highest ever recorded at the Naval Academy and started with an exercise in compatability with Hedge. Pete continued to build his reputation by slamming the Co. Cdr. with a pie plebe year. By this time the RAT equaled 4. By youngster year Pete had acquired legendary status and also a number of nicknames. Among these were Vinnie, Cowman, Handsome Uncle Peter Sir, and Vachel. This was also when he discovered his first and greatest love . . . mirrors. When Pete returned for 2/c year he had become a ladies' man by virtue of experience gained over the summer. This new-found skill led to the development of "peter's Love Map" which includes such heavy hitters as the Irish Pig Face, the Fat Spoiled 12 Year Old, Friendly Rhonda, and of course Linda! (RAT-7). 2/c year saw Pete playing rugby, breaking clocks, failing classes, and copiously laughing at parades. If only he was a better student. (condition cont. to fact, use of subjunctive) What a 21st birthday. (RAT-8) Pete learned alot on plebe detail about window surveillance, Honeybuns, and green m&ms. B. S. yellow MGB. The things Peter is proudest of are surviving an ac board (5-4), being an LTM (BFD), the crows on his collar, and the N on his sweater. Sheena and Barium forever. Vinnie Vidi Vici!

CTM, DPT, WGAS

Stephen A. McGann

Sam
Greenlawn, New York
Physical Science, Surface

Arriving at the shores of Annapolis after two years of some hearty partying at Cortland State, I was shocked to find out that Annapolis didn't go for happy hours or TGIF's parties. Getting over the initial shock, all that was left to do was to play Lax, which all true "Long Islanders" play, and to terrorize Annapolis. However, the most important thing I have done at the Academy, or affectionately called by myself "the Hell Hole" was to get to know the greatest bunch of guys who really know the real Academy and have been able to overcome all. To Finns, Demps, Frick, Dave, John, Hank, Johnny, Bart, Billy B., Dooster, Julie,J. B., T. D., Scott A., and my brother Ken I thank you all for pulling me through, without you it would never have happened. With my greatest appreciation for J. C. who will not be with us on graduation day but who will always be remembered in the Class of '84 and most importantly as a great friend. I also thank my parents who gave me the opportunity, direction, and constant encouragement to go on when times I felt I could not. Most importantly, I thank my wife-to-be, Michelle, without whom I could never have gone on. Thanks Michelle for always being there, my sunshine, for all those letters, phone calls and weekends. You are the best thing that ever happened to me, my love. The most important thing I take from the Halls of Bancroft is the sense of accomplishment which I owe to my friends and loved ones and to them I say once again, Thank You.

Stephen

DUFF N
SLEDGE
HAMMME
JMU

Christopher Thomas McKenna
Sledge
Bronx, New York
Physical Science, Navy Air

Chris came to us from that urban mecca, the BRONX (you want to tawk abawt it!). And promptly became the company bard setting up tennis court concerts and 8044 sing-alongs which even the Major attended. During plebe year, Chris acquired a strong affection for the bowling ball flag and pizza. His most traumatic experience that year was when Lennon got wasted - knowledge he gained from the radio box. Sledge found no love for the surface Navy aboard the Dirty "D", however, he did find European wrist rash, which gave him another excuse to scratch. Youngster year found Chris doing some after hour touring but it wasn't till Second class year that he got BAM's goat. Though not on 83's Christmas card list he did receive an extra roommate from their fold. Meyers grounded LAMPS junior year, but he recovered and led 32 to the Brigade's Soccer Championship. Capt. Ahab holds the distinct honor at being the only recipient of the Mason award. But the hedonist fought hard to redeem himself: triangle girl, htebazil E and HEL-LO Betty. The Navy blessed Dean with 8 glorious weeks of fun on the NEW JERSEY. After spending the rest of the summer on Plebe Detail and Soccer, ED finally earned his letter and a sweater with a star. The only time Chris worried about Academics was service selection night and with MO's "blessing" chose NAVY AIR. Don't "blow it off" when you get to P-cola or it will be LAMPS McKenna.

WGAS, DPT, PVM.

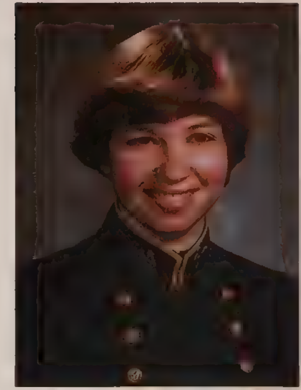
Deborah K. Petersen
Debbie
Bedford, New Hampshire
Aerospace Engineering, NFO

Deb hails from Bedford, N. H., which is to say that she started at the Academy as a sweet, naive, farmer's daughter. (What happened Debbie?) Probably the first contribution to her downfall was her joining the D&B (we all know about the Beaters and Blowers). It's very difficult to stay sweet and naive on 15 hour bus trips and motels with beds that have "Magic Fingers". She also dedicated herself to keeping her favorite sop in perfect playing condition.

Secondly, Debbie surprised us by choosing Aero as her major. Who could believe that those chubby cheeks belonged to an academic stud?

She must have known what she was doing, because 1/c year finds Debbie as the D&B Sub-Commander and one of the few and the proud (surviving Aero majors, that is.) That just goes to show that for all her sweetness and naivete, there is a motivated, intelligent, fun-loving lady who makes success look easy. Good Luck and K.I.T.
P.S. By the way, Debbie, "what's a Vargo?"

CRS



Scott R. Porter
Saul
Belton, Missouri
Ops. Analysis, NFO

This young lad has made tremendous gains in his physique under the direction of one of Navy's more renown body builders. He'll sign-up for anything. There isn't a mailing list in the country that doesn't have the word "SUCKER" in big red letters next to his name. His nickname has nothing to do with the tightness of his wallet. (Ha, Ha, Ha) He'd call AT&T and tell them he lost a dime in the phone just so he gets the refund check for ten cents. The one thing he wants to do most in this world will finally happen on his wedding night. How could anybody wait so long? If he doesn't get P-3's we hope he gets a good stick man. Keep that middle-American look, you'll need it someday.

WTC

Robbin Alan Russell
Peckerwood
Huntingdon, Tennessee
Naval Architecture, Nuclear Surface Line

Robbin arrived plebe summer and true to his state motto promptly "Volunteered" for Regimental come-arounds by undergoing knee surgery. Those sessions may have done some good, though, because by first class year he was on the other side of those shouting matches as the Regimental Ops officer, and his efforts in that position secured for him the job of Executive Assistant, 4/C Regiment '84. His principal activity plebe year while recovering from the operation was varsity brush-off, but youngster year found him turning down the sweat pumps just a tad and engaging in such trivial pursuits as high-powered rifle and writing home. Third class year also marked the beginning of his marathon two-year stint as a lionocerous babysitter.

Striper boards were good to Robbin second class year, earning him the positions of 2/C Brigade supply and the aforementioned Regimental Ops, but a "slipup" in the final board landed him back in the company (as the commander) for first class year. ("It's just not that important, sir.")

After going on a submarine cruise youngster summer, flying in Pensacola segundo summer, and participating in the Marine Option cruise first class summer, Robbin made the only logical choice for his service selection: Nuke Surface. It was the only thing he wasn't sure he hated.

After graduation Robbin will marry OAO Donna, and all bets are off on how many kids they'll have before he graduates from prototype. Just what DO you all talk about at those BSU meetings, Reuben?

Best of luck to a fine roommate with a promising career ahead. Good luck on that first command, too, buddy. (USS BOUNTY?)

B. C.

This Bud's For YOU
87

Mark D. Storto
Stud Storto
Melrose Park, Illinois
Applied Science, Navy Air

"If that wide receiver touches the ball, his " " is grass!" That was Stud Storto's motto and his actions were louder than his words. Stud Storto kept the local traction ward busy as he sent victim after victim there for major repairs.

Leaving Chicago, IL and a successful high school football career, SS reported to USNA training for 150lb. Football to continue his tradition. A tradition of "cracking helmets (heads)!" Fire in his eyes, gritting his teeth, and lightening speed, SS was the most terrorizing cornerback to ever play the grid. After 3 manslaughtering seasons SS returned for his fourth and final season of football. "oh no!" Fans, SS is out with a knee injury! SS never returned to the grid, but his studliness lives on.

He was always an academic stud and for that came "stripes." "Stripes" as he was called in his earlier days at USNA rose to make Batt Staff 1/C year. SS proved his studliness once again in Halsey's weight room when more weights had to be ordered to keep him from bench pressing 18 wheelers. He was a genuine Stud.

What was he doing during the weekends since he was no longer terrorizing receivers? SS really began to "show Off" his studliness. A blonde in one hand and a beer in the other was how his life was spent. The "Caucasian Persuasion" and "Lil Ivory Man" were just a few of SS's alias names. I guess "Mr. Right's" course, "101 Ways to Treat a Lady" finally paid off. Lynn, none of this is true. Well maybe half.

Now it's time for Stud Storto to excel elsewhere. He will be remembered for his overall studliness, his mellow laid back attitude like that of the "Lil Ebony Man". Good luck SS and may God always be in your cockpit as you terrorize the skies! Peace . . .
DCW

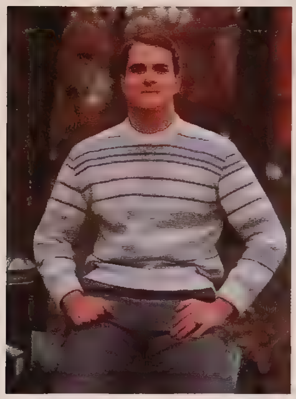
Albert Leonard St. Pierre
Rod Serling
Miami, Florida
Economics, Navy Supply Corps

"Try the shoe on before you buy it!", this is Al's favorite quote, remember that ladies. I only have three questions to ask in this problem: A) Why did Al leave U of F to come to the Academy?, B) How many girls has Al corrupted?, C) Will Al ever declare all the bucks he is going to make running his brothel? The calendar changed when Al arrived here. Now there is BA and AA standing for Before Al and After Al made his presence known in Annapolis. Simply, Annapolis will never be the same. Al has made most of the women he has met happy, at least for the first night! But I don't think he is trying to run up a score, just refer back to his favorite quote. If there were no women in this world, Al would be a drunk, that is why I have talked about girls so much. Let's see there was, ah . . ., I better not name names, some General may recognize one of them. But Al will be known for his friends he has made: JD, Donny, Burt (he will be 84 this year!), Burk, Rusty, Pete, Paul, Me (P. B.), Will, and of course, the Maj and Brock. Al's triumphs: light-weight coach, our own phone, Army '84 (yes, someone was responsible for bringing all those girls to the Hilton), BAC, one ear waver for himself one arm waiver for me, and discovering the beer with the bear on it.

May Godspeed be with you as you colonize the planets.
P. B. '843463

William G. A. Sympson
Bill
Chevy Chase, Maryland
Systems Engineering, Surface Warfare

When one thinks of Bill Sympson (WGAS-FM) it brings to mind images of short, nasty, hairy things. It's hard to say exactly where Bill came from since his family never lived in any one place for very long. In fact, during plebe summer his parents moved to the Orient and left no forwarding address. For this reason, he took numerous trips to Japan and always returned with an annoying Jap toy. Buzz Sympsaw managed to remain anonymous for most of plebe year and was known to one upperclass only as "that dirtball plebe". Bill came back for youngster year a changed man for he had been bitten by "the love bug". The rest of youngster year was characterized by sailing weekends and excursions to Ohio to see the famous Susan. During Second Class year Bill acquired the ultimate driving machine - a bobcat station wagon. When it worked, it carried Bill on his weekly pilgrimage to College Park and the girl of his dreams. The Cdr. went to sea again that summer this time with the Japanese Navy. Everyone thought he would defect. During 1/c year, Bill took a shot at nuke but fortunately, was shown the door. Now he won't have to worry about his hair falling out any faster than it already is. Bill finally decided on surface because they'll let him be as grungy as he wants. When all is said and done, Silly Bimpson still can't spell but he made it through with a major in Systems and a minor in Susan. With a combination like that, how can he lose? Sayonara Shortie!
CTM, PVM, DPT



Douglas P. Thomas
Doug
Potomac, Maryland
Applied Science, Marine Corps

The academy wasn't exactly cultureshock for Dougie as it seemed a natural extension of his childhood. The man without a last name had served restriction long before he ever reached Annapolis. A studly plebe summer left Dougie a friendless company commander. That's ok though, there was always Troha. Dougie lightened up youngster year and became the immature child we all know. "Medic, I'm hit, hey Dougie your socks don't match, meet me at the midshtore, bald spores, Dougies drooling again, I'm a weenie waver Casey". During 2/c year Doug developed a deep bond of friendship with the class of 83. Always spirited, the plebe card section at Army that year proved no match for Doug. "Get up and cheer ya scum." Remember, Marine officers take change. Little Lord Extension Chord was rarely seen on weekends since he spent them all at T's apartment. First class year started with a bang - and a smashed squash racket. "Where's the show" was not heard during Doug's electric football skit. Pasadena brought out the best in Doug. Although he wasn't always seen (thanks Lundy) that didn't stop him from clowning around. Playing charades on Vinnie's shoulders, screaming at Woops in Disneyland, and Douging the driver were a few of his exploits. Shhh. What an impression you made. Service selection night was a close shave for Doug (twice). Maximize your options! Aaii. Keep your head low Doug, Its a shiny target. We'll miss you Slug.

CTM, PVM, WGAS

William Doster Watson
Men
Charlotte, North Carolina
Naval Architecture, NFO

North Carolina's favorite son came to us with the wild notion of getting an education. Plebe year he mumbled something about being a Naval Architect, and now he has become a favorite of "The Master." "Chayz, Will, Chayz," you're going to be a Nark, but look at what else you've done ... Wilbur gained prominence in 32 by being a company soccer stud. Yes, the Brigade Champs had a lot of stars, but the Washin' Machine cleaned up on the field as MVP during the championship game. That is perhaps Will's biggest claim to fame because he's a pretty low key guy.

No one was ever a better room monitor than Men. If he wasn't studying, he was sleeping. (And Oh! the miracles he could perform in that semi-comatose state! His endless variations on the basic flatulation theme were the 8th natural wonders of the world. A joy to hear, if not to smell.) If he wasn't sleeping in his rack, he was reading in it. Not ordinary stuff — no way. Men was the in-house philosopher. Always up on the latest in Motorcycle Zen and transcendentalism, Will quickly became a self-proclaimed student of the Karma Masters. One gets the impression that when Will is through being a back-seat air dale, he'll have a naval architect practice where everyone sits on a rug with a towel wrapped around their head and dreams of the metaphysical metacenteric height.

Will isn't into material possessions, either. Take his 1974 Orange and Rust Dodge Colt. He doesn't even hang a monkey on the rear view mirror to catch girls! (I think he tried that once — and snared a female shotputter. Oh my! That was a big women!.)

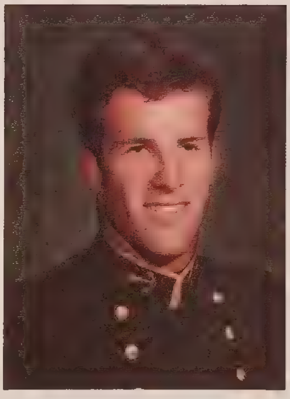
Well, Will, that just about does it. The plebes wanted to say one last thing: "Your momma eats green beans." Oh, right. Thanks a lot, U-bitch. Latch ...

PDH

John Chester Woods
847339
Gladwin, Michigan
History, Navy Air

There are many people who fall into this world destined to run large conglomerates, govern nations, or bag edibles in Gladsville. J. C. will not lower himself to any of these materialistic bourgeoisie pleasures. The truth is that all men having power ought to be distrusted. Idealist, masochist, man, boy, male whore, love criminal and borderline communist, all of these encased in nothing but a speck of dust in the universe. Mono-kid, a frustrated Mitch Snyder, despised glitter but cherished the moments that he slithered with the slime of high society. New Gold Dreams '81, '82, '83, '84, search for the goddess, and dreams of David (the star that is) will haunt John, as will the ghost of the Tiltin' Hilton. What is it you hope to achieve in your life? Accumulation of wealth? Let's hope not. Experiences. Goodbye 930 F Street, Cags, Poseurs, and wherever else there was music that mattered. Aloyisus was cable before cable was col. Hello sailor want to go to a party?! We're having much more fun! Sorry, we have an overnighter. Hump on that stick! Don't let me fool you, the sin bin and flair jibing for Woods. I can't stand people who bitch and whine. Let's drink a beer from a paper bag while we got time. Bang, Bang make the music go bang!

John Doe



Thirty Three

Al Anthony Ozoa Alabata
Alzoan The Chink
Milton, Florida
General Engineering, Navy Pilot

Anthony came to USNA from a real Navy family, ready to take the Naval Academy by storm and prove that Filipinos truly were the master race. Plebe summer was no problem for our hero and Ac year looked like a breeze until . . . Mervine. This certain first class coined the term "Alabata-land" and ensured that Anthony had an eventful 1st semester. After an uneventful youngster year, second class year rolled around. It was Anthony's time to shine. He performed as expected and kept up tradition as the Class of '86 will attest. An unforeseen obstacle almost upset this happy story, when second class academics reared its ugly head. With a slight switch of major "Sooner or later . . .", however, our man was back on track. Anthony's biggest scare, surprisingly, was not from academics. It happened as the flamingest member of the class of '84 tried to uphold tradition during plebe summer, in some people's opinion a little too much. He made it through that ordeal as usual and was ready for his last year. Anthony fooled a lot of people by going Navy Air, including his roommate. Most of us had him pegged as "Big Green" according to what decorated his room. Anthony was a three year letterman in rifle and will be remembered as a guy who would bend over backwards for his friends as well as the most rumbled member of the class, a real easy mark. Contrary to his statements, his roommate claims no blame for any corruption of his character. Inside that calm exterior, we know there is a sloppy, dirty-mouthed party animal. Good luck and keep 'em flying.

Nicholas V. Buck
Bick Nuck
McLean, Virginia
Electrical Engineering, Navy Air

Bick Nuck, fresh out of high school bootcamp (remember "Taps"), approached his plebe year with all the tenacity of a rogue elephant. Known through the summer as Mr. "3rd squad's got their Form-96's", Nick's ac year experience left him with a great company rank but the realization that sometimes you just have to say, "What the . . . heck!" In fact, when ac-stud Nick went on his sub cruise youngster summer, he realized: "Tomcat; there is no substitute."

But "Dear John" came early. Fortunately, Nick's reactionary violence was limited merely to destruction of govt. property and not to his roommates head. With that out of the way Brother Bick turned to free-lance womanizing and proceeded to establish a fine stable of fillies, including some of Navy's finest. Midn Jekyll gave way to Nick Hyde, party animal. His affinity for "boat drinks" increased exponentially; skipper Nick was soon found cruising the Atlantic, catching rays, and consuming mass quantities; not necessarily in that order. Both his Bermudian and Bahamian exploits led to his appointment as chairman of the "I did ***WHAT?"*** *club. Service selection night was no exception . . .*

It took three summers of sailing literally thousands of miles for Nick to meet his strawberry blond "railroad worker" in the obscure North Carolina resort of Beaufort. This one's taxied for takeoff, all systems go. Till takeoff, though, Nick will be occupied roaming the sunny beaches of Pensacola in search of the perfect tan, the perfect bod, but above all, the perfect daiquiri.

SGY '84

Christopher R. Cooper
Chris, Hercules
Gastonia, North Carolina
Mechanical Engineer, Nuke Power

Chris Cooper. It is possible that our sophisticated Brigade Honor Coordinator is the same guy who we first remember seeing when he was literally tied to his plebe summer roommates?

Chris "strolled" through plebe year, spending his paycheck at Charlie's, making trips to the water tower, and doing his best to avoid the twin terrors of '81. His ability to scamper up a tree (and stay there), acquired during a Carolina boyhood, will not soon be forgotten.

Youngster year brought a new role for Chris, that of the 33rd Co Goat, a memorable trip to Scandals, and the spectacle that was Indian Head. That year also saw the birth of C. R. the Mech E. Problems with Statics? Go see Chris.

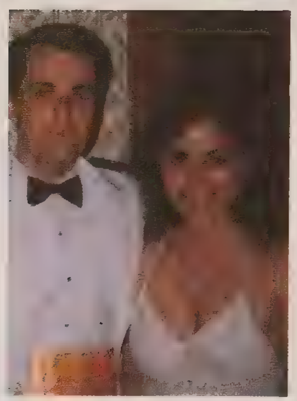
Things to remember? The Golden Goose, "Don't step in S@$%!", Chris' idea for a Villanova sheet poster, a memorable jaunt through the Rotunda — "Beat Army!"

The Hotel Greyhound — ten cent hotel rooms and a proposition Chris won't ever forget.

Second class year brought a room ***directly*** *across from the head, JJ, and the gradual realization that academics weren't everything.*

The memories of four rich years are too many to list in 44 lines. Chris has been a helluva roommate and a friend to all. Best of luck, and may you be able to dive to avoid any stormy seas.

SAL



Mark Joseph DiAntonio

Marcus
Fairfax, Virginia
Political Science, Navy Air

West Points loss was Navy's gain. Coming to the Academy, he knew as many upperclass as the upperclass knew. Having four older brothers proceed him here didn't hurt him either. Nevertheless performance not connections earned him a #1 rank plebe summer. Never one to follow and always one to use imagination, Mark was initiator and curator of the backshaft adventures: the alliance, Haji Baba, and the Rock of Gibralter Club. Winning the plebe wrestling smoker, Mark worked tirelessly instructing everyone who was willing and those who weren't, on floor and shower cleaning techniques. Plebe year went smooth until he skipped a certain weekend sport in the yard. Mark was well known within the brigade but he was more famous outside the walls of Bancroft. Great Italian lineage, dark hair, light eyes and stunning pipe work, the young lovelies flocked. The ladies enjoyed themselves with him be it Fairfax, Dahlgren's roof, the astroturf, 8-4, P-cola or D. C. From flying Pegasus to the Repulser the times were wild and fun. Marks compassion for his friends led him to include them in many a party. Skull won't remember the night before cruise and none of his plebe roommates will forget how to water the plants from 8-4. Marks sincerity and brilliant personality have left those who meet him with a tremendous impression and those who leave him, with pleasant memories.

Vencent A. Donlan

Vence
Chula Vista, California
Physics, Navy Air

Vence came to us hot off the pavement of a San Diego suburb. With a good-natured smile, he took mispronounciations of his name with a grain of salt. Plebe and youngster year saw Vence living in relative obscurity, and aspiring to become a physics major. Always one to speak up for himself, Vence never kept anyone in the dark as to how he felt about something. As a second class it was becoming evident that we had the makings of something very special in our midst. This was the year that Vence was to become "The Physics Answer Man"; got a problem you can't solve? go see Vence, he can do it all. Since academics was his strong suit, he had the honor of becoming the first set academics officer. However, Vence had other qualities that set him apart from, and above, the average Mid. His high degree of maturity, common sense, decisiveness, and his dry wit and good sense of humor made him special. With a regimental billet and three striper libs, it was time for Vence to party. Wild women and inebriated nights at Franny O's brought Vence into the social spotlight.

Though the days of partying at USNA are over, your party is only beginning Vence. Aim high!

LNH & SOR

William Joseph Frake IV

Willy
Bristol, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering, Nuclear Powered Subs

Willy came to Canoe U from that thriving metropolis of Bristol, Pennsylvania. He worked hard from the word go and has done well as an Aero major. Plebe year found him living with four of his best friends in a quiet, studious atmosphere. Willy was always the optimist of the group yet Sully's still here and the sky has not fallen. His love for the Moose and local buddies will be remembered at many an Army-Navy contest. Bill's loyalty and friendship can only be matched by his love for the Bruin's and Celtics. Willy finally discovered women in his second class year in spite of Oakies coaching. Willy's encounter with motorcycles left a lifelong impression. Wedding Bells will be heard in June as Robin has captured the heart of a friend. Best wishes from all.

Rudolph Earnest Hacker

Rude
Corpus Christi, Texas
Physical Science, Marine Corps

Big Rude packed his belongings saddled up and headed east when rumors from Annapolis reached him. Plebe summer introduced rudolpho to many new cultural phenomenon such as the Rolling Stones and alcohol induced good times. Rudes fame and interest spread as he was inducted into the wedgy warriors hall of fame and the saturday midnight choir. His natural athletic prowess earned our respect but he still doesn't do floors Youngster year introduced him to the pipe making industry. Hacks conquest were far and wide even captain's row. Our hero's lifestyle changed one day on mission beach when cupids arrow struck its mark at the hands of a merciless Italian. The arrow remained in place but Rudy recovered to chalk up party hours in the bird, the goose, and the car made for people just like you. Never allowing academics to upset his priorities, the muscular antelope turned to philanthropy and threw all his free cash into Ma Bell, Arizona Weekends and the Stock Market. Although they probably won't let Rudy wear Tony Llamas with his fatigues, and despite the fact they don't two step in Quantico or Guam, he signed up anyway. The Marines should be thankful they are getting the very best of a few good men.

Jonathan David Harber
Jon
Birmingham, Michigan
Physical Science, Marine Pilot

Spit out of the Motor City's exhaust pipe, Jon fell on USNA like acid rain. His one-armed push-ups during PEP live on in story and song, but Plebe Year and Jon are beyond the scope of this text. Youngster Year he had the classic run in with the EE Department which lasted a phenominal 8 weeks, but his mother consoled him for the next 3 years with daily chow-packages. The increase in pay between Second and First Class year wasn't enough to cover phone bills resulting from his meeting Sara on cruise. If all turns out right, Sara will be trading in one Green Machine for another. Despite pressures from home, four years, and a few damaged fibres after that infamous I-Day Jon takes TBS like Custer took Little Big Horn. Good luck in the Corps, you're definitely One of the Few.

Christian N. Haugen
Blades, B. I. Gnose
Northfield, Minnesota
Systems Engineering, Reactor Corps

The North Stars couldn't believe it when Blades rejected their contract and opted for the Academy. Chris knew what he was doing though — yes, he had heard that there were lots of women out East who wished to be involved in a serious relationship and he aimed to try 'em all. Yessiree, casual and relationship are two words 'ole Gnose never could put in the same sentence.

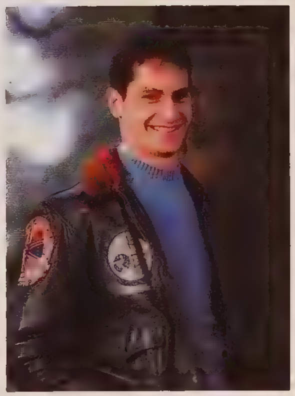
How Chaug ever avoided the boys at Bethesda is still a wonder to us all. From having the room surrounded at Army plebe year, to bivouacing at Fran's, to storming the Rotunda, Chris often searched for (and found) the true meaning of life at the bottom of his glass.

Awake or asleep, Chaug has always been an entertainer at heart. Few men have captured the sound of a Yukon territory logging camp quite as well as the napping CN.

Was he a Systems major or not? Few were quite as familiar with the offerings of late-night TV, or spent as little time worrying about academics. Being smarter than most gives one a little leeway we would guess.

And finally, the difficult part of this little bio — trying to capture and put into words our true feelings for this guy. A few short sentences are sufficient to describe how close we've gotten during the last four years. We'll miss him, more than he knows.

MJM



Larry N. Haynes
Big-Lar
Newport, Arkansas
Physical Science, AMDO

Larr came to us from one of the larger small towns in the land of opportunity (most folks, when given the opportunity, left!). Larry was a quiet, sincere man with a dry Arkansas sense of humor and a penchant for tabasco sauce. Forever the tinkerer, if it was broken, Larry could fix it. Larry was renowned for his infatuation with stereo systems. His lifetime ambition, to find the ultimate "Big Speakers that Crank!"

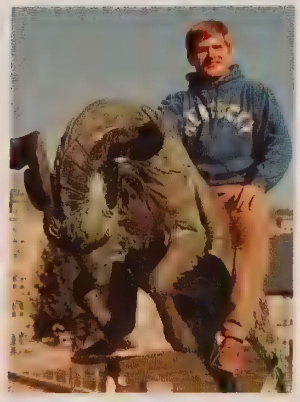
Larry's years here were marked with maturity. He was self conscious about his own faults before criticizing the faults of others. His reserved personality and sheepish grin were a comfort (especially to the ladies!)

To Larry, the man with grad school ambitions, we say "Onward and upward." yours is the stuff that most can only dream of!

VAD & SOR

James William Hinen
Big Jim
Sparks, Nevada
Oceanography, Marine Corps

Slim Jim was enticed out of the Nevada desert by the lure of the sea. Realizing there was more to life than driving tanks for the National Guard, Jim packed his bags and set sail for mother B. Jimbo was somewhat of a sweat plebe summer, literally. He was comfortable in his role as a plebe due to his prior military training . . . except when it came to chow calls. Jim continually boosted our morale and made us laugh when we were down, thanks to those chow calls. Youngster year Jim and the Pasta maker began their three year career as roommates. Second class summer saw the creation of the lifting trio Big Jim, Sully and the Great Samoan. A monster was created, Jim became one of the founding members of the several esoteric machismo organizations such as the Backshaft Alliance, the Haji Babas, the Shadow Casters, the Pipelaying association and the notorious Rock of Gibralter Club. Jim had more interest at USNA than you could shake a curl bar at including Scuba, Airborne, Semper Fi and Plebe Detail. The highlight of First class summer was undoubtedly the leather clad Biker Bros trip to Florida which helped them chalk up big engine time. No rice grinders for those boys. Commissioning Week will mean more to Jim than graduation. At long last he will be able to marry his wife Cheryl. Upon graduation Jim will get into Green and soar into the blue.



Gary Frederick Hoy
Chips
Campbellsville, Kentucky
General, NFO

Gary came to Canoe U. from the sticks of Kentucky, with the BIG misconception that USNA was like some cake ROTC unit. Chip's eyes were opened to reality on I-Day. Plebe summer passed and Acc year and Ammons arrived. Ammons and Gary got along like the North and the South . . . "Hoyyyy you messin up agin," and "left, right, left," were familiar sounds to Gary. Plebe year passed and a youngster was born. Gary no longer spent his weekends improving his character four hours a night, but instead he occupied his time with road trips to Boston, and women. Finding Gary was hard even during the week, but no one is easily found in a junk yard . . . poor Anthony. The "Odd Couple" opened up second class year with flames flying, and soon water skiing and scuba became a hated pastime. The fun came to a screaching halt (so did his car) because of academics. Like many Aeros, Chips was forced into the brotherhood of GE. Like most crackers, Chips had a hard time adjusting to the brotherhood's first law — sleep. First class year became easier and Gary, weekends, and girls soon became close friends again. All that stood between this WB and graduation was service selection, and that fencing letter. After four years of SNAFU's things changed. Service selection left Gary his NFO billet, fencing a letter, and the "Alzoan" left him betting and a new "HEAD START."

We had some good times these four years. From cigarettes to high and tights we survived everything. I hope the years to come are filled with as many memories. Good luck as an NFO.

Jeffrey Alan Johnson
Boom-Boom
Trotwood, Ohio
Math (computers), Navy Air

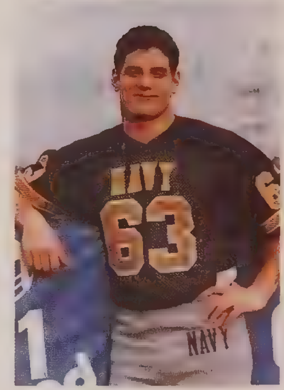
The biggest and meanest of the barn bunch comes to us from Ohio via interstate NAPS.

To say Jeff was an outstanding football player is an understatement. Some of his many achievements include going both ways at NAPS, receiving All-American honors and lettering as a sophomore, while earning the Vice Admiral William P. Mack award for most improved player. He continued to excel by being named captain of the team his senior year as well as making the All-American list again.

To Army, Notre Dame, and Washington Jeff was probably a wild horsey, but to those of us who were close to him, we knew that he's just a "teddy bear". The beautiful women of Maryland agree with us too.

Jeff has accomplished much here: football, Beiruit hero, classic wagon collecter, and even co-starred on Magnum PI. The rest of the barn bunch will always remember his unconscience talks with us in the middle of the night, his kinky underwear, Israelian bank account.

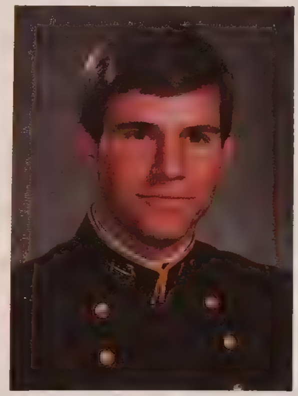
Hey Jeff, "Thanks for asking!!"



Steven Andrew Lott
Mad Dog
Miami, Florida
Poli Sci, Bow Line Officer

Mad Dog came to USNA as one of the most highly recruited gridders in history, but to the dismay of Welch and staff, turned to academics (?) and professional (???). Never one to overindulge, Steve mastered the art of imbibery at nearly every place in Annapolis — legal or not (the water tower, the docks, the cemetery, his room, etc). Army plebe year was divided between fending off the marital overtures of what would become a recurring episode in his turbulent love-life and baby sitting his future roommate. His affair with the monster (whom we were never allowed to see) still makes Steve blush. As a youngster Steve turned to the MHP for guidance, particularly the section on room standards. He and Coops survived many formals that year. His social life remained undaunted, however, and he finally settled into an uncomfortable relationship with a psychosomatic hypochondriac. This one led to some interesting events — Cheap Trick and its cheap aftermath and the near marrying-off of a lonely friend and some rainy weekends in the mountains. Always there, he rescued the same future roommate from an ill-timed nap in a Fran O'Brien's stall. 1/c year - his engagement and role of Mighty Karnac for 33 were only significant in the fact that he was awake long enough to accomplish them. The Mad Dog will be long remembered.

CNH



Kevin Kit McCallum
Kev
Marietta, Georgia
Computer Science, Gray & Underway

The craziest of the barn bunch made his way here from the pecan capital of the world after a pit-stop in Newport. Kevin, being the second generation to attend this institution, was one of the few plebes who knew what he was getting into. As a plebe on the soccer team he became well known for his ability to kick two balls with one boot. On the soccer field he was known as 'Mr. Hustle' which earned him two varsity letters and the soccer award for "the player who has done the most for Navy Soccer."

Everyone of the barn bunch had three stripes, but Kevin was the only one to earn them. Kevin was very enthusiastic about everything, even his studies which earned him an unbelievable pleasure cruise in Norway. Of course traveling has never been a problem since he and a certain friend have fathers that work for airlines. There are a couple of memories that the barn bunch will never forget: plebe-army run around, the sweet smell he left our favorite jar-head, the Majic Bus, and his over-enthusiastic attitude towards his fellow black shoes and love of the sea as he joined the elite surface fleet. Hey Kev, "Are those your shoes?"

Matthew John Tobias . . .
McKelvey
Muscles, Victor Mature
Toledo, Ohio
Systems Engineering, Marine Air

"Blowing in from . . ." all seriousness aside, coming from the "Glass Capitol" Vic possessed enough self-confidence and poise to make plebe summer all but superfluous. Matt was quick to make many acquaintances and oblige them as often as possible. Always the inquisitive scholar ("I don't want to understand, I need something to turn in"), Muscles established himself as the premier academician in the company.

"So many women, so little time" Vic made many a girl feel very special, even if only for a short while. Loose cars and fast women occupied Matt and his Gentleman as the Goose and Kiki (among others) will attest to. A memorable weekend at Indianhead and a bilingual experience in love, took a back seat only to Ginny and Cheap Trick in the shower. Second class summer was an especially productive one for muscles — I know I'll never tire of the stories. A quick trip through the Rotunda and another to Delaware, both in Beat Army attire made for an interesting memory. His serious relationship with Red was a surprise to us all, Matt most of all. She was quite a girl to capture that heart.

Most importantly was Matt's ability to be a friend to all. He was well, liked — no one else could have made me shave my head. His giggle will be missed most. Good Luck in the Corps!

CNH

William Michael O'Connell
Hat Rack Willy
Weston, Massachusetts
Oceanography, Marine Corps Air

Oakster came to USNA via NAPS. He had the entire company convinced that he was from South Boston but we all know that he hails from Weston Massachusetts. I guess that Oakster thought that South Boston would enhance his Irish Catholic image. Hat Rack Willy was a mainstay of the squash team and finally managed to letter second class year. His letter sweater was his prized possession and he wore it so much that he wore a hole in the sleeve by first class year. When not on the squash courts, Oakie was always in search of the ladies. He and the Senior Chiefs were known for their ambitious pursuit of Annapolis women. They even started a log for their exploits. In our minds the Oakster will always be known for the Triple Crown, the leg cramp and setting Pit up with a brick the day of the Ring Dance. Marine Corps Air has always been Hat Rack Willy's goal and now it's off to Quantico and Pensacola. We wish you the best of luck in the Corps. Willy's last words for good ole Sully "loose some weight and straighten up will ya!"

Michael Callueng Pitpit
Pit
Chula Vista, California
Applied Science, Marine Corps

Pits dream of getting a physical education major at SDSU sank when his dad accepted his appointment to Naps. Gaining 30lbs at Naps, and reporting to mother B with a flattop, Mike looked like Andre the Giant. Except for the Pit grin, Mike kept a low profile plebe year. Youngster year brought the tag team together: Pit & Sully. Mike began practicing his management major early by recording all the money he loaned to Sully. Mike's big heart and good nature prevented him from charging interest. Mike didn't get enough of plebe wrestling, and with a good sense of humor, he became a favorite student of the Pasta maker who taught him all the techniques of floor and shower cleaning. The inspiration of Rocky I, II & III, along with Chariots of Fire, drove Pit out onto the pavement and into the weightroom with Big Jim. The transformation had begun. Mike lost all his extra weight and truly became "Rough Tough Mean and Lean." The Pit mobile arrived Second class year. It became Sully's primary mode of transportation and a party mobile for all. First class year Mike's mood changed with the silver index. Mike's sincere friendship has touched us all, and he will be remembered as the quiet filipino with a subtle sense of humor. Truly a fine addition to the Marine Corps Team.

Charles Andrew Rainey
Chuck
Indianapolis, Indiana
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Air

When Chuck was evicted from his Plebe Year by a group of Youngsters, he ended up roaming the halls of 33 with all his possessions on a laundry cart. Well, Chuck got more than he bargained for with his 4 Plebe roommates. Things are always exciting when you put such a group of personalities together. Who can forget Chuck's familiar figure sleeping each afternoon on his laundry bag. At first chance, Chuck fled the chaos of the 5-man room for a 2-man room. It seems he got a room too close to the head, "OOH Dave's just drunk." Thanks to the friendship of a couple of First Class, Chuck managed to avoid many of the hazards of Plebe Year.

Chuck has always been the daring type. Who else could Big Sully call upon to go over the wall with him for the first time. Chuck realized that a quick jod to the 7-11 was not worth a 5000, so he reformed. We always admired Chuck's persistence because that's what got him through Aerospace Engineering. Chuck was also one for deception, as he even had his mother thinking he was going Marine Corps. Well, all of his close friends knew that Navy Air was in his heart, or was it Cyndi ? Here's to a good friend who has a promising future. You'll make a hellofa pilot, and I only wish I was flying beside you.

Stanley O. Rasbury
Ras
Massapequa, New York
Physical Science, Navy Air

Q: Just where the hell is Stan Rasbury coming from anyway?
A: Who knows?

When Stan arrived from the "G'Island" on I-day, his whole purpose in life was to be able to fly. It can be said that Ras was up in the clouds long before he ever approached an airplane. Stan was always the hard worker. Plebe year was a nightmare for the Ras, but with determination, he pulled through. Youngster year, Stan decided to make new friends. Being an outgoing guy, he had no difficulty. Everybody knew Stan (including the Ac Board!). As a second class, Stan displayed his talent for confusing plebes and classmates alike with his off-the-wall comments. He continued to work hard, aspiring for that air billet. First class year reaped the fruits of hard labor. Stan had his new car, civies, and cinderella libs. Service Selection night found Ras the beneficiary of the anchor Navy Air billet. Who said hard work never pays? In this case, a nice guy did finish last. Those of us who knew Stan understood an innocent, almost childlike quality within him. It was this quality which made him special.

Where in the hell is Stan Rasbury coming from? — Who cares?! All that matters now is where he goes from here. Never grow old, Ras. Fly Forever!

VAD & LH

Sean M. Sullivan
Sully
Worcester, Massachusetts
Political Science, USMC

Good Ole Sully came to USNA by way of Worcester Mass. Sully felt cramped by the lack of freedom at the Academy so he made it a habit of going over the wall, even if it was only for a run to McDonalds. Sean also developed the art of "BS" to its highest level. How else could he have gotten a 3.2 in political science without doing any work. Well the deputy dant wouldn't fall for Sully's winded explanations. He couldn't understand why Sean crashed his motorcycle through gate 3 on a Friday evening during youngster year. Sully took it all in stride and spent 60 days with the "early morning breakfast club." Sean's service selection seemed to change with the plebe pro topic. We were kind of worried that Sean would end up surface line when he tried to join the yp squadron. Somehow he stumbled upon the Marine Corps and has been a faithful Marine ever since. Good luck in the Corps and for petes sake buy your own car because Pit is tired of lending his out. Remember the Betty!

James Wilson Vautier III
Jimbo
Moorestown, New Jersey
Computer Science, Surface Line

The Youngest of the barn bunch is from New Jersey (EXIT 4). He came to us with no hair but that was soon to change just as his choice of women.

Jimbo began playing soccer for Navy his first day here and things just kept getting better. The only one in his class to earn 4 varsity letters in soccer; he was elected captain for his courage, leadership, professional attitude, and personal commitment to plebe development as a second class. Those on the team will remember him as Myer's hitman who personally escorted a cocky forward into the ninth row of the bleachers.

Jimbo has gone through a series of changes here, from a quiet kid with a rubber duck to probably one of the most liked guys in his class. All the girls fell for Jimbo but he never let it get to him like he got to them. Jimmy's physical attributes gave some women the impression they were in a POW Mental War Camp. The rest of the barn animals will always remember all the times we beat the system as well as a certain West Virginia wedding party.

By the way Jimbo, why did Chuck live downstairs?

Steven G. Young
UA Youngie
Pensacola, Florida
Political Science, Navy Air

Youngie had a round trip ticket on that fateful day in July of '80, but he waited four years to make the return trip. Besides, if you had that haircut, you wouldn't go back either! Steve's plebe year was characterized by his scoring winning goals, running English circuits, but mainly, dodging anything that didn't chop. Without a doubt, Youngie made the most of his weekends. When one particular jaunt at Maryland Inn left him fool-hardy, he not only did swan dives off the newly erected 10m platform, but showed us his acrobatic prowess on the ledges of the 8-4 head. Maybe it was one of those weekends that convinced Steve that Poli Sci would let him "fly". With his Camaro at coach's (1 mile), youngster Steve decided that a party with the Md. State Police was the opportunity of a lifetime! $400, NASAP, and 30 days later, UA confessed that an alcohol related tragedy can ruin your June week - "Read It, Learn It, Live It". Junior year, Youngie found that Navy Football was truly the only way to skate through USNA. After leading the team in scoring that year, he danced out of 2nd class year to the tune of Electric Avenue and into a kicked-back senior year in which he made the Navy record books. But UA didn't need "Tranquility"; he had his ZX out back and a VISA on his hip. The party saga continues! Flight School and carrier quals lie ahead (not to mention wine, women, & song). Steve's future is as bright as a P-cola sun and his parting words will surely be, "Later-much".

NVB '84

Thirty Four

Donald B. Campbell Jr.
Donski, Mughead, Wardroom King
Charleston, South Carolina
Mechanical Engineering Nuclear Surface Warfare

Don came to the Club hailing from Gaithersburg, Md. His parents moved halfway through his stay here, but he was able to locate them within a few months. As a Navy junior, he brought with him a wealth of professional knowledge along with everything you always wanted to know about cows. Best known for his hang-outs - the wardroom and the rack - we were beginning to think his only friends were Magnum P.I., the cast of Hill Street Blues, and Louis L'Amour. If hanging out in the wardroom and sleeping were varsity sports - Don would have lettered at least six times, both fall and spring seasons. First class year brought to him even more rack time and his own personalized parking spot on Bronson Rd. for his pickup. All things aside, Don has the ability to befriend all those he comes into contact with - always an ear for those who need to talk - we will miss him dearly. I'm still crossing my fingers that he'll graduate with his "real Major". There aren't many people around who can carry a 1.5 and second class rates for a semester and still come out with a 2.1. Best of luck in Orlando and Nuke Power. Maybe all that money will get you to stop just thinking about which girl to ask out - and move you into action - Take care - "Roomy"

CTL

Donald Edward Collins
Donski
Fort Walton Beach, Florida
Economics Submarines

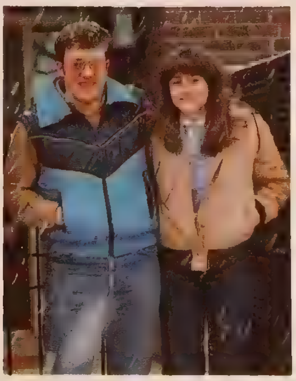
From the sunny beaches of Fort Walton Beach came a lad whose name is Don. He is not quite athletic, but he has got something special - a firm grip that puts it all together to have that "sight alignment" and "trigger control" that we tried to learn during Plebe Summer. It was here that Don started his shooting career at the Academy.

While shooting with the pistol team, Don earned the Secretary of the Navy Marksmanship Award during our second class year. He was busy learning the theories of Supply and Demand. Hopefully, he will be using those theories to determine the "economies of scale" that exist between the two big factors he will be dealing with in the days ahead — submarine deployment versus submarine pay.

As a nuke, Don will have less chance to enjoy the wonders of a normal life. We are all grateful that there are people like him who are willing to do such kind of deprivation.

Three days after the last day of our tour in Annapolis, he will tie the bond with Terry — the girl who deserves all that Don has to offer, and it goes both ways.

Good luck Big Boy.



Michael J. Collins
M.J., Spole, Too Big Red Man Dog
Millis, Massachusetts
Political Science, Surface Warfare

Some people say he's an IRA spy, others tell us that he's an escaped lunatic but Mike claims that he is from a little town called Millis. Standing six foot six inches tall with bright red hair he was quite a noticeable sight and the firsties made sure he knew it. A prankster by nature he was always doing something to keep himself amused. If he wasn't gluing down all the furniture he was sewing your pant legs closed. Whatever it was you could always count on Mike for a laugh. Never a slave to fashion Mike began his own "Buckethead Invasion" and released his unsavory album called "Animal Husbandry." Not making it big MJ went back to black, keeping his sanity by becoming a frat boy with the Sig Eps at G.W. Youngster year brought on Mike's quest for the "Girl of His Dreams." Girls flocked to this manly man of the sea. Having his choice of the indigenous blondes, brunettes, and redheads, Mike wasted no time breaking the hearts of many a young lass - thus the typical Irishman. Finally cupid's arrow did strike a sensitive area of our warrior and he began to slip in to the void of no return; but with the aid of close comrades the wound was healed and Mike made a resounding recovery. Spole has the dubious honor of being the first recipient of the "Beat Army" award - a record still unbroken. Heading for the sea, as any normal lemming, Big Red chose Surface as his career in the navy. Following in the footsteps of his mentor and idol, Mr. Mathis, Mike chose Japan as his first home port.

The CLUB will never forget your zanny antics. You've been a real friend to all and we will miss you. May nothing get in the way of your goals and hopefully Japan will be an exciting adventure. Take care, and may the four winds and seven seas always be your friends.

LSS II

Lowell D. Crow
Crowdaddy
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Management, Surface Warfare

Our next contestant comes from the mythical city of Kalamazoo. No one ever believed that it existed but Crowdaddy is living proof that there is a "City of Malls." Lowell faced the rigors of plebe year like a true champ, shaking and stuttering at every chow call and comearound. But this didn't hinder his … invasion of fellow plebes' chow packages to regain that lost weight. This earned him the distinct title of Chowdaddy. Being an athlete all his life Magnon took to navy sports like he took to food. Rugby became his true love but a fatal head injury finally thwarted his advancement into intercollegiate stardom. Lowell was in every sense a "trend setter" being the first in the class to change his major - twice. He experienced every aspect of Naval Academy life. Pro-boards, Ac-boards, and advisory boards were not uncommon to him. Lowell so loved the arms of "Mother B" that he attended five sessions of summer school. Master of "The Gouge", Lowell was always bursting with tidbits of knowledge and well documented fact willing to divulge them at any instant. First class year brought Crowdad a new aspect on life - a Honda with a stereo more expensive than the car itself. This kind soul gave frequent lifts to many a drunk passenger on return ventures from area female colleges.

Little Wolf may you always "run swiftly to the river before the pot boils." You've been a good friend to all of us and we will definitely never forget you. Surface line is mighty fine. Good Luck, fair winds and following seas.

LSS II

Victor, Brian D'Andrea
Bucky
Spangler, Pennsylvania
General Engineering, N.F.O.
(Navy)

First I would like to thank my family for their never ending support, and apologize for not making some of the important family events that I could not make because of academy demands. I next would like to thank my friends from home for sending me their wishes and their letters. (My stories of the odd-ball place called "The Academy" can get mighty boring and they listened.) I finally would like to thank the people that opened their homes to me over the last four years, especially the Lindsays, Fetzers, and the little "Belle" from New Orleans.

Here at USNA, I would like to thank the instructors and officers that remembered their middy days. (This was evident in the display of "COMMON SENSE." Right Capt. D!!)

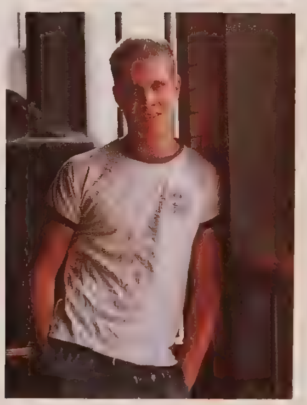
Finally, I'd like to thank the many friends I have met here at USNA. Each one of them have taught me something valuable. I wish them all success and happiness.

About USNA: I admit that I had some tough times, but I wasn't alone. Many times I was as busy as a "one-armed blind man in a wet T-shirt contest." Hello!

James G. Derdall
Western Springs, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering, USMC
(air)

… and very special thanks to Jon, Bill, Ernie, Fish, Mike, Rob, Dave, Greg, Paul - Brad, Ed, Mike, Pete, Gavin, Dave & Jeannie - Susan Cheryl, Carol, Bizzy, Momo, Carie - Bob, Mark, Lawrence, TJ, Mike, David, Doug - Mark, Ferny, Bill - Mindy, Andi, Tedi, Dianna, Robin, Mary Jane, D o D, Kym, Erika, Mary, Suzzi, Cyclops, Jessica, Joannie, Meg - Moe, Ron - Dave, Duke, Matt, Bill, Chris, Jim, Gene - Hoops, Bone, Magoo, Scott, Bill, Q, Mark, Dave - Dr. Adams - Wayne - John, Jan, Jean, Jeff, Lynn, Mr. & Mrs. H., Tom - Weidemans, Copenhagen - Pat, Todd, the lemon firebrigade -

and, as always, Becky …



Neil V. Duffy
Duff
Massapequa Park, Long Island
Physical Science, Surface

I have to start by saying that I never could have made it w/o my parents, brothers, friends and relatives. Many other people have meant a lot to me but esp - Demps, Donski, Willie, Stov, Stevo, Ed, Q, Z, Wildman, Horgs, Greg and Trav. Two special ladies, Ann O'Hagan and Beth Cassidy, deserve special thanks for all that they have done for me. Mostly, though, I have to thank my favorite lady, Ann Marie, who has been my best friend, psychologist, and 'hon' for more than these 4 years. She's put up with all my moods, obnoxiousness, and complaining all along and always been there when I needed her. I wouldn't be here w/o her or her brothers and sisters. The Sheedy's were the greatest sponsors imaginable. It's been hard but fun. I've hated this place so many times and loved it others. I'm not sure I'd do it again - probably. Regardless, I'm very lucky - I've played lacrosse for a great team, gotten through here and lived with some great guys in the Club. But, most importantly, I've got more love and support around me than I know what to do with. Lynne and Matt were probably the best thing that ever happened to me. That's what makes it all worth it. I thank God every day for everything and everyone that I have. I wouldn't trade places with anyone on earth. I owe it all to my parents, who have given me more than I ever could have asked for. Getting out of here means a lot to me but nothing near what these people mean to me: all the Duffys, O'Hagans, Cassidys, Scott, Andy, Bob, John, Holmes, Reif, Kath, Amy, Margi and the dozens of others that I didn't mention. I didn't think I'd make it. I should have known better, with all these people, I couldn't miss.

Berner-9.

Audie Ame S. Embestro
Audie, Philippines
Applied Science

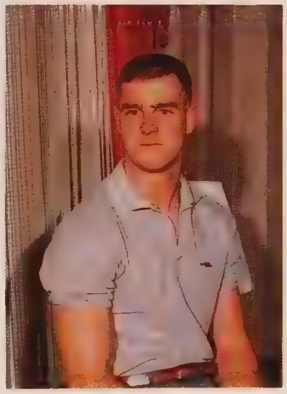
A foreign exchange student from the Philippine Military Academy Audie had already gotten a taste of the Paris Island life many of us expected when we entered the Naval Academy. He had a much different sort of challenge to overcome when he got to USNA. Audie was 11,000 mi. from home; in a foreign country with foreign people, new customs, and was placed in a mental pressure environment many of his American counterparts could not endure. Audie quickly learned what a bulkhead was and eventually mastered the plebe way of life but as everybody knows once you finally feel like you've got a foothold the Academy has ways of making it crumble out from under you. Well, academic year started and so did the struggle for Audie. From a first semester plebe year where Audie was unsat he worked his way up into the top third of our class. I guess all his hard work and effort paid off.

Not everything was serious for us. We had Mrs. "n", and aqua babies, and even the "corps" along with the BB's who lived down the hall. This little bit of humor helped us keep our sanity.

Lastly, I should mention Audie's little filipino girl friend Chari who he called his little mama. She took care of him in every way possible as he did so for her. They will be married soon and Audie will return home to serve his country. We will miss you Audie but remember what Mac said, "I shall return." Mobuhay!!!

Tommy Fisher
Fish
Mesa, Arizona
Applied Science, USMC (GROUND)

I came to the Naval Academy four years ago. I went through plebe summer. I met Stein, Sprads, Jon, Jim, Bill, Rob, Don Ca., Chip, Bucky, Dave, Greg, and Paul.
I liked them.
They became my friends.
We all liked Wiedermans.
We still like it because it is cheap.
Greg and Paul left.
The rest of us graduated.
We are very happy that we are gone.
Oh Yeah!



Mary Elizabeth Gwin
Beth
Madison, Alabama
Marine Engineering, EDO

Hailing from the South, Beth came to USNA as a quiet, shy southern girl. Recruited for basketball, she spent her first year on the road and on the court, wondering why being a plebe was supposed to be hard. After a half dozen roommates, the ups and downs of youngster year, and an unlucky judo class, Stein dedicated herself to being an engineer. Of course she never ever let us forget that she had a 'real" major. Striving to do her best she studied into the early hours, told tales of the Rocket, complained about bull majors, and kept her roommate awake.

Always willing to spare time for others, Beth was never so busy that she couldn't take a smoke and a joke and advise a friend. Still quiet on the outside, she has become a closet comedian to those that know her best. Beth has learned to take advantage of Ned and Peg's visits, as well as trade in black-eyed peas and cornbread for chimichangas, salad bars, and wine.

Though she will never be a secretary, I thank her for putting up with so much. We are so different yet so much the same . . . I'll always remember the crazy times and the mellow times in hope that many more are to come. Best of luck to a true friend as you travel westward.

JMR

William Thomas Harms
RAPIDO
Huntington, New York
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Power

I came to USNA from the North Shore of Long Island. I filled out the application papers and, of course, turned them in late. I was promptly rejected and was all set to go to a state university when, in May, I was offered a second chance and made the fateful choice. I began academics plebe year with a bang. My physics professor told me that I had a "very poor scientific background", after I had validated plebe chemistry. As a youngster I acquired the nickname RAPIDO. This was given to me by a man named Duff and its true meaning is probably only understood by him. As a second class I was offered a ride in an ambulance at Goucher! Finally making it to my last year, I realized that my education was lacking in one area. A 5000 took care of that and I graduated!

Although a list can never be complete, I would especially like to express my gratitude to JON, JIM, ERNIE, MIKE, FISH, ROB, BUCKY, NEIL, and DON for their help. Most of all, a special thanks to my mom, dad, brother, and sisters for putting up with me over the years.

Kevin Austin Samuel Hays

Purple
Aurora, Colorado
Political Science, Surface Line

Kevin never let academics get in the way of his education. He has held Extra Instruction sessions in courses that he himself has gotten C's and D's in. His studying went far beyond his books, many Annapolis fathers will breath a sign of relief on May 23, 1984.

To know Kevin is to know yourself. He can accommodate everyone's idiosyncrasies and yet still maintain his own.

"What, or where, is your favorite thing or place?"

"Oh . . . home."

"Where is home?"

"Home is not just a where, it is a what too."

"So."

"So, home is where all of the people that I love live."

"Where is that . . ."

"I guess just about everywhere."

"That's too deep for this, I'm not puttin' it in!"

"Fine, you just try to find 20 lines to write without it!"

"#%o&#%9#&$!!!!"*

Anyway, Kevin was born in Aurora, Co. and has since lived in 8 states and 2 foreign countries. He is a die hard BIG RED fan of the Nebraska Cornhuskers and claims Omaha, Nebraska as his final "hometown".

— Alan J. Abramson

Mary Antoinette Kasprzak

Toni
Garden City, New York
History, Supply Corps

Toni from Brooklyn came to USNA with visions of a nice school, with nice people, in a semi-formal atmosphere. Y'know, a place where social events happen all the time and the clubs and teams seem limitless. Someplace where you can squeeze in some academics in between events and still come out with a diploma!

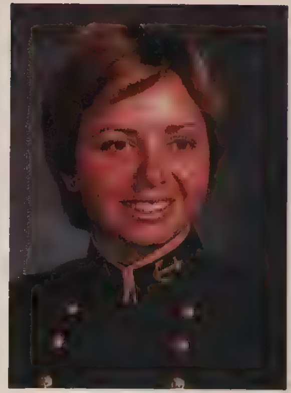
A misguided plebe found herself in D&B playing the mellophone. She'll never live that one down. One thing that she did realize was that Mean 15 wasn't her style, so she decided to join the Club.

Youngster year she started fresh with a new company (34), and by replacing her horn for a tennis racquet and a pair of swim goggles. Good choice. With the change to sports Toni became alot better in math and numbers in general. Too bad most of the numbers were on football and basketball jerseys instead of calc tests.

Second class year came with a commitment. Toni was committed to staying here long enough to buy her dream car. She also managed to take care of her "little Brother" over in 10.

Senior year was "civies year" with a baby blue Berlinetta Camaro that Daddy gave her to go with her class ring and along with the car came the famous "No Kenny, you can't borrow my car." But in the end the Corps got her. As in Supply, not the green. I'll always remember the sister who helped me out so much. Always willing to help anybody. You're the best, and although I don't say it enough, thank-you for everything. *Love,*

JKK



Melanie Virginia Kirby

Mel
Cumberland, Maryland
Political Science, Supply Corps

Mel started Navy with high hopes and dreams. Some came true and some were chalked up to "learning experiences". Among the latter were D&B, the Raj, and the big 1-5. For the most part, Mel had fun, aided by the Sweet 16 (PC, JW, DB!!) and that incredible roomie from Brooklyn.

After Herdon, Toe and Mel parted company until Mel's Club membership was approved. Mel spent much of the time sailing and dating, with a little studying thrown in.

By Senior year, she had achieved 2 ICYRA championships, 2 Ns, a red firebird and, again, Toni. They spent many fun hours perfecting their culinary skills in the 'kitchenette'.

"Mel when you remember your 4 years here, don't forget about Fri's at the "Ho" club, ***Avenger,*** *Dimitri, Spinnakerhead, Gouge, Teresa, or our matching cars.*

*"Mel's friendship has blessed many. The Corps will be gaining a great deal when she starts dressing ala porkchop. Thanks for the good times, and the bad, but most of all thanks for being you. Sail Fast."*TK

Thanks Mom and Dad, Kathy, and JB, and especially Toni, for teaching me love and that, yes, I could do it.

MVK

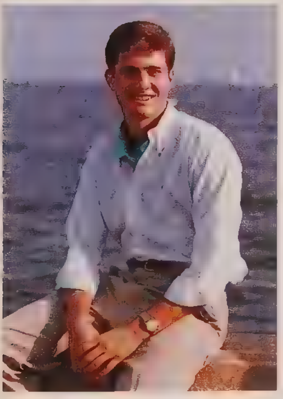
Letitia L. Law

Tish
Bethel, Connecticut
English, Surface Line

Hey Tish, I mean Tex (who in the heck is Tex). This one answers to these, but Tishba is my favorite. It all started Plebe summer, Tish, the Wuj and I, oops . . . Me. Chow calls, pep, come arounds with Mcgoo and McGinty. We had it a bit rough but we made it didn't we? 'Member those times before I-can't swim-well-squad? Love those chocolate chip cookies. Plebe year saw us temporarily separated, but alas youngster year saw us reunited. This time with Lynn-Margaret. Remember those weekends ending up in the bathroom calling Beulah? We were happy youngsters weren't we? L. P. was, that's why she left. That's why we did bad things on Sunday night. Only a dear friend like you Tishba would let me go over the wall and go with me after swearing over 2 bottles of wine that you wouldn't. Lynn-Margaret received a vision from Gabriel that USNA wasn't paradise. So when she left, so did we temporarily. Who came in soaked 10 minutes after taps? Everything wasn't always pretty - swimming, pro courses, PCR, my 1.5 and restriction and last but not least Thom. Our rough spots were few and we endured. 2/C year, oh no, crawl this one, now backstroke. Hey 'Hica what happened to your forehead in the pool? Now at last we've made it together and Co. Cdr. to boot. Shoot girl, we're gonna publish our quotes one day. Maybe Larry Flint will do it. Remember the many crushes on C. J., Mike, Thom, Tony, Jim . . . Take care of Gumby! Nice curly cue, Tish I'm going bald, so and so doesn't like me! Tishba I love you! Monhica

Thanks to everyone who helped me make it through here - you know who you are!

LLL



Charles T. Lindsay III
Chipper
Arlington, Virginia
Management, Marine Ground

Chip came to Canoe U. with his clubs over his shoulder and a 4 year green fee. It didn't take long for him to set his priorities. He realized quickly that golf was the most important thing here. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay took great care of us these last four years. Who else had a sit down tailgater after every football game and dinner at the Yacht Club afterwards. Chip is still a very down to earth guy. There aren't many people who could date 10 girls while they were here and still be moving on to more. I can't honestly say I understood everything he did, but . . .

Chip has been a great friend to have, and a super roommate, Isn't it great to live with someone and have to have at least one fight a day to make it interesting. Some people thought it wasn't worth living with him, but I found the monthly deposit very helpful. Thanks guys. No one is going to realize how much they will miss him until after we graduate. It's not easy to get over a guy that prides himself of having the longest hair in the company for 4 years and then goes Marine corps. Chipper we are going to miss you. Who else will we have to drive us crazy. Good luck in the Corps, and keep in touch or I will follow you to the Ends of the Earth and kick your b — again.

P.S. Try to stop driving all the women crazy. Unless you become Mormon, you can only have one wife.

D.C.

Brian John Marin
B. J.
Yorktown Hgts., New York
Oceanography, Naval Flight Officer

From a small town just one hour north of the big apple came a man named Brian. Little did he know the adventurous journey he was to embark on.

Never one to take the easy road at anything, B. J. started his naval career at the bottom rung of the officer's ladder by attending NAPS. There he became proficient at the skills to become the most adequate and professional midshipman by learning to walk crooked lines and drink under tables. Plebe year for our hero brought one challenge after another. Gymnastics and academics were his toughest opponents but the guy in the white hat won again. As a youngster, B. J. decided being a hard-nosed professional was not enough and felt he had to look the part. His most magnificent inspiration came when he bought a designer pair of "Sylvester the cat" sunglasses which soon became the "rage" of every officer at the academy. Soon second class year came and along with it a committment to the navy. Brian, feeling that something was lacking from the "whole man" educational process, heroically request a years leave of absence to join the naval forces fighting off the coast of Lebanon. Upon his valiant return to the Academy, he honored the class of '84 by becoming one of its members. His committment to excellence, the cornerstone of his perso, influenced and enhanced our great class. Once again he began to dazzle gymnastics fans throughout the country with his daring ring performance while maintaining his "cool" consistency. During his final year B. J. will best be remembered for his medical services at a local girls college as "DR. Brian, OBGYN". His rise to 34 Co Sub-Cmdr won the hearts of many a fellow classmates. Brian you're a great guy and a Fantastic roommate. May you rise up the ladder of success as an eagle rises in the sky. Good luck and fair skies and following tailwinds.

LSS II

Steven Lee McGaugh
Steve
Houston, Texas
Oceanography, Marine Corps

. . .a young lad from Houston, Texas.
. . .a Napster.
. . .one of the very few who had a "real" unforgettable plebe summer.
. . .took up Oceanography as his major.
. . .then became one of the three SENIOR CHIEFS.
The Senior among the Seniors; not only in terms of Knookie effectivity,
but just about in everyway.
For he stands for what he has to stand for,
just one of the "very few".
The few?
yes.
Indeed, he will be-
SEMPER FI
There is nothing more to him than to be hovering on an AV-8 Harrier
and leading an elite group of men.
The Few, The Proud,
The Marines

Jon Rhodes Rees
J. R.
Lexington, Kentucky
Systems Engineering, Nuc Subs

And you have to ask yourself, is this really what I wanted? Is this what I was made to do, to become? Because although the opportunity to answer 'no' is gone, we have yet to reckon with the decisions.

I think there are few who would deny that the ride has been rough: Thanks Pogo, thanks Glen, thank you Jennifer and Karin. Thanks to ESE. And no, that's OK, I don't like sleeping anyway. Thanks coach. Gotta love that sweater. Thank you VISA/C&P/Flowers by James . . .

But I think there are few who would deny that the ride has also been exhilarating. Thank you Jim, Bill, Rob, Mike, Dave, Tom, and all the boys. Thank you 7-eleven and Wiedeman's, Pontiac and Shakeys. Thank you Goucher, Hood, and Catholic.

So when all's said and done, this has been a worthwhile experience for which I am thankful to have been a part, and putting aside personal gain, let's not forget that our purpose is noble . . . "I pledge allegiance to the flag, and . . . How much is that NUC Bonus?"

I'd like to recognize my parents and grandparents for their unwavering support, my sisters for their love, and Tedi for her beautiful friendship. Last but not least I would like to recognize all my friends for their love and letters that have been a vital part of my life here at USNA.

JRR

Julie Marie Roberts
Jules
San Diego, California
Oceanography, Supply Corps

Stein-Mama came to Usna from sunny California and the ranks of the Navy juniors. Through all four years, Julie studied little, partied much, and dated most. With the infamous crutch throw, Julie danced her way through plebe year and looked onward to a new home in Hawaii. Youngster year ran the gauntlet of emotional highs and lows, and somehow we managed to lead the Brigade in wayward roommates. The Navy and Tintinalbula were at odds second class year, but with sinking canoes, snowbound weekends, and friends like Stein in nine, Jules pulled through. First class year found Julie in the appropriate job of company conduct and the ranks of last minute decision makers at Service Selection.

Most of all, Jules has been the finest friend a skinny kid from Alabama has ever had. All those nights we laughed instead of studied, smoked cloves, went to Dillo's for sangria, and drew Sadie Hawkins dates will always be remembered. Julie has had more cases of mono, had more manicures, and known more AA's than anyone previously on record here. If only I could write a book about life with both Pat Benatar and Dolly Parton . . .

Best of luck as a pork chop Julie, and know that you will be in my heart and mind always . . . laughing, always laughing.

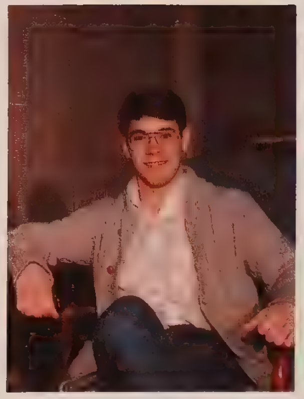
MEG

Michael D. Spradlin
Sprads
Petaluma, California
History, Navy Air

I came to the Naval Academy four years ago. I went through Plebe Summer. I met Fish, Ernie, Jon, Jim, Bill, Rob, Don Ca., Chip, Bucky, Dave, Greg, and Paul.
I liked them.
They became my friends.
We all liked Wiedemans.
We still like it because it is cheap.
Greg and Paul left.
The rest of us graduated.
We are very happy that we are gone.
Oh Yeah.

David F. Steindl
Ernie
Stillwater, Oklahoma
Economics, Nuclear Submarines

Looking back at my four years at the Academy, I have learned that time in the broad sense passes quickly. Yet my memories of people, places, and experiences are quite vivid and enjoyable. The experiences that I went through with Fish, Sprads, Jim, Bill, Jon, Rob, CP, Dave, Paul, and Greg will never be forgotten. They are true friends. In addition to my friends at school, I would like to thank Charlie, Mark, Ben, Cece, and Brooks for their continuing friendship despite the physical barrier of distance. Most of all, I am indebted to my Mother, Father, and brothers, whose constant love and support have been an inspiration to me.



Monica Stevens
Monique
Oakland, California
Political Science, Surface Line

Monica - wild, happy, witty, classy, carefree. we started way back at naps with connie and have come a long way since then. between shopping at honey chrome, dinners at christie's, inhaling alcohol at yesterday's, irish coffee and sunday afternoon reggae at one pelham east. when plebe summer arrived, this h.b. did not slow down. hey, who was in the 8-3 head doing pushups after soaking down beers at dahlgren the night before i-day. plebe year led to many weekends at timmy's, mums, charlies, and connie's house. that is until chip and obs came along. but youngster year, monica found another cutie in georgetown where we zipped off to many weekends in her copper bmw for cagney's, whispers and gwu frat parties. 2/c year, we were spoon fed, through wires by capt. dempsey, but you, di, kelly, and i dreaded every second of weapons and we must not forget ring dance. hmmm kiefer was a cutie and you ordered the rooms, remember. now finally it's first class year and there have been plenty of fridays at the 'hoe' club or winking at peter in frannies, plus a champagne tail-gater with straws. i know that we will always keep in touch and be the closest of friends. god always be with you. — monica, i'll always love you - love sue. thank you for tarq. hey, who wrote that stuff . . . i've got the inside scoop. looking back, i'm just now beginning to realize how much i depended on your napster know how. your pro keds never stayed on when i marched behind you. sorry. when we had yard liberty i was sleeping while you were doing what you do best - socializing. good grief hica do you know everybody. i don't know how many times i tried to keep up with you but you are just too much. since we started out together, it's only fitting that we should end it together. you are the spirit of fun and friendship that so many lack. thanks for everything. i love ya — tishba

MONICA STEVENS

Kurt D. Storey
Skirk
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Applied Science, Air Force Pilot

From the mountains of Colorado Kurt flew down to sea level to attend Canoe U. From day one we could tell that he was a misplaced "zoomie". As a plebe Kurt supplied us with marching songs and even gave a few of his classmates boxing E. I.! This kid was so popular that almost everyone got to live with him. He finally settled down though with two misfits and formed the band known as "Los Guys". That didn't stop him from hanging out at Disco Nimitz at all. O.K., so he did get stars but think of all the Hall life he missed. When he was bestowed a position on Batt Staff as a firstie, he really cut loose. Mother B. took second place to Georgetown, G. W., and who could forget those midnight co-ed swimming lessons in LeJeune. On top of all this Kurt even found the time to run a bookie business. What a guy! We won't mention his photography exploits, although we heard that Bob Gucionne offered him a position with Penthouse.

As some of us are going down to the sea in ships, Kurt will be soaring with the men in blue. The seagull has become a falcon. They say that it is from dust we come and it is dust that we return. Kurt came from the high country and to the blue yonder he goes. Kurt, when my spirit soars upward, you will hear me call, "Hey Outlaw II, do one more roll for me."

Lawrence S. Stovall II
Larry
San Antonio, Texas
Physical Science, Surface Warfare

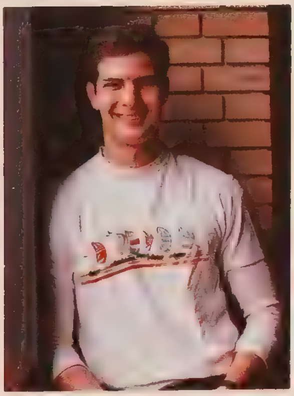
Lawrence came from Texas the land of many steers.
He earned the love of kith and kin and also of his peers.
He started first in Newport at the Navy Prep, and then he came to USNA to sing and march in step.
He drank and sang with Cooper a man whose name lives on.
He lost ol' Dave but found his guitar and since has played his songs.
He chased the girls and drank and swore to fit the pilot's mold,
but in a game his ligaments tore and put his hopes on hold.
He worked real hard on Aerospace 'twas the best thing next to flight,
but in '83 he lost his place and Phi Sci became his plight.
So with good grades he went to Hood with spirit standing proud.
He spoke his deeds quite softly while others spoke out loud.
By service selection he was NPQ for pilots, subs, and corps,
so he resigned himself to be the best at the art of surface war.
Now the Fredrick Warrior is off to conquer a strange and foreign land.
So with ol' Mike along with him he'll head off to Japan.
We've been together four long years where Severn joins the tide,
now by the service called away, we're scattered far and wide.
But when my memory journeys back to Navy's pains and joys,
i'll remember Larry and how we grew to Men from little boys.
Bon Voyage Lawrence;

Mike

Robert Kevin Tillery
Tildo
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Political Science, Navy Pilot

A Southern gentleman at heart came to the Naval Academy to sow a few wild oats and to learn to fly Navy jets. I owe a lot to the guys for keeping me out of trouble during my early oat sowing days and alot to Bill for introducing me to my future, Alison.

I owe alot to those guys and wish them all the best of luck.



Harry P. Ward
Wardhead
Governor, New York
Management, Marine NFO

Harry made his way to the school for the "green" and blue from Governor NY by way of Bridgeton. Upon his arrival he had his eyes on one girl, one car, and flying navy blue. Upon graduation only the car has survived. Harry lead quite a serene first year concentrating on those sought after A's and B's only leaving the hall to see those required sporting events. Only the appearance of the senior's during one spring day in the month of May saved Harry from the fortunes of the hall. With the help of his fellow seniors Harry broadened his experiences, many of which will be left in the Nookie log. Upon the arrival of 3/c year Harry's blood changed from red to green. His love for the mean green machine drove to such lengths, that he would go to such lengths as gettin up at 4 in the morning or brave 60 knot winds and driving rain to run his appointed miles. Harry however had not experienced the true thrill of physical violence therefore he turned to rugby to fill his animal needs. Along with taking three striper libs off dining out chits. 2/c year Harry was able to become the full marine. The final icing on the cake or should I say mud on the Marine was Plebe summer and the Marine option cruise. His years at the boat school were topped off by Harry finally receiving those stripes that had so eluded him. He will always be remembered by many as being the member of 1984 who almost did not receive the last Marine NFO billet because of a little thing called an air detailer. If Harry has his way he will be buried in his red corvette to the tune of the Marine Corps Hymn. The Hallowed halls of old Canoe U. are thanking God they have survived 4 years of the Wardhead.

GO NAVY
GO NAVY

Carl Edward John Amiaga
Conan
Paramus, New Jersey
Political Science, Surface

Conan entered the Naval Academy with aspiring hopes of starring for Navy on the soccer field. Carl turned his talents towards Academics hoping to return to the soccer field the next season but his good friend DFC snapped his ankle like a toothpick. During Carl's first two years he turned his attention to other things; Angelica, Holly, Jefferion, Pam, Leigh and finally Amy. Spanky, do they still think they're the only one? How about the time you met Debbie's dad, kind of an interesting experience. Carl found his true calling in life, when he turned to Poly Sci and weekends again. One parting question: Did those stairs really creak? Good luck in the Fleet, we will always value your friendship.

DFC MTM

Justin D. Baldwin
J. D.
Apple Valley, Minnesota
Mathematics, Navy NFO

J. D. came to Canoe U. from the fleet via NAPS with high ideals and a geekly nature. However, after plebe summer and his first semester of Mickey Mouse he gave up the books as he cruised through the program between 3.7 and 4.0 without them and began a somewhat annoying habit of going to bed between 9 and 10 p.m. On the political front, J. D. was always quick to enlighten those of us less educated than himself as to the "right" way to think. Although he flirted with the idea of leaving us during youngster year, he decided to stay here and remind us that he wished he were somewhere else (probably with his accomplice T. Briggs) arguing politics and drinking beer. Since J. D. was a minor genius and a computer god, he decided to finish his studies at USNA early and go on to grad school where he could commute daily to a "real" university. Although he was, at last report, hopelessly in love with someone named Laurie, he'll never marry her as she has to have too much class to live with a man who lives out of a laundry bag. Maybe she'll teach him to fold his own clothes and . . . Anyway, after graduation and a master's degree, he'll be in the backseat somewhere in the sky, and maybe in the driver's seat with Laurie.

Ronald T. Beasley
Beas
Whitesboro, New York
Applied Science, Supply Corps

Coming to the Academy from the Great White North, Beas bebopped through Plebe Summer struggling to survive from the outset. His classmates all thank him for being the "S S". Youngster year saw him learn that good grades meant plenty of rack time and weekends investing in local bars with classmates. When out with the boys, "hubby's" quick hands tended to get him in trouble with the local girls. Being perfect in the conduct department Beas's downfall began with the assignment of Danno as his roommate. The corruption grew till the glorious midnight raid on the Bar and Grill awarded him the Black "N". Beas subjected himself and the rest of 8-1 to the cranked tunes of the boss which soon made him deaf. We know that was his plan. We'll always picture him in the duty seat with beer in hand and the ever expanding Mickey Mouse feet. It's fitting that owner of the Bar and Grill is headed to the Supply Corps.

Douglas J. Bomberger
Bombs
North Platte, Nebraska
Political Science, Civilian

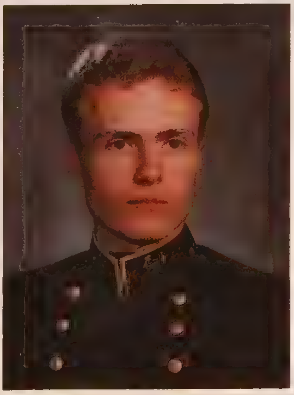
Bombs came to USNA from the wildlands of Nebraska, that part of the country filled with cowtipping barnburning, highschoolers, and scared sheep. A laid back country boy at heart, Bombs quickly explained to the upperclass how he expected to be treated during Plebe year. Youngster year found Bombs trying to decide between the relative merits of a career as a farmer as opposed to one as a Naval Officer. But it wasn't until Second and First Class year did Doug's true colors shine. From "Bomb's and Harry's Summer School Bar and Grill" to episodes in the Beer-Wolf-Zone, Bomb's had a knack for making us enjoy this place. When he wasn't corrupting his roommate and Coast Guard Cadets, Bomb's could be found leading Rugby road trips in his red machine (bedroom on wheels??) Take good care of yourself buddy, we're going to miss you in the Fleet.

PUG

Mark Vincent Cannice
Neech
Miami Beach, Florida
Economics, Navy NFO

Good Friends,
Scott, Bill, J. J., Eric.
Good Times,
Dam Neck, Philly, L. A., Greenbelt.
Good Music,
Billy Joel, Adam Ant.
Good Food,
Bagels with Cream Cheese, Burritos, Mint Chocolate Chip Ice Cream.

Other times,
P-rades, Forrestals, Inspections, Wires.
It's over now, we made it through together.
P. S.
Thanks Mom.
P. S. S.
Gushma Frog.



Donald F. Chase
Chaser
Newtown, Pennsylvania
Applied Science, Surface

Chaser entered the Naval Academy the typical Casanova. Don became one of the first youngster (jg's) in our company. After all he forgot how to do chow calls in September. Wrestling was like second nature to Don. He even demonstrated a leg breaking hold to his roommate. Later that year Don's involvement with a hometown girl crushed his already outstanding grades. After a summer of living in Severa Park, Don changed his major to 150lb football. Ever since X-Mas 82 he has spent all of his free time with a girl named Jake??! One parting question: Was M. B. really a lifeguard? Good luck in the Fleet we will always value your friendship.

CEA MTM

Lawrence E. Creevy
Harry
Stratford, Connecticut
Political Science, Surface

Lawrence told us that he had been given a swimming scholorship to come USNA. That explains a lot of things, but not his telepathy. Plebe summer saw Lawrence stricken with a crippling case of tendonitis which plagued him most of the year. His disability kept him from participating in the plebe indoc. system, however this courageous young adult began to channel his energies toward active participation on his out-of-season sport; the Administrative Conduct System. It was during this period of extreme hardship (being forced to listen to Lonnie and Joe-Billy's stereo and eating on team tables) that Larry's alter-ego "Harry" began to emerge. Though Larry desperately wanted to participate in spirit related activities he was unable to escape his incurable narcolepsy; which would render him immune to even the most powerful alarm-clock. Youngster year Matt and Faa - who introduced Harry to Saturday afternoon swimming lessons with "Dave the bartender". Harry also ECU'ed our favorite flyer that year. Then came the June week massacre and we all mourned the deadbeats passing. 2/c summer Harry had a little conduct trouble but he managed to make society pay his debt. Second class year brought: "Das Boat", the watermelon, the bulkhead, and six weeks in the slammer for speeding. Harry was back on his feet in no-time though, and while his perspective was often altered, he always kept one eye on the days. By the way, how did you get out of every formation first semester of 1/c year? Harry's knack for under-statement and his literal nature proved a constant source of amazement to us all. Sick-call has lost one of its best customers. Thanks for everything McCreevy and . . . don't do anything I wouldn't do.

CHF

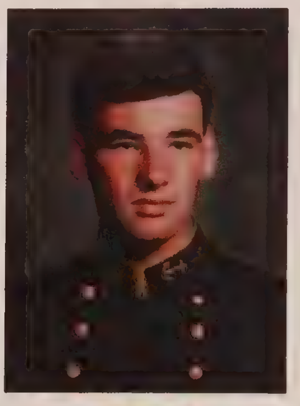
Daniel E. Crisp
Danno
London, Ohio
Mathematics, Navy NFO

Having been born and raised in the Midwest, Dan made the obvious choice of entering the Naval Academy to pursue a career in Naval Aviation. Following the same logic, he joined the sailing team and became a skipper his senior year. Danno deserves a medal: at one time or another he roomed with the Beas, Scooter, and Nudsen, and he even sailed with Kramer for three years. He was always chosen for leadership positions, although his classmates always wondered why, and he always prided himself on being the one who never got caught. His near perfect record was shattered by a midnight raid on Beasley's Bar and Grill. This experience expanded Dan's horizons from the Glee Club, scuba, and VTNA to include the highly prestigious ranks of the Early Morning Breakfast Club. Danno was always a party animal and added his own brand of salad dressing to one mess night menu. Dan never had trouble with grades, He never had trouble with PCR's, He never had trouble with sports, He only had trouble with cars.

Mark W. Edson
Scooter
Rolling Hills Estates, California
General Engineering, Navy NFO

Mark's initial shock when he arrived from Southern California wasn't plebe summer, it was the weather! He still believes that anyone who lives on the East Coast must be crazy. It was the beginning of plebe year that Mark acquired the nickname "Scooter". We still can't figure out if it's because of the incredible speed at which he walked or his resemblance to the Muppet character of the same name. The saddest moment of his plebe year was discovering that chopping stopped upon the onset of youngster year. Some people thought that Mark was a sweat. Just because he squared corners all the way into youngster year doesn't make him a sweat. With the exception of plebe summer, Mark never got fried (caught). Considering his roommates (CFK and WEK), that's amazing. Mark's one obsession was waterpolo. All the hard work paid off as Scooter became team captain senior year. Scooter's crowning organizational achievement was playing cruise director to the boys at Pasadena. Everyone liked Mark; he roomed with Kramer for four years and never asked for money.

W.E.K.& C.F.K.



Christopher H. Flood
Kurt
Plainfield, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering, Navy NFO

Kurt came to us from N. J., enough said. He successfully played the role of the invisible man until 2/c year, at which time he discovered the Deadbeats (Lonnie, W. B. D., Harry, etc.) and began drinking heavily. Consequently, his personality blossomed again and again. This was further enhanced by his unprecedented association with his roommate's relatives (Aunt Cil, Uncle Cid, etc.) and the Murphy School of Thought. Chris swam with the varsity squad for 3 years but was plagued by a constant battle to keep his 6 ft.-2 in. body over 160 lbs. and a trip to ECU. 1/c year brought Kurt a diesel Rabbit and new levels of apathy and zany antics. Continually enlightening us with his incredibly dry sense of humor, Chris could often be heard saying: "Stop Sneezing!" rather than "God bless you, Larry." Despite his consistent good nature, relaxed attitude, and effortless 2.8 in Aero, he maintained high professional standards as he established the first, one-time-only plebe Airborne club. Other high points included: the death and rebirth of HFS, the 9:30, the Wax, the Ontario (X), Cybernetic slam-dancing, ground-work, salads, cow-chasing, freeze-outs, Mr. Microphone, Steamers, the Bulkhead, fine wine, intense non-sensical discussions, a shaved head, and general "Fun, Fun, Fun"; all of which kept us from going over the edge. Without Kurt, his excellent taste in music, and his uncanny ability to put this imaginary place into perspective, I could never have made it — thanx Kurt, you'll make a fine astronaut.

LEC

Robin E. Franke
Binsk
Midland, Texas
Mathematics, Nuclear Submarine

It was a rainy day in July when Robin humbled himself by coming to Maryland, one of Texas' 49 colonies (in his opinion). The rest of his summer wasn't any sunnier thanks to a peacemongering Texas rose that nearly abbreviated his newfound job as "Defender of the free world." However, he soon began a never-ending search for elusive leg. Plebe year saw him get thrown by an astonishing Mormon rodeo queen (Too bad, she had her own whip!). Youngster year, he liked 'em young (Your mom is picking you up?), but by second class year, he began chasing college types, especially lifeguards and dancers. Remember Anne? The only lifeguard with her own personal floatation devices. First class year brought a 30-year-old and a mother with a 3-year-old daughter, (making up for youngster year?).

Throughout his four years here, we all knew that Robin would be a bubblehead, despite his fantasies of becoming a seal (Ouch! My arm hurts!) or a Marine aviator (What do you think, mom? What do you mean by Eeeeek?). When asked why he chose subs, he replied, "It's still a man's Navy, isn't it? More power (nuc) to you, son. I guess anything so rewarding ($$$) is worth it, huh?

Never forget those precious moments: the blonde in the Crazy Horse, buying a Ring Dance drag for the 'Drain, leaping over the wall after 2/c mess night, and the Wednesday Margaritas.

Most of all, never forget that you've got a true friend somewhere up there in the wild blue yonder.

L.J.H.

Manuel Garcia
Manny
Whittier, California
Applied Science, Marine Corps

"Gek, Gek, Gek. It's okaaayyy Johhnn! It's Okaaayyy!"

"Manny, you've never been drinking before?"

"Manny, I thought you knew your way around L.A.?"

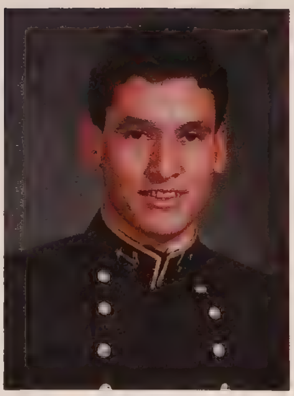
"Don't worry guys. I'll get us there."

How about those Company Officers? Manny, never short for words came up with the perfect solution. Hello 35, good-bye 20. Although his body left, the spirit of chicken-ala-king and pita-bread was never forgotten.

Leather pants, chinese food, phone calls to Mary (some won't forget). What nights, and Boeing C-5's did you say? Mildenhal and apfelkorn. Bubble-butt. Skiing in Garmisch. The Superintendent.

Plebe summer started perfectly with a nosebleed. What can one say about an individual who steals your bed on I-day. Well, Manny it's been four long years since then and they'll never be forgotten.

Look out Marines, you've got the Manny watch.



Leonard J. Hamilton
Right Stuff
Hingham, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering, Navy Air

Len arrived at the boat school for plebe summer with dolphins in his eyes and a very colorful attitude. Who can forget the plebe-hoes as Capt. Hook or Baby Huey? Len also arrived with photos of his podunk sweeties, most notably the famed Zig, but Len, being such a ladies' man soon put his past behind and found plenty of local action to keep his bones warm. First, it was the Mormon and her best friend (now 870511). Len's McLean Madwoman who kept our honorary stud worn out. After many a Georgetown rendezvous, it was learned that Carol would wear the black, and so opened up a new chapter in the "never-ending search". Remember the Goucher Enchantress, or the Jewish treat who had more than Matzah on her mind? Second class year witnessed some awesome geeking. Reeking of brains, our hero breezed through Thermo, Fluids, and other pagan rites. Not so fast, though! How about the time after the NL303 mess night when he had to be strapped into bed? It still didn't keep him from getting a 100 on the next morning's celestial exam. At last, over a bowl of Texas chili he was introduced (ie. bilged) by his roomie to the prettiest eyes in West Annapolis. The future Mrs. Hamilton soon had the boy forgetting all about his book, ***Tips on Bachelorhood.*** *Second class summer, he found his second love, flying. Now nothing can keep this budding jet jockey earthbound. With such a bright future ahead with glamorous Peggy, Grad school (U of Maryland), and Naval Aviation, we know that Len truly has "The Right Stuff". Fair winds and following seas, best ol' buddy.*

R.E.F.

P. Gardner Howe III
Gards
Jacksonville, Florida
Systems Engineering, SEALS

After quickly becoming Numero Uno in our hearts, Gards set about his plans for an illustrious career as a Naval Officer. Everything was proceeding well until he met Bombs. Things quickly deteriorated at this point. Becoming President of the Rugby Club didn't help either. Gards became a man possessed. Booze, women, Rugby and "chunks" became his life. Rugby road trips, Gonzo parties, ski trips all took their toll. But Gards always battled back through superior grades and became our finest company commander. Although women were never a strong point, Gards usually came through in a clinch??! Late night study habits? Bridge jumping, fountain swimming, "things", potato chip bags, and a founding membership at Pete's were some of his most outstanding accomplishments. Good luck kid, you'll knock 'em dead!!!

MAURY HALL
NOT OPEN
TO
GENERAL VISITING

John J. Jordan
J. J.
El Paso, Texas
Systems Engineering, Nuclear Power Submarines

John came to USNA two years behind one brother and one year ahead of yet another. He left the land of sun and came to one that made him yearn for more. Leading a pleasant life quickly changed when she said, "That's right there is no excuse," and when he stood there looking like a tanned tree trunk. Chopping was fun, especially when he encountered his first member of '82 on a sightseeing tour around Bancroft. Ac Year finally started and John started to get the "idea" when we started drop trou chow calls, can't yell if you're not dressed, and also missed the idea when he turned vampire after a football banquet. J. J. finished that year well then started to have fun, missing quarters and serving room watch with his deaf roommate. Dahlgren and late, late nights were the way as a 3/c. 2/c year was spent hunting the elusive rack, but John always came out the winner. The 2nd Plebe Summer was lost in paperwork but, the wrath was felt and the 7-11 burritos were tasty. Not as much as mom's, though. The UVa weekend was a blast, although those whites will never be the same. John set goals and conquered: McCoy's Engine Magic, the tough Systems Engineering Major, stepping into the shower at the 10 min. call, rising at 0720, and 5 min. naps.

John touched all of us in a special way, always there when we needed him and especially good to his roomie. The Submarine Force will get a hell of a man, good luck you earned it all.

B²K

Wade E. Knudson
Nudson
Aurora, Colorado
Oceanography, Navy Pilot

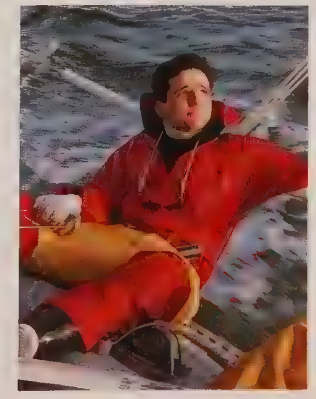
Wade's initial shock when he arrived from snowy Colorado wasn't plebe summer but the fact he couldn't cut school and go skiing! The hardest part of Wade's plebe summer was rooming with Kramer. His four years at the Academy can only be described as atypical. Being an athletic trainer allowed Wade to miss some of the more humdrum aspects of USNA: marching, classes, formations, the first class PCR, marching, and anything else he didn't want to do. We can't understand why Wade wants to be a pilot; high altitudes have always given him problems. Second class year introduced him to the dangers of fences and celestial EI on rooftops. Wade took more three striper libs than his two roommates, and they rated it! His owning a porsche afforded the opportunity of Thursday afternoon road trips to Washington College, among other places. Wade got only one black N and considering his roommates (MWE and CFK), that's amazing. Most everyone liked Wade; he roomed with Kramer for two and one half years and never asked for money.

M.W.E. & C.F.K.

Christian F. Kramer
The Obnoxious Midshipman
Irvington, New York
Physical Science, Surface Line

Chris's initial shock when he arrived from the sophisticated North-East wasn't plebe summer, but discovering that not everyone loved New Yorkers. The hardest part of Chris's plebe summer was rooming with Knudson. The Obnoxious Midshipman was not your average plebe: when he wasn't in trouble (academically or militarily) his favorite pastimes were selling windsurfers or explaining to the Deputy Dant that he really wasn't going as fast as the Jimmylegs claimed. Always striving for academic excellence, Chris charged through third and second class years. One of Chris's better moves was when his impetuous mouth earned him a black N and the admiration of his fellow male Midshipmen . . . Chris's Naval Academy career wasn't a total waste, he caught a lot of good rays sailing for fours and was a skipper his last two years. He never ceased to amaze us. Just when everyone thought Chris was destined to be an M.I.R., he stacked the votes to become team captain and almost flunked out taking three-striper libs. Chris will always be remembered for his famous quote, "If the rack goes, I go with it. My post is here." A few people liked Chris, or so he claims. He lived with himself for four years and never asked for money.

M.W.E. & W.E.K.



Billy B. Kumangai
Bill
Spanaway, Washington
Physical Science, Surface Warfare

From the great state of Washington to the University of Maryland at Annapolis, Bill's got quite a story. Starting off plebe summer with a Long Island proboscis for a roomie, you managed to come out on top and win a dance contest to boot! That was good - **real** good.

Then came academic year. The Big Board decided that you deserved a membership in the brotherhood of Phi Psi. You still worked harder than anyone else and, speaking of working off your tail, I hear they were talking about awarding you a letter for varsity intramurals for excelling in (and coaching) all the ones we had.

Plebe Summer - Chapter II. You had more buddies than you could deal with then due to your extreme ability to know people. (Is there anyone you don't know?) Luckily, Denny's and Fran's were always there to calm you down.

Seriously, though, '84 couldn't be luckier to have such a great classmate and 35th company commander. At least somebody's got their head on straight about what counts. Nobody said life was fair but thank God that there's more to it. Don't ever forget all you've learned here. May the wind always fill your sails and the sun shine warmly on your decks. Good luck!

Adam S. Levitt
Mom
Malverne, New York
Applied Science, Surface Line

When Adam arrived at USNA from Malvern the apron strings were stretched to their limit. He was the only plebe in Sierra whose chow packages exceeded the postal weight limit. With our stomachs full, Sierra Company took on the awesome task of teaching "Mom" how to march. He finally solved our problem by joining the rifle team and even earned a varsity letter in the process. His first cruise proved a trying experience for Adam. Coffee and Tijuana will always have a special significance for him. Youngster year was a time for making up P.E. tests and stocking up on nose rags. Second Class summer passed uneventfully, but the following year was to bring urban crowding as Mom, Schmigley and Poinsey were squeezed out of the penthouse and into a broom closet. Adam adjusted admirably to neo-nazis and nightowls and still managed to generate large amounts of sweat. Adam always managed to convince everyone he was about to fail everything and then sheepishly admit to a 3.5 or better. The lust for power took control of Adam as he sought and came back with those big Batt stripes second semester. It's a good thing too, I heard they were going to make him Drill Officer if he had stayed in company. All his hard work has finally paid off. Adam, I hope you get everything you wanted out on the West Coast. Try to find a girl that's all in one piece. We wish you good luck in the surface navy, but I don't think Anshutz makes a five inch gun.

S.H.P

Steven J. Miller
Bubba
Redlands, California
General Engineering, Navy Air

Stevie left sunny California for the Naval Academy with hopes of proving the Law of Least Applied Effort, or how to get by and not sweat it. Accordingly, he started Plebe Year by choosing Economics as his major. Then the bite of the geekworm worked its magic in him and by the end of Youngster Year he was a Mech-E. A few months later, as a laidback segundo, he realized that his true calling was General Engineering. Some people claim that rapidly declining grades and a brief spell at the ragged edge of disaster with a certain femme fatale had something to do with his decision but the truth is, in his own words, "Heck, somebody had to play Musical Majors." Having found what he wanted in the academic world, he proceeded to search for peace of mind, health of spirit, and the world's fastest quarter-mile car. For the first three years of his reluctant stay at TFP, Bubba sailed the Seven Seas and proved what a salty dog he could be. In his first class year, the seas lost their appeal and his afternoons became an eternal struggle with the Rack Monster. In spite of all this, Bubba stayed on top of things and managed to keep his roommate afloat as well. He got his much coveted free trip to P-cola and is going to make the best pilot ever to skate through Flight School. Take care, bro.

IR.

Michael T. Moran
Howdy
Walden, New York
General Engineering, Navy NFO

Howdy entered the Naval Academy the typical All-American boy but was soon transformed into a partying animal. His change was marked through quotes such as, "I can't feel my face" and "she was almost a Youngster." While most people obtain beer goggles, **MIKE-Black** grows beer muscles. This led to Mouse being placed on the Marine Corps hit list during second class summer. Muffin's golfing days ended when Mess Night brought on a flood of problems. During First Class summer Richie spent his plebe detail on the beach both day and night. We love your nicknames!!!

Thanks to Mike's work as Conduct Officer, every first class was assured a weekend. Did you here Mike, P-COLA is developing a class even you can't sleep through?! One parting question; How are your sister-in-laws? Good luck in the Fleet, we will always value your friendship.

CEA DFC

Scott H. Poindexter
Dexter
Severna Park, Maryland
General Engineering, USMC

Scott came to Navy from the distant community of Severna Park. Being a local boy placed many damands on young Scott, i.e. arranging dates and providing a safe refuge for his classmates during the weekends. Numerous advantages also come with living so close. Plebe year it was Tammy, who could bring light to anyone's Dark Ages. Unfortunately Krebes and other selected members of '82 saw to it that Scott had a more professional way of spending his weekends; marching, marching, and more marching. He toughed it out and when the area tours were done he was no worse for the wear. Youngster year saw the disappearance of Tammy. A true bachelor, Scott has never lacked female companionship. His conquests include Linda, Kris, Ellen, Margret and his latest Julie. Second class year and Black Magic brought an end to Scott's career as a Mech. Since then he has made great strides as a GE, mainly from his desk to the wardroom for an extended coffee break. The electrons which form the images on the picture tube down at the seaward end of 8-2 must hold some special significance for Scott because the only other thing he dedicates as much time to is the study of the inside of his eyelids. On the slightly serious side, Scott is the best roommate and friend a guy could have. Upon graduation Scott will be trading his blues for a set of greens and the Globe and Anchor of the Corps. Good luck always and stay away from open bars.

A.S.L.

Ivan Rosa

Bayamon, Puerto Rico
Oceanography, USMC

Ivan swam up to the Boat School from the warm beaches of Puerto Rico with dreams of returning to his homeland wearing Marine Corps Blues. Of course, first he had to put up with us "Swabbies" for four years (and we had to put up with his "salsa" music). Ivan may not be the gungiest Marine, but damn he'll look good. Not one to compromise his standards, Ivan somehow managed to collect a complete GQ wardrobe (including cologne) on midshipman's salary. Ivan didn't compromise his personal time either. If he wasn't in the rack, he was probably in the wardroom or on the phone to Bruny, but not studying. Coach Smith would have loved it if Ivan would have missed boxing work-outs as often as he missed "Cheers." A devout Oceanography major from the start, Ivan always managed to do just enough cramming to get by when he had to. Let's not say Ivan was lazy, just an efficient (?) manager of time. His whereabouts on weekends will probably remain one of life's unanswered mysteries. With continued good fortune, Ivan will realize his dreams and be remembered as one of the proudest to ever set foot on the shores of the Severn. Ivan Rosa will be a good Marine and a good Marine he'll be.

SJM.

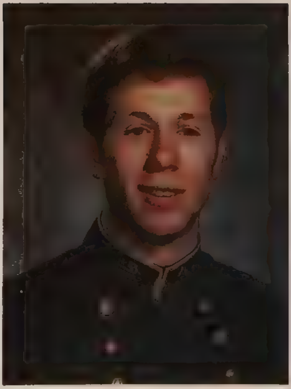
Donald A. Schmieley, Jr.

Scmigley
Brook Park, Ohio
Ocean Engineering, Surface Warfare

We knew Scmigly was homesick plebe year when he kept including his mother in his chain of command. After all, she was responsible for main logistics to room 8251 (and a few of the surrounding upperclass rooms). He soon got over it, though, and left Brook Park and Cleveland behind as he delved into the Canoe U. Experience. Boy, did he delve. The academic divisions and Scmig were not friends. Between his constant involvement in company sports (soccer and fieldball, every year) and battalion rugby and his frequent battles with his friends in the Ocean Engineering Department, he was not known for his copious leisure time.

When Donna N. entered his life, though, he somehow started manufacturing time (a trick he never taught the rest of us). Scmig soon showed us that even he, who had stood up to the fiercest of upperclassmen, could be a yes-man, yes, dear. He also demonstrated that, where Donna was concerned, nothing was impossible, anything you say, dear. Somehow or another (hypnosis, probably), he managed to talk her into marrying him. By the time this is printed, they will have been Mr. & Mrs. Scmigley for some months, and everyone wishes them happiness — not too much happiness, though, because Scmigley gets less and less bearable the happier he gets.

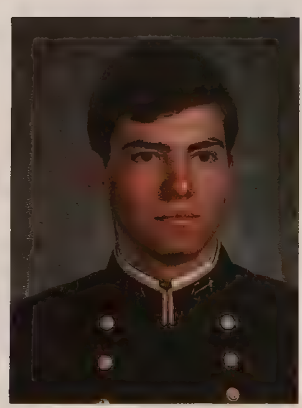
The fiends in the Ocean Engineering Department (and the Math Department, and the Chemistry Department, and Mech-"E" . . .) may have robbed Scmig of his first service selection choice (NFO), but if he could be as happy as he was at USNA, he could be happy driving a ship.



Scott G. Starling

Squirrel
Norwalk, California
English, Pilot

Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie,/ A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly./ Ask me a riddle and I reply:/ ***"Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie."*** *A. A. Milne*



Adrian F. Vagnoni

Spaghetti
Miami, Florida
General Engineering, Navy Air

Adrian came to Canoe U. with four predetermined goals: Eating, Sleeping, Swimming, and Flying helicopters (wop-wop-wop . . .). Although he tried to maintain a low profile, he earned fame during plebe summer by depriving his firsties of their evening meal. They thought it was spaghetti-for-twelve, he thought it was all his. He gets plenty of sleep, too. 14-16 hours a day isn't uncommon for this brigade reknowned Rip Vagnoni. A real Italian, Adrian once displayed his aptitude as a conductor by ordering a Plebette to sing to him. He later chased her (a youngster by now) around for awhile before being snatched by out-of-company prospects. Are you listening, Club 34? We were all glad when his roomie brought him a civilian date for the Ring Dance. (Much to the dismay of his sponsors!) Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Sponsor!

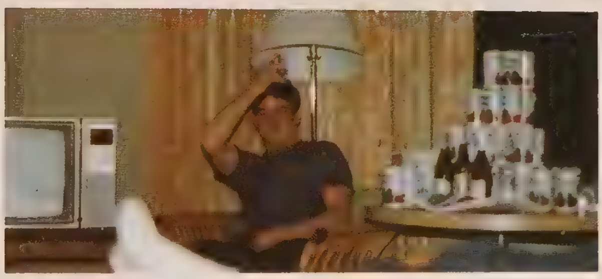
Adrian didn't mind, as long as he got back in time for plenty of rack time. He even changed his major in order to open up some free periods and get some more precious sleep.

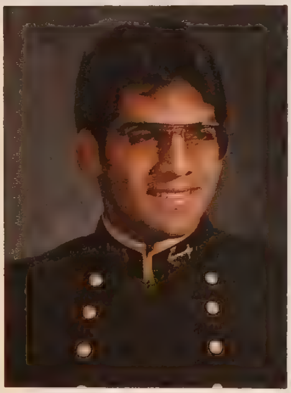
After 4 years here, he has added some new goals to his list. He plans to videotape old Magnum P. I. reruns for future viewing pleasure, open a clinic for insomniacs, win the lottery and buy a lifetime supply of peanut butter and jelly, and find a girl who can cook and cook and cook . . .

On the serious side, here's to a true and honest friend, may your future be bright.

L.J.H.

Thirty Six





Tomas J. Aguilar
El Paso, Texas
Political Science; "AGS"

Crawling out of the Rio Grande into El Paso, Tom stumbled onto the hubcaps of a Congressman. The Congressman saw some officer potential in him and the next thing Tom saw was Luce Hall as he came crawling out of Santee Basin. That first view of Luce Hall was Tom's limit of professionalism but not pride. In spite of bad grades, bad fries and being the first plebe to the Axe Board, Tom survived first semester. As a matter of fact he survived quite a few semesters. Tom never was the most farsighted individual. One weekend he drove out in his '77 Honda and came back in an '84 pickup. A man of rare talents, Tom learned how to open doors with his face. This antic, added 10 stitches to Tom's twisted ankle and recently operated on knee, left him a sight for sore eyes. At least he was able to go to restriction muster in white works for a few weeks. Tom never has been healthy, I mean from his eyes going from bad to blind to having Mono during ACTRAMID, how can there be time for healthy. I hear medical had to get a cabinet for his file. As far as Tom and women go, well the women are still going and probably always will, unless he can find one that can out-do the wardroom at Mexican Meal. He is never really on top of things, school, money, but especially women - he'd rather stay on the bottom. Tom did a couple of things that really surprised most if not all of those who knew him. The first was running for class president - unsuccessfully. The other was going Marine Corps on Service Selection Night. There are a couple of '81 grads who'll love to hear that. Well Tom good luck in the Corps and stay a real cowboy.

Frank Andrews
Paco
Annapolis, Maryland
Management, Nuclear
Submarines

Frank almost did not make it through Plebe Year because he could not handle living so far away from home! The truth of the matter is that nobody knew more people around here than Frank. It helps when you were born on Hospital Point and grew up within several hundred yards of the Severn River. Having a Father who was not only an alumni, but also a department chairman here did not hurt, nor did having a sister who was in the class of '81. Maybe being on the football team Plebe and Youngster year helped or playing varsity lacrosse as a First and Second Class had something to do with it. But to come right down to it, Frank did not need any of these comforts. His enthusiasm, friendliness, and endless supply of energy were Paco's real gifts to everyone he knew.

Paco may have worked hard, but he played hard as well. Driving through the yard in civies as a plebe is tough work and losing a form 2 for the same thing as a Youngster is not easy. Then, Frank found a way to rate more privileges as a 3/c than most 2/c. Paco, you mad master of the slam, good luck to you where ever, forever. There is no better roommate.

R. Bronson Armstrong
Casper
Trappe, Maryland
Oceanography, NFO

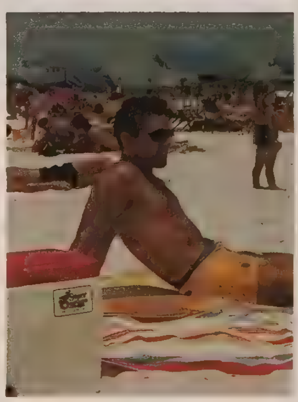
The friendly ghost came to USNA from his old haunt of Trappe, Eastern Shore. After two years of jumping out of perfectly good airplanes, Bronson decided to participate in academics instead. This allowed him to get his heart's desire at service selection, NFO. (or was it nuc, or surface? No, it was NFO) Other than not introducing his "wife" to his roommate for over a year and a half, or brief driving excursions on L. A. sidewalks (it sure was nice of them to put those paperstands in the median), or his idea of the proper color for a Porsche, Bronson was a Quiet guy? Bronson was always there when you needed a favor, and was one of those people who are always ready to lend a helping hand. Bronson made our four years here a lot easier, and a lot more fun. Good luck in P-Cola and in the fleet, but stay away from those steamed clams and wine!

T. R. G.

Rosser O. Baker Jr.
Rosco
Syracuse, New York
Physical Science, Marine Air

"I don't know anything about my roommate except he's from Syracuse." Four years later the same words apply, because Bake's has always been full of surprises. An avid sportsman, Ross, played Lacrosse, Hockey and Basketball with his checkbook during his stay here. Bakes also received a varied education. Not being one who wanted to be trapped in a single major, Ross switched majors frequently. After finally ending up in the fraternity his academic worries were over. Adventures with the opposite sex were always interesting. Ross just couldn't seem to stay on the road when a girl was on his mind. Literally. Ross liked to be able to look up at his women, but like any good drinking man his standards could be altered. They rarely were though, as his companions usually outclassed everyone else's. Although that isn't saying a whole lot. His major interest was one Cortland State Red Dragon, who occupied much of his thoughts while he was here. Going out with Ross always ensured one of a good time. Never short on ideas, always short of money, he turned many boring situations into memories for all of us. The times that we have gone through and the fun that we had goes far beyond description. One of the few sad thoughts on graduation day will be the knowledge that I won't see as much of Ross anymore. It will be like losing a brother. Rosser leaves the Academy with only two wishes — that VW vans were warmer and that he was alive for his 22nd birthday.

"So I packed my hopes inside a matchbox and said goodbye to all my friends, 'cause I know it's time to fly."



Brian E. Bandarra
Babee
Monterey, California
History, Nuclear Power
Submarines

After 4 yrs. we have yet to figure out how our King got here. Floating in from the fleet, the Ancient Mariner found himself roomed with a future Brig. "Bambi" Cdr. Plebe yr, he was adopted by a pair of P's and things began to look up. Mom's parties and rug burns helped Brian buz thru Plebe yr. Youngster yr was a classic. His A-N performance was amusing. And one weekend sprung him into a formal predicament by eating brownies and cruising thru the gate with a nice girl's number, sailing with Pop's wife and kid to stagger up in gym gear with just enough time to catch alot of heat. The stage was set for his coronation. Bringing his love life closer to home, he let loose his 5 yr honey and took hold the crown. Age and Christy have tamed the old bone and since then the W. S. has been his home. Thru it all, Brian has helped to keep our class together and exciting by helping to organize tailgators and Spring parties.
Just can't tell you how crazy life feels
I'm not really sure how much has been real
Memories of good friends seem to say a 'bit longer,
And as we part after graduation
Let our friendships grow stronger.

J.A.G. and S.B.P.

Jeffrey S. Bartkoski

Bambi
Sterling, Virginia
Ocean Engineering, Navy Pilot

It all started one Tuesday of July in 1980 in the coolness of the morning. The Icemen of 36th company banded together as the 36th Platoon - Sierra Company. Among us, 34 strong, was one "Jake" of average height and humble fortitude named Jeffrey. Who could have guessed back then that this quiet fellow from Virginia would grow up to be a 6'2" six striper.

The obvious question would be, "What is Jeff's recipe for getting those megastripes while at the same time taking a permanent spot on the Supe's list?" After all it isn't every day that one gets to be the Brigade Commander, even if one is pretty sharp. It took some time to figure it out, but I think I finally got it.

I first thought that the secret was in his handsome features. However, I concluded that this could not be the case, (just kidding Jeff). It may have been his piercing eyes and dark brown hair, but then again I had curly hair, too. Maybe it was in his name. After all, wasn't the Pope Polish? Yet, Bambi wasn't the only "Ski" in Canoe U. Then it finally dawned on me.

You see, Jeff's anchor in life is set firmly in the right place. His conviction for God and his love for Jesus always abounded. The Word of God was always in his heart, and he never faltered in trusting Him. He walked before God humbly and with a caring heart.

Truly Jeff will do well where ever the Lord leads him, shining his faith to the glory of God.

> *"Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you at the proper time, casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He cares for you." - I Peter 5.6-7.*

Andrew D. Bigelow

Bigs
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan
Management, Marine NFO

Bigs, the man from Salty who hates the sun (nice tan). Salty of course is world famous for the GOLDEN SNOW SHOVEL AWARD. Now the big guy is going Marie NFO. Hope they have plenty of food and lots of towels for the sweat, eh. Maybe there he'll learn not to trip on wires during midnight recon raids. Of course, instead of getting on a boat with an engine (the Nav's known for them) Bigs decides to row his boat. He's Captain of a team that doesn't even have engines on their boats. You'd have thought with that tough management background he'd have figured that out. But all in all, I think he can now chew gum and walk at the same time. I guess the $100,000 the government paid was worth it. Thanks taxpayers for feeding him. Now he even knocks before entering a room, having lived with the Brown family for a semester. But Bigs is leaving now and will have a new dining hall to look forward to. He will do well at TBS, once he learns how to bark like the rest of the guys.

Douglas J. Brown

Dougie
Lewistown, Pennsylvania
Chemistry, Nuclear Power Submarines

Another sub-seven minute miler, Doug quickly became a man of (after?) our hearts. As it turned out it was Charlotte's he finally stole, what other girl could accept a brick for her boyfriend?

Doug came to us from Lewistown, one of the nicest small towns in Pennsylvania. And already with a fairly good knowledge of Rickover, Nuclear Power, and the elusive benzene ring.

A Trident scholar in Chemistry with a new Celica, girlfriend . . . graduation must be somewhat of an anti-climax for Doug. But life must have much more in store; Nuclear Power school and a lifetime of friendship. Thanks for the first four years! "Long may you run!"

Anthony T. Capasso

Tonan
Daytona Beach, Florida
Oceanography, Surface Line

Tony, alias Tonan the Barbarian, came to us from sunny Daytona Beach. Figuring plebe year would be a challenge, he relaxed at the Citadel for a year to train. Being a plebe turned out to be much easier than being a knob. This gave Tony lots of time to pump iron for his Mr. Beach look. If he wasn't carrying his weight belt you knew he must have been sick. Tony started school as a naval architect. He soon found that breeding fish was more exciting so he switched to oceanography. Since waves were too small for surfing on the Chesapeake, he bought a sailboat. He was never too tired to take a beautiful girl for a cruise. Of course he had to buy a muscle car to pull his boat so he got a black Trans Am. That was just one of his many "machines" as Tony was quite the womanizer. Being the self-proclaimed king of foreplay, he chased such exotic females as Venus (the Mid trap) and sexy Joo Lee. If a girl didn't meet his standards, he would be nice and lower them. Nevertheless he referred to them all as "goddesses." Tony didn't have too much luck with roommates. He went from the Cruiser and Boo-Boo to the Flow Child and the Mole. It's a wonder he kept his sanity. His tenure as 1st Lt. got him the title of the "Little Lieutenant." He shook his finger at us for our dirty rooms so much that it had to be put in traction. Somehow he always managed to find that the first class rooms were the best. He hopes to some day build a paleolithic restaurant called the Barbarian somewhere in New York. He wants it furnished complete with animal skins, torches, and, of course, beautiful women. Although Tony is destined for the surface navy, he will always be Marine at heart. If he ever gets a hold of some green paint, "Look out grey boats!"

Todd W. Evans
Todd
Stockton, California
Ocean Engineering, Navy Air

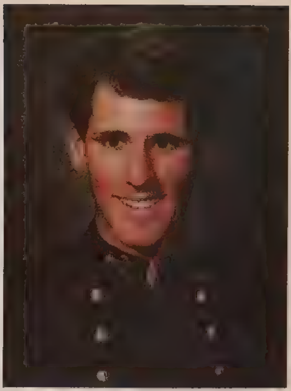
"Hey, but seriously Evs!" remember starting out with funny flies in the wardroom and that permanently broken wrist? Todd Evans (THE REAL ONE) was one of few to ever break something going up the stairs, even after spending a year at NAPS, "where we looked good and the marching was great . . ." He got a look at Briggsy a year earlier than everyone else and he STILL roomed with him! Todd never backed down from engineering, Debbie (PW/P), being Company Commander ("Yes, Lt. Awesome") or even "Pums Daddy". On his classy side, he was seen with Myrn a few times and was lucky enough to room with a crew jock who told him all about the joys of early morning rows and blisters. I'm sure he'll never forget hearing "Take-Off, Hoser!" and "Good Day" from an authentic Northerner who says "pop" instead of "soda". Thank God he gets to fly Navy Air after all those agonizing semesters. Start eating carrots roommate and you'll do okay.

Peter T. Finney
Finz
Concord, New Hampshire
Physical Science, Surface

Gentlemen start your taps: Hooter-Buffer, BU, Alien, DCU, SUDS & BUDS, Millski's, Uranus, Laying-in/Laying-out, Mad Marion, Norm, LU, Red Beach/Blue Beach, DI, Mech "E" Meal, YP's, Per-Diem, J. T., "WTFBuck," Planet, Brainular Eclipse, TAD, "There's Georgetown," The Office, "Can we borrow your car Modes", OOC, BIG RED, Just One, PTH, Tweeter, Rack, Sodium, Tuna-11 O'clock!, Hotel Audi, Bed-Head, Little Oscar, Wooofie, SWEET, College Park, HVU, Cousin Iggy, Easters, The After Taps, HUHNH, Smageggi, Princeton, Jackson Browne, AUG 6, 1983, Horizontal Office, Men Without HAIR, D-R-I-N-K, "What's up Maj.?", UNIT, J. Geils, "He'd have to be 6'5"", Road Scholars, Boston, Whitski's, O. C., Tanker, Gramps, Jay and Zack strike again, Greenies, "Have you had your Weidies?", Lovely, The Vous, BUQ, 2 for 7, ROAD SODAS, "Wanna get a Zaa?", Ouch, Yeah-Right, Dr. Leach, DCA, "The Drinking Lamp has been lit.", out, Goodnight . . .

Thanks Bakes, Joey, Frass, Jonesy, Zubes, Boo-Boo, Gerry, Peff, Brian, Capass, Chip, Frannie, Bigs, Evs, 36, and especially our families for being there when we needed you most. Amy, there are not words enough . . . to you I give all my love!

"No we're not Tom, we're too close . . ."



Christopher L. Frasse
Chris
Seaford, New York
Mechanical Engineering, Navy Air

The Frass came to Annapolis in July of 1980 from the Long Island. With him came the face of a child, the mind of Einstein, and the spirit of Hugh Hefner. Plebe year Chris hit the books hard and brought home stellar grades. He got away from the trials and tribulations of plebe year by spending most of his study hours and spare time in Nimitz Library. The weekends were spent skating with the Varsity Hockey Team.

Youngster year, Nimitz saw more action as the Frass hit the books even harder. Still bringing in the good marks. Chris went halfway in a deal that brought him the title of a new bomb to provide him with transportation. The clock ticked away on the bomb and second class year the Frass bought a Malibu for temporary transportation.

This Mechanical Engineering major wrapped up second class year with a 4.0. First class year opened up with weekends spent in Nimitz and free time working on the '63 Vette. The chow packages continued to feed his roommates and hockey was still big. The Frass ends his four years by the sea without ever being put on report and will continue to fly with the eagle in P-cola.

Timothy R. Goodlett
Rip
Moulton, Alabama
History, Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

Tim came to USNA from the sticks of North Alabama. (note: north) After bilging everyone by already knowing half of his rates before he came for plebe summer, he settled into the quiet (?) life of a midshipman. For most of the time, Tim went unnoticed, but when he did something, everybody knew about it, unfortunately the company officer also. You're probably the only midshipman to have his car in the yard three out of his four years here. How about that stereo plebe year? Even the 'Dant and Dean, on separate occasions said that you were either the most airheaded midshipman they had ever met, or the most devious. I'll vote for the latter. Who can ever forget your famous quote, "If you sleep twelve hours a day, you only have to spend two years here."

Even though you didn't get your first choice, you should do excellent in any field, because of your ability to apply yourself successfully toward any goal. Best of luck and I look forward to seeing you in the fleet.

R.B.A.

Michael L. Jones
Mike
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Applied Science, Supply Corps

A high school All-American in B-ball from High Point High, Holmes came to USNA with visions of slam dunks and rebounds in his head. Unfortunately he was met with Plebe Ho's, come arounds, marching, formations, academics and the like. This didn't seem to stand in the way of Mike who took everything in stride. As expected he excelled in basketball, becoming captain of the varsity squad as a senior.

Mike was rarely seen roaming the halls of Bancroft. Most of his free time was spent at his sponsor's house. Mrs. "V" was a second mother to Mike and countless other Mids, and Mike wants to especially say "Thanks" to Mrs. V. for all she has done for him over the past four years.

First class year brought Mike a new set of wheels, 3 striper libs, and a new exciting lady friend. Needless to say with Holmes being mobile, his time spent in the Yard was kept to a bare minimum.

People will remember Mike as a quiet guy and a great ball player, but those of us who really know Mike will remember him as a true friend that would do anything for you. Mike's a true leader both on and off the court and is destined to be a great Naval Officer.

Four years down and five to go, good luck Mike, I know you can do whatever you want. I'm glad I got to share the first four years with a great guy like you.

Frass

Steven Robert Jones
Potato Cod
Lawton, Oklahoma
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Power Submarine

What does one say about a roommate like Steve? Gee — no, GTE. For four years Steve has been our guide through the wonderful world of science and engineering. The Thermo God directed us on to the path of truth and entropy. Unfortunately, humanities brought Steve back to the sordid realities of academics. A connoisseur of many things, Steve unstintingly supported the US trade deficit with his love for fine German automotive engineering, Japanese stereo components, and Italian shoes. His athletic endeavors met with small acclaim but big gains — his coach promising him big lets. Steve, while professing to be particular in his tastes, kept our room free of crumbs and rats — the rats starved. Steve marched to the beat of a different drummer, which is difficult during drill season. At least he won't have to call cadence on Battalion staff. In any event, the self-contained atmosphere of today's nuclear Navy is just what he needs. Steve, see you on the cutting edge.

JHM

Glenn M. Keller
Skimmer
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Economics, Nuclear Submarines

If Billy Joel knew Glenn, he would have included him in "Allentown" or written a song just about him. Killer has to be the most unique individual ever to have prowled the decks of 36. He arrived at USNA with a full degree in Navy Pro-language from that fierce fighting force known as the Sea Cadets. The Cadets obviously also taught him the proper way to chop because '81, especially Miss Touhey, loved to sit on the mate's desk and watch him bounce past them with the grace of a gazelle. By youngster year Glenn started to see his dreams of driving a nuclear submarine fade as his QPR as an engineer plummeted. But through a quick change to economics and some long nights at his desk, Kelz visited McKee and cashed his Nuc-Power check grinning ear to ear. If you didn't know Glenn, he was Mr. Professional, because no one took this institution more seriously. But for those who knew him, Glenn was the nicest guy and would do absolutely anything for a friend. Look, Mr. Keller, First Set Detail wished they could have given you more than a case of Lowenbrau. We all love ya Glenn, and we wish you the best of luck in the future.

Michael J. Kelly
Kels
Vienna, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering, Navy Pilot

So what can I write about this guy. If I were to list all the things he had accomplished here at Canoe U., I would need this whole page and then some. Just to let you know what I mean, let me point out some samples.

He played varsity baseball. During plebe detail he commanded a company. When "Ac. Year" rolled around he tacked another stripe on as the battalion commander. If that wasn't enough he took his batt to first place in colors. He studied aero on his spare time, getting a QPR that anyone would envy. For recreation he played some mean guitar, and he could even sing too! Pretty good for a jock, if you ask me. Then there is Liz, his honey. Only if bees could have it so good!! If Chevrolet had known Mike, they would have changed their jingle to, "Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie, Mike Kelly, and Chevrolet."

Kels is one of those guys who naturally draws respect from anyone he meets. Just ask any 87'er. He possesses that special kind of leadership character that could make anybody punch a brick wall and make him think that he liked it. Of the four years that I've known him, I wished that I had known him for five. If anyone needed advice, Mike was always ready to lend a listening ear. Helpful hints he never lacked, even if most of his suggestions started with the phrase, "Do you want to know what my pop would say about that? . . . Well, let me tell yah . . . "

Surely, wherever Mike goes, he will make a lasting impression upon the people he meets. I know that everyone who got to know Kels during our four years here will never forget the impressions he had made on us. Mike, best of luck to you and Liz, and keep your faith strong in Christ Jesus! God bless!

Andrew C. W. Kim

Kima
Towson, Maryland
Naval Architecture, Nuclear Surface

Kima came to the U. S. Neurotic Asylum from Baltimore Polytechnic Institute. Here, he received his wonderful background in engineering. With his natural intellectual ability, Andy survived the rigorous Naval Architecture major, one of survivors. He was the Vice-President of the Korean Club and led the 36th Company Bible Study once a week. If the definition of a friend could be condensed into one word, it would be Andy. He was always there when you needed him. When he wasn't busy studying, he was either in his room listening and singing to Keith Green records or out in the 8th wing tennis courts banging the ball off the wall.

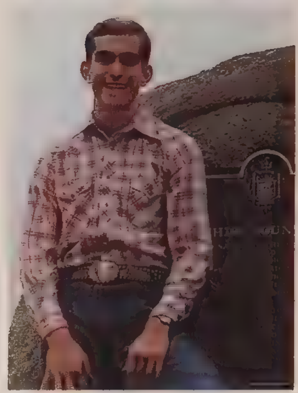
During the weekends, Andy always did his second favorite thing - spend money. He always looked for the most unique gadget and could never, ever pass up a "Really Good Deal". If he wasn't spending money, he liked to entertain lots of guests. Andy was considered by most to be the "Don Ho" of Korea.

Now for his favorite thing, it's not driving fast cars or dating pretty women. Don't get me wrong because Andy likes to do these things too, but his favorite thing is something I wish everyone could do - ***Follow Christ.*** *Andy is very devoted to our Lord and that's what makes him such a very special person. And so I'd like to say, thanks, Andy for being such a great friend and may God bless you in all you do.*

Bradford L. Martin

Bad-Ferd
Glasgow, Montana
Oceanography, Marine Corps

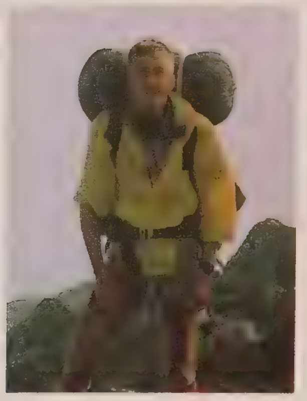
Brad came from the Big Sky state of Montana the home of steers and other things. No those things on the side of your head aren't horns they're ears. Once at Navy he was off and running until he was shot down by the "kissing disease" in the middle of Plebe Summer. With the help of his Lysol spraying roommate, and a certain large nosed squad-leader, and quite possibly idol, he made it through. Very soon Brad developed into a hard charger despite that petite little 200 pound devil telling him to goof-off and live the life of the Barbarian. Youngster year Brad found the sport of Karate and soon began terrorizing sixth and eighth wings with his lethal hands; so we let him think. His antics led to many knock-down, room-wrecking wrestling matches where only the strongest walked out under his own power. Second Class year was Brad's year for love and romance. From Puppydog eyes to that sweet little belle from George Washington College, they all were to feel his affections. We hope the next time you call room service for black-satin sheets you get to use them. First Class year Brad again defied that devil, worked hard, and won a Marine Corps Burke Scholarship. (BZ-BD). Bad, you secret womanizer and world's best air guitar player it's been four long years and many road-trips, may your destiny be fulfilled, and your tank never get stuck. This Buds for you, Brad, the leanest, greenest, meanest Tank commander ever to drive an M-60.



Jeffrey Harold McClellen

Garp
Moraga, California
Physics, Nuclear Submarine

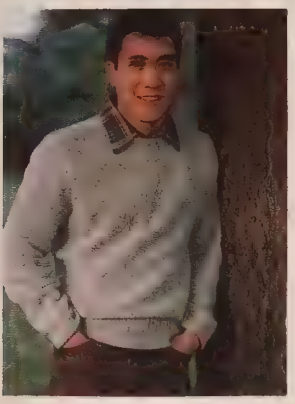
Born near a nuclear test site and prior to the onslaught of '60's bad acid, I can't understand what Jeff is a product of? With all his bizarre comments about males, I think it was his secret desire and latter to become one. Jeff eminates from Moraga, California, the sunniest part of San Francisco, where all women are stronger than the men. Arriving at the Naval Academy, Jeff brought innocence and a desire to excel (I don't believe the part about his dreams packed in a matchbox.) With these possessions Jeff soon blossomed (Just as the Daisy does in the spring) into a 4.0 Physics major. Jeff's fetish for angel suits surfaced when he joined the Protestant Chapel Choir and his aggressions were never released when he purchased the sweetest red, '66 Plymouth Valient. I suspect life holds not many more road trips in that machine. Now as our stay at the Naval Academy grows short, and those fond memories turn into packed cruise boxes and logistical nightmares, your memory will be lost. And of course we're gonna' miss you, thanks for all the times.



Anthony H. Menzel

Machine
St. Charles, Illinois
Marine Engineering, Surface Line

Firmly believing that education teaches you how to spell experience and not give it first hand, Tony learned how to substitute pleasant diversions for academic integrity, but not without grade point difficulty. To his tribute he earned himself a great circle of friends and a reputation as a ". . . machine." Having an incredible sense of audacity, Tony was also known for his enigmatic reasoning, stubbornness, and lack of a sense of humor to an extent not thought humanly possible. In the sincere hope that his career as a surface officer shouldn't be reported in a book such as the "Caine Mutiny", Tony plans on keeping his finger in the dike long enough to make a lasting impression in the Fleet that will carry him to, as yet, unknown heights. This meaning he will always be able to turn his head slightly and utter those memorable words: "My what big stripes I have."



Wendell Quan Yau Mew
Jake
Honolulu, Hawaii
Mechanical Engineering, SEALS

When Wendell's mother told him he was going to the Naval Academy, he said, "Whatevers." Wendell arrived with only two goals in mind, 16" arms and a 12" taper. He has pursued these goals relentlessly, attempting to follow in the footsteps of his mentor, Arnold Schwarzenegger. Coming from the land of endless summer, he wasn't quite prepared for the "Dark Ages" of Academy life. It wasn't till first class year that his wardrobe consisted of anything other than black T-shirts and white pants. Happiness for Wendell is: riding cross country on a Harley; restoring pieces of automotive history; searching for Maine lobsters and size of "pizza pans;" and drinking a gallon of cheap white wine on the beach. His method of working out is also unique. I know of few people who consider "squatting till your legs bleed" the ideal work out. No story about Wendell would be complete without mentioning his favorite quote, which has been proudly displayed under his blotter for the past two years. It is from Ghengis Khan, and it begins: "There is no greater pleasure than to conquer one's enemies, to pursue them . . ." As you can see, this man was born to be a SEAL.

Robert E. Mohle
Admiral
Villa Park, California
Oceanography, Navy Pilot

"He came. He slept. He left." Also Moheeli and Morocco. Bob came to the Academy from conservative California and immediately struck up a friendship with the class of 81. The first class loved the idea that Bob always kept a smile on his face. His classmates loved him for keeping smiles on their faces. No one in his class will ever forget "It's a big boat, sir." Youngster year was the year Bob bought his first car. Never has one car done so much for so many. His willingness to lend it out on a moment's notice typifies Bob's personality - but then again Bob's being on restriction most of the time limited his use of the auto. Never one to complain, Bob kept moving forward in an institution that seemed to be dead set against him. Second class summer saw Bob going thru BUDS while sick as a dog and with a broken ankle. Oh well - "not hurting me." Bob had quite an eye for the bargain automobile. He also shared his good fortune, constantly looking for someone to buy one of his bargains. Anyone want a microbus? We knew Bob was finally growing up when he bought a car for more than $500, a baby blue 2+2 Jaguar. Never mind that Bob got extra long jumper cables for Christmas so that his car can always start. Naval Aviation is getting a very talented, intelligent, fun-loving officer, not to mention the waterpolo team's high scorer. Just ask him, he'll tell you himself.

TMO, JHM, WQYM.

Hans J. Nepf
Jake
Setauket, New York
Mechanical Engineering, Naval Flight Officer

Hans, hailing from some place on Long Island called Setauket. It must be a great place to retire if you want quiet. It had to have rubbed off on Hans. The Classes of 81, 82 and 83 didn't even know he was here until Christmas Leave '80. I mean you know it's bad when you can walk into your room, make all kinds of noise, and, not until leaving it realize that there was someone sleeping on the top rack - Hans. Taps takers had a heck of a time finding him up there. I guess his thinness came from all his running. First with JV Track and then opting for more fun playing a role on the '83 Brgade Champs; Sixth Batt Cross Country.

Daniel Ray Nicoson
Dan
Waterman, Illinois
General Engineering, Marine Air

Sheeeoooot," Daniel Ray, driver of the "Mighty Mustang", arrived the morning of I-Day with a "Dekalb Corn" ball cap, wheat sticking between his toes, and a dream to put Waterman, Illinois on the map. He will always be remembered for starting the Army fight song every morning during Plebe Summer enroute to the wardroom. "Weee don't play Noter Dame . . ." Plebe Year found Dan running his tail off for Navy and trying to study by osmosis with a text underneath a pillow. Dan loved to sing "Chestnuts Roasting on An Open Fire" while showering and receive letters about a heart "Bleeding Purple Peanutbutter." As Plebe Year came to an end. This country boy left a four man room to join the Marine Corps. After spending three years with Briggs, Dan learned how to use only last names, how to be politically reliable, how to ride a bike very fast, and how to OORAHH. In four years Dan has come from the position of Zeke's Chicago bound sidekick to Platoon Commander of 36. We all wish Dan the best of luck in the upcoming years, and hopefully his eyes will stay good. "But seriously Dan, where the hell is Waterman?"

Thomas M. Owens

O
Albany, New York
Physics, Nuclear Submarines

Gentlemen start your taps: Hooter-Buffer, BU, Alien, DCU, SUDS & BUDS, Millski's, Uranus, Laying-in/Laying-out, Mad Marion, Norm, LU, Red Beach/Blue Beach, DI, Mech "E" Meal, YP's, Per-Diem, J. T., "WTFBuck," Planet, Brainular Eclipse, TAD, "There's Georgetown!," The Office, "Can we borrow your car Modes", OOC, BIG RED, Just One, PTH, Tweeter, Rack, Sodium, Tuna-11 O'clock!, Hotel Audi, Bed-Head, Little Oscar, Wooofie, SWEET, College Park, HVU, Cousin Iggy, Easters, The After Taps, HUHNH, Smageggi, Princeton, Jackson Browne, AUG 6, 1983, Horizontal Office, Men Without HAIR, D-R-I-N-K, "What's up Maj.?" UNIT, J. Geils, "He'd have to be 6'5"", Road Scholars, Boston, Whitski's, O. C., Tanker, Gramps, Jay and Zack strike again, Greenies, "Have you had your Weidies?", Lovely, The Vous, BUQ, 2 for 7, ROADS SODAS, "Wanna get a Zaa?", Ouch!, Yeah-Right, Dr. Leach, DCA, "The Drinking Lamp has been lit.", out, Goodnight . . .

Thanks Bakes, Joey, Frass, Jonesy, Zubes, Boo-Boo, Gerry, Peff, Brian, Capass, Chip, Frannie, Bigs, Evs, 36, and especially our families for being there when we needed you most.

"Pete, wake-up, we're out of gas . . ."

Steve B. Peffers

Peff
Tampa Bay, Florida
Ocean Engineering, EDO

When Steve walked into the room, he was no bigger than the bag he was carrying. He was young, innocent, and naive. But he learned very quickly many of the facts of life; the bathtub in Philly, viewing Brian's performances, writing his own love-letters, making his own dates, and dancing. He was 86'd in Tahoe as he blew thru Margaritaville. He became a wino in Monterey, illegal in San Diego, and too cheap for TJ. He has really enjoyed "Jacking-it-up" in the room with JB and SM tunes and dreaming of K. F. The lil' guy lettered in Rugby (the only one in the room to receive such honors) and was a star on Co. Light Weights. Steve has slept anytime, anywhere, with anyone, anyhow. He even slept thru quarters to obtain his only conduct blemish. He started 84 by entering 83. His partying led to big stripes as Co. Hood Rep. But with good ol' Peff there's always a healthy puff.

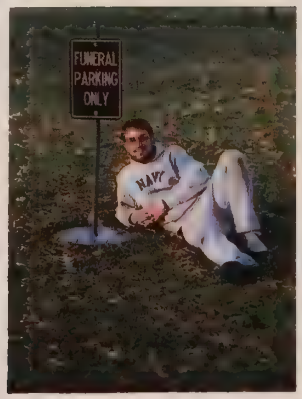
When you look over your shoulder
You see the life you've left behind
When you think it's over do you ever wonder
But you can never go back the way you came
What a road it's been.

Gerald A. Peters

So. Lake Tahoe, California
Political Science, USMC-ground

Gerry joined us with redeyes, a bald head, shiney shoes, and a tight rack. Quickly he found the Navy way with long hair, a beer belly and a woman in every port. Buzzing into the slot of class social coordinator, Mom's became a plebe yr release. Shirley left him for a Boomer. His services as barber and bartender became vital functions on 8-2. With the women, Gerry loved them all. From his little Jewish princess, to his Puerto Rican pooper. One disrespectful weekend a blind date beat him to his infamous backhand, he mouthed his way into restriction while taking BB for the ride, and finished with the mother-daughter act on the bay. Junior year, Gerry's welcome wagon nearly put him on the road. His private barber always kept his head neatly trimmed and feeling good. Karen adopted the man with a pierced ear and cheap imported disco clothes, so now he struts around in Sears polyester suits and tight designer jeans. Remember Karen, things can only get better.

Now the seats are all empty
But not our memories of Him.
Let the roadies take the stage,
And a thousand miles away look back
Always cherish the memories on this page.



Daniel Gene Stoddard

Dan
Lawson, Missouri
Marine Engineering, Nuclear Submarines

John Ericsson. Robert Fulton. Chester Nimitz. And Hyman Rickover. These are the role models of one talented Marine Engineer. Dan emulates traits of all of them. He has shown great motivation for designing his own type of nuclear reactor. He spent his plebe year liberty studying the reactive properties of a new, improved coolant. Based on that "research," it wouldn't be surprising to hear that Dan had developed the Pressurized Pitcher Beer Cooled Reactor. The project is a good security risk. Even in the tangled grapevine of Mother B., Dan managed to keep this and other aspects of his personal life a secret. His biggest project was known only to a select few until the whistle was blown on Service Selection night: he's getting married. The "shy little girl" who "looked uncomfortable" back in youngster year was taken by his charm (ahem). Mary and Dan have a terrific future ahead of them and it will only take a nudge to make their dreams come true. That's the story of Dan's life. Things seem to fall into place for him. He was a hot runner in both senses. He read about submarines and listened to his dad's sea stories and became a submariner. Taking a hit on four-week grades plebe year, Dan brought his awesomely lucky guessing ability to bear and pulled out a string of 4.0's. He got an occasional B to keep him human. He hid the fact that he was smart by not studying much. Now, he's going on to grad school (a real college, like MIT or UVA). All the while, he'll be sharing life with Mary. Makin' his dreams come true.

Stevenson L. Todd

Pasadena, California
Physical Science, Surface Line
BOO-BOO

Steve, the son of a brain surgeon, came to the East Coast and the Naval Academy from the land of Fruits and Nuts. Steve seems to have this sphere of disorder surrounding him. Anything within the sphere seems to break or fall apart. He is affectionately called BOO BOO becaus of his resemblance to the cartoon character. What a character he is too. The little brown bear often joined us as we foraged for parties and excitement. We would often go incognito as we analyzed everything from hops to grain to grapes. No matter what, BOOBOO would always wobble but he would never fall down- ever. We once trusted him to drive "the morning after the night before", but with four of us in less than perfect condition and a car to match BOO BOO had a few troubles finding the right way back. Steve never had the women flocking to him, but if they only knew-enough said. However, one weekend he met the girl of his dreams, or so he thought until he saw her in the wardroom the next day. That got him to thinking why it took two hours to walk back from Fran's the night before. All in all BOO BOO doesn't take the thought process to seriously, he just lets things happen as they will. Steve has been a good roommate for three years and a great friend. Good luck as you go through the Navy and life.

Joeseph K.Weistroffer

Joey
St. Charles, Illinois
English, Marine Air

Joey came to the Naval Academy to be an aero engineer, a pilot, and to play his saxophone. He now leaves as a pilot, an english major, and his sax still at my home. Plebe year wasn't hard enough for Joe as he always wrote Becky Boobs everyday to keep himself busy. Youngster year Joey and Paco took in Skimmer as a roomie to "chill" out Skimmer, but no such luck. Second Class year afforded Joey to be an exchange student to West Point. He sure did love how he had to hide things so the Woops would not take them, even himself. He did learn some things there, especially about rooms, and made some Woop friends. First Class year Joey went from MIR to company commander. He though second semester he could finally get to sleep early, but BD's visiting, someone's complaining, or he's writing another english paper. We're all sure Joe will be the best at whatever he does as he does not ever quit or fail whatever he attempts.

Charles B. Zublic

Cruiser
Turnersville, New Jersey
Computers, Surface Line

Chuck's most prominent feature, at first sight, is his inordinately large proboscus. Yes, "the Nose" has quite a good one. What is worse though, is that he seems to be proud of that fact, and all other such things as to antagonize people. From plebe summer when Chuch had to be affixed with a pair of blinders to keep his eyes "in the boat", it has been evident that he is a hard one to restrain. "Cruiser" is certainly a unique character of great drinking and carousing renoun. This is most evident by his great affinity to alcohol and nudity 2/c summer. However, Chuck never discovered how well he could extend this talent at Hood until late in 1/c year. Every time Chuck stepped into the wardroom you could count on at least a few choice crude remarks by him about whatever is on the tube. Chuck didn't get to go Navy Air as he wanted to, but he probably will do fine on the Iowa where Cruiser will have to change his nickname to Battlewagon. Good luck Chuck and keep your nose out of trouble.

In Memorium

The Navy Hymn

Eternal Father, strong to save,

Whose arm hath bound the restless wave.

Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep

Its own appointed limits keep;

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,

For those in peril on the sea!

Timothy Powell Scott

An Army-Navy
Scrapbook

7
17

23
57
52
NAVY
1949

NAVY
774
NAVY
175

CROSS COUNTRY

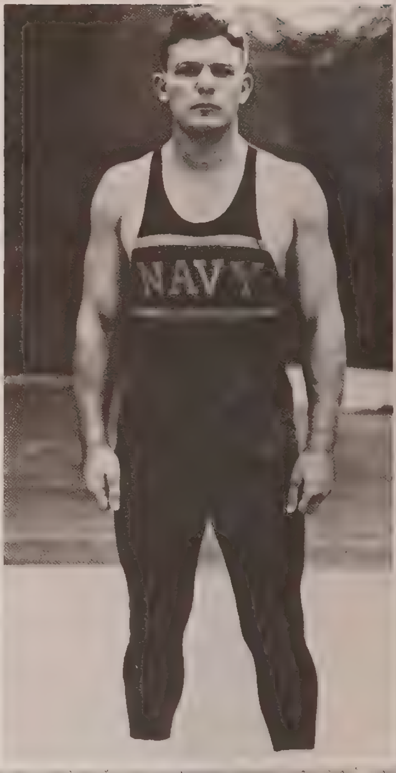
[illegible]	NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	19*	42
[illegible]	32	23*
[illegible]	30	25*
[illegible]	24*	31
[illegible]	30	25*
[illegible]	31	24*
[illegible]	22*	34
[illegible]	26*	29
[illegible]	36	19*
[illegible]	20*	37
[illegible]	38	20*
[illegible]	35	15
[illegible]	50	15*
[illegible]	48	15*
[illegible]	48	15*
[illegible]	44	15*
[illegible]	40	20*
[illegible]	33	22*
[illegible]	31	24*
[illegible]	33	24*
[illegible]	24*	32
[illegible]	38	17*
[illegible]	25*	30
[illegible]	36	21*
[illegible]	37	22*
[illegible]	23*	38
[illegible]	22*	33
[illegible]	17*	45
[illegible]	40	20*
[illegible]	23*	33
[illegible]	21*	35
[illegible]	26*	29
[illegible]	19*	44
[illegible]	29	26*
[illegible]	21*	40
[illegible]	34	21*
[illegible]	17*	46
[illegible]	20*	43
[illegible]	25*	36
[illegible]	26*	29
[illegible]	24	37
[illegible]	16*	47
[illegible]	15*	50
[illegible]	15*	49
[illegible]	15*	50
[illegible]	15*	50

24 WINS
21 LOSSES
1 TIE

WRESTLING

[illegible]	NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	17*	8
[illegible]	8	20*
[illegible]	17*	9
[illegible]	15	16*
[illegible]	14	15*
[illegible]	8	20*
[illegible]	18*	9
[illegible]	14	14
[illegible]	16	16
[illegible]	19*	14
[illegible]	25*	10
[illegible]	19*	13
[illegible]	22*	11
[illegible]	26*	6
[illegible]	25*	8
[illegible]	37*	3
[illegible]	23*	14
[illegible]	34*	3
[illegible]	40*	2
[illegible]	40*	5
[illegible]	27*	11
[illegible]	26*	12
[illegible]	35*	3
[illegible]	29*	7
[illegible]	26*	9
[illegible]	36*	6
[illegible]	33*	3
[illegible]	33*	6

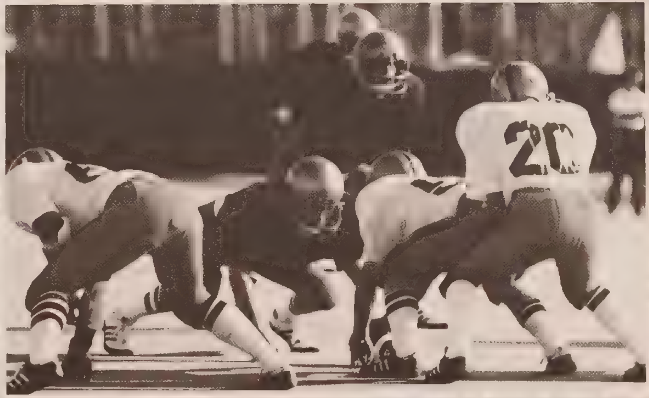
22 WINS
4 LOSSES
2 TIES



150# FOOTBALL

YEAR	NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	0	7*
[illegible]	0	33*
[illegible]	26*	0
[illegible]	12*	7
[illegible]	15*	7
[illegible]	12	15*
[illegible]	13*	0
[illegible]	0	6*
[illegible]	21*	15
[illegible]	9	13*
[illegible]	3*	0
[illegible]	14	17*
[illegible]	28*	14
[illegible]	7	14*
[illegible]	0	20*
[illegible]	0	41*
[illegible]	24	27*
[illegible]	12	28*
[illegible]	26	31*
[illegible]	21	25*
[illegible]	23*	13
[illegible]	8*	7
[illegible]	14	16*
[illegible]	12	16*
[illegible]	17*	7
[illegible]	27*	7
[illegible]	13	38*

11 WINS
16 LOSSES
0 TIES



FOOTBALL

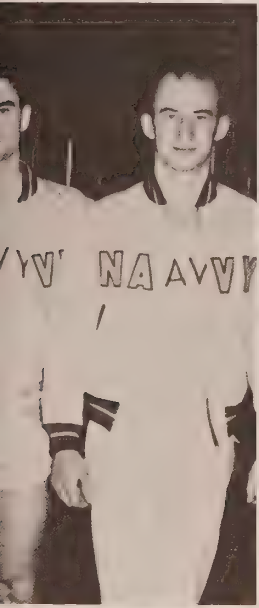
[illegible]	NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	24*	0
[illegible]	16	32*
[illegible]	12*	4
[illegible]	6*	4
[illegible]	5	17*
[illegible]	11*	7
[illegible]	5	11*
[illegible]	8	22*
[illegible]	5	40*
[illegible]	0	11*
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	10*	0
[illegible]	6*	0
[illegible]	4	6*
[illegible]	3*	0
[illegible]	3*	0
[illegible]	6*	0
[illegible]	9	22*
[illegible]	0	20*
[illegible]	0	14*
[illegible]	7	15*
[illegible]	6*	0
[illegible]	7*	0
[illegible]	7*	0
[illegible]	14	17*
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	0	12*
[illegible]	3	10*
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	9	14*
[illegible]	0	6*
[illegible]	7	17*
[illegible]	0	20*
[illegible]	7	12*
[illegible]	3*	0
[illegible]	6	28*
[illegible]	7*	0
1937	0	6*
1938	7	14*
1939	10*	0
[illegible]	14*	0
1941	14*	6
1942	14*	0
1943	13*	0
1944	7	23*
1945	13	32*
1946	18	21*
1947	0	21*
1948	21	21
[illegible]	0	38*
[illegible]	14*	2
[illegible]	42*	7
[illegible]	7*	0
[illegible]	7	20*
[illegible]	27*	20
[illegible]	6	14*
[illegible]		
[illegible]	14*	0
[illegible]	6	22*
[illegible]	43*	12
[illegible]	17*	12
[illegible]	13*	7
[illegible]	34*	14
[illegible]	21*	15
[illegible]	8	11*
[illegible]		
[illegible]	7	20*
[illegible]	19*	14
1968	14	21*
1969	0	27*
1970	11*	7
[illegible]	23	24*
1972	15	23*
1973	51*	0
1974	19*	0
1975	30*	6
1976	38*	10
1977	14	17*
1978	28*	0
1979	31*	7
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	24*	7
[illegible]	42*	13

39 WINS
37 LOSSES
7 TIES

[illegible]	SQUASH NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	2	7*
[illegible]	2	7*
[illegible]	4	5*
[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	2	7*
[illegible]	5*	4
[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	6*	3
[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	0	9*
[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	[illegible]	5*
[illegible]	4	5*
[illegible]	6*	3
[illegible]	9*	0
[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	6*	3
[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	5*	4
[illegible]	9*	0
[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	6*	3
[illegible]	7*	2

22 WINS
14 LOSSES
0 TIES

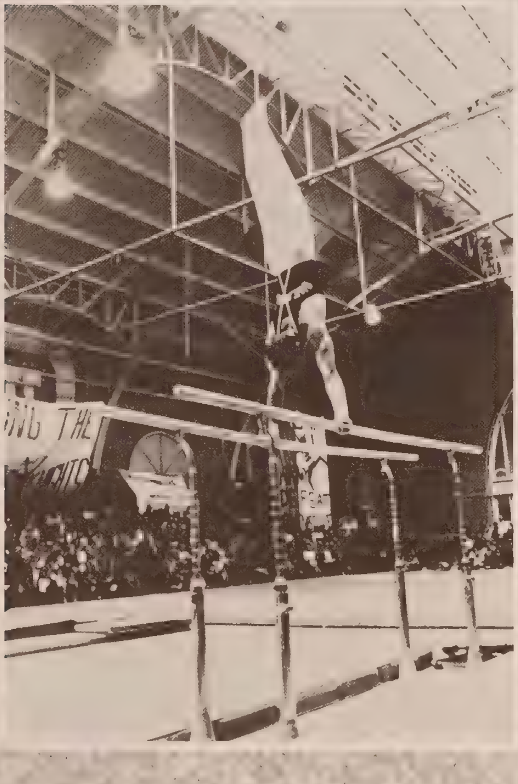
NAAVY
NAAVY
AVY
NAVY



GYMNASTICS

[illegible]	NAVY	ARMY						
[illegible]	39*	15	[illegible]	39	57*	[illegible]	152.40	153.55*
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	43	53*	[illegible]	153.83*	139.18
[illegible]	30*	24	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	159.42*	153.43
[illegible]	25	29*	[illegible]	41	55*	[illegible]	157.4*	154.5
[illegible]	20	34*	[illegible]	41	55*	[illegible]	185.70	198.80*
[illegible]	31*	23	[illegible]	39	57*	[illegible]	196.8	202.4*
[illegible]	12	42*	[illegible]	37.5	58.5*	[illegible]	192.8	210.5*
[illegible]	31*	23	[illegible]	41.5	54.5*	[illegible]	185.40	199.90*
[illegible]	12*	6	[illegible]	46	50*	[illegible]	199.9	210.1*
[illegible]	5*	1	[illegible]	48.5*	47.5	[illegible]	228.30	248.35*
[illegible]	32.5	63.5*	[illegible]	36	60*	[illegible]	256.4	257.65*
[illegible]	39.5	56.5*	[illegible]	30.5	65.5*	[illegible]	258.85*	249.8
[illegible]	43	53*	[illegible]	153.75	158.4*	[illegible]	258.30*	240.75
[illegible]	51*	45	[illegible]	43	75*	[illegible]	265.20*	261.55
[illegible]	32.5	63.5*	[illegible]	169.80	172.95*			
[illegible]	44	52*	[illegible]	180.75	181.75*			
[illegible]	44	52*	[illegible]	173.50	174.90*			
			[illegible]	147.88	155.23*			
			[illegible]	157.30*	146.10			

15 WINS
33 LOSSES
2 TIES



OUTDOOR TRACK

NAVY	ARMY
58.7	67.3*
56	79*
72.5*	62.5
65.6	69.4*
31.3	103.7*
41.5	84.5*
50	76*
76.3*	49.7
57.9	68.1*
61.3	64.7*
68*	58
70*	56
45	81*
69*	54
59.3	66.7*
62.3	63.7*
65.3*	60.7
74*	52
72.4*	53.6
70.3*	55.7
51.5	74.5*
54	77*
23.5	107.5*
44.5	86.5*
62.3	68.7*
61.6	69.4*
57.5	73.5*
81.6*	49.4
65.3	65.7*
71.5*	59.5
65	66*
84.3*	46.7
74*	66
77.7*	53.3
91*	49
74	75*
67	82*
69	80*
85.5*	68.5
76	78*
67	87*
40	114*
44	110*
46	108*
74	80*
100*	54
100*	54
84*	70
86*	77
92*	70
80	83*
78	85*
82*	81
68	95*
65	98*
97*	66
103*	60
82*	81

25 WINS
33 LOSSES
0 TIES

INDOOR TRACK

NAVY	ARMY
46	63*
50	59*
53.5	55.5*
52.3	56.7*
53	56*
49	60*
65.5*	42.5
47	62*
45	64*
25	84*
36	73*
40	69*
93*	25
80.5*	37.5
93*	25
69*	49
79*	39
50	68*
[illegible]	[illegible]
48.3	87.7*
[illegible]	[illegible]
73*	63
66	70*
67	69*
85*	51

8 WINS
15 LOSSES
2 TIES

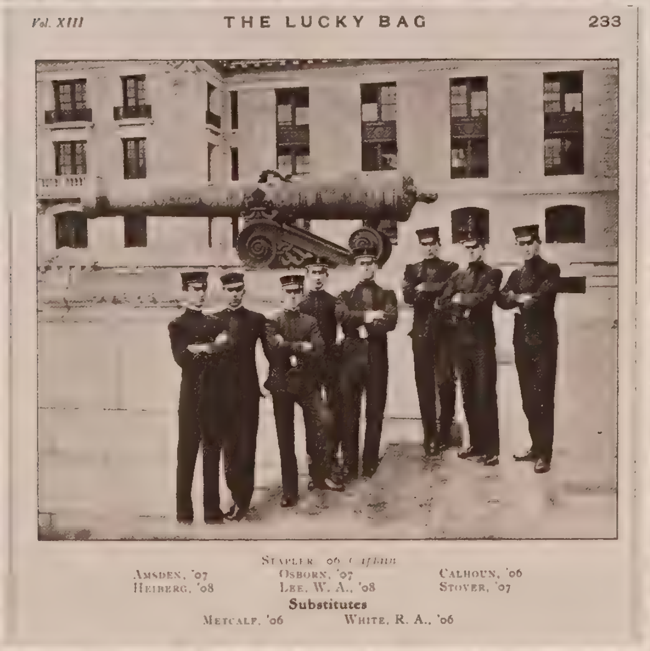
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

YEAR	RIFLE NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	1392*	1370
[illegible]	1392	1411*
[illegible]	1362	1390*
[illegible]	1381	1389*
[illegible]	1364	1427*
[illegible]	1398*	1381
[illegible]	1358	1377*
[illegible]	1374	1382*
[illegible]	1403*	1394
[illegible]	1402	1414*
[illegible]	1421	1425*
[illegible]	1409	1426*
[illegible]	1410	1425*
[illegible]	1421	1424*
[illegible]	1424*	1423
[illegible]	1428*	1423
[illegible]	1432*	1427
[illegible]	1434	1439*
[illegible]	1431	1432*
[illegible]	1429	1435*
[illegible]	1449	1452*
[illegible]	1442	1448*
[illegible]	1439*	1428
[illegible]	1449*	1447
[illegible]	1434	1459*
[illegible]	1444	1455*
[illegible]	1373	1378*
[illegible]	1367	1378*
[illegible]	1406*	1394
[illegible]	1385	1388*
[illegible]	1389	1407*
[illegible]	1393	1402*
[illegible]	2777	2797*
[illegible]	2786	2792*
[illegible]	2814*	2762
[illegible]	2825*	2769
[illegible]	2798*	2794
[illegible]	2786	2798*
[illegible]	5634*	5624
[illegible]	5650*	5609
[illegible]	5685	5713*
[illegible]	5637	5664*
[illegible]	7553	7559*
[illegible]	7506	7561*

14 WINS
29 LOSSES
1 TIE

YEAR	PISTOL NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	1308	1372*
[illegible]	1325	1348*
[illegible]	1306	1343*
[illegible]	1314	1336*
[illegible]	1300	1325*
[illegible]	1365*	1361
[illegible]	1363*	1310
[illegible]	1354*	1346
[illegible]	1341	1345*
[illegible]	1357*	1343
[illegible]	1307	1309*
[illegible]	1322	1328*
[illegible]	1333	1343*
[illegible]	1363	1367*
[illegible]	1371	1383*
[illegible]	1389*	1383
[illegible]	1360	1401*
[illegible]	1370*	1362
[illegible]	1379	1388*
[illegible]	1366	1385*
[illegible]	1354	1377*
[illegible]	1369*	1369
[illegible]	1371	1377*
[illegible]	1380	1397*
[illegible]	2162	2254*
[illegible]	2246*	2242
[illegible]	5428	5646*
[illegible]	8209	8301*
[illegible]	8333*	8281
[illegible]	8333*	8293
[illegible]	4238*	4212
[illegible]	7703	7852*
[illegible]	7612	7817*
[illegible]	7718	7832*
[illegible]	7757	7814*
[illegible]	7904*	7867
[illegible]	7771	7979*
[illegible]	7936*	7844
[illegible]	7614	7775*
[illegible]	7699	7782*
[illegible]	7649	7655*
[illegible]	3190*	3094
[illegible]	7614*	7465

15 WINS
28 LOSSES
0 TIES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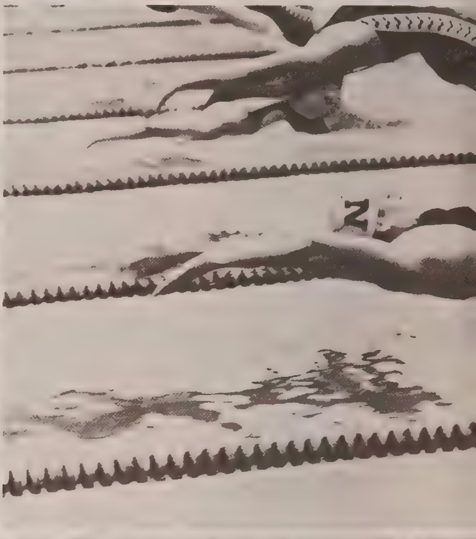
Stapler, '06, Captain

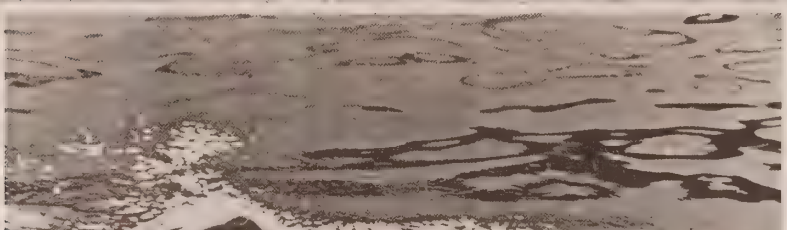
Amsden, '07	Osborn, '07	Calhoun, '06
Heiberg, '08	Lee, W. A., '08	Stover, '07

Substitutes

Metcalf, '06 White, R. A., '06

Women's Sports





NAVY
52
NAVY
20

NAVY

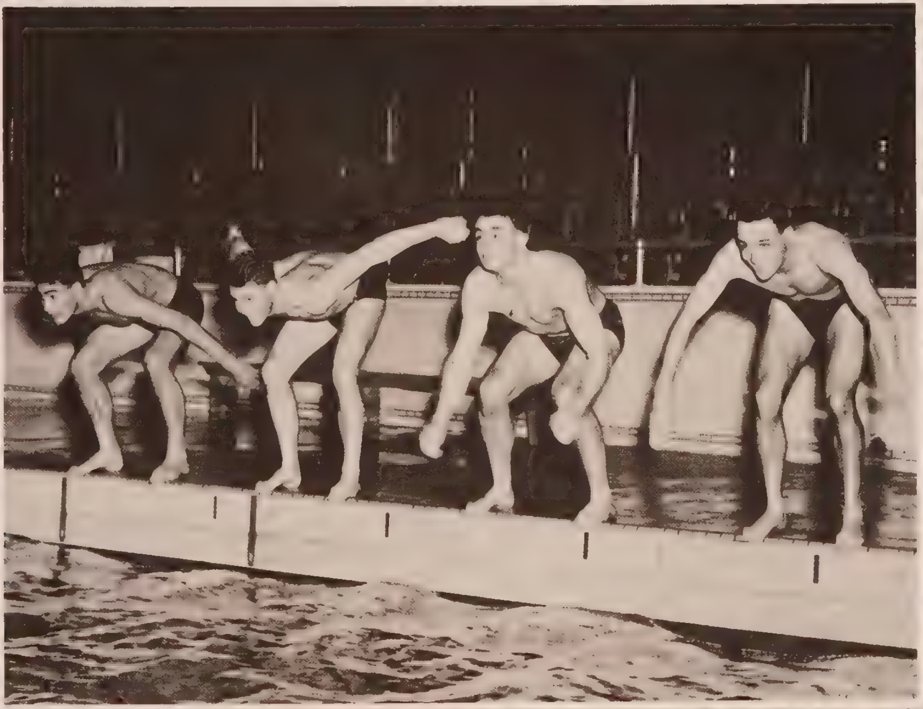
MOUNT
MOUNT

SWIMMING

[illegible]	NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	27	48*
[illegible]	38*	37
[illegible]	30	45*
[illegible]	31	42*
[illegible]	46*	29
[illegible]	42*	33
[illegible]	31	44*
[illegible]	44*	31
[illegible]	46*	29
[illegible]	36	39*
[illegible]	27	48*
[illegible]	14	61*
[illegible]	35	40*
[illegible]	38	46*
[illegible]	56*	28
[illegible]	45*	39
[illegible]	44*	40
[illegible]	46*	38
[illegible]	39	47*
[illegible]	38	48*
[illegible]	38	48*
[illegible]	67*	28
[illegible]	56*	39
[illegible]	52*	43
[illegible]	26	69*
[illegible]	27	68*
[illegible]	33	62*
[illegible]	40	55*
[illegible]	43	52*
[illegible]	55	58*
[illegible]	43	70*
[illegible]	70*	43
[illegible]	40	73*
[illegible]	75*	38
[illegible]	60*	53
[illegible]	75*	38
[illegible]	45	68*
[illegible]	46	67*
[illegible]	68*	45
[illegible]	49	64*
[illegible]	46	67*
[illegible]	62*	51
[illegible]	72*	41
[illegible]	74*	39
[illegible]	65*	48
[illegible]	55	58*

21 WINS
25 LOSSES
0 TIES

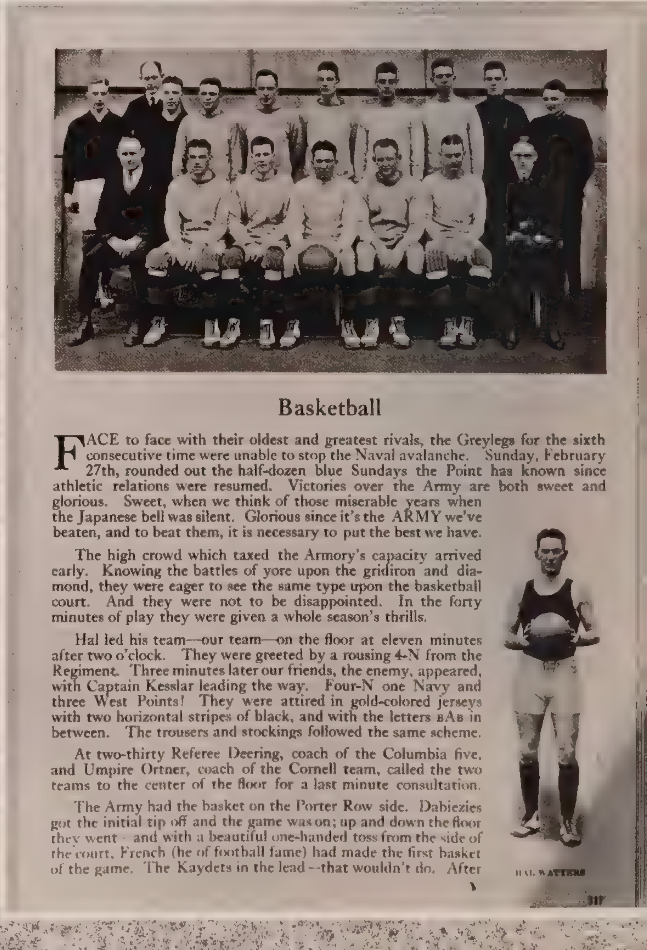
LET'S GO
MOE
GO NAVY!



BASKETBALL

NAVY	ARMY
24*	18
45*	29
21	25*
29	37*
34*	29
17	21*
12	21*
32*	25
19*	17
51*	24
31*	23
26	35*
19	35*
42*	40
36	44*
32	46*
33	47*
48*	36
34	35*
45	56*
40	47*
48	50*
60	67*
64*	42
49*	36
42	40
46	50*
61*	58
60*	55
84*	60
72	85*
67*	45
78*	67
58*	47
68	78*
69*	52
69*	57
61*	55
46	47*
55*	48
55	74*
52	62*
56	70*
54	64*
44	66*
35	51*
56	80*
50	64*
61*	60
56	57*
57*	41
72*	61
62	78*
53	54*
62	66*
47*	45
48	53*
68*	66
62*	59
80*	69
61*	59

30 WINS
31 LOSSES
0 TIES



Basketball

FACE to face with their oldest and greatest rivals, the Greylegs for the sixth consecutive time were unable to stop the Naval avalanche. Sunday, February 27th, rounded out the half-dozen blue Sundays the Point has known since athletic relations were resumed. Victories over the Army are both sweet and glorious. Sweet, when we think of those miserable years when the Japanese bell was silent. Glorious since it's the ARMY we've beaten, and to beat them, it is necessary to put the best we have.

The high crowd which taxed the Armory's capacity arrived early. Knowing the battles of yore upon the gridiron and diamond, they were eager to see the same type upon the basketball court. And they were not to be disappointed. In the forty minutes of play they were given a whole season's thrills.

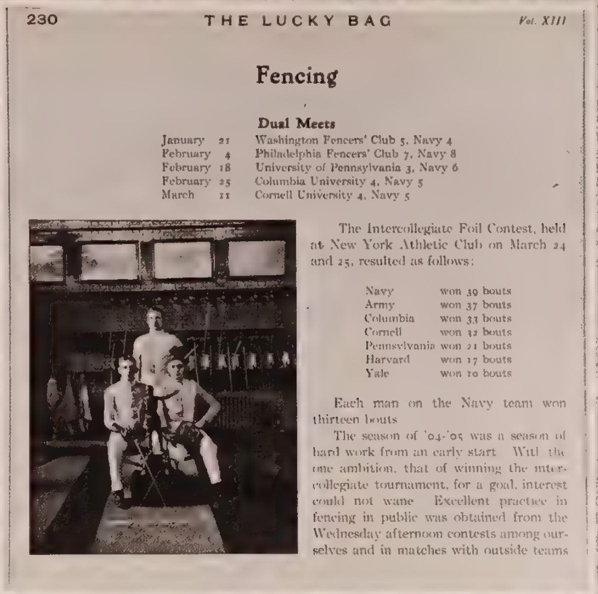
Hal led his team—our team—on the floor at eleven minutes after two o'clock. They were greeted by a rousing 4-N from the Regiment. Three minutes later our friends, the enemy, appeared, with Captain Kesslar leading the way. Four-N one Navy and three West Points! They were attired in gold-colored jerseys with two horizontal stripes of black, and with the letters BAB in between. The trousers and stockings followed the same scheme.

At two-thirty Referee Deering, coach of the Columbia five, and Umpire Ortner, coach of the Cornell team, called the two teams to the center of the floor for a last minute consultation.

The Army had the basket on the Porter Row side. Dabiezies got the initial tip off and the game was on; up and down the floor they went—and with a beautiful one-handed toss from the side of the court, French (he of football fame) had made the first basket of the game. The Kaydets in the lead—that wouldn't do. After

HAL WATTERS

317



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Fencing

Dual Meets

January	21	Washington Fencers' Club 5, Navy 4
February	4	Philadelphia Fencers' Club 7, Navy 8
February	18	University of Pennsylvania 3, Navy 6
February	25	Columbia University 4, Navy 5
March	11	Cornell University 4, Navy 5

The Intercollegiate Foil Contest, held at New York Athletic Club on March 24 and 25, resulted as follows:

Navy	won 39 bouts
Army	won 37 bouts
Columbia	won 33 bouts
Cornell	won 32 bouts
Pennsylvania	won 21 bouts
Harvard	won 17 bouts
Yale	won 10 bouts

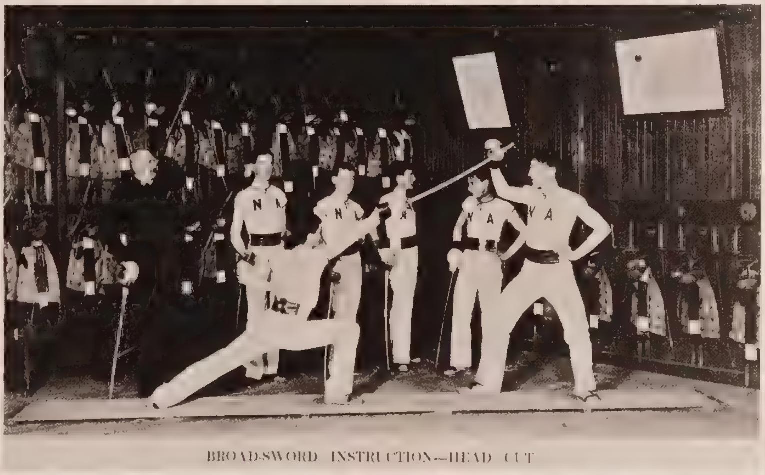
Each man on the Navy team won thirteen bouts

The season of '04-'05 was a season of hard work from an early start. With the one ambition, that of winning the intercollegiate tournament, for a goal, interest could not wane. Excellent practice in fencing in public was obtained from the Wednesday afternoon contests among ourselves and in matches with outside teams

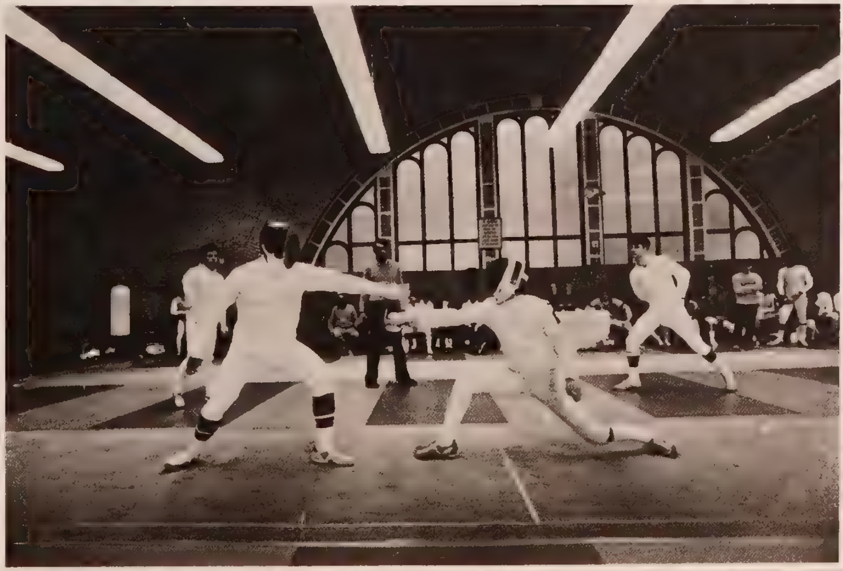
FENCING

[illegible]	NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	17*	10
[illegible]	16*	11
[illegible]	16*	11
[illegible]	67	68*
[illegible]	66*	53.5
[illegible]	56.5	64.5*
[illegible]	17*	10
[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible]	14*	13
[illegible]	14*	13
[illegible]	15*	12
[illegible]	11.5	15.5*
[illegible]	16*	11
[illegible]	14*	13
[illegible]	16*	11
[illegible]	17*	10
[illegible]	20*	7
[illegible]	17*	10
[illegible]	20*	7
[illegible]	16*	11
[illegible]	18*	9
[illegible]	17*	10
[illegible]	12	15
[illegible]	9	18*
[illegible]	15*	12
[illegible]	19*	8
[illegible]	15*	12
[illegible]	14*	13
[illegible]	17*	10

23 WINS
5 LOSSES
1 TIE



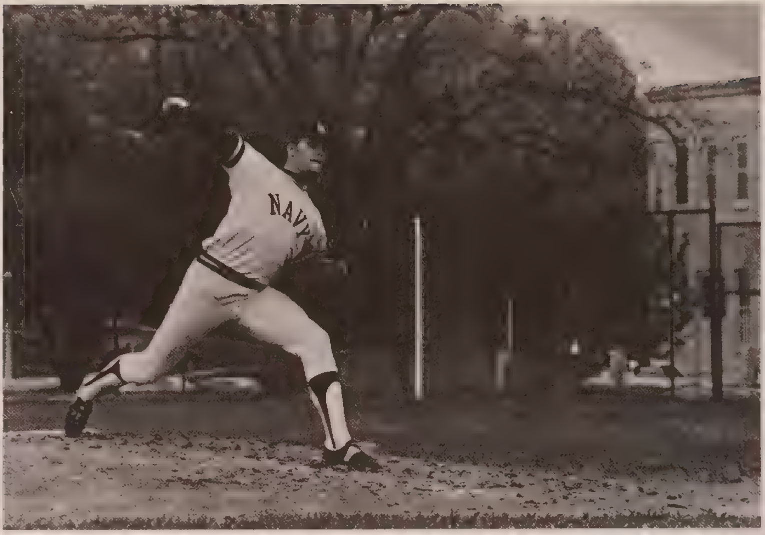
BROAD-SWORD INSTRUCTION—HEAD CUT



BASEBALL

NAVY	*ARMY*
3	4*
5*	3
2	8*
9*	5
5	8*
5	6*
16*	5
3	7*
0	2*
1	7*
7	8*
1	2*
2	8*
5	6*
3	13*
10*	6
11*	1
7	8*
8*	6
5	8*
5*	3
13*	7
5	6*
8*	2
6	9*
8*	4
4*	2
4	10*
11*	10
3	8*
6*	1
1	4*
4*	2
3	4*
3	10*
8*	2
2	8*
2	7*
11*	5
8*	4
10*	0
8*	2
5	7*
1	5*
3*	1
4	5*
10*	2
8*	4
1	5*
7*	4
2	3*
5*	4
4*	3
9*	1
3*	0
4*	2
5	6*
1	2*
2	7*
3	7*
3*	1
3*	1
11	12*
11	12*
3*	1
2	8*
2	6*
5*	1
4	7*
2*	0
6*	3
1	2*
4*	3
6*	3
4*	0
10*	9
8*	2
1	4*
13*	1
13*	1
7*	0
16*	8
11*	1
3*	1
5*	2
16*	0
22*	0
2	4*
2	4*
7*	3
6	7*
5	17
6*	2
12*	0
8*	7
13*	3

53 WINS
43 LOSSES
0 TIES

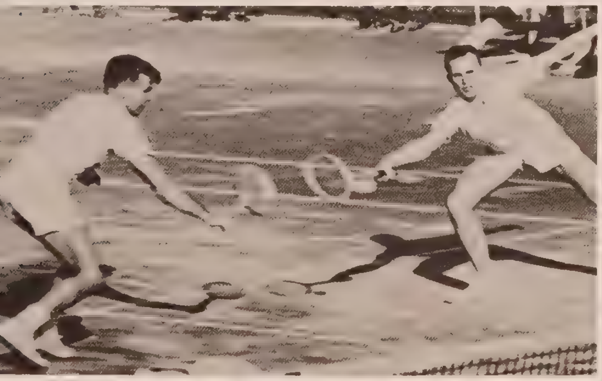


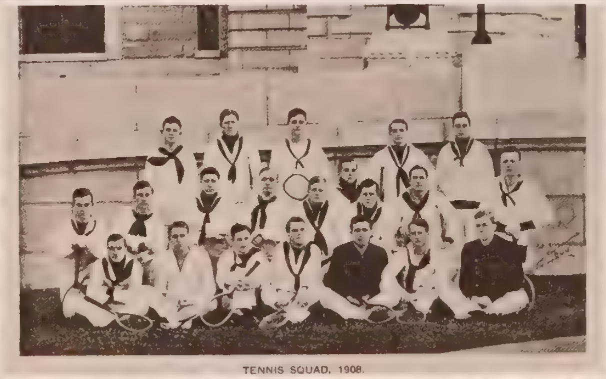
GOLF

YEAR	NAVY	ARMY		NAVY	ARMY		NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	6*	3	[illegible]	4*	3	1971	379*	383
[illegible]	6*	3	[illegible]	3	4*	1972	397*	407
[illegible]	5*	4	[illegible]	3	4*	1973	400	372*
[illegible]	5*	4	[illegible]	2	5*	1974	373*	393
[illegible]	8*	1	[illegible]	4*	3	1975	387	384*
[illegible]	6*	3	[illegible]	4*	3	1976	400	394*
[illegible]	4.5	4.5	[illegible]	3	4*	1977	385	377*
[illegible]	7*	2	[illegible]	4*	3	1978	390	389*
[illegible]	7*	2	[illegible]	5*	2	1979	374	363*
[illegible]	8*	1	[illegible]	5*	2	1980	373*	392
[illegible]	6*	1	[illegible]	6*	1	1981	375	367*
[illegible]	5*	2	[illegible]	3	4*	1982	381*	385
[illegible]	6*	1	[illegible]	4*	3	1983	367*	367
[illegible]	3	4*	[illegible]	3	4*	1984	398	394*
[illegible]	3	4*	[illegible]	4*	3		28 WINS	
			[illegible]	3	4*		17 LOSSES	
			[illegible]	5*	2		1 TIE	

TENNIS

[illegible]	NAVY	ARMY		NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	5*	4	[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	7*	2	[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	1	12*	[illegible]	4	5*
[illegible]	6	7*	[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	3	6*	[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	7*	2	[illegible]	4	5*
[illegible]	4	5*	[illegible]	5*	4
[illegible]	8*	1	[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	5*	4	[illegible]	4	5*
[illegible]	4	5*	[illegible]	6*	3
[illegible]	4	5*	[illegible]	6*	3
[illegible]	1	8*	[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	4	5*	[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	8*	1	[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	8*	1	[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	8*	1	[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	6*	3	[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	8*	1	[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	6*	3	[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	8*	1	[illegible]	8*	1
[illegible]	7*	2	[illegible]	9*	0
[illegible]	5*	4	[illegible]	7*	2
[illegible]	6*	3	[illegible]	5*	4
[illegible]	5*	4	[illegible]	7*	2
				33 WINS	
				15 LOSSES	
				0 TIES	





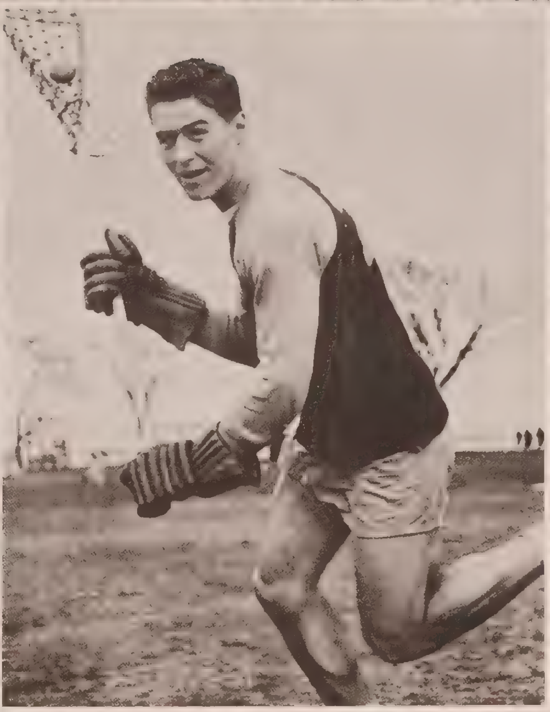
TENNIS SQUAD, 1908.

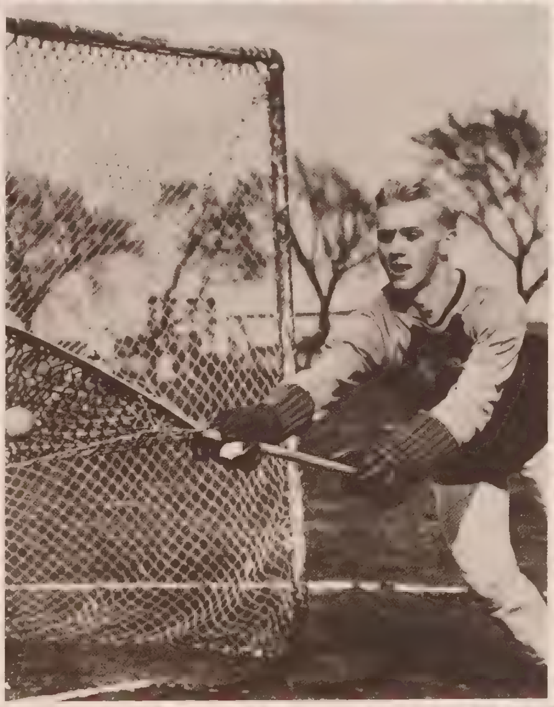
LACROSSE

[illegible]	NAVY	ARMY
[illegible]	5*	0
[illegible]	3*	2
[illegible]	3*	2
[illegible]	6*	1
[illegible]	4	4
[illegible]	5	8*
[illegible]	6*	5
[illegible]	7*	6
[illegible]	4	10*
[illegible]	5	6*
[illegible]	10*	3
[illegible]	5*	4
[illegible]	2	13*
[illegible]	5	7*
[illegible]	3	6*
[illegible]	12*	5
[illegible]	5	7*
[illegible]	7	7
[illegible]	12*	10
[illegible]	3	9*
[illegible]	10*	9
[illegible]	14*	5
[illegible]	8	11*
[illegible]	5	11*
[illegible]	4	15*
[illegible]	10*	7
[illegible]	9*	3
[illegible]	6*	2
[illegible]	5*	8*
[illegible]	14*	6
[illegible]	12	17*
[illegible]	6	11*
[illegible]	10*	7
[illegible]	8	10*
[illegible]	8*	5
[illegible]	9	11*
[illegible]	9*	4
[illegible]	18*	7
[illegible]	16*	7
[illegible]	7*	5
[illegible]	7*	7
[illegible]	4	14*
[illegible]	8*	7
[illegible]	4	7*
[illegible]	8	9*
[illegible]	8*	5
[illegible]	12*	9
[illegible]	10*	5
[illegible]	18*	10
[illegible]	14*	7
[illegible]	16*	15
[illegible]	10*	9
[illegible]	12*	10
[illegible]	8	9*
[illegible]	12*	11
[illegible]	10*	9
[illegible]	6	9*

33 WINS
21 LOSSES
3 TIES

LACROSSE TEAM, 1908





Sports

Navy Captains

Ponsiego

65

This 6-2, 225 lb football player from Littleton, Co. has been called one of the best linebackers to ever play for Navy. He has made quite a few Navy records which include number of tackles per season at 169 in 1982 (breaking his previous mark of 152 set in 1981), and tying the club record of five interceptions a season. He finished his career with an even 500 tackles, besides numerous interceptions, fumbles, and broken passes. Last season he was voted Associated Press 3rd Team All-American, AP All-East, and ECAC Div 1-A 1st Team. This year Andy was a pre-season All-American choice and did not disappoint anyone when he earned All-East and All-American honors for the second year in a row.

Johnson

63

Jeff Johnson, a 6-4, 241 lb offensive guard from Fairborn, OH, was one of this year's co-captains. He was not a starter until the last three games of the 1981 season, but he started in the Liberty Bowl and earned Football News Sophomore All-American 2nd Team Honors that year. From that point on he has been one of Navy's most consistent and dependable performers. Jeff played right guard all of the 1982 season and earned the Adm Wiliam P. Mack award for most improved player. This season his honors included ECAC Div-1A and AP honorable mention All-American team. Under his leadership and skill in the offensive line, Navy saw its per-game rushing average increase from 139 to 194.9 yards against such powerhouses as Air Force, Pitt, and Notre Dame.

Virginia 27 Navy 16

Navy fans would rather remember this game as a gift to ex-coach George Welsh than a season's opener. This was a game of missed chances. Navy pushed into Virginia territory six times in the first half but could not push up the score. In the second period, Navy was fourth and goal on the Virginia one yard line and then fumbled the snap. In the fourth quarter with the score 20-16, Navy was on the Virginia nine with 5:21 on the clock and fumbled again. Virginia recovered and ran for the touchdown. Navy's defense, however, played well with five interceptions by Ponsiego, Pagel, Oberle, Brady, and Wallace, but the offense could not capitalize on the turnovers. Navy's only scores came from touchdowns by McCallum and Heine, and a field goal by Young.

Special Teams

Miss 38 Navy 10

Navy made the same mistake this game as they had against Virginia. After holding the Bulldogs 0-0 for most of the first half, Navy let Mississippi State's phenomenal quarterback pass his way to a touchdown with 2:21 left in the half. Then they fumbled on a sack which Mississippi recovered and converted into a field goal with five seconds left in the half. The second half was totally dominated by the bigger Mississippi team. Navy managed to score twice on a field goal by Soloman in the third quarter and a Steven's touchdown catch in the fourth quarter. McCallum rushed for 152 yards of Navy's 276 total, but Mississippi State kept Navy from capitalizing on anything.

Navy Defense

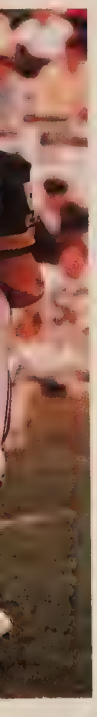
Lehigh 0

Navy 30

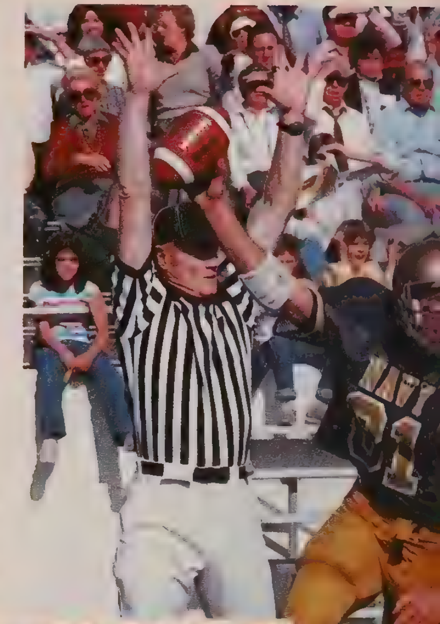
Navy started its third game slowly. The only score in the first half came from a Soloman field goal. Navy's offense did not gain momentum until the third quarter when Heine caught a touchdown pass from Williamson in the same spot where it had just been overthrown the play before. McCallum added another touchdown that quarter and Clouse and Brand each added six more in the fourth quarter. Lehigh was shutout for the first time in sixty-eight consecutive games by Navy's defense. Lehigh did not penetrate Navy's 10 yard line until the fourth quarter, but even this drive was stopped by an interception by Carroll. Ponsiego added two interceptions this game which helped Navy keep Lehigh scoreless.

Washington 27
Navy 10

Navy started this game well for a change by scoring on its first possession; a 34 yard McCallum punt return which set up the Williamson touchdown pass to Stevens. Navy's defense held all of the Huskie's offensive gains under ten yards in the first half and kept them out of touchdown range. Washington had to settle for two field goals but managed to sneak a touchdown in with seven seconds left in the half. Navy's offense drove into Washington territory twice but was driven out of field goal range by big third down plays by the Huskies. George Herlong snagged a Husky fumble in the third quarter which set up an eight play, 76 yard drive. But Navy could not get the touchdown and Young kicked the field goal. Williamson was taken out in the fourth quarter and Washington scored two more touchdowns that quarter to end with a 27-10 victory.

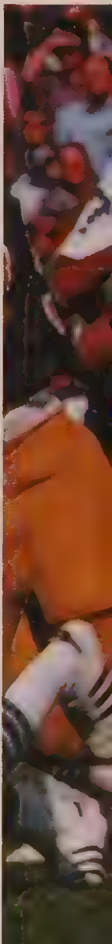


NAVY
10
72


NAVY

52
8

63



S
T
F
B
A
F

Air Force	44
Navy	17

38
NAVY
AIR FORCE
17
44
3
BALL ON 46

This game started off great for the mids, who scored on their first two possessions, but ended up, according to Tranquill, as an "old fashioned butt kicking". Navy had not given up this many points since 1978 and no other service academy had ever scored so much against Navy. Even a record breaking home crowd could not help sway the numerous mistakes Navy made. Navy pulled to a 10-7 lead early in the second quarter with a 38 yard field goal and a 60 yard touchdown run by McCallum. Air Force, however, scored the next 30 points. Navy could not stop the Falcon's quarterback who scored five of their six touchdowns. But Navy could not help itself either. The offense turned the ball over five times; Williamson threw three interceptions, fumbled once, and McCallum also fumbled a punt return. The offense had a respectable 446 total yards but were stopped on all the critical plays. The only bright spot of this game was McCallum's move into 3rd place in NCAA rushing, 1st place NCAA all purpose rushing, and 4th all-time Navy rusher.

63
30
NAVY
10

Princeton 29 Navy 37

Navy needed this victory to keep its season alive. Nap McCallum was the standout this game, tying the NCAA record of 32 carries for 213 yards in the first half, and breaking Eddie Myers' Navy single game record with 332 all purpose yards. Nap rushed for 229 yards, a career high, scored three touchdowns, and did it in only the first half, as he was injured all of the second. Another good performance came from Brian Caraveo who replaced Nap and added 122 yards and a touchdown. This was the first time in two years Navy had two players over 100 yards in a game. A Stevens catch and a Young field goal rounded out the scoring. Princeton kept the pressure on, scoring twice and coming within the 15 twice in the final half, but Navy pulled away with a needed victory.

Navy Offense

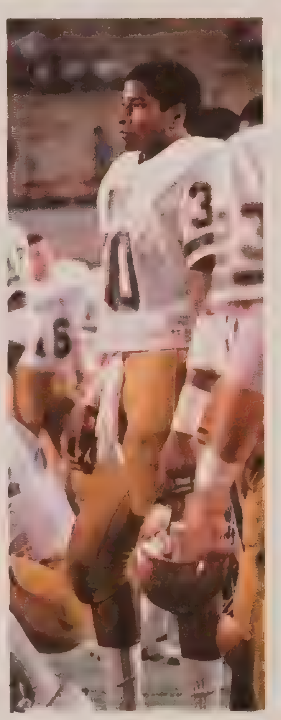
Pitt 21

Navy 14

Navy played as well as it could against Pittsburgh in this season's Homecoming game. Navy gained more yards rushing against Pitt this game than any other team this season. McCallum was the first man to rack up over 100 yards against Pitt this year. Ponsiego, who led the defense with fourteen tackles, and Doman, a freshman, were both named to ECAC Honor Roll for the game. The mids scored the first seven points on a drive which started with a Pitt fumble caused by Doman and Wallace, and recovered by Rutherford. Pitt tied the score on their next drive. On the second play of the second quarter, with fourth and goal, the Navy defense sacked Pitt's quarterback, who pitched the ball to his back although he was already down. Unfortunately, the back stepped into the end zone and officials called the touchdown good. With less than a minute in the half, McCallum threw an interception on the Pitt 15 and left Navy behind 14-7. Both teams added seven more points and if Herlong had hung onto a Pitt pass thrown his way, Navy might have tied it up. With the final play of the game, Williamson threw a "Hail Mary" into the end zone towards three receivers, but Navy could not come up with the ball.

Napolean McCallum

McCallum

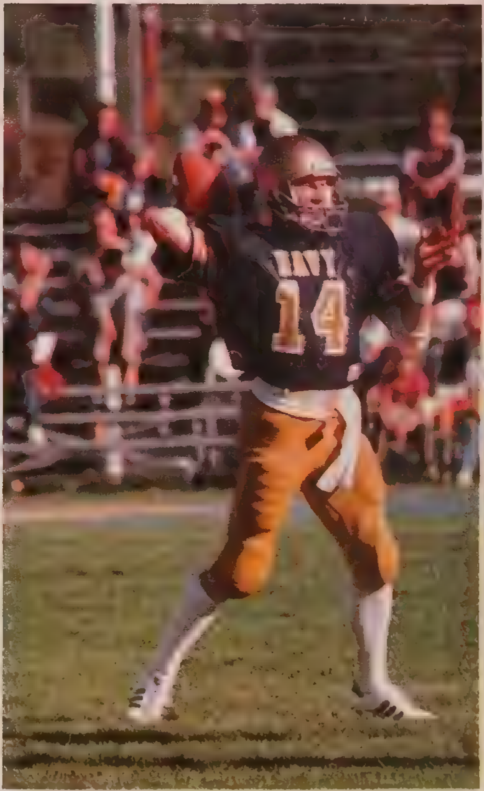


Napolean McCallum, a 6-2, 208 pound junior from Milford, Ohio, is Navy's next hope for the Heisman Trophy. This year he was sixth in the Heisman voting, which is quite an accomplishment coming from a team with a 3-8 record. Nap presently holds sixteen NAAA records and is only 274 yards away from breaking Eddie Meyers' career rushing record of 2935 yards. These records include the following; highest season rushing yards (1587), season carries (331), most 100 yard games (8), and most all purpose yards in a game, season, and career (332, 2385, 4504, respectively). Last season he was fifth in the nation for all-purpose running. This year he moved up to first place in that category with 216.8 yards per game which is the fifth best mark ever recorded. He also was ranked 3rd in NCAA rushing with 144.3 yards per game and eighth in punt returning. He was voted first team All-American in the Football Writers, Walter Camp, and Sporting News Polls as well as being named ECAC Co-Player of the Year. With these statistics behind him and a full season yet to go, Nap has the potential to become Navy's next "Staubach".

Notre Dame 28
Navy 12

If Navy had started this game two minutes earlier, the score might have been 12-14 instead of 12-28. If Navy had scored the attempted conversion in the fourth quarter after a McCallum touchdown, the game would have been tied 14-14. But Navy did not and thus lost for the twentieth straight time to Notre Dame. Milt Jackson scored two touchdowns for the Fightin' Irish by 2:10 in the first quarter. Navy's only scores came from a McCallum touchdown and two field goals by Young, one of which was a career record of 48 yards. Navy's defense played well, especially during the middle two periods, but big plays by the Irish ruined even this bright spot. Ponsiego led Navy with 21 tackles and Herlong, Papetti, and Fudge each added to that. Navy's punter, Colby, had a good deal of playing time also, and averaged 45.2 yards on eight kicks. Navy's offense did not hold up as well and gave up 52 yards on seven quarterback sacks. In spite of Notre Dame's numerous advantages over Navy, the Mids played one of their better games of the season against the Irish.

NAVY
20



South Carolina 31 Navy 7

Navy started out the game scoring on its first possession, a 85 yard drive in nine plays. The big play on the drive was a fake punt which brought the Mids to the 15. Williamson passed to Stevens and McCallum ran the remaining two yards for the touchdown. The rest of the game was a disaster for Navy. The Gamecocks held McCallum to 62 yards rushing, his lowest of the season, caused three fumbles, and ten punts. USC also caused a good many injuries; both Navy quarterbacks, Williamson and Cannon, and four other starters, Wallace, Dixon, Pagel, and Goodman. Navy's offense left the game with Williamson and the defense could not contain South Carolina's fired up offense.

The Pass

Syracuse 14 Navy 7

Navy's season of bad luck and missed chances continued throughout their last home game. Although the Mids gained 434 yards total offense against the Orangemen, the second highest this year behind the 458 first-ranked Nebraska ran up against Syracuse, Navy just could not score. In the second half alone, Navy was in scoring territory seven times, five times within the twenty, and each time came out empty handed. McCallum fumbled at the one, Young missed a field goal, Caraveo was stopped on fourth and one at the six, and Cebak made a spectacular diving catch at the gun but was six yards short of the goal. Besides a tough emotional loss, Navy also lost two key offensive linemen this game to injuries. Center Pete Oswald strained a knee and guard Mike Long broke a leg.

PASADENA
BEAT ARMY

Navy Coaches

Coach Tranquill

Gary Tranquill became Navy's 31st head coach on 4 January 1982. Coach Tranquill likes to play a solid football game but he is also something of a "Riverboat Gambler". He has shown this by putting players in positions they are inexperienced at but where he thinks they can help the team. He has been an assistant coach for twenty years at six different colleges, including Navy. In these twenty years he has been offensive and defensive co-ordinator, and special coach for the secondary, receivers, and quarterbacks. Coach Tranquill has a good overall view of football and believes the game has to be won on defense. But he also has an aggressive stance on offense and likes to see the ball thrown a great deal. This could be from his high school and college years, where he was a four year letter winner as quarterback with many honors from his home state of Ohio.

Asst. Coaches

Steve Dunlap	Defense
Jerry Hartman	Defense
Jerry Franks	Offense
Bill Haushatter	Offense
Terry Lewis	Offense
Bobby Morrison	Defense
Kevin Rogers	Offense
Tom Spann	Defense

Other Outstanding Performances

PETE OSWALD (center) ECAC Div 1-A All-star squad

RICKY WILLIAMSON (QB) Third best single season mark for Navy with 123 completions, which is six short of the record.

MARK STEVENS (TE) Fourth highest single season mark with 41 catches.

ERIC WALLACE (DB) set Navy's longest kick-off return at 95 yards. Tied for Navy interceptions record at five with Brady and Ponsiego.

Navy
Army

42

13

Navy may not have had a good year, but this game sure ended the season on a good note. Not only did the Mids slaughter Army, but they did it at the Rose Bowl for more than 81,000 people. Navy ran the score up so quickly that they decided to sit out the second and third quarters, and Army never even realized it. Navy scored first on a reverse on the opening kick-off. McCallum caught the ball on the five, ran into a huge mass of bodies, mostly from Army, at the ten and handed off to Wallace, who ran the length of the field without anyone touching him. This 95 yard return was the longest in Navy history and the only opening kick-off returned for a touchdown in the entire Army-Navy series. On Army's first scrimmage play, Pappetti stripped the ball on the handoff and Ponsiego recovered the fumble on the seventeen. Nap sprinted fourteen yards for the touchdown three plays later. Army's second scrimmage play was a beautifully thrown pass right to Navy's Brady, who ran it in for a touchdown. All this happened in the first four minutes of the game. Army was held to two field goals for the remainder of the half. After a fumble and a pass interference by Navy, Army found themselves on the one yard line and drove in for their only touchdown of the game. By now, Navy had decided to come back into the game and after a beautifully executed 77 yard drive, Williamson plunged into the end zone from the one. Later in the fourth quarter, Williamson scored from the two after another Navy drive. With less than a minute remaining and Navy ahead 35-13, Army took to the air. Ponsiego took it away from its intended receiver and ran for seven yards to set up McDonald's 30 yard touchdown run on the next play. These final two touchdowns happened in the last three minutes of the game and drove Navy's victory home.

NAVY
54
NAVY

NAVY
NAVY
56

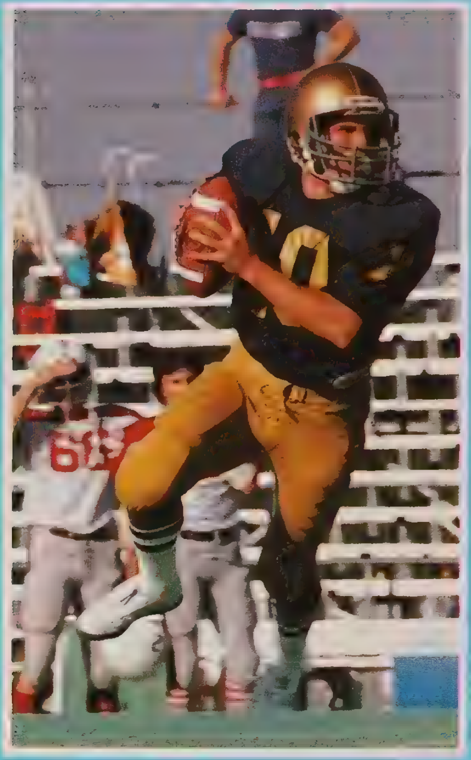
GO NAVY
GO NAVY
GO NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

30

20

10

150 FOOTBALL



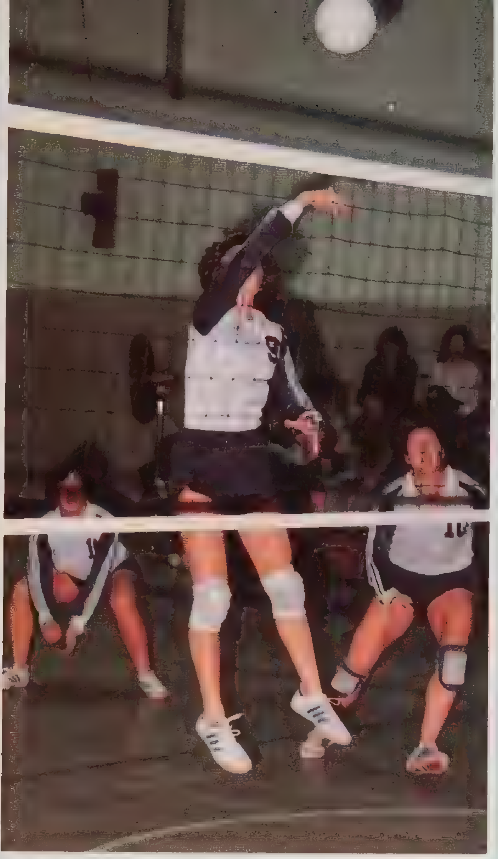
It was two different seasons for MAJ Harry Dietz's lightweight squad this year — a 3-0 start which had the Mids tied for the Eastern Lightweight Football League lead and a tough 0-1-1 finish, as well as a 38-13 loss to Army in the first-ever Anthracite Bowl. A 28-10 exhibition win over Princeton opened the campaign, after which tailback Craig Atkinson and a stingy defense helped Navy record victories over Rutgers (21-3), Cornell (17-7), and Penn (35-6). The triumph over Cornell avenged losses in the 1981 (14-14) and 1982 (12-20) seasons, which both times had ended Navy bids for unbeaten seasons.

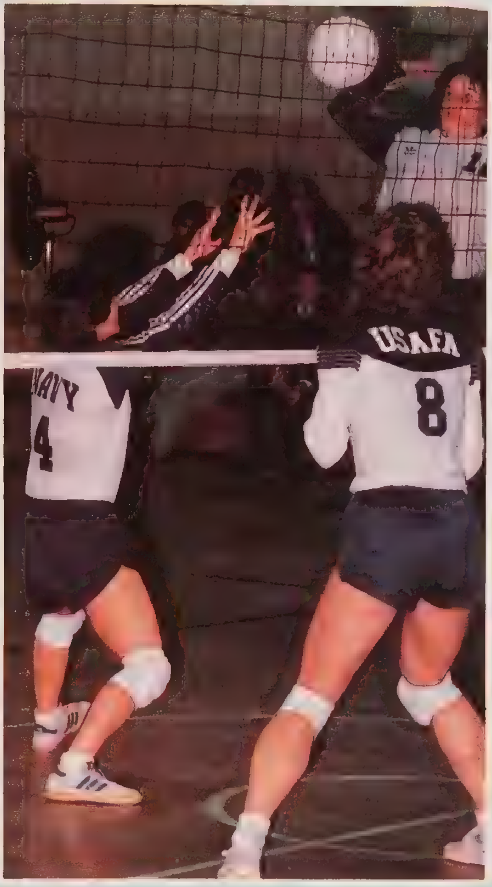
Then came the fall. In what would prove to be the league title game at West Point, Army rolled to a 31-0 advantage after three quarters, then held off a furious fourth quarter Navy rally for a 31-22 final. The disappointing loss was followed by a 14-14 tie with Princeton, and the 25 point defeat in the Anthracite Bowl, held between the two academies in Pottsvill, PA. Eight Midshipmen were named to the ELFL's first team, including Atkinson, a youngster who rushed for 535 yards and five touchdowns in all seven games. Also named to the honor squad were firsties John Herron (center) and Drew McGregor (linebacker), second class nose guard Pat Redmon, and youngsters George Norris (guard), Rodney Urbano (receiver), Mike Killion (defensive tackle) and Scott Quinlan (punter).

VOLLEYBALL

A strong showing in the season-ending USNA Forrestal Tournament lifted LT Cindy Schendel's volleyball team to an 18-23 mark in 1983. Navy defeated UMBC, Liberty Baptist, and Morgan State, while losing to Juniata. The 3-1 pool play record moved Navy to the quarter-finals, where Villanova topped the Mids 12-15, 15-1, 15-2. Navy's third place finish and a second place performance at the East Stroudsburg State College Pocono Classic earlier in the year topped the Mid's tournament play in 1983. In fact, highlighting the season was a contest that didn't even count — an exhibition match with the Japanese Collegiate National Women's Volleyball Team in late September at Halsey Field House. Pre-game ceremonies included the playing of both national anthems and an exchange of gifts between the squads.

USAFA
10

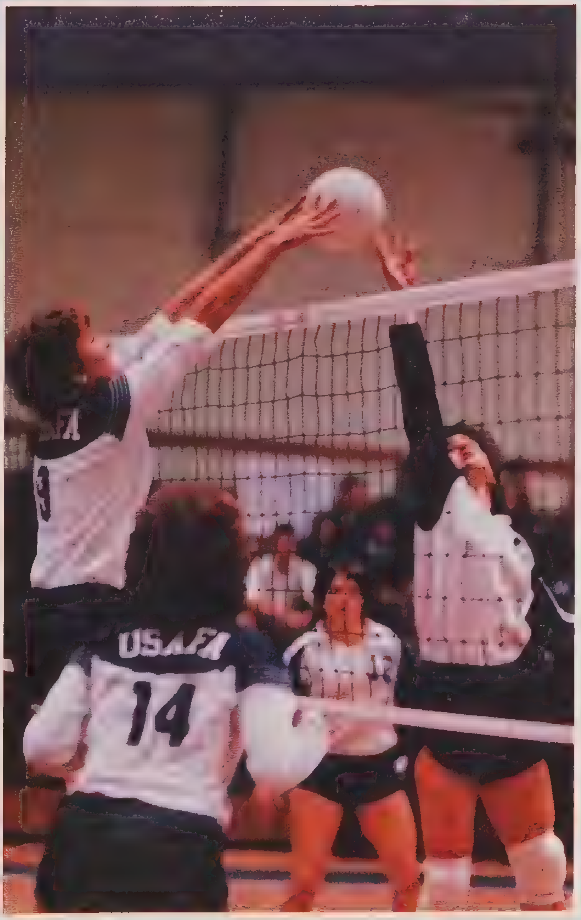



NAVY
4
USAFA
8

USAFA
USAFA
10

USAFA
15

USAFA


USAFA
14

SOCCER

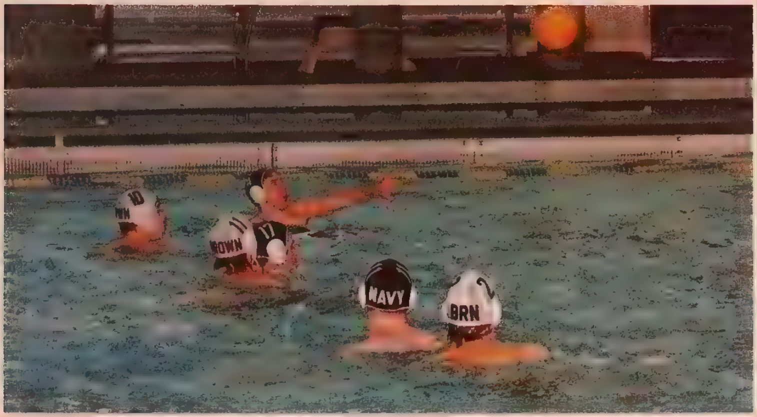
Navy culminated its 1983 season with a thrilling 1-0 conquest of service academy rival Army on a chilly, wet Astroturf field November 4, enabling the team to finish 7-8-2 on the year. First Class Tab Bruner led the team in scoring with seven goals, including the game-winner at the 61:30 mark against the Cadets.

The mids were off to a blazing start with victories over St. John's (4-0) and heavily favored Penn State (3-2), before losing their next three (North Carolina, North Carolina State, and Townson State). Coach Greg Myers' squad fell upon lean times at mid-season with five consecutive losses, including setbacks to Air Force (4-1) and Maryland (4-2), but then finished the year with three consecutive victories. Prior to defeating Army, the young Mid squad knocked off Catholic (1-0) and UMBC (3-0). Plebe netminder Dave Postoll held the opposition at bay for the majority of the season, recording 84 saves with 22 goals against him (.792). Postnoll was also credited with five shutouts, three coming on Navy's final win streak of the year. Second classman John Moraytis finished behind Bruner with three goals on the season.

7
5
GWU

WATER POLO

Even though head coach Lee Lawrence didn't pilot this year's water polo team to Long Beach State and the NCAA Championships, he certainly can't frown upon the squad's success. Navy's outstanding 26-3 mark this season gives Lawrence an overall record of 45-7 in the two years since the sport regained varsity status for the first time since 1950. Navy captured the Mid-Atlantic Conference championship with victories over Bucknell (11-10), Iona (17-5), Fordham (14-4), and Slippery Rock (13-7). One week later, the Mids opened the Eastern Regionals at Lejeune Hall with a 10-6 triumph over Richmond. A 16-10 loss to Slippery Rock, the second of the year, knocked Navy out of the championship, however, and with it any hopes of an NCAA bid. Eastern champion Brown was the only other school to knock off Navy in 1983, snapping a 16-game winning streak with a 10-3 victory. First class Bob Mohle paced Navy with 69 tallies, while youngsters David Kaye and Lawrence Kough contributed 54 and 44 goals apiece.



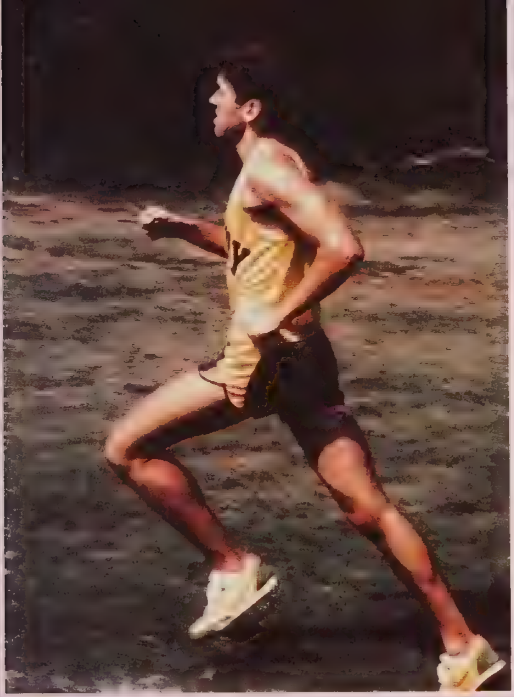
CROSS COUNTRY

NAVY
Radford
NAVY
SJU

Navy women harriers closed their inaugural season in style, posting a 3-3 dual meet mark and then claiming second in the ECAC Division II Championships. Five runners, all Plebes, gained All-East honors for their efforts. Mary Balch finished seventh (19.03), while Amy Donovan, Michaele LaForge, Wendy Krom, and Erica Sahler placed 12th thru 15th respectively. Dual meet victories came over Townson State (20-43), Christopher Newport (23-30), and St. Joseph's (26-33). The Mids also recorded a seventh place finish at the NCAA Regional Meet.

NAVY
75
NAVY
76

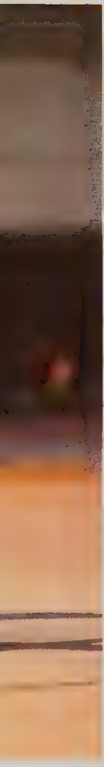
It was business as usual for coach Al Cantello this season, as he recorded his 14th consecutive winning season in 83. Only an 18-37 loss to Georgetown prevented the Mids from registering their fourth unbeaten dual meet season in the last six years. Highlighting the campaign was a 15-50 whitewashing of Army—the tenth straight triumph over the Cadets for Cantello. Plebe Ron Harris led Navy in all but one of his races, and set a Plebe record with a 24:20 clocking in a 15-50 victory over Richmond. Harris' 15th place finish helped Navy to fourth in the 23-team Paul Short Invitational at Lehigh, and his eighth place clocking led the Mids to a second place finish at the Heptagonals. Navy also claimed the ECAC-South Conference Championship with a 28-48 advantage over second place George Mason. Cold weather hampered Navy's bid for an NCAA entry, as the Mids finished eighth at the District II Regional meet. Second classman Dwight Woodruff (26th), Harris (42nd), and first class captain Mark Patterson (49th) paced the Navy finishers.



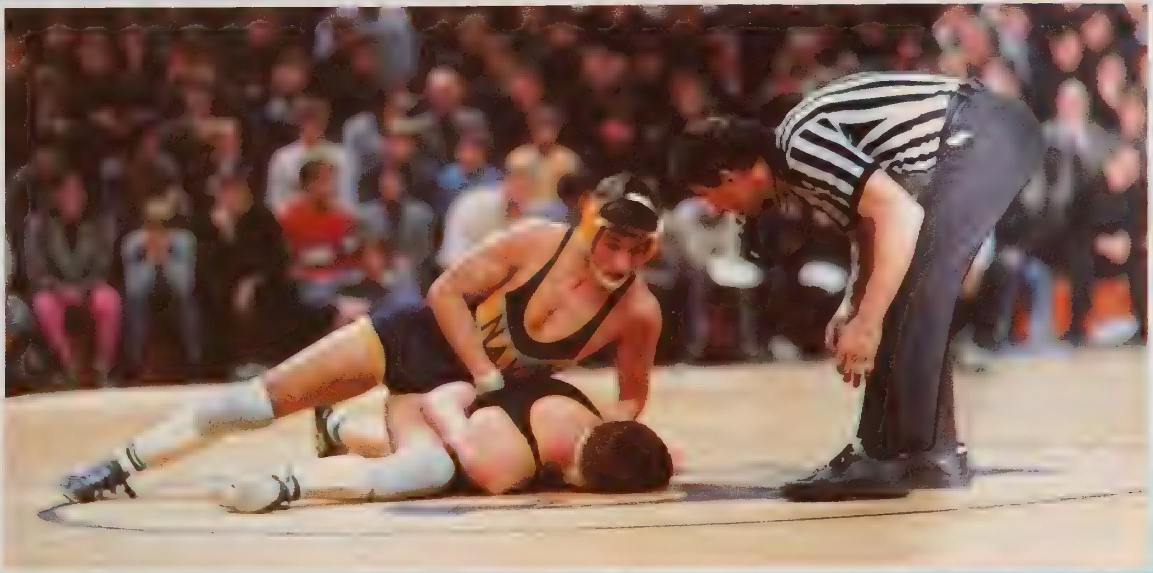
NAVY
16
79

NAVY
77
NAVY
1
NAVY
87

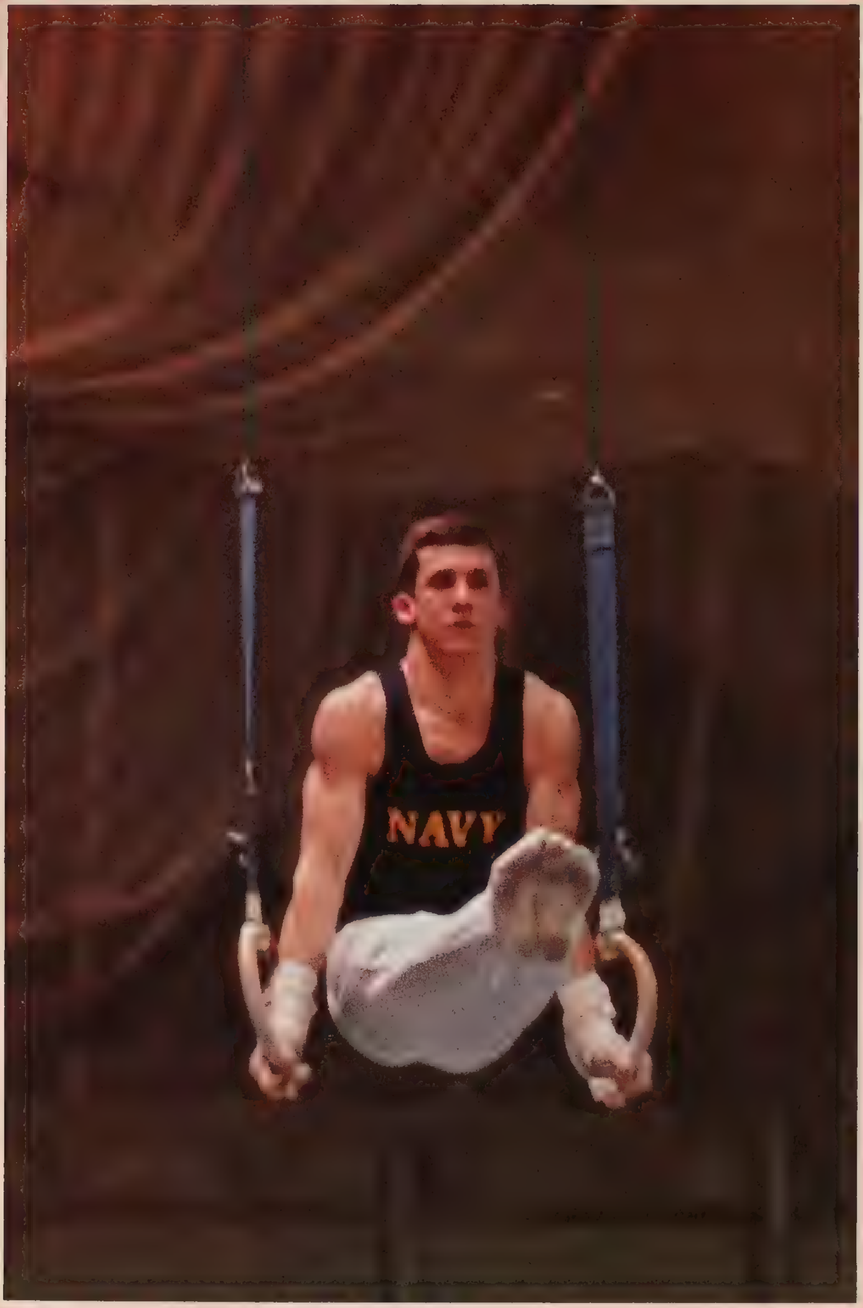
WRESTLING



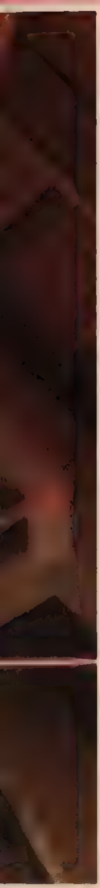
Coach Ed Perry started the 83-84 season with the following graduation losses: an NCAA second-place finisher and three-time All-American; a second All-American selection; two Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Association champions; five of the top six wrestlers in dual competition in the school's history; and seven lettermen with a career winning percentage of 79.7%. But it didn't matter. The Mids rolled up an impressive 15-4 record against a difficult national schedule, then went on to surprising upset victory in the 80th EIWA Championship, held at the Academy. The title was Navy's second in the last three years and its 11th overall. Plebe Craig Dellorso at 134 pounds was the only individual champion, yet nine of a possible ten wrestlers placed fifth or higher and seven qualified for the NCAA championship. Second classman Jim Peters led the Mids at Nationals, earning All-American status with an eighth-place finish at 118 pounds. Dellorso, youngsters Tim Curry and Jim Reich, second classmen Dave Marquis and Kevin Bianchi, and firstie captain Don Schleicher joined Peters at the NCAA's. Highlights of the regular season included impressive wins over Wilkes (23-13), Nebraska (25-18), Clemson (21-9), and North Carolina State (27-15) as well as routs of Maryland (32-3) and Army (33-6). Navy's eye-catching 33-match unbeaten string came to an end in January with a narrow 19-13 loss to Southeastern Conference power LSU. Other defeats came at the hands of North Carolina (23-13), Penn State (28-13), and Lehigh (22-12) while the Mids and Syracuse battled to a 22-22 tie.

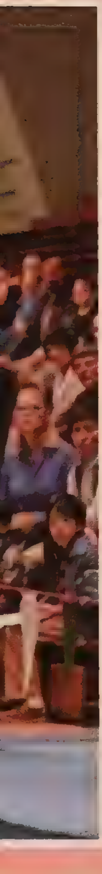


GYMNASTICS

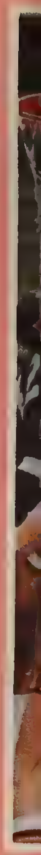


Navy's winning tradition in gymnastics continued this past winter as the Mids, behind second-year head coach and former Olympic medal-winner Peter Kormann, posted an impressive 7-3 mark and finished fourth in the Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastics League championships. Navy set a school record for team scoring against Air Force and Springfield with a 265.2 mark, and later matched that score in downing Army for the third consecutive time, 265.2 - 261.55. Against the Cadets, second classman Jeff Hamman took first place in the pommel horse and firstie Jeff Zaun won the still rings. It was a year for the shattering of individual records as well. Plebe standout Tom Belesimo set a new standard in the floor exercise with an impressive 9.45 score while youngster Paul Sneddon recorded a new high of 9.35 on the parellel bars. Sneddon enjoyed an outstanding year, collecting eight first places in four different events.





CAMPBELL
50
CAMPBELL
50

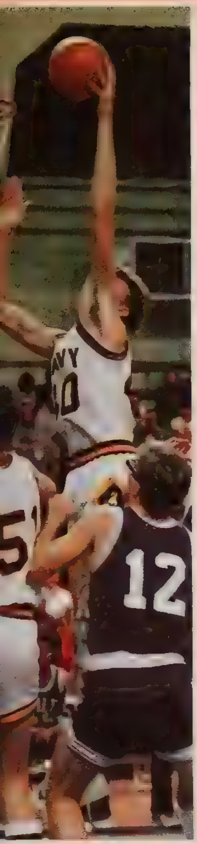


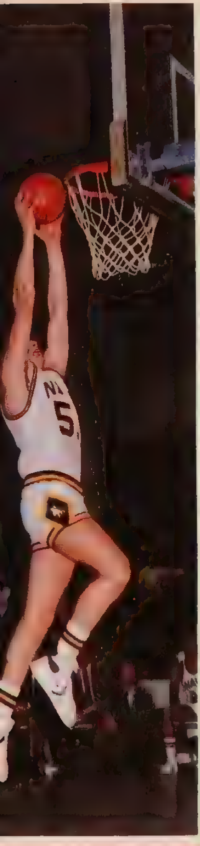
NAVY RECORDS SET IN 1984

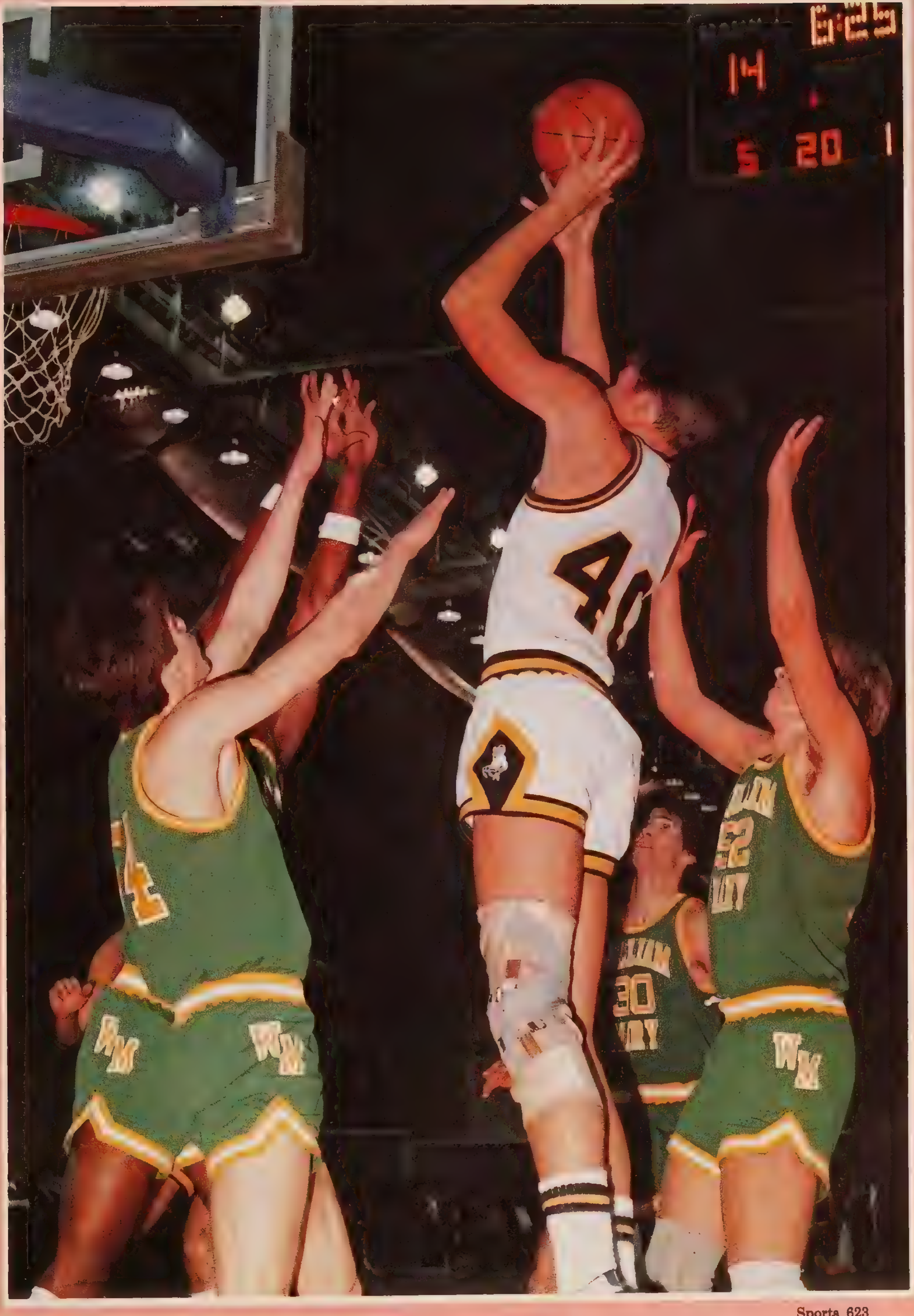
Victories	24
Points	2394
Field Goals	873
Free Throws Attempted	908
Free Throws Made	625
Field Goal Percentage	51%

WILLIAM MARY
32
NAVY
5
WILLIAM MARY
44

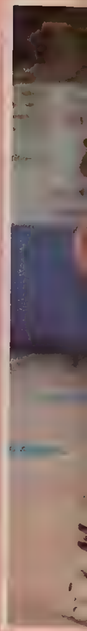
NAVY BASKETBALL

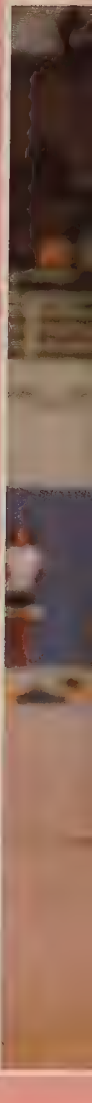




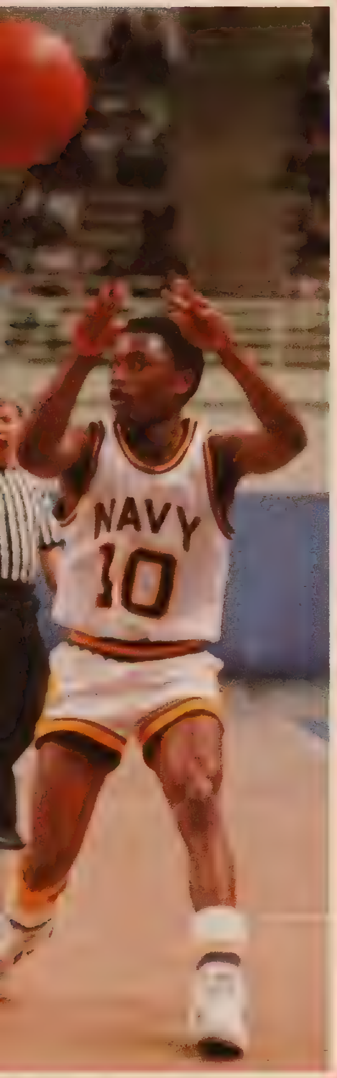


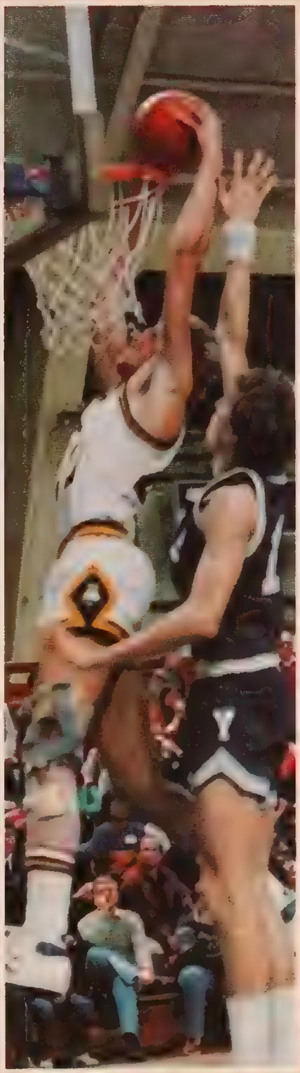
NAVY
WILLI
44
MARY





This was the year that Navy Basketball finally came of age. Finishing 24-8, Navy best ever, this team has destroyed most of the widely held ideas of what service Academy Basketball is like. Eight players were 6′ 6″ or better and ten could dunk the ball. Both figures are double what they were just four years ago. Navy got through the pre-Christmas portion of its schedule with a perfect 8-0 mark, outscoring opponents by a whopping 18 point average margin. After a 1-2 performance at the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu, Coach Paul Evans and company returned to the ECAC only to drop the first two games to Richmond and JMU. Then in the Field House, with Navy trailing William and Mary 29-43, Navy made its comeback. Sparked by Plebes David Robinson and Willie Jett, Navy scored the next 14 points to throw the game into double overtime and eventually pulling ahead. Navy went on to win 11 of its 13 remaining games for the 24-8 finish, including an appearance in the finals of the ECAC South Tournament. Aiding in the accomplishment were the four, soon to be missed, seniors: Rob Romaine, the ball-handler that has Navy records for assists and freethrows made; Cliff Maurer, who has the record for shots blocked; Mike Jones, the captain and most improved player; and Gary Price. A couple of more people Navy fans have to look forward to, though, are sophomores Kylor Whitaker and Vernon Butler. Butler led Navy in scoring and rebounding while shooting 60.3% to become an honorable mention to All-American. Navy, unfortunately, was overlooked by both the NCAA and NIT post season tournaments,but next year is very promising.

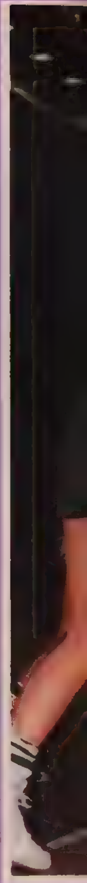


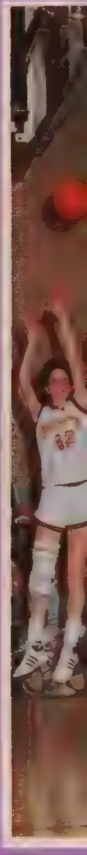


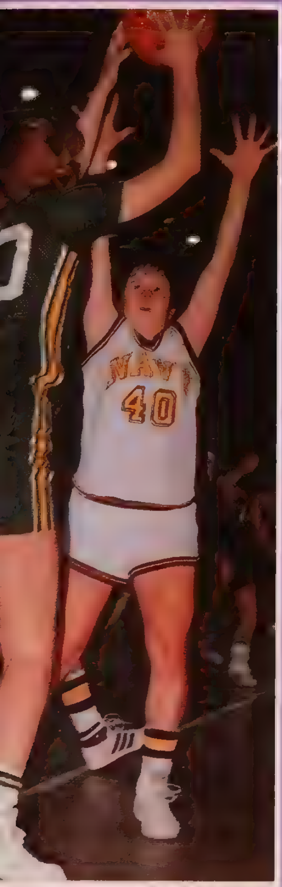
WOMENS BASKETBALL

NAVY
42
30
12
52
22

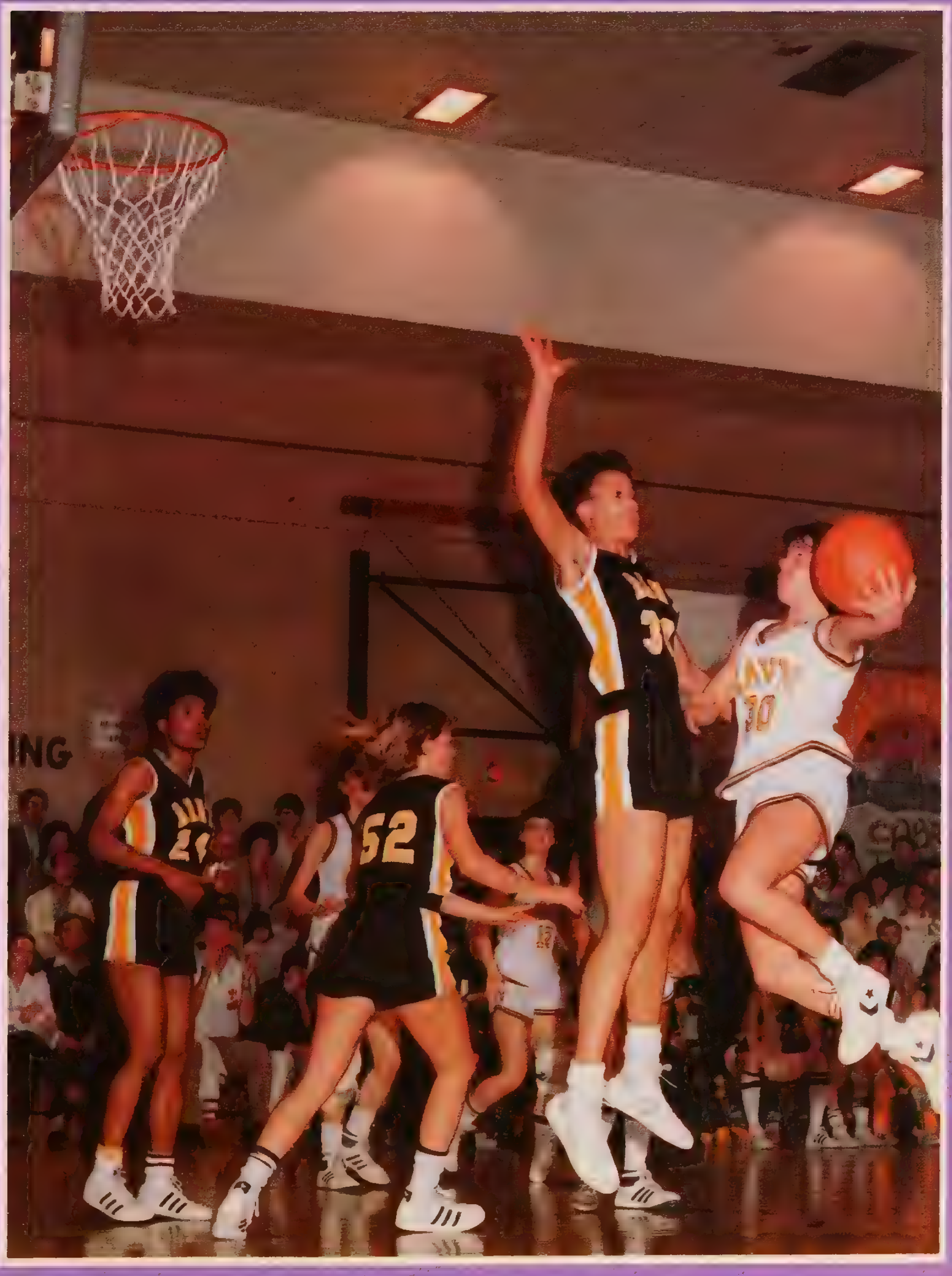
ARMY
52
NAVY
50
ARMY
30







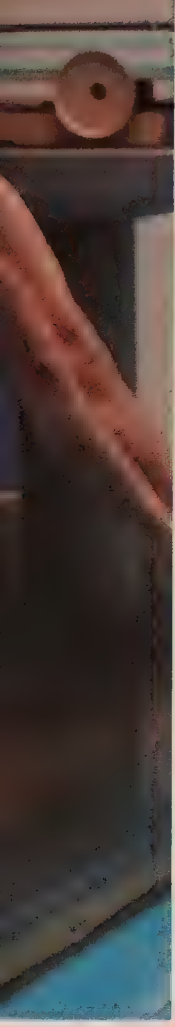
A young Navy women's basketball team started strong but faded en route to a 10-13 season record. The Mids, under the direction of veteran coach Dave Smalley, opened with a championship showing at the Kutztown Tournament, defeating Immaculata (82-68) and Clarion (65-58). A 59-56 upset of highly-regarded Mount St. Mary's followed before the inexperienced Mids stumbled, losing 10 of their last 13 contests. Five Navy losses were by five points or less. Improvement should be on the horizon, as all but first class guard and captain Becky Lewis return. Second class Emily Harman paced the squad in scoring (15.3 per game) and rebounding (10.0 per game). She will be joined in 85 by youngsters Lori Reynolds, Nancy Prout, and Christi Simpson, as well as Plebe forward Shelley Laurilla.

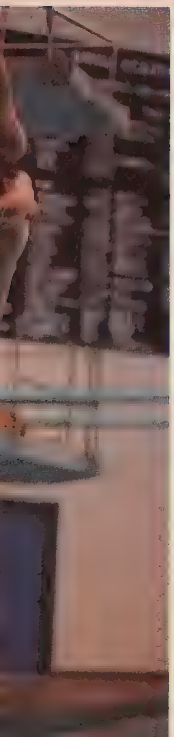


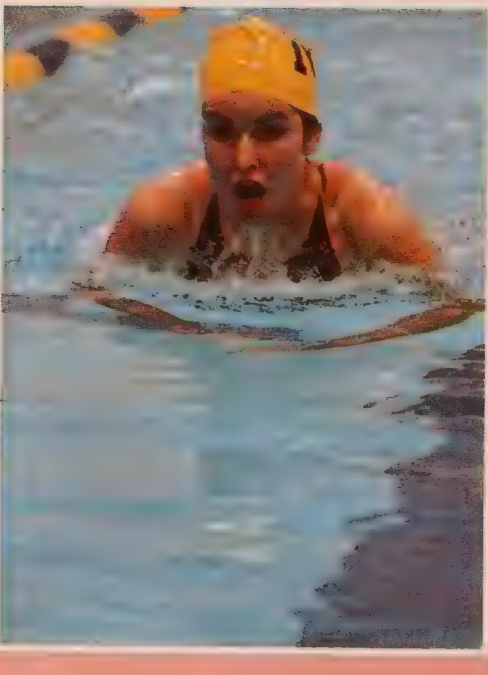
NAVY
30

20

NAVY SWIMMING



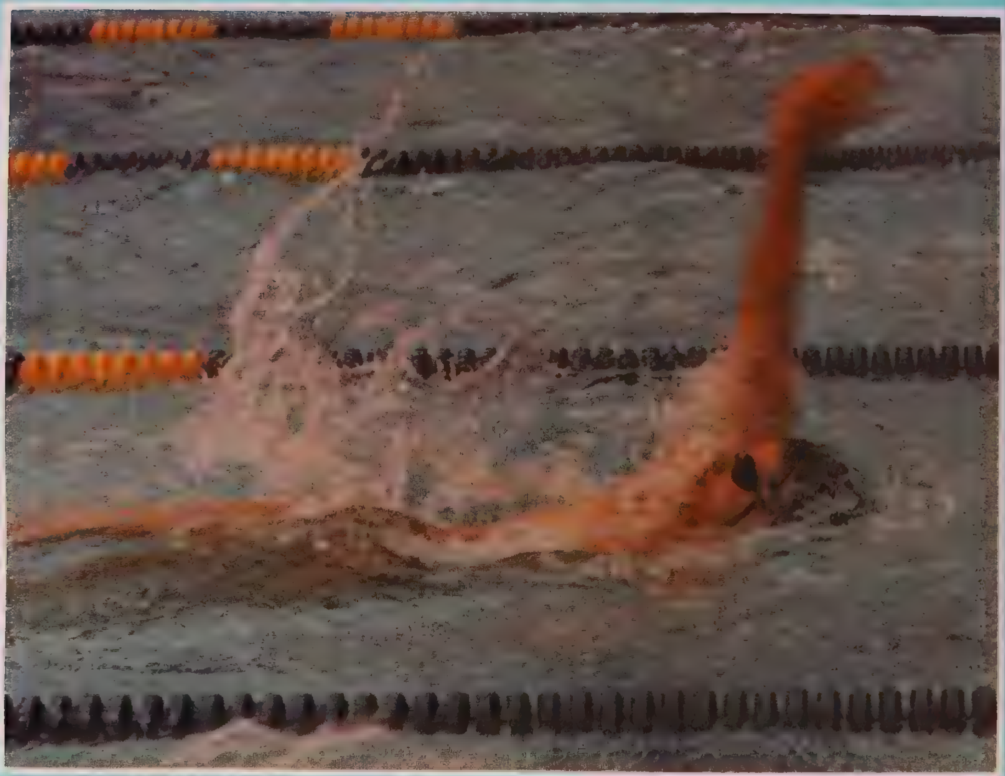




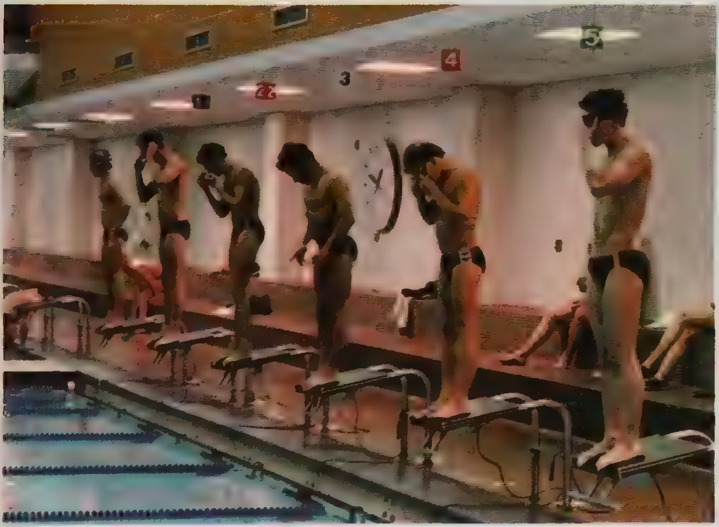
A somewhat frustrating season was eased considerably by a convincing 83-57 rout of Army — Navy's third straight win over the Cadets — and an impressive first place finish in the Maryland State College Women's Swimming Meet. The Mids took 15 first places in the State Meet, including a state record 50-yard freestyle performance (:25.3) by firstie Laurie Grammer. Plebe butterfly specialist Jeanne-Marie Prideaux enjoyed an outstanding year, capturing triple wins (100 & 200 butterfly and 200 IM) in seven different meets. Maureen Ford, second class, was also impressive and her performance — three first places — keyed the win over Army. Divers Lynn Casity and Bonnie Walter joined Grammer and Prideaux in advancing to the NCAA Division II championships. Walter, who set a school and pool record with 243.25 points against Army, finished sixth nationally on the three meter board.

GWU
SWIMMING

Men's Swimming



Coach Lee Lawrence's squad streaked to a season-opening six straight victories — including a 62-52 come-from-behind upset of perennial power Harvard — as the Mids finished the year with a 10-4 record and a 10th place finish in the Eastern Seaboard Swimmingi Championships. Three of the four losses were by a combined total of 15 points, including a heartbreaking 58-55 defeat to Army. Nonetheless, thanks in large part to second classman C. J. Smith and youngster diver Bill McCormick, the Mids enjoyed their fifth consecutive winning season. Smith captured nine firsts in the 50 freestyle and placed second in both the 50 and 100 freestyle events at the Easterns. McCormick, meanwhile, advanced to the NCAA Championships after an outstanding regular season which saw him, in 22 different competitions, place first 17 times and second the other five. At the Nationals, McCormick finished 15th on the three-meter board and 25th at one-meter.

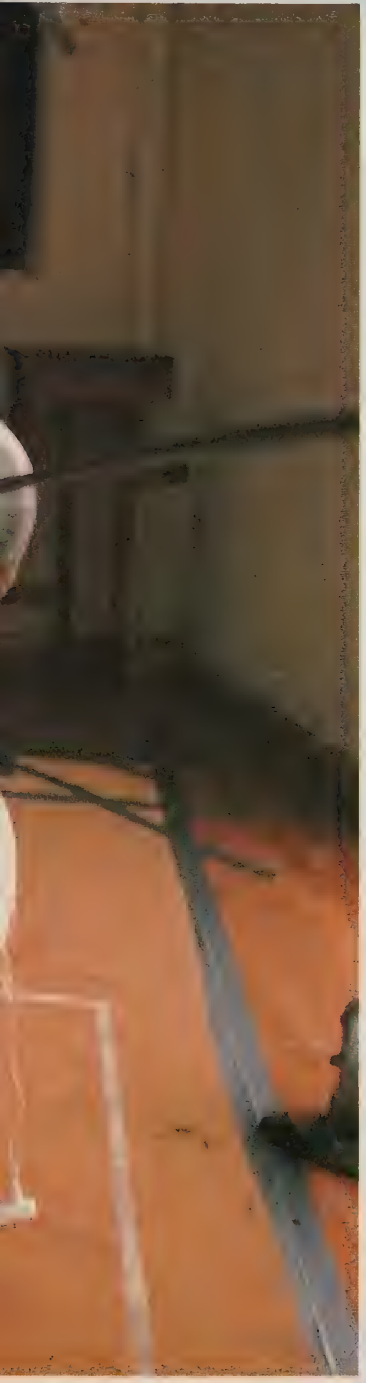


FENCING

GO NAVY
FENCING

Coach Andre Deladrier saw his men's fencing squad record a 4-6 season slate as he completed his 27th season at the head of Navy's fencing fortunes. The Mids were led by second classman Jeremy Bruce who compiled a 13-9 record in open eppe and advanced to the NCAA tournament. Classmate Tom George was 16-13 to lead the foil squad while firstie Gary Hoy and second class Roger Phelps combined for a 33-27 overall mark in sabre.

NAVY
NG

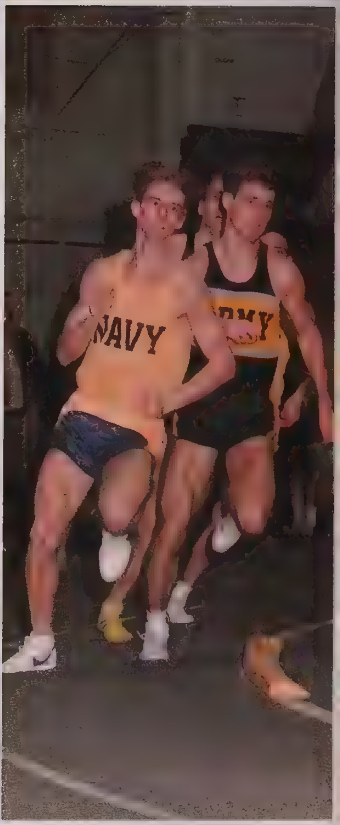


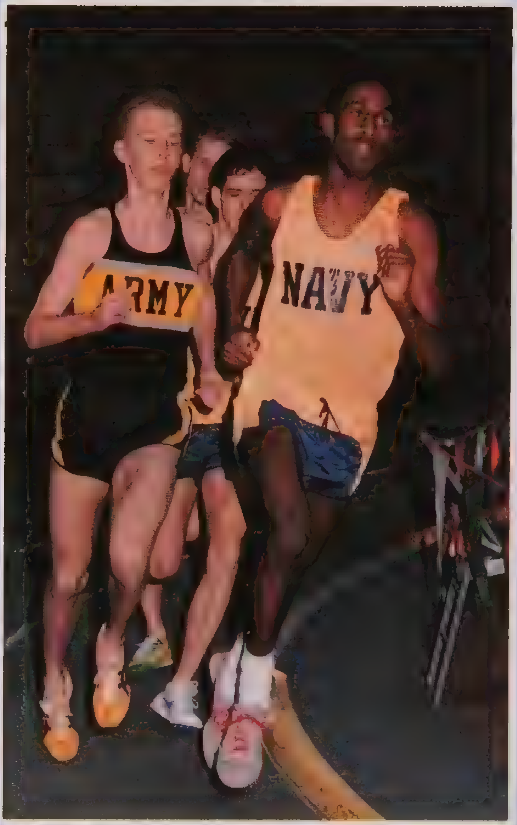
WOMEN'S FENCING

Under the expert direction of Deladrier, the women's fencing team equaled a school record for victories as the Mids finished 10-2 and placed third in the National Intercollegiate Women's Fencing Association meet. Second class Nancy Heckman finished 34-7 and placed third in nationals. She now boasts 66 victories over the past two years, and her 34 triumphs this winter were the most ever in a season by a Navy woman fencer. Captain Liz Young, a firstie, finished with an excellent 28-15 individual slate as well. The Mids won their first six matches of the season, and the only blemishes on the outstanding campaign were a 12-4 defeat to St. John's and a narrow 9-7 loss to Columbia. In seven years as a varsity sport, the women have yet to experience a losing season.

INDOOR TRACK

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY





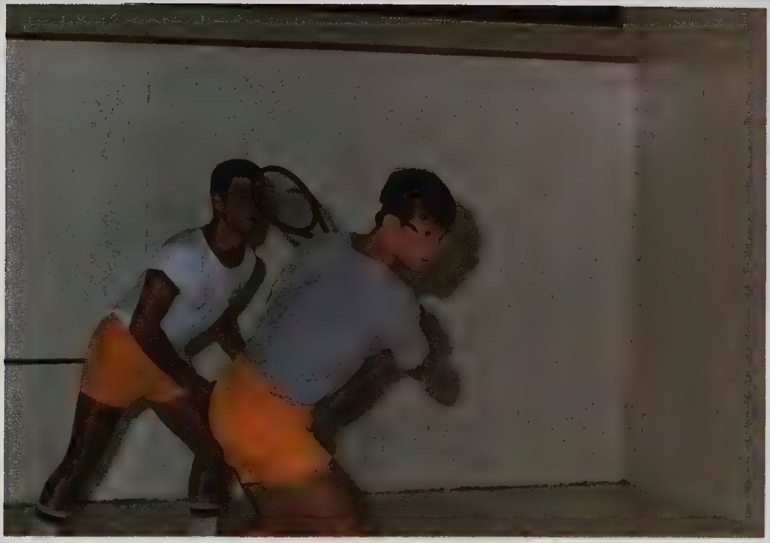
Under coach Al Cantello the Mids darted their way to an undefeated 6-0 season - the best record in the sport since the 73-4 team went 8-0. Without question, Navy's most memorable performance of the year was at Halsey Field House against arch-rival Army. The Mids rallied from a 23-point deficit after seven events to overtake the Cadets, 85-81. Firstie Tae Andrews took top honors in the 55 meter dash (:06.24) and the triple jump (47′ 9¾″), while youngster John Clopeck won the 3000 meter with an Army-Navy meet record time of 8:15.2 First classman Tracy Smyers set a Naval Academy record in the 800 in 1:51.9. But the meet's most exciting moment belonged to fourth class sensation Ron Harris. Not long after winning the 500 meters in a Plebe record time of 3:46.3, Harris made up 15 meters in the last 150 to place second in the 1000. Harris, who later was the third United States finisher in the World Junior Cross Country Championships held in the Meadowlands, joined youngster high jumper Dan Williams in placing at the prestigious IC4A championships. A week earlier Williams captured the Haptagonals high jump championship in helping the Mids to a sixth place Heps finish.

PENN
NAVY
NAVY

Women's Indoor Track

First year head coach Barb Lawson skillfully directed Navy to a superb 8-1 season and a second-place finish in the first-ever ECAC Women's Division II Indoor Track Championships. Second classman Stefani Green won two events in the meet, taking both the 600 (1:25.44) and 800 (2:14.10) meter runs. She also helped the distance medley relay unit to first place and did the same with the two mile relay team. Numerous Mid records were set during the year, including two by Plebe Joanie Rangitsch in the long jump (17′ 3¾″) and 60-yard hurdles (:08.81). Navy finished ninth in the Heptagonals and received yet another strong performance from Green, who was second in the 800-meter run with a 2:12.31 clocking.

Squash



SQUASH

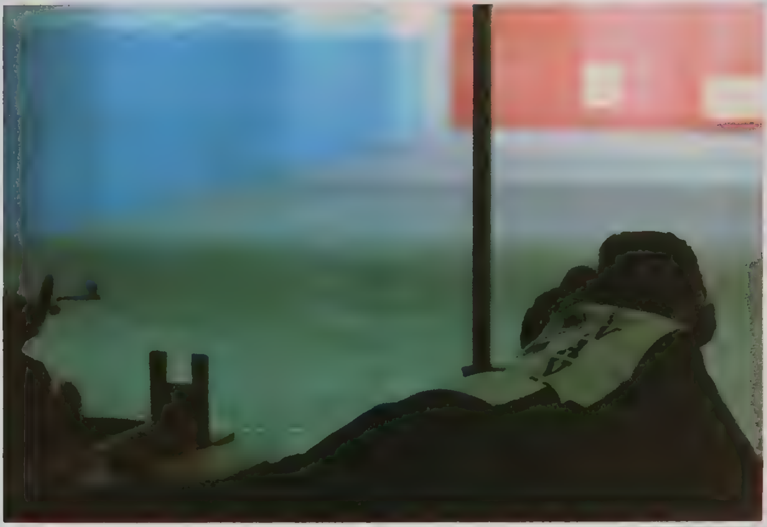
(15-3)

Winners of the Barnaby Award as the most improved team in the country, coach Dave Brown's Navy squash team capped an outstanding 15-3 regular season with a third place finish in the nine-man team rankings by the National Intercollegiate Squash Association. The Mids, who hosted the 37-team National Intercollegiate Squash Championships, ranked fifth in the six-man standings as well. Plebe Spencer Wall was named the All-America first team while second classman Tim Tinney earned second team All-America mention for the second straight year. Firstie captain Ed Renda was impressive as well, reaching the semi-finals of the "C" Division competition.

Highlighting a regular season that equaled the school record for victories was an 8-1 triumph over Army and a road sweep of traditional squash giants Yale (6-3) and Trinity (5-4). "It was an incredible weekend, beating those two squads and beating them on their home court," Brown said at the time. "It could be quite a while before a Navy team is able to accomplish that again."

Wall and Tinney finished the season with impressive 10-6 records against the top-flight schedule, while Renda and youngster Todd Hall ended with 14-3 marks playing at number five and six, respectively.

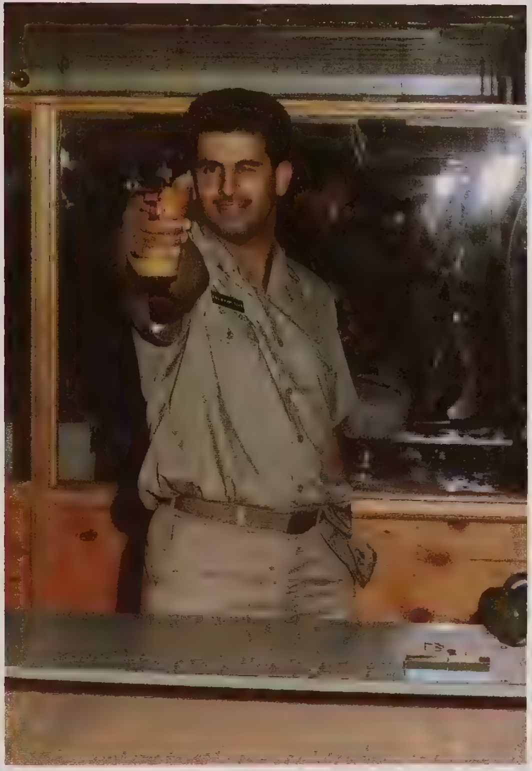
Rifle



Rifle

Despite the loss of five of his six top shooters and a schedule that featured seven of last season's top ten rifle teams, LCDR Web Wright guided the Mids to a commendable 7-4 record and a berth in the air rifle competition at the NCAA Championships. First class captain Mike Salach paced the Mids, placing 15th nationally in air rifle while youngster Garrett Hubbard finished 35th in the national smallbore competition. Rounding out the NCAA air rifle squad were second classman Anthony Alabata and Plebe Dale Szpisjak.

Pistol



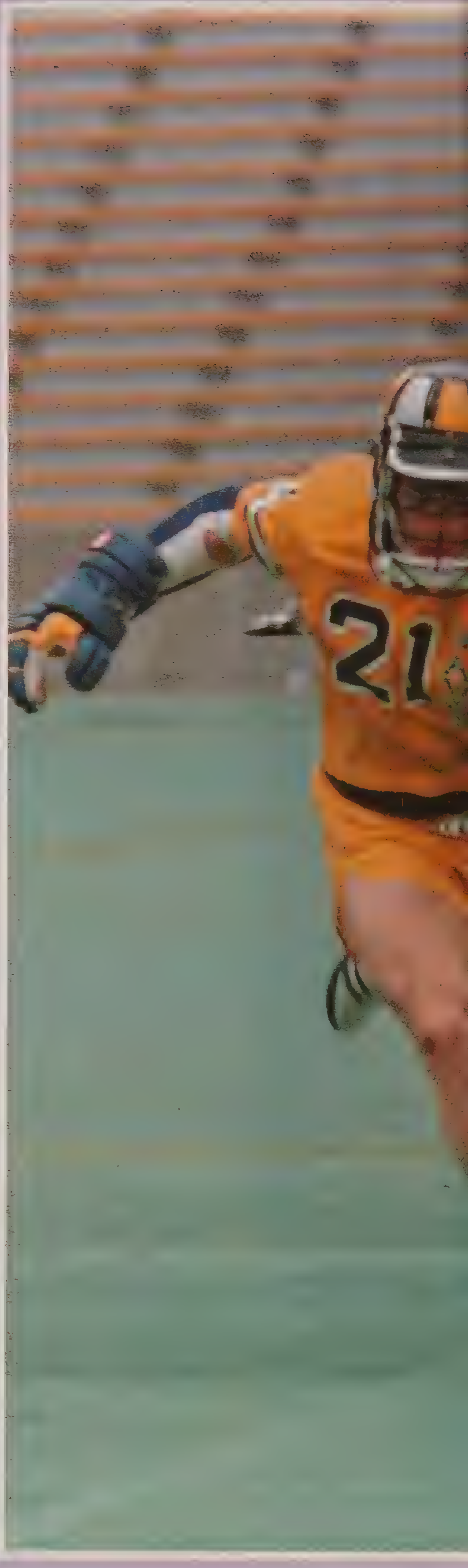
PISTOL (11-0)

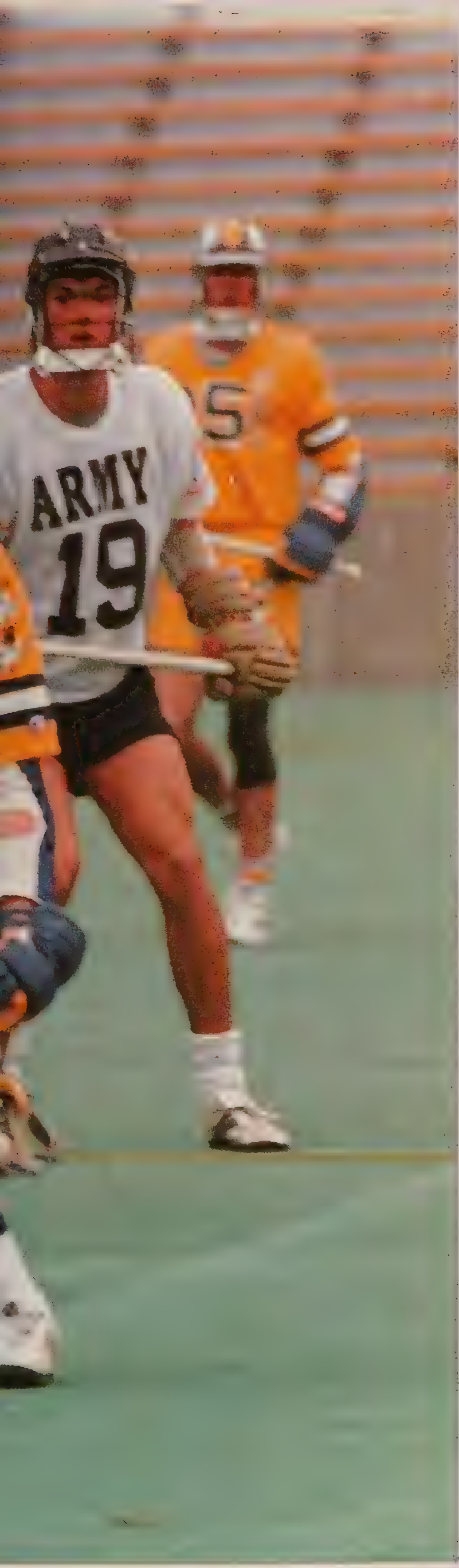
Navy's pistol team, under the direction of veteran mentor Jim Phipps, kept its incredible string alive by winning a ninth straight national title in 1983-84. For the fourth straight year the Mids took top honors in free pistol at the National Intercollegiate Pistol Championships, one of three titles (free, standard, air) awarded by the National Rifle Association.

Second classman Stu Munsch, a native of Oakes, ND, captured individual honors in the free pistol competition with a 537 score. He joined first classman Jim Wilhelm as the only collegiate shooters to be named to the 1984 All-America team in all three categories of shooting.

Phipps, who in six seasons boasts 23 first team All-American and six straight years of at least one national title, guided the Mids to a perfect 11-0 regular season mark which was climaxed by a 7614-7465 triumph over Army. The 11 victories equaled the Naval Academy record for most wins in a season against collegiate competition and was Navy's first unbeaten campaign since 1978-79.

LACROSSE




ARMY
19

4
ARMY
2

A heartbreaking 14-13 loss to Hofstra in the season finale snuffed out, for the second consecutive year, Navy's chances of making the NCAA playoffs. Co-captain Tom Calabres paced the Mid attack with a team-high 26 goals and 10 assists, while third classman Glen Miles registered 17 tallies and a team-high 13 assists. Miles and second classman Joe Papetti, a defensive standout, garnered All-America second and third team recognition, respectively.

Although Matthews and his young squad will now have to look to 1985 for that evasive post-season bid, they can take full credit for pulling off one of the most stunning upsets in recent Navy lacrosse history, knocking off the fourth ranked Virginia Cavaliers 7-6 on April 21 at Navy-Marine Corps Stadium. The win, Navy's first over Virginia in three years, proved a tremendous boost for a club that had lost four of its last five games prior to the contest.

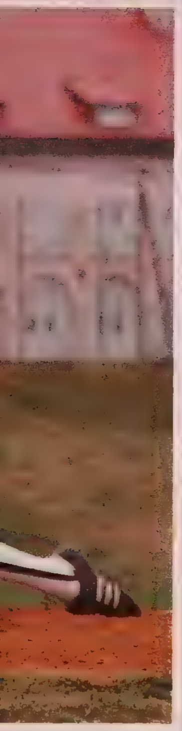
BASEBALL

Winners of five straight to end the year, veteran coach Joe Duff's young club closed with a 15-15 ledger, thus avoiding Navy's first losing season since 1964. In the process, Duff garnered career victory number 400, and his 23-year record now stands at an impressive 405-202-10 (.665).

Firstie Mike Kelly paced the Mids in four offensive categories, placing atop the charts in hits (40), runs (27) and triples (4) en route to a .367 batting average. Plebe catcher Ted Wallace posted a 346 mark in 16 games while youngster Mike Leeney followed with a .318 average and a team-high 21 RBI.

First classman Craig Michael rebounded from early-season back problems to gain second team Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League honors on the strength of a 3-3 record and 3.88 ERA. Joining Michael on the EIBL second team was Leeney, who connected at a .400 clip in conference play from his shortstop position. Kelly and second classman Bob Dishman — a third team Academic All-American selection at second base — both earned honorable mention EIBL laurels. The Mids rallied to a fourth place finish (9-7) in EIBL play, highlighted by season-ending sweeps of both Army (13-3/8-7) and Cornell (12-2/10-3).

NAVY



NAVY

NAVY

NAVY

NAVY

NAVY

NAVY

SAILING

Coach Mike Waters' Midshipmen were unsuccessful in nailing down its eighth consecutive Leonard M. Fowle Trophy, an award presented annually to the school displaying the best combined performance in the Intercollegiate Yacht Association of North America championships. Navy finished ninth in the ICYRA Women's Dinghy Championships (Miller Trophy) while placing second in both the Dinghy Championships (Morse Trophy) and Team Racing Championships (Wood Trophy). Navy's showing in the Morse Trophy competition gained the squad the nation's number two spot behind frontrunner U.S. Merchant Marine Academy. Three team members collected first team All-America honors: firstie Hal Gilreath and second classmen Brian Ledbetter, and Richard Merriman.

NA 4

7777
7777

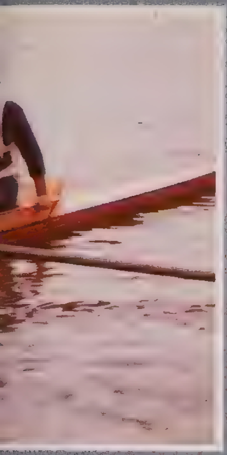
NA 20
NA 21

NA 2

Unbeaten for the first time since 1971, coach Rick Clothier's varsity heavyweight crew capped an outstanding 8-0 regular season by capturing the two major trophies at the 82nd Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships held on Onondaga Lake near Syracuse, NY.

The varsity eight stroked its way to a winning time of 5:54.7 in the Varsity Challenge Cup, Navy's second such title in the last five years. The Mids also pocketed the Jim Ten Eyck Trophy, symbolic of overall achievement at the regatta for the third consecutive season. Navy's freshman four with coxswain, under the direction of Kenny Dreyfuss, collected a first place finish at the IRA championships while the freshman eight placed third in the Grand Finals.

CREW



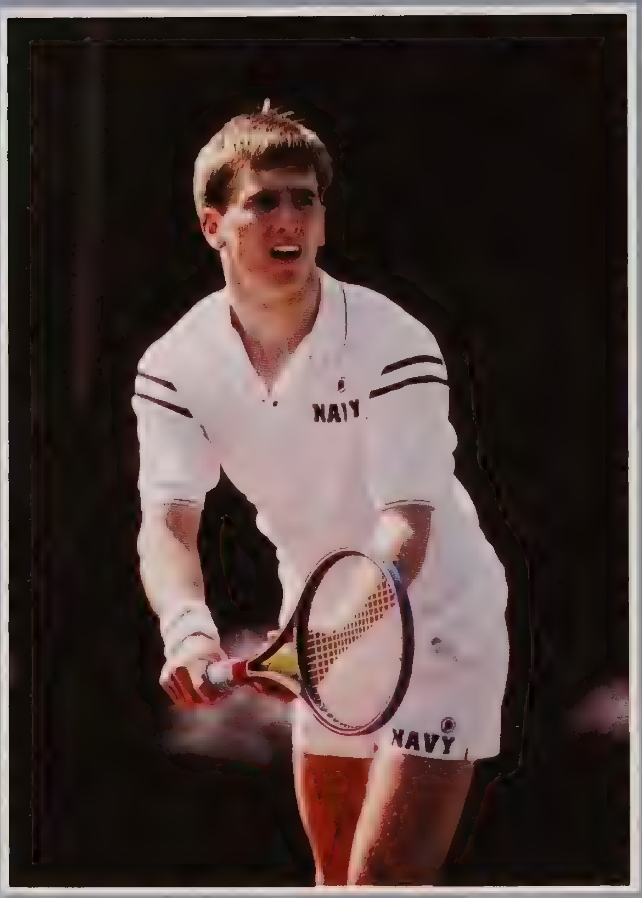
Impressive throughout the spring campaign, Coach Clothier's tenth season at the Navy helm featured a third place Grand Finals performance at the nationally prestigious San Diego Crew Classic, a sixth straight Goes Cup Trophy (defeating Cornell and Syracuse), and an Adams Cup victory over Harvard and Penn. It was the first time since 1971 that the Midshipmen have pulled away with that coveted trophy, and the ninth time overall in the 48-year history of the Adams Cup competition.

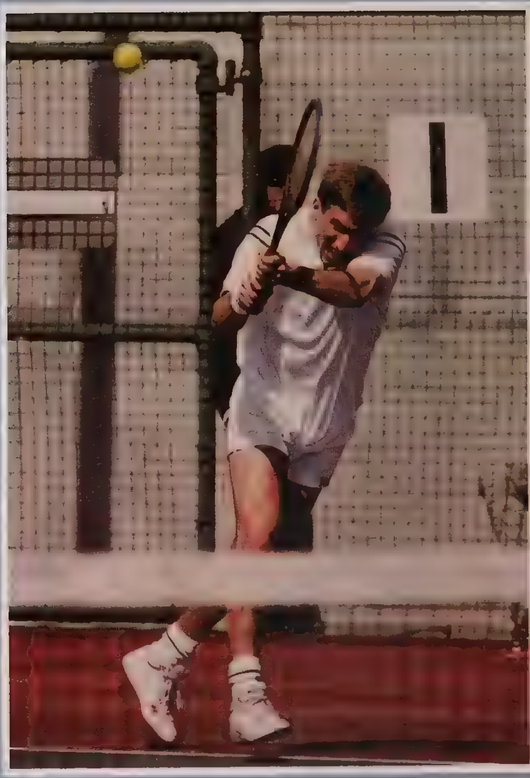
WOMEN'S CREW

NAVY
CREW

NA
CR

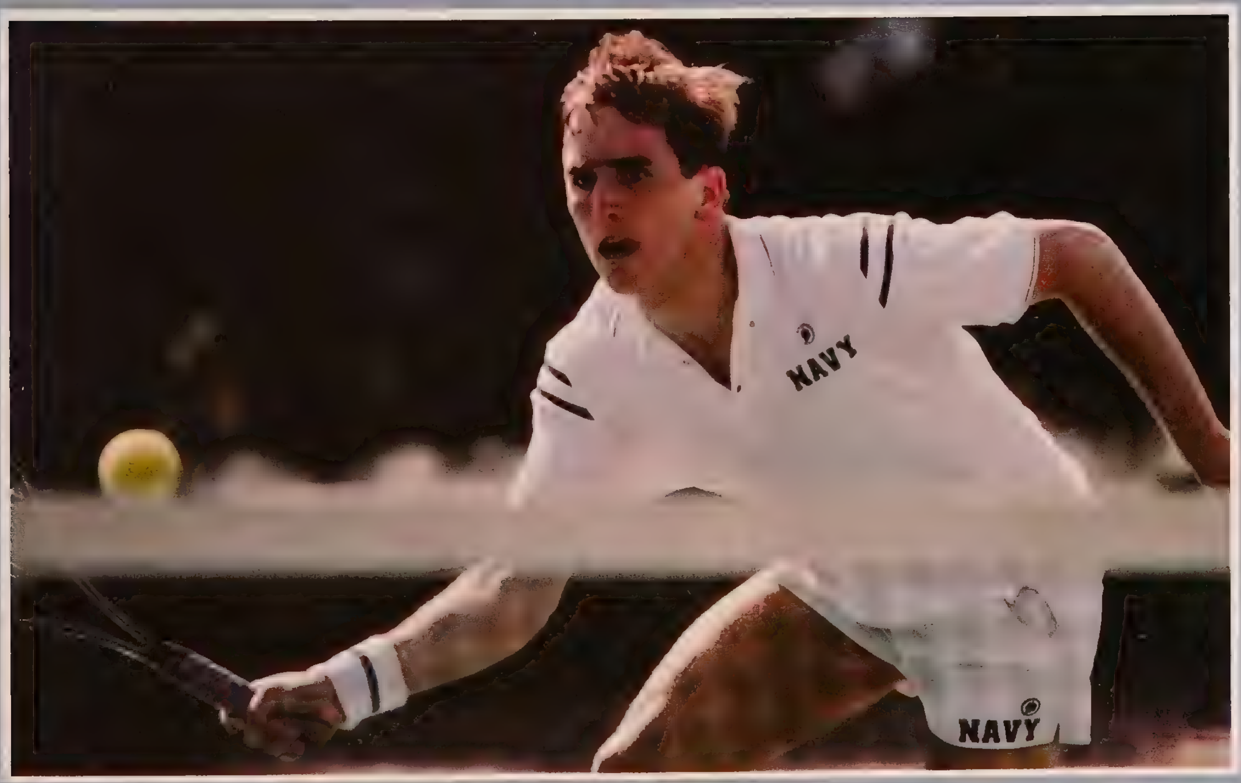
Tennis





A solid 14-8 showing this spring was capped by a 15th consecutive triumph over service-academy rival Army. It was a fitting finale for popular coach Bobby Bayliss who, after 15 years and 248 victories, has left Annapolis to become the head tennis and squash coach at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

First class captain Hugh Taff posted a 13-9 ledger at number one singles. Youngster David Jones was 13-8 at number two while Plebe Mike Spaine recorded a team-best 16-4 mark at the number four spot. Firstie Scott Green and Plebe Graham Rogers combined for an impressive 15-6 overall slate in doubles competition.



Women's Track

YALE
NAVY
H
ARMY
ARMY
ARMY
ARMY
ARMY

WOMEN'S TRACK & FIELD (4-1)

Second classman Stefani Green paced Navy to an impressive 4-1 mark while also recording several noteable achievements en route to garnering All-America status for the third straight year. Green was tops in the 400-meter low hurdles at the Heptagonals Games in a meet record time of 1:00.58, and also anchored Navy's sixth-place 1600-meter relay squad which finished in a school-record 3:54.57. In the [illegible] ECAC women's track and field championships, Green again found herself in first place, this time in the 800 meters with a meet and George Mason outdoor track record of 2:10.59. Plebe Robin Young took third behind Green, while first-classman [illegible] grabbed third in the 400 meters. Green eventually went on to place third in the 800 meters at the NCAA Division II Championships with a school record time of 2:07.51 and sixth in the 400 meter hurdles (1:03.29).

Outdoor Track

Head coach Al Cantello piloted Navy to its second straight unbeaten dual season (5-0), one that featured a thrilling 82-67 triumph over archrival Army — the Mids' third consecutive win over the Cadets. Plebe Ron Harris downed Army with first place showings in the 1500 meters (a meet record time of 3:47.3) and 5000 meters (14:26.2). Youngster Greg Blanchard took top honors in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles with a meet record time of 52.3 and was also second in the 110-meter high hurdles (15.3). A few weeks later, at the prestigious Penn Relays, third classman Dan Williams was second in the college division high jump with a leap of 7' 1" while classmate Doug Cooper placed third in the javelin with a toss of 237' 10". Navy exploded for 91½ points and placed second in the Heptagonals in early May, thanks to first place performances from Blanchard in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles (51.33) and Williams in the high jump (7' 2¼").

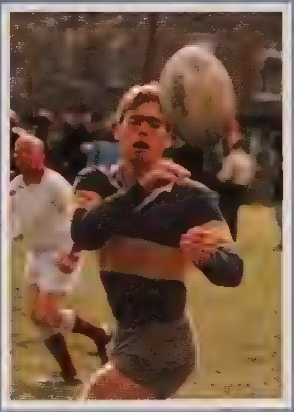
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

Golf

Golf (3-1)

The optimism that marked the start of the 1984 golf season ended in frustration for coach Larry Ringer's club as Army defeated the Mids, 394-398, on the Naval Academy Golf Course. Ringer's first class-dominated squad — three of whom were returning from Navy's 1983 NCAA tournament team — defeated George Mason, Delaware and Princeton while also placing first in the ECAC South conference classic. Led by firstie captain Scott Spooner, the Mids had strong showings in both the Navy Invitational (fourth out of 18) and the William & Mary Invitational (sixth out of 20) but failed in their bid for a repeat trip to nationals.

Rugby



13

9
8

Hockey

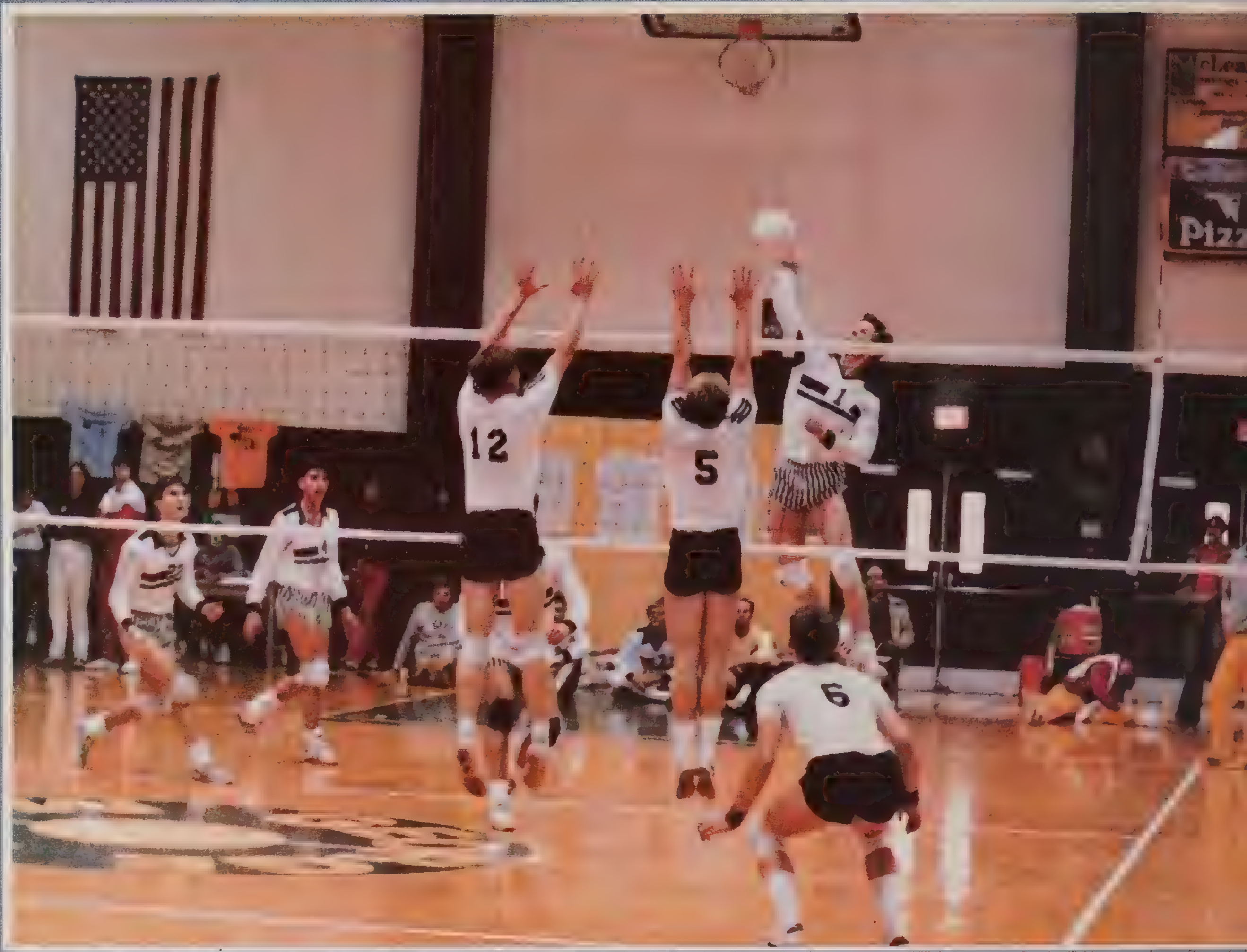
The Hockey Team begins with dry land physical training in September, preparing for the on-ice tryouts in late October that determines the members of the twenty man team. This training schedule led to a 5-17 record this year.

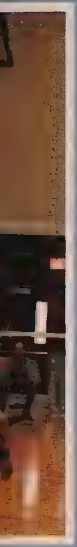
KOHO

18

4
16

2
22





Men's Volleyball

Women's Softball

The women's softball team competes intercollegiately in fast pitch softball. They finished this year's season with seven wins and eight losses.

NAVY

12

NAVY

Women's Gymnastics Club

Top Row

Tracy Wiggs (Manager), Tonya Smith, Jan Bizarro (Co-Captain) Melody Wheeler, Ashley Yeoman, Carmen Cellon (Coach)

Middle row

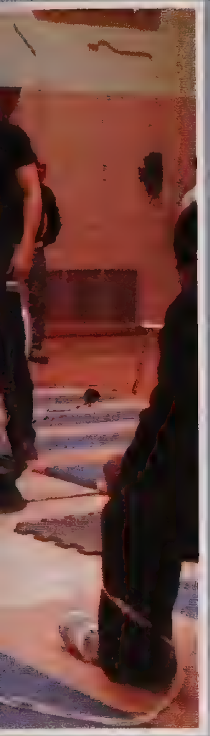
Geri Stachelski, LouAnne Mesta (Co-Captain), Wendy Sullivan

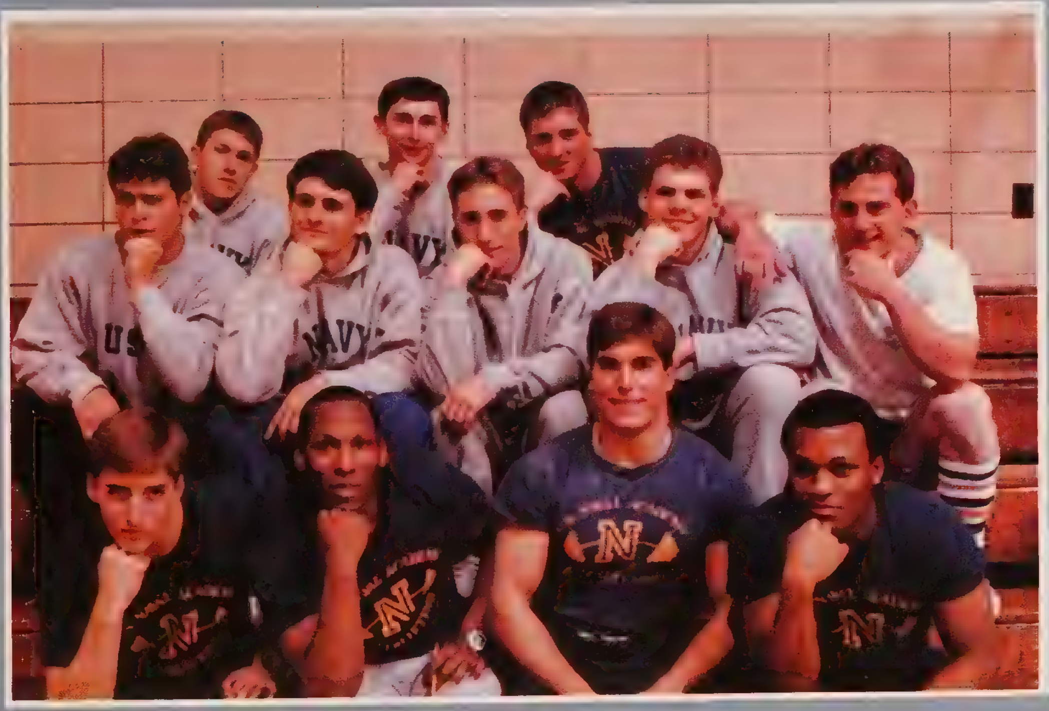
Bottom Row

Stacy Headly, Patricia Roberts, Suzanne Claudice

Powerlifting

Powerlifting offers midshipmen the opportunity to participate and to compete in powerlifting, body building and Olympic lifting on collegiate, AAU, national and international levels. As a sports club the Powerlifting team offers its members the chance to win a club letter, compete and lift regularly throughout the year.



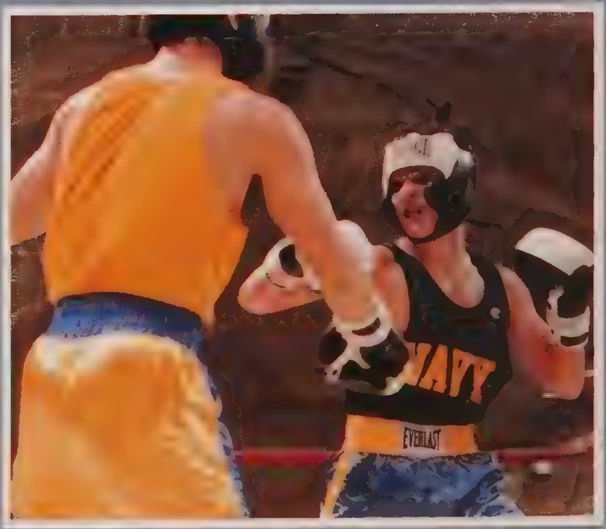


Boxing

EVERLAST
NAVY

This sport promotes boxing skills and officiating techniques as set forth in the current National AAU Rule Book and used in the Academy's Brigade Boxing Program.

NAVY
EVERLAST


NAVY
EVERLAST

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Fall

BASKETBALL
BOXING
CREW
CROSS COUNTRY
FENCING
FOOTBALL
KA SAILING
SOCCER
SQUASH
TENNIS
FRISBEE
WATER POLO
WRESTLING

Intramurals

Winter

BASKETBALL
FIELDBALL
HVWT FOOTBALL
LTWT FOOTBALL
SOCCER
SQUASH
TEAM HANDBALL

Spring

SP SOFTBALL
FP SOFTBALL
POWERLIFTING
BASKETBALL
KA SAILING
VOLLEYBALL
LACROSSE
RUGBY
TENNIS
TRACK
SQUASH
SWIMMING

SOCCER 31 CO

[illegible] SAILING OUTFIT

USNA
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

BASKETBALL 14 CO

USNA
USNA
USNA
NAVY
NAVY

TENNIS 2 BATT

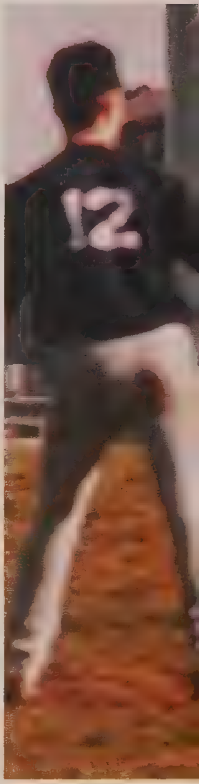
USNA
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
Wilson

Cross Country 6 Batt

Fencing 4
Batt

Boxing 4 Batt

2 Batt Crew



Water Polo 4 Batt

Frisbee 4 Batt

Football 4 Batt

Squash 5 Batt

Fieldball 19 Co.

Heavyweight Football 23 Co.

Wrestling 6 Batt

Basketball 1 Batt

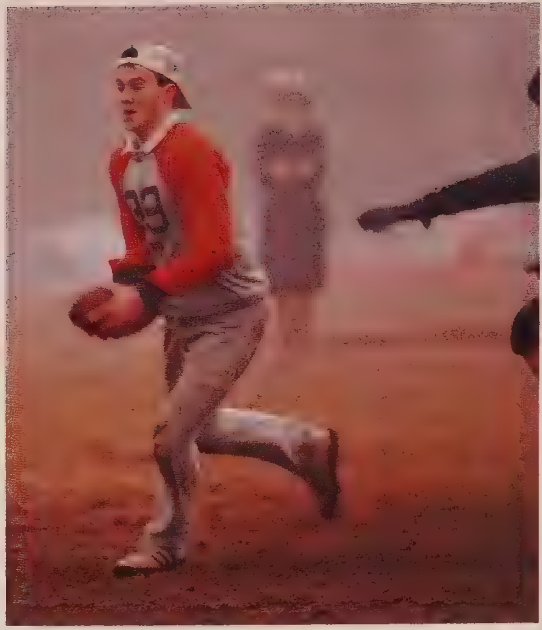
Squash 4 Batt

Handball 5 Batt

LTWT Football
17 Co.

Soccer 3 Batt

USNA
65
USNA
USNA



USNA
52
63
USNA
30
24

Lacrosse 6 Batt

Powerlifting 1 Batt

Basketball 5 Batt

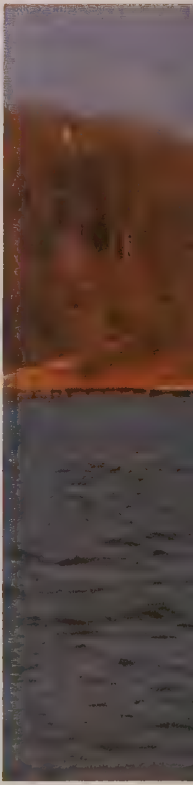
Sailing 6 Batt

SP Softball 23 Co.

Squash 2 Batt

Rugby 6 Batt

FP Softball 11 Co.



NAVY
30
11
21
30

Track 5 Batt

Volleyball 3 Batt

Swimming 3 Batt

Tennis 4 Batt

Extra-Curricular Activities

Ludwig

NAVY

Cheerleaders

A team of eight men and eight women midshipmen who lead the Brigade in spirit related activities at sporting events and pep rallies. Upperclass squad members are selected in the spring preceeding each new academic year, with the plebe members being selected at the beginning of the academic year.

Cannoneers

As the referee signals yet another Navy touchdown, his action is punctuated with the deafening blast of a naval gun fired in salute. The eight members of the Brigade Cannoneers swarm over the 1865 Dahlgren Boat Howitzer and in less than a minute the cannon is ready to fire for the extra point. Since 1967, the tradition of cannon fire at Naval Academy home football games has been kept by a small contingent of spirited professionals. Only two people from the plebe class are selected as members to the cannoneers and they remain on for all four years.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
CANNONEERS
N
N

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
CANNONEERS

Cannon Fadda

Masqueraders

Present:

Kings

Kings is a two part play derived from the history plays of William Shakespeare. It follows three of Shakespeare's plays: Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry V. Kings added another success to the Masqueraders long line of successes.

Glee Club

The Naval Academy Glee Club is an 80 member singing group that performs a vareity of musical styles ranging from classical to folk to Broadway show tunes. The group makes two week-long tours annually, in addition to performing at numerous functions in the Annapolis area. During the past year they performed at more than 65 occasions including Pasadena, with the President, as well as the annual presentation of the ``Messiah.''

Antiphonal Choir

This choir helps provide music for the Protestant Chapel Services. They also perform in the ``Messiah,'' and travel to various East Coast performances.

Catholic Chapel Choir

This choir provides music at the 0900 Mass in the main chapel. They also performed at the Basilica in Baltimore, St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, and the Mother Seaton Shrine in Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Protestant Chapel Choir

This choir is a select group of midshipmen that provide sacred music for Sunday Services in the Main Chapel. The group also travels around the East Coast for guest appearances.

The Glee Club Presents:

The Mikado

Navigators

Newman Club

At the Naval Academy there are various religious clubs and groups, a few of which are shown here. They provide the interested midshipman with opportunities to learn more about his and other's religions, to interact with the civilian community, to educate others about his religion, as well as to interact with others of his own religion.

L'Chiam

Officers' Christian Fellowship

Christian Athletes

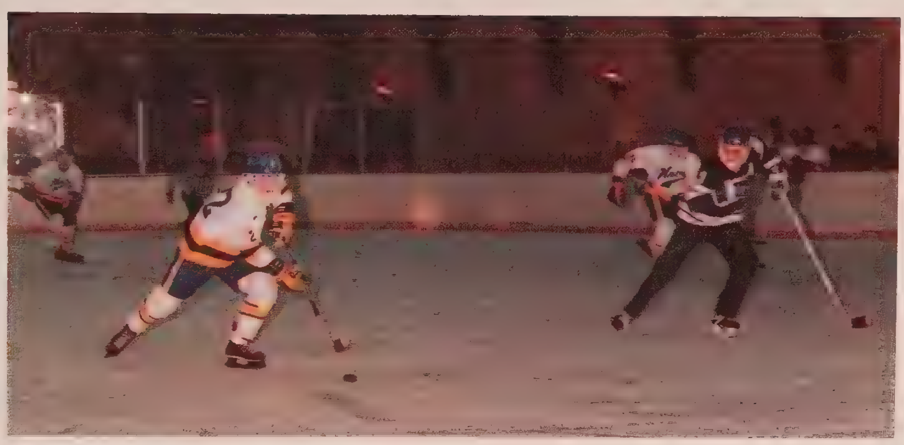
Scuba Club

The SCUBA Club was formed to give midshipmen a chance to obtain their Basic SCUBA Certification at the Naval Academy at a cost below the normal price and such that the instruction would fit into their schedules. A secondary responsibility is to arrange dive trips for those individuals already qualified in SCUBA. The highlight of the Club's activities is the annual dive trip to the Florida Keys during spring break.

Rugby

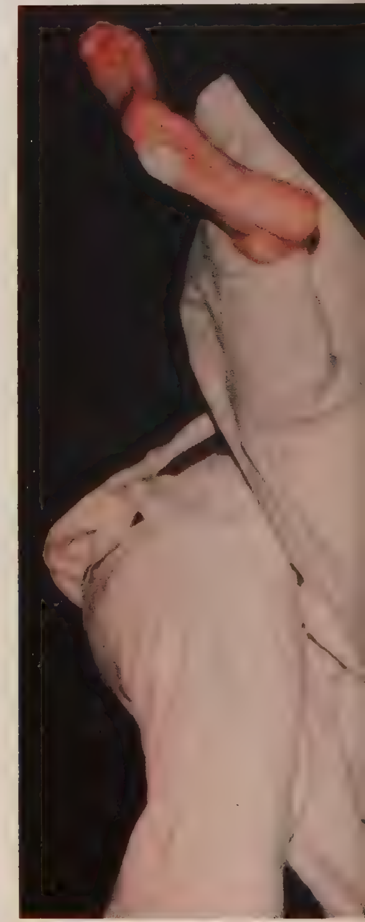
The Rugby Club provides interested midshipmen the opportunity to play top area clubs in one of the most rugged sports around.

Hockey



Judo

The Judo Club offers midshipmen the opportunity to learn the sport of Judo and provides them with the self-confidence that comes with competing in a contact sport. Members of the club also can compete against other college teams and in various tournaments.



Karate

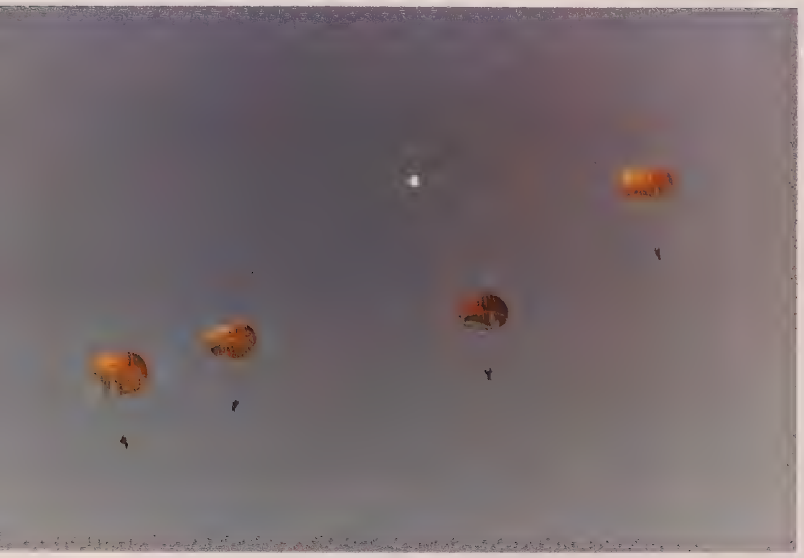
The Karate Club was formed to instruct midshipmen in the Korean martial art of Tangsoodo. Members of the club have the opportunity to compete in local tournaments and give demonstrations to the public.

Gymnastics

This Club provides midshipmen the opportunity to compete intercollegiately in the sport of gymnastics. This year the Woman's Gymnastics Team participated in six competitions with ten teams, and won against seven. They were also victorious over Army.

Croquet

Off with their heads



Airborne Training Unit - conducted numerous parachuting operations. Training has involved both airborne qualified midshipmen and other members of the Brigade. Land navigation training was conducted at Little Creek, Virginia over spring break.

Sportsman Club

The Sportsman Club - provides midshipmen with the free use of camping equipment and information for all types of sportsmen. Shooting, hunting, fishing and camping are the major areas, but specialization also includes mountain climbing, trap and skeet team, high-powered rifle team and other interesting activities.

Orienteering Club

The Orienteering Club - Combines aspects of hiking, cross country and land navigation. Orienteering is a healthy sport and a grueling test of an athlete's stamina, speed and determination.

Semper Fi

The Semper Fidelis Society is composed of midshipmen interested in the U. S. Marine Corps. It is mainly social in nature, giving the midshipmen the opportunity to meet and learn from Marine Officers.

Airborne Training Unit

The Airborne Training Unit. offers an opportunity for midshipmen to qualify as basic and naval parachutists. In addition to providing billets to jump school at Ft. Benning, GA., the club obtains billets to other service schools, such as Parachute Rigger School, Army Special Forces Phase I and Jungle Warfare School.

YP Squadron

The YP Squadron is one of the few ECA's that give midshipmen a chance to improve their professional skills. It gives mids a chance to use what they have been taught in the classroom. The Squadron also allows the midshipmen to improve on their leadership methods.

The Log

The LOG is the monthly publication of the Naval Academy. It is an outlet to make fun of some of the rules, regulations, and events that occur. It also shows the "outside world" that mids aren't just uniforms.

THE LOG Presents:

PLAYMID

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MIDS

MARCH 1984 • $0.85

SPECIAL ZERO-ETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

TRIDENT CALENDAR 1984

U.S.
NAVAL ACADEMY
EX SCIENTIA TRIDENS

Trident Calendar

This is the organization which designed, published, and distributed the Naval Academy Trident Calendar. The calendar shows one week at a time with a picture, cartoon, and quote to liven the week.

Reef Points

The Reef Points is the Plebe Bible during plebe summer and is constantly being reviewed and revised. This ECA employs midshipmen with business, literary, or any other helpful talents to improve the manual each year.

Ring and Crest Committee

This committee designs, produces, and delivers their respective class crest as well as their class s Naval Academy Ring. Selection for membership takes place in September of each class's plebe year.

Christmas Card Committee

Handling the purchasing and distribution of the Brigade's Christmas Cards and the graduation announcements for the class of 1984 were the duties of the committee this year.

Brigade Social Affairs Committee

The BSAC held sixteen dances, four informals, four formals, two video dances, and one plebe mixer during the 1983-84 academic year. The committee has plans to improve the reputation of Disco Dahlgren in the coming year.

1/C Organization

President August H. Hein
Vice President J. Stacey Bates
Treasurer Charles W. Cox II
Secretary Kevin Burke

2/C Organization

President Charles Sharkey
Vice President Stuart B. Munsch
Treasurer John W. Clifton
Secretary Steven A. Kelley

3/C Organization

President Paul S. Gibson
Vice President Roger E. Lloyd
Treasurer J. Digiandomenico
Secretary Agnes L. Connelly

4/C Organization

President David White
Vice President Daryl Watkins
Treasurer Ted Miller
Secretary Curt Hartman

BRIGADE
LINE

WMID

WMID - Provides internal communication in the Brigade through the medium of television. The club is involved in television production and direction. This year, under the leadership of Club President Matt Jacobson, the group produced seven editions of the popular "Brigade Line."

WRNV

WRNV - Operates a licensed stereo radio station providing non-stop music to the Brigade of Midshipmen and the surrounding Annapolis area. WRNV is open to all members of the Brigade and has a wide variety of interesting and challenging positions available for those interested in the music and radio business.

They provided support to the Brigade by broadcasting the following material: Navy Hockey games, 150 lb. Football games, Rugby matches, Lacrosse matches, and service selection. They produced daily news shows, supported the cheerleaders, and produced special music broadcasts.

813
STEREO
WRNV

CONRAIL
ERIE LACKAWANNA

Model Railroad Club

The Model Railroad Club. Sponsors demonstrations, visits to other clubs, and develops a forum for interested midshipmen to share their experience, knowledge and ideas concerning model railroading. This year an open house was held and a new loop completed.

Amateur Radio Club

The Amateur Radio Club. (W3ADO) is devoted to experimentation and communication using electronics and short wave radios. Members talk, via radio, to persons in other countries as well as other states.

Amateur Radio Club - made public to the Brigade the monitoring of live transmissions between Goddard Space Center and the space shuttle Challenger (STS-9). The club also assisted the USNA Bicycle Club by providing communications for the first USNA Intercollegiate Bike Race. The club has become an official associate - member of the Anne Arundel Radio Club. They are planning on buying a microcomputer to better communication efficiency. They are also acquiring free surplus equipment which is being used for training midshipmen.

Photography Club

The Photography Club provides midshipmen with darkroom facilities and instruction in both color and B & W processing. Midshipmen must provide their own paper; the club provides most of the chemicals free of charge. Additionally, many members of the club also work on the production of the Lucky Bag Yearbook.

PRC

The Public Relations Committee provides support to the Public Affairs Office, NAAA, and special Brigade sponsored events. This is done by manning the press box at sporting events, providing press escorts, helping schedule midshipman interviews for the Public Affairs Office and handling publicity for special Brigade events.

Bridge Club

The Bridge Club meets weekly in Steerage to play Bridge. During Dead Week the club sponsors a Bridge Tournament for interested midshipman.

Churchill Society

The Churchill Society was established to further the midshipman's education in non-technical areas. The society does this by sponsoring noon lectures, formal banquets, and helping with Masquerader's productions, the Labyrinth Literary Magazine, and the Cultural Affairs Program.

History Club

The History Club attempts to acquaint members of the Brigade with all elements of the historical profession and items of local history. This is accomplished by sponsoring the "Historical Movie Series" on Sunday afternoons, noon and evening lectures, field trips, a picnic, and a banquet. The History Club, due to its subject matter, is one of the most popular ECA's at the Academy

NAFAC

The Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference is held annually at the Naval Academy to examine the state of the world. Students from colleges and universities across the country, as well as dignitaries in and out of the government, are invited to participate. The Conference is broken into two major parts, speeches given by selected dignitaries, and small discussion panels. Each panel researches and discusses one subject.

MR. WILLIAM G. HYLAND
EDITOR-DESIGNATE
FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Big Brothers And Big Sisters

This year **Big Brothers and Big Sisters** hosted six functions: an ice skating party, a Halloween party, a pizza party, a Superintendent's Garden party, and an end of the year picnic. The club also attended the four Navy home football games.

This group sponsors a one-to-one relationship between midshipmen and area children who have only one parent. The club organizes parties and trips throughout the year.

Black Studies Club

The **Black Studies Club** - examines, strengthens, and originates programs to help midshipmen better understand and appreciate the history of Black Americans and their contributions to society.

Forensic Society

The **Forensic Society** - Sponsors the Navy debating team. The team competes on the intercollegiate level for national honors from August to April.

U.S. N.A.
TRIDENT BRASS

Trident Brass

Trident Brass furthers the enjoyment and appreciation of jazz, rock and other forms of related stage band music.

This year **Trident Brass** performed in Mitscher Hall, Dahlgren Hall, at the Annapolis Spring Festival, and during Commissioning Week.

International Club

The **International Club** is an organization which acts as a means of representing and coordinating the various foreign language clubs at the Naval Academy. The International Club is composed of the members of the Russian, French, Chinese, Spanish, German and American - Korean Clubs.

Dolphin Club

The **Dolphin Club** is open to midshipmen of all classes who are motivated to learn about the Submarine Warfare Community. The Club sponsored several lectures and a very popular Submariner's Ball.

Military Studies Association

The **Military Studies Association** is devoted to the study of conflicts of all types, in all ages, past or present, real world or fantasy. Materials used include tactical publications, commercial wargames, lead miniatures, and paper boards.

Chemistry Club

The **Chemistry Club** is a midshipmen run organization designed for interested students of chemistry or related majors. The recent affiliation with the American Chemical Society makes this club an authorized Student Affiliate Chapter of the ACS.

Astronomy Club

The Astronomy Club is devoted to furthering the Brigades interest in the heavens. The club owns a variety of instruments for viewing the various celestial objects.

Marine Technology Society

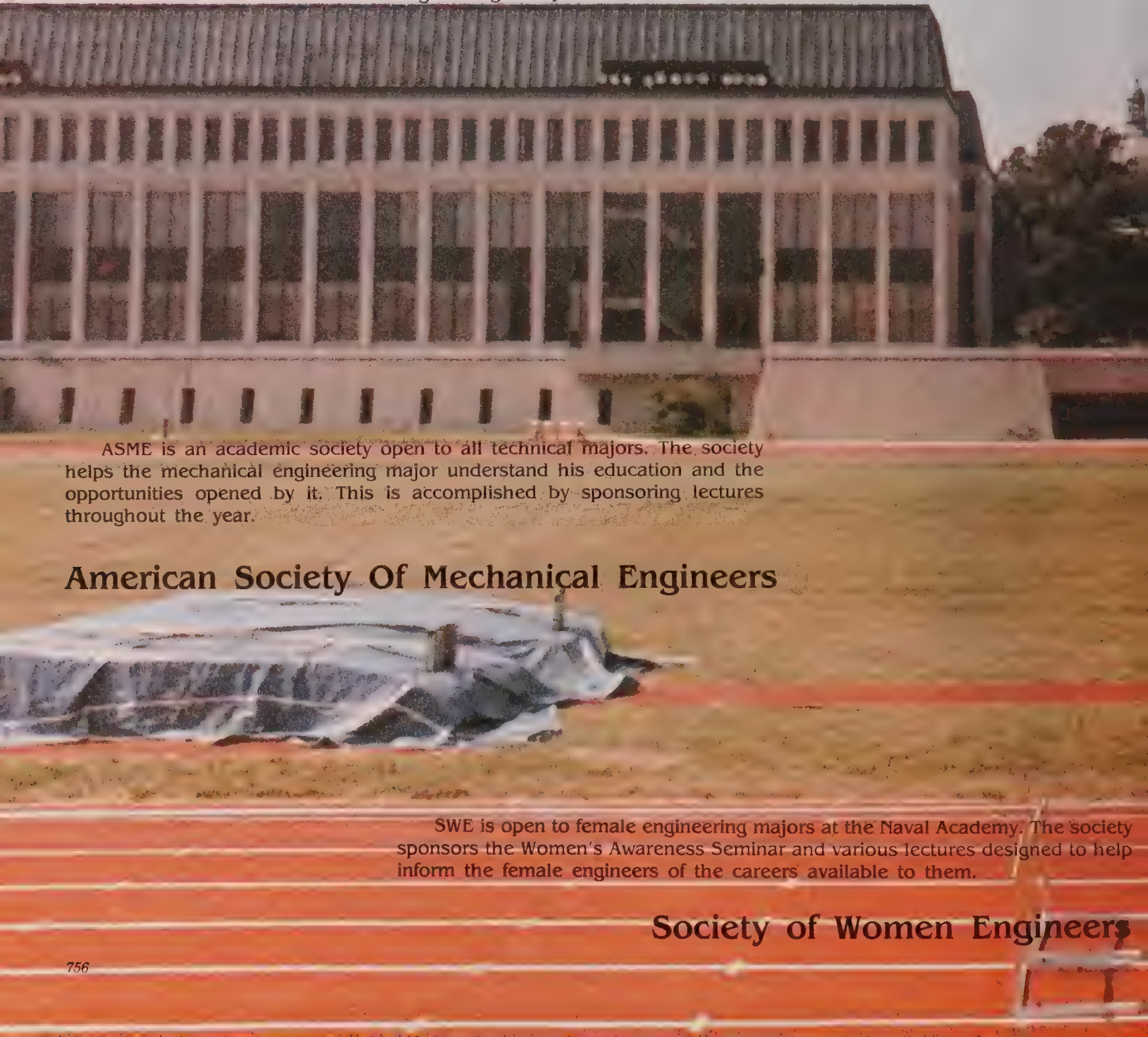
The **Marine Technology Society** (Oceanography Club) is an organization composed of people interested in oceanography and its various applications.

Society Of Naval Architects And Marine Engineers

SNAME is open to midshipmen majoring in Naval Architecture or Marine Engineering. The society sponsors lectures to promote a greater understanding and interest in this field.

American Society Of Naval Engineers

ASNE is open to all members of the brigade who are interested in ship design, Naval ships, and their systems. The society sponsors lectures to meet this interest. ASNE also participated in the VIII Congress of the Pan-American Institute of Naval Engineering this year.

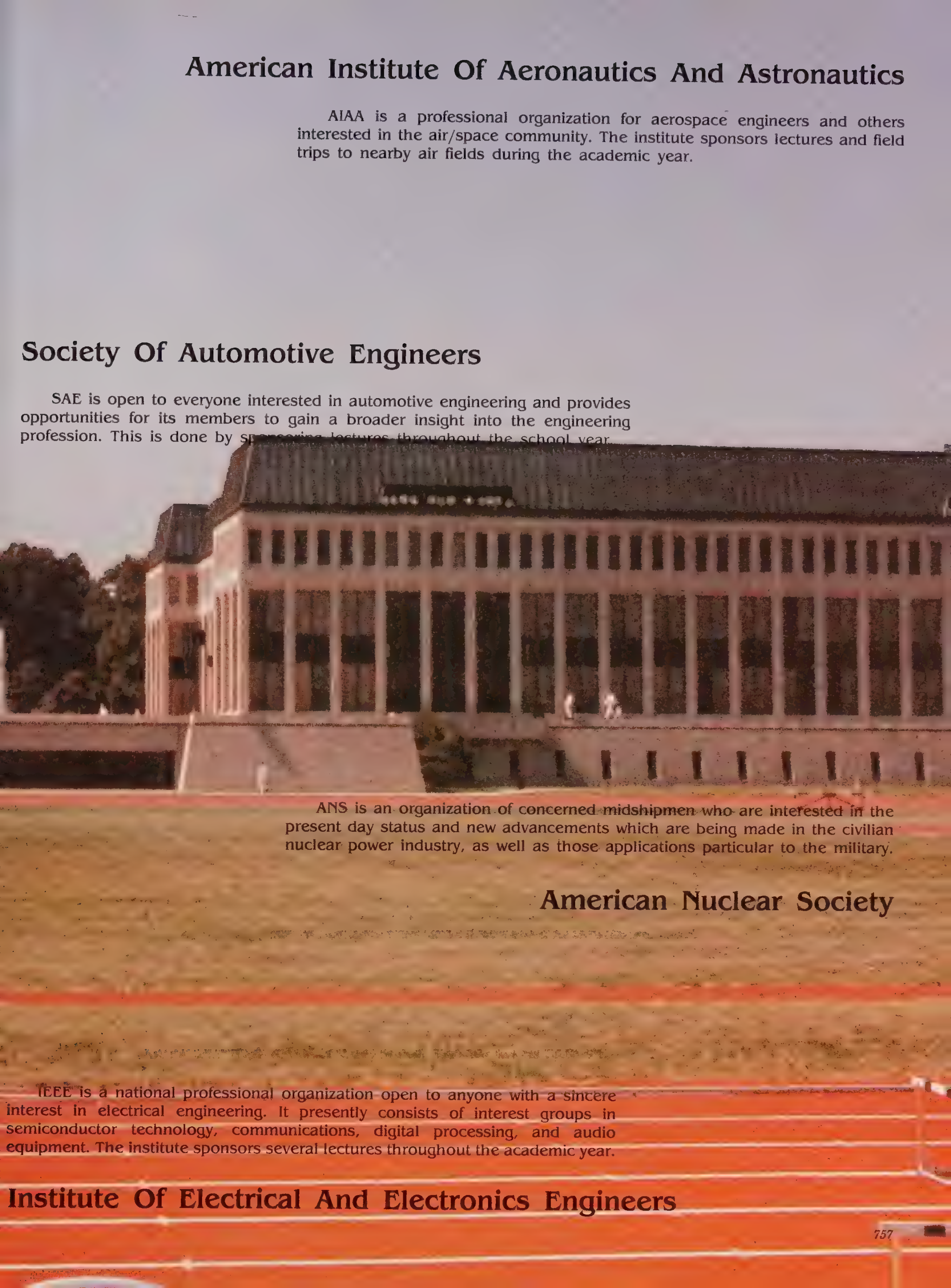


ASME is an academic society open to all technical majors. The society helps the mechanical engineering major understand his education and the opportunities opened by it. This is accomplished by sponsoring lectures throughout the year.

American Society Of Mechanical Engineers

SWE is open to female engineering majors at the Naval Academy. The society sponsors the Women's Awareness Seminar and various lectures designed to help inform the female engineers of the careers available to them.

Society of Women Engineers



American Institute Of Aeronautics And Astronautics

AIAA is a professional organization for aerospace engineers and others interested in the air/space community. The institute sponsors lectures and field trips to nearby air fields during the academic year.

Society Of Automotive Engineers

SAE is open to everyone interested in automotive engineering and provides opportunities for its members to gain a broader insight into the engineering profession. This is done by sponsoring lectures throughout the school year.

ANS is an organization of concerned midshipmen who are interested in the present day status and new advancements which are being made in the civilian nuclear power industry, as well as those applications particular to the military.

American Nuclear Society

IEEE is a national professional organization open to anyone with a sincere interest in electrical engineering. It presently consists of interest groups in semiconductor technology, communications, digital processing, and audio equipment. The institute sponsors several lectures throughout the academic year.

Institute Of Electrical And Electronics Engineers

Honor

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Societies

[illegible]

Phi Kappa Phi

President A. Miller
Vice President N. Palmiotto
Secretary M. Chimiak

Olson, [illegible]
Olson, [illegible]
Piercey, [illegible]
[illegible] James [illegible]

[illegible]

Sigma Iota Epsilon

Vice President D. Burns
Secretary K. Walls

Hollingsworth, Ch
[illegible]kamp, Louis

National Physics Honor Society

Sigma Pi Sigma

President D. Stevens
Vice President V. Dunlan
Secretary L. Smith

[illegible]

President C. Cox
Vice President J. Miller
Secretary C. Dukes

Conkey, Douglas
[illegible]ski, Richard
[illegible], Robert
Jorgensen, John
[illegible], Konrad

Graduating With Distinction

The Top 100 graduating Midshipmen in Combined Academic, Military, and Professional Marks

Kristine Holderied
Dean Allan Miller
John Fincher Abbot
Jerome Stephen Stefanko, Jr.
Joel Gardner Bishop
William Andrew Guerrero
Scott Howard Randolph
Bruce Lee Lipphardt, Jr.
Allen Charles Coomber
Jonathan Hideo Kan
Nicholas Palmiotto
Daniel Gene Stoddard
Leonard Joseph Hamilton
Justin David Baldwin
Joseph Russ Moulton, Jr.
Andrew Joseph Grant Pulliam
Steven Karl Bibeau
Scott David Vogelsang
David Todd Neely
Lantz Clifford Ellis
David Allan Vanderschoot
William Scott Heys
Patrick Coffier Rabun
Michael John Dobbs
Douglas James Brown
David Lawrence Nenna
Charles Owen Hobaugh
Marjorie Ann Rawhouser
Mark Walter Chimiak
Joseph Pearce Miller III
Craig Michael Selbrede
William John Dempsey
Charles Ward Cox II
John Christian Julio Martinez
Sharon Esther Pfeiffer
Paul Anthony Povlock
Steven Robert Jones
Gary Lee Douglas
Perry Gene Higgins
Jeffrey Scott Bartkoski
James Joseph Collins, Jr.
Patrick Joseph Kolbas
Paul Stephen Esch
Jonathan Jerome Smith
Stephen Coleman Lanier
Mark William Barranco
Christopher Lee Frasse
Thomas James Cuff
Richard Stanley Dohoda
Geoffrey Alan Zimmer
Christopher Clay Collins
Philip Gardner Howe III
Daniel Eric Crisp
David Frank Steindl
Rebekah Ruth Barrish
James Howard Bishop
Glen Andrew Schultz
Jeffrey Harold McClellen
Steven Roland Wright
Robert Edward Matts
Robert Royce Rowsey
Maarten Vermaat
John Blackwelder Nowell, Jr.
Martin Rahn
Paul Joseph Wojtkiewicz
Scott Brenton Woessner
Samuel David Mohs
Peter Clark Mayer
Alan John Abramson
John Budd Hartman
Brian Andrew McIlvaine
Donald Joseph Wallace
Matthew John McKelvey
John Michael Daniel
Robert Frederick Oakenell
James Michael McGee
William Dewey Elliott II
Norvan James Larson
Matthew Thomas Wallace
Michael Petro Potochniak
David Charles Hall
Mark William McCann
John Frederick Hamann
John Howard Quint
Bradford Laurence Martin
John Augustine Intintolo
Cheryl Lee Kerr
David John Landess
Edward Paul Wilson
Eric Blanchard Byrne
Thomas Matthew Calabrese
Ross Michael Wilhelm
John Miles Jorgensen
George David Zamka
Joseph Francis Pasternak
Timothy Scott Mologne
Scott Kemper Nelson
Gordon Paul Frederick Catlin
Kevin Mark Blum
Marc James Miller
Byron Edward Bond

Trident Scholars

Members of the class of 1984 who pursued Trident Research Projects

Douglas James Brown
Kristine Holderied
Bruce Lee Lipphardt, Jr

Voluntary Graduate Education Program (VGEP)

Members of the Class of 1984 who pursued advanced degrees at local universities during their senior year at the U.S. Naval Academy

Justin David Baldwin
COMPUTER SYSTEMS
TECHNOLOGY
University of Maryland
Mark Walter Chimiak
QUANTITATIVE ECONOMICS
University of Maryland
Allen Charles Coomber
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Johns Hopkins University
Charles Ward Cox II
NATIONAL SECURITY AFFAIRS
Georgetown University
William Andrew Guerrero
PHYSICS
University of Maryland
Leonard Joseph Hamilton
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
University of Maryland
Joseph Pearce Miller III
NATIONAL SECURITY AFFAIRS
Georgetown University
Sharon Esther Pfeiffer
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS
American University
Paul Anthony Povlock
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
University of Maryland
Scott Howard Randolph
FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT
George Washington University
Jerome Stephen Stefanko, Jr.
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
Johns Hopkins University

Junior Line Officer Advanced Educational Program (Burke Program)

Jeffrey Scott Bartkoski
Byron Edward Bond
Douglas James Brown
Thomas James Cuff
David Charles Hall
Steven Robert Jones
Adam Shawn Levitt
Jeffrey Harold McClellen
Robert Frederick Oakenell
John Howard Quint

Marine Corps Advanced Educational Program (Burke Equivalent)

Gina Maria DiNicolo
Bernard Joseph Krueger
Bradford Laurence Martin
Edward Charles McCarthy
Matthew John McKelvey
Scott Kemper Nelson
Robert Royce Rowsey
Joseph Kenneth Weistroffer
Michael David Yu
George David Zamka

Civilian University Scholarship/Fellowship

Lantz Clifford Ellis
NUCLEAR ENGINEERING
University of Virginia
Christopher Lee Frasse
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
Catholic University of America
Kristine Holderied
NATIONAL SCIENCE
FOUNDATION FELLOWSHIP
Stephen Coleman Lanier
NUCLEAR ENGINEERING
University of Virginia
Brian Andrew McIlvaine
OCEAN ACOUSTICS
University of Texas at Austin
Dean Allan Miller
NUCLEAR ENGINEERING
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Daniel Gene Stoddard
NUCLEAR ENGINEERING
University of Virginia

George Olmsted Foundation Scholarship Candidates

Rebekah Ruth Barrish
Michael John Dobbs
Gordon Paul Catlin
John Miles Jorgensen
William John Dempsey
Ross Michael Wilhelm

National Collegiate Athletic Association Postgraduate Scholarship

Clifford McIntire Maurer

Letters Of Commendation

Alan John Abramson
David Francis Aumuller
Rebekah Ruth Barrish
Jeffrey Scott Bartkoski
Warren Curtis Belt
Thomas Matthew Calabrese
Lance Steven Carr
Robert Edward Clark II
Timothy Neil Daseler
Lantz Clifford Ellis
Edward Achilles Flores
John Walter Funk
Jeffrey Edward Giangiuli
Anne Marie Gillies
William Andrew Guerrero
Randal Scott Gustafson
James William Hannan, Jr.
John Rowe Herron
Charles Owen Hobaugh
Kristine Holderied
Michael Joseph Kelly
Konrad Kircher
John Henry Lerchbacker, Jr.
Bruce Lee Lipphardt, Jr.
John Kevin Morrow
Joseph Russ Moulton, Jr.
Christian Thomas Noah
Robert Frederick Oakenell
Ray Aldin Peterson III
Andrew Joseph Grant Pulliam
John James Reape, Jr.
Mark Steven Sakaniwa
Blaise Elliott Scioli
Deborah Lynn Sheppard
Jonathan Jerome Smith
Brian Keith Stolley
David Allan Vanderschoot
Harry Paul Ward
Edward Paul Wilson
Geroge David Zamka

Leadership & Professional Awards

Anne Marie Gillies
National Woman's Relief Corps, Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic

Joseph Russ Moulton, Jr.
John Roach

Andrew Joseph Grant Pulliam
National Ladies Auxiliary, Jewish War Veterans of the United States

William Andrew Guerro
Fleet Reserve Association Lieutenant Clarence Louis Tibbals, USN, Memorial Award

Kristine Holderied
Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Virginia

Konrad Kircher
Class of 1897 Sword and Cup

Dean Allan Miller
Ladies Auxiliary to the Veterans of Foreign Wars Colonel C. Griffen Moody, USMC, Military-Professional Award
Vice Admiral Thomas Ross Cooley Award

John Fincher Abbot
Military Order of World Wars Class of 1956, United States Naval Academy

Deborah Lynn Sheppard
Brainerd Award

Bradley Evan Flock
Society of Sponsors of the United States Navy

William Scott Heys
Merrill F. Collier Award

Robert Dean Broadston
Vice Admiral Thomas L. Gatch Prize

Charles Owen Hobaugh
National Society, United States Daughters of 1812

Mark McDowell
National Society, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America

Adam John Curtis
Carl Vinson Leadership Award

Jay Daniel Shaffer
Carl Vinson Leadership Award

Karl Dietrich Brandt
Carl Vinson Leadership Award

Michael Salach
Secretary of the Navy's Rifle Trophy

Donald Edward Collins
Secretary of the Navy's Pistol Trophy

Special Awards

John Kevin Morrow
Class of 1879, United States Naval Academy

Jeffrey Scott Bartkoski
Naval Leadership Prize

Kristine Holderied
Gardner L. Caskey Memorial Prize
Veterans of Foreign Wars

Andrew David Bigelow
Coaches - Calvert Award

Andrew Craig Ponseigo
Naval Academy Athletic Association Sword for Men
Thompson Trophy Cup

Susan Lynn Honan
Vice Admiral William P. Lawrence Sword for Women

Thomas Matthew Calabrese
U.S. Naval Academy Alumni Association Award

Academic Awards

William Andrew Guerrero
National Society, Daughters of the American Colonists
Congressional Medal of Honor Society
United Daughters of the Confederacy

Jerome Stephen Stefanko, Jr.
Class of 1961, United States Naval Academy
Detroit Women's Council of the Navy League

Allen Charles Coomber
Admiral Joseph P. Redman Award
Navy League of the United States

Patrick Coffier Rabun
Class of 1871, United States Naval Academy

Lantz Clifford Ellis
Robert M. Thompson Navigation Prize

Michael John Dobbs
Professor Allan F. Westcott Prize

Charles Owen Hobaugh
Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey Award

David Lawrence Nenna
Mac Short Award in Aviation

Gerral Keith David
National Society, United States Daughters of 1812

Brian Andrew McIlvaine
Captain Boyd R., Alexander Prize in Electrical Engineering

Leonard Joseph Hamilton
Commander James Edward Palmer Prize

Scott David Vogelsang
Class of 1924, United States Naval Academy

Joel Gardner Bishop
American Bureau of Shipping Prize

Dean Allan Miller
American Society of Naval Engineers

John Fincher Abbot
Admiral W.H.P. Blandy Prize

Scott David Ripley
van Dyke Prize

Richard Brian Cox
National Society, Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century

Nicholas Palmiotto
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts

Kristine Holderied
Captain Charles N.G. Hendrix Oceanography Award

Justin David Baldwin
Military Order of Foreign Wars

Perry Gene Higgins
Professor Henry M. Robert, Jr., Prize

Scott Howard Randolph
Admiral William S. Sims Memorial Award

Paul Stephen Esch
National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution

Mark Walter Chimiak
Office of Naval Intelligence - Harry E. Ward Language Prize

David Frank Steindl
Frederick L. Sawyer Prize

Charles Ward Cox II
Class of 1912, United States Naval Academy

Maarten Vermaat
American Legion Prize

Athletic Awards

John David Cable
Brigade Intramural Sports Program Trophy

Craig William Michael
Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War Baseball Award

Robert Kenneth Romaine, Jr.
Charles Evans McDonough Memorial Basketball Cup

Charles Paxson Melcher
Russell S. "Rusty" Callow Memorial Crew Award

Thomas Alfred Schaefer
"Spirit of the Lightweights" Crew Award

Michael Ray Pease
Vice Admiral E. L. Cochrane Fencing Award

Jeffrey Alan Johnson
Cooke Memorial Football Award

James Andrew McGregor
Sexton Memorial Trophy

Scott Grove Spooner
Holmes Golf Trophy

Michael David Gerhardt
Stanford Nall Memorial Gymnastics Award

James Walter Wilhelm
Ensign Kurt Thomas Israel Memorial Pistol Award

Kevin Kit McCallum
Soccer Trophy

Spencer Frank Wall
BARB Squash Trophy

Michael Karl Hile
Robert E. Cowell Memorial Swimming Trophy

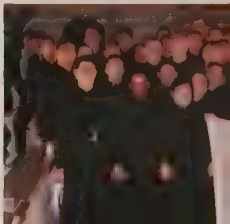
William Bayly Taff
Walling-Kimmel Memorial Tennis Cup

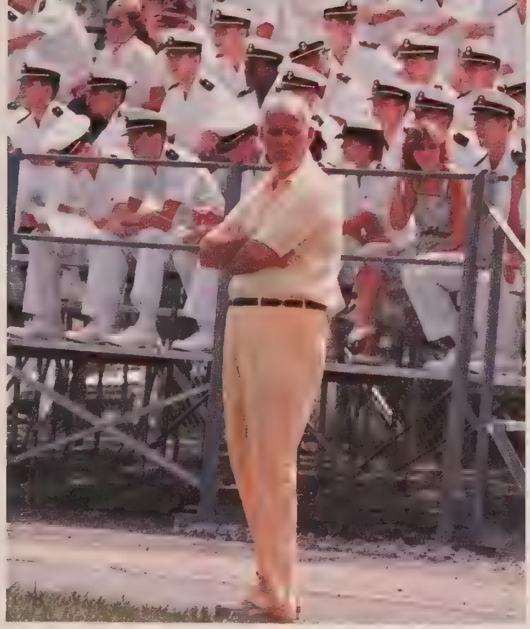
Joseph Stephen Konicki
Captain Robert Cecil Brixner Track Trophy

Donald Harry Schleicher, Jr.
Weems Wrestling Award

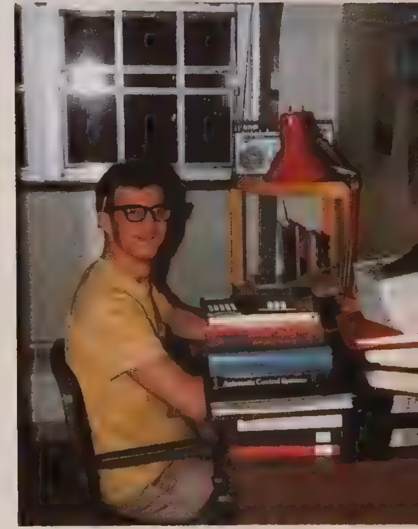
Neil Vincent Duffy
Vice Admiral E. C. Waller Lacrosse Award

The Year In Pictures — One Final Look



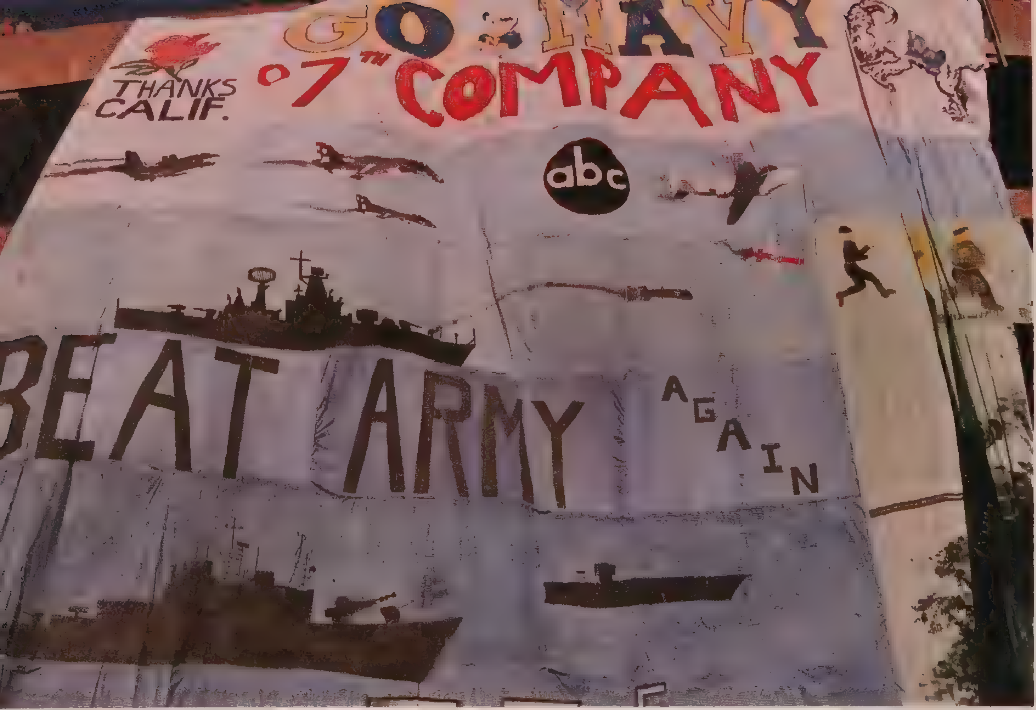


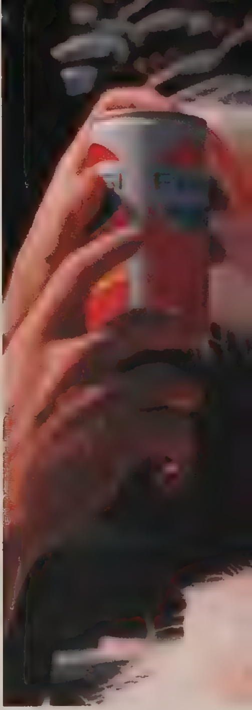
REPUBLIC



NAVY
LACROSSE

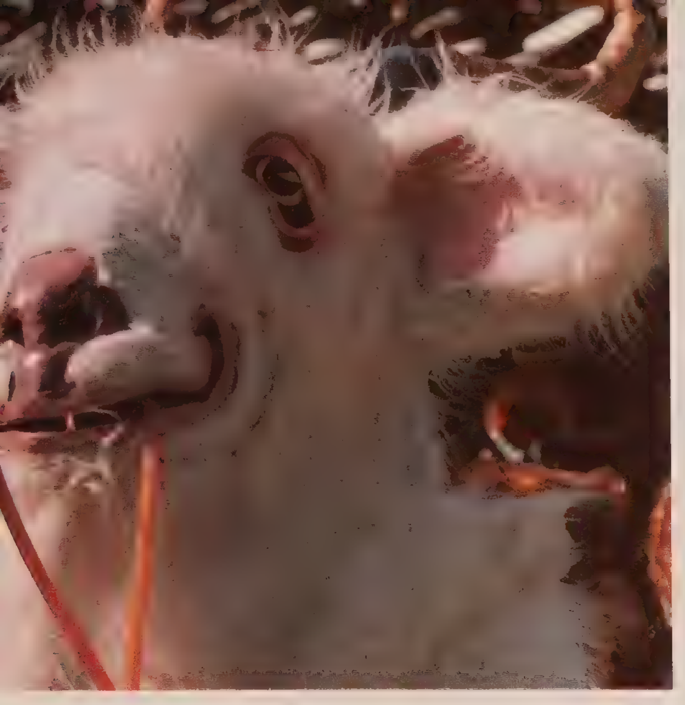
STANFOR

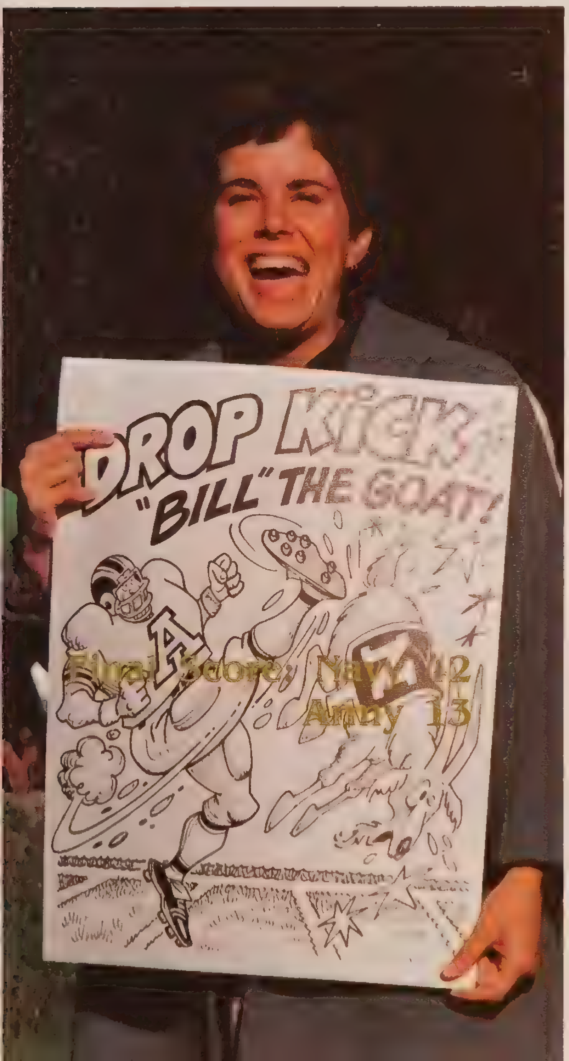

GO NAVY
THANKS CALIF.
7th COMPANY
abc
BEAT ARMY AGAIN



GO NAVY

ARMY
NAVY



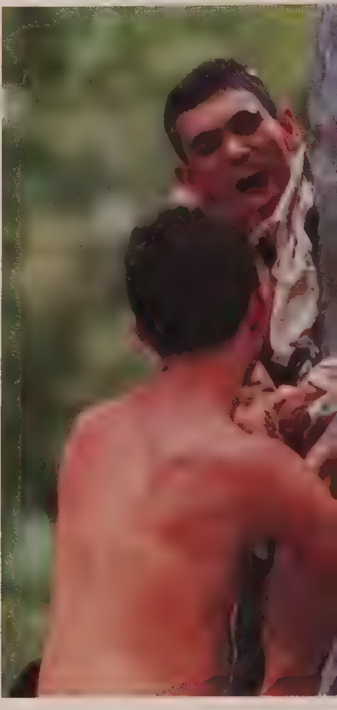

DROP KICK
"BILL" THE GOAT!
A

Final Score: Navy 12
Army 13

GO NAVY
NAVY
GO NAVY
GO NAVY
NAVY

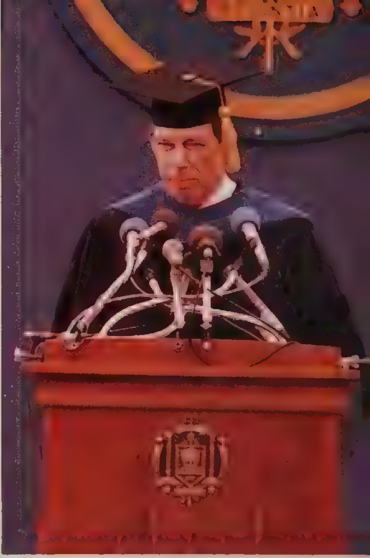
Commissioning Week - May 1984

84



YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL
CALL ME
BOB PLANTZ
20th Co.
PLEASE

8
5



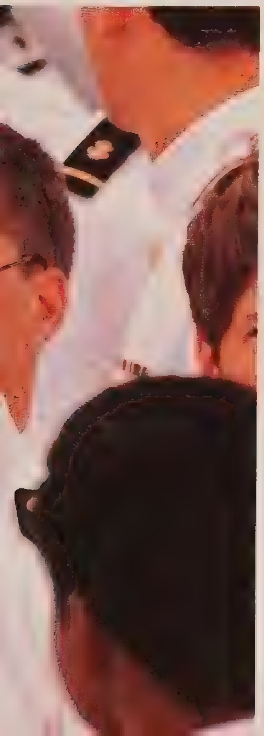
MIDWAY
SOLOMONS
ANTA C

SCIENTIA

SCIENTIA

N

DOWN



SECTION
15

Advertisements

And Patron Ads

Patron Ads

The Lucky Bag Staff would like to thank the parents, sponsors and friends of the Sr. Class of 1984 for their unfailing love and support of the class. We hope these personal measures of affection will reflect some of this love and support.

First Company

Congratulations Rick Johnson, 1st Co. God gave you to us and we are forever grateful. You have brought us joy and pride, and we love you dearly. God bless you always. Mom, Dad and Sheryll.

Fun one gang congratulations and Andrew "The Log" next generation. Navy Gallotta beat Army. God bless you all. Mom, Dad, Stephen, Auntie.

Congratulations Class of '84 From the family of Norvan Larson 1st Co. All our love, Norvan From Mom and Dad, Natalie, Ken and Elizabeth, Kathy and David!

Congratulations Joe Konicki and 1st Company. Our pride, love and prayers are with you always. Mom, Dad, Mike, Cathy, Jeanne, Tommy and King.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to The class of '84 From The family of Louie Holtkamp 1st Co. We Love you and are very proud From Michael, Eril, Luana, Hans, Mom and Dad.

May God's continued blessing be with you, Mike Mueller Co. No. 1 Class '84. We love you and are proud of you Nadean, Denise, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '84 from the Family of Glenn Romero 1st Co. We are proud of you Glenn, From sisters' Deb, Linda, Sue, Mom and Dad Joshua too!

Second Company

Well done '84sters. The Family of J. J. Brennan 2nd Co. Mom, Dad, Kathleen - Naps '84, Uncle Ned.

To Ensign Scott Woessner. No one knows better than us how hard you have worked these past four years. We are extremely proud. Love Ma, Dad, Holly, Wendy and Grandma!

God's blessings on Petey Jiver and the Class of '84. All our love, Mom, Dad, Mike, Pat, Matt, Marykate, Timmy.

Best wishes to fun 1 Co and the Class of 84. From the family of 2nd Lt James J. Hamm III, USMC.

To John Weigold: Congratulations! We are so proud of you. May God bless you always. With all our love, Mom, Dad, Michael and Lori.

Congratulation and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Jeff Amerine 02 Co. Well done Jeff we love you! From Bill, Debbie, Lori, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes Gina, Love Mom and congratulations to the Class of '84 from Mrs. D.

Congratulations to Ensign Dan Eldredge, our friends in 2nd Co. and the Class of 84. Love Mom, Dad, Maureen and Michael.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Borden send congratulations to daughter Susan, 2nd Co., and to all their other Class of '84 "Daughters and Sons".

Kari Standard you made it. It was hard but we believed in you. We are so proud. May God's love always be with you. Take care and smile. Love you, Dad, Mom, and Todd.

Congratulations and best wishes to Brian Jones of 2nd Co. and Class of '84. Love, Mom, Dad, and Family.

Third Company

A proud salute to Gregory W. Pease 3rd Co. and to the Class of 1984. Good Luck. The Pease Family.

Richard McBride. Congratulations to you and your classmates. We're proud of you. Love Mom, Dad, Melissa, Jon.

Well done Maurice! 3rd Co. from Mam, Daddy, Patrick and Christopher.

To Michael Murphy Wilson and Class of—'84. How proud we are of you!!!! Our cup runneth over. You did it, Ensign Wilson, U.S.N. Our Love and admiration, The Howard Wilson Family.

Congratulations Bret Muilenburg, Class of '84, and 3rd Co. Wear your gold proudly! Love, Your Family.

Congratulations Michael John Murphy for a job well done. God bless you, Love Ya, Mom and Dad.

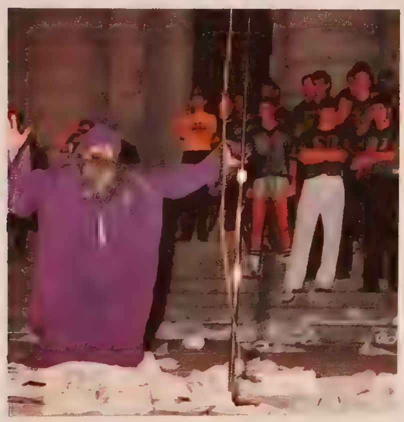
Congratulations Class of '84. From the family of Patrick Rabun. We love you and are proud of you, Patrick! Mom, Dad, Clay, Tammy and Mark.

The best to the Class of 1984. From the family of Gary Watson Jr. 3rd Co. We love you Gary, From Mom, Dad, Michele, and Nicki. Barbara too.

Congratulations to 3rd Company and special love to my son Clay Richmond. Four tough years, but you made it! Makes a mother proud!

Congratulations and blessings to the Class of '84. From the family of Byron Bond 3rd Co. with love and pride, all your family we love you!

Fourth Company



With love and pride, we congratulate Scott F. Griffin. Choose your dream and believe, for "We walk by faith not by sight." Your Proud Family.

Hooray for '84! "A great man is who he is because he was what he was"! We love you, Bob Syring! Dad, Mom, Jim, Tina, and Mike.

Congratulations and best wishes to Se Hun Oh 4th Co. Love Mom and Dad.

Best wishes to the Class of '84 and congratulations to our nephew Se Hun Oh 4th Co. We are proud of you. Love Uncle John and Aunt Kathy.

For Ens Tom Ransom, our friends in the 4th Company, and all the Class of '84: Congratulations, best wishes, and God bless. Capt and Mrs. James Ransom and family.

Congratulations Sharon Pfeiffer and Class of '84. Our prayers and love are with you always. Mom, Dad and family.

Success always and congratulations to the Class of '84. From the Family of Brian Murphy 4th Co. Forever proud, love you Bri, Mom.

We'll always love and be proud of you Thomas - per aspera ad astra - Congratulations from Mom, Dad, Gma and Gpa Stubbs, Misty and Sass.

Congratulations John Fellowes. We are proud of you. Love Mom and Dad.

Godspeed Ensign Kris Holderied. You did it all!! Your proud family, Mother, Dad and Kurt

Congrats Ensign on a job well done, To Jeff Thompson. God speed, smooth sailing, and, keep your airspeed up. From the 'Rents and 'Bros.

"Fair winds and following seas" to David Schmode, 4th Company & the Class of 84, Love Mom, Dad & Karen.

To the Class of '84. Congratulations and best of luck in the future. From the Parents of Dale Zevotek 4th Co. We are proud of you Dale. All our love from Mom and Dad!

To our wonderful daughter Priscilla A. Futcher 4th Co. - we all are very proud of you and what you have accomplished - may God always be with you and keep you safe and well when we are apart one from another - we love you - Mom - Dad, Charles, Jeffrey, June, Rose, Stewart - Scott.

Fair winds and following seas to the Class of '84. From the family of Jim Mooney 4th Co. With love and pride from Vic, Mom, Dad, Grandmom and Grandpa.

Fifth Company

Congratulations Midn. Claude John Coucoules! You did it! We hope someday the amount of pride you've given us will be returned to you - ten fold. We love you, Dad and Mom.

Our best wishes for fair winds and following seas to the Class of 84. We love you Rock. The Goins Family.

PF&C Enterprises loves you Doug. Congratulations to the fighting 5th Co. Love Carlene, Heidi and Misty.

You've made us tremendously proud, bursting with pride, congratulations and best wishes to Scott

Kushino and Class of '84. Love, Mom, Dad, Brian, and Mark, also Grandma.

Congratulations and best wishes, knew you'd make it Scott Kushino, Love, Uncle John and Auntie Kiyo.

Congratulations Ensign Robert D. Speer. God bless you always. Love, Marcia, Brenda, Mom and Dad.

Dear D. R. you've done it! We are so proud! May God bless you and the Class of '84. With Love from Dad, Mom & the entire Dugan clan.

Congratulations and best wishes to Ens. Craig Michael and the Class of '84. We are very proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Tanya and Susan.

Congratulations Peter McDevitt. What a surprise! All this time we thought you were in camp LeJeune! Love From the Family and Sparkywoo.

Congratulations Pete PS 107 23-32. Mom, Dad, Jon, Marty, Steve, Gramp.

Congratulations Class of '84. From the family of David Goins 5th Co. We Love You Dave, Mom and Dad

Sixth Company

Congratulations Eric! You have conquered another challenge! "Find your strength in the Lord, in his mighty power." Eph 6:10. We love you. Kris, Dave, Mom & Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Gary English Sixth Co. Go Navy!!!!

Congratulations Ensign Dave Burg Co. 6 and all '84 Ensigns. Never A doubt you could do it! We are so proud and our love goes with you always. Happy landing! Mom and Dad.

Three cheers for 6th Co. and the Class of 84! Soar with the eagles Trevor. From your very proud California family.

Our prayers are with the Class of 84, and especially with you, Ensign Thomas J. Goaley, Jr. We are proud of you! May God bless you and keep you in his everlasting love. Dad, Mom, Gretchen, David, Trish.

Congratulations and good luck to the Class of '84. From the family of Randy Nixon 6th Co. Randy, we love you and we're proud of your accomplishments. Sheri, Mom, Dad!

Congratulations - Go for it Steve!! The Brawley Bunch - Dad, Sue, Scott, Cindy, Cheryl, Doug, Patton, Mac, Sky

Congratulations you did it Michael, Michael Cameron 6th Co. Love Mom, Karen, Paul, Bill and the Bear.

Vaya con dios Class of '84. From family of Mike Massee, 6th Co. We knew you could do whatever you wanted to do, Mike, and you did it, we're all very proud of you. Love from Mom, Dad, Peg, Sue, John, Jim and all relatives and friends.

Courage to try and will to succeed well done Joe Thien! Fair winds and God be with you. Love, Mom, Dad, Mike, Jim, Bob and Pat

Congratulations Ens. Scott Randolph the 6th Company and the entire Class of '84. From his proud family.

Congratulations on what you have accomplished Ens. Pete Mayer. Now to Nuke School with your two year insurance Policy. We will all miss the Good Times we had at Annapolis. Good Luck from the Adm, Cdr, Lcdr, Lcdr-sc, Lt, and Entire Mayer Clan.

Success at last, 1984 has arrived! As the Class of 84 heads to their new assignments, you have a common bond which will serve you well. Graduation is the beginning, the real challenges and fun are ahead. Be proud, stand tall, you are now Naval Academy graduates! Captain & Mrs. Lutton, USCG, proud parents of Todd Lutton, 6th Company.

Randy, we've always been proud and are even prouder now. Keep your goals set high and go for it! Best wishes to all the gang in 6th Co. and the Class of 84. Love Mom, Dad, Eric, Debi & Grandmom Gustafson.

Seventh Company

Congratulations to W. Scott Biel!! Your dreams, courage, persistance, perseverance, and God's gifts are a joy to us. Continued success and happy memories! Love, Mom - Dad - Lori.

Ensign Brett Comstock, 7th Co. and Class of 84. We are proud of you. No goal too high, no task too difficult, no place too far, when you are in God's will. Our love and prayers, Mom, Dad, Kristin, Brian, Gayle, Tom and Aaron. Brett, sail with the Lord. Love, Grandpa and Grandma Smith.

CONGRATULATIONS, VIRGINIA FOREHAND Anchors Aweigh! John Paul Jones.

Congratulations and good luck to John Augustine and the 7th Co. Love and pride from Mom, Bonnie, Richard, Dave, Marlene, Jennifer and Mark.

Congratulations and good luck to the Class of '84. From the family of John McCormick 7th Co. from Mom and Bill. Wish Dad could be here too.

Congratulations and best wishes to our Doug and his '84 classmates. May you all continue to receive your country's admiration and God's blessings. The Borrebach Family.

Congratulations Marjorie Ann Rawhouser — We are so proud of you. May you find much happiness throughout your life. We love you! Mom, Dad & Brenda.

Best of luck to the Class of 1984. From the family of Louanne Nesta 7th Co. Love to you Louanne from Mom, Dad, Lex, Robbie, Aunt Barb, Grandma, Grandpa and Suzie.

Congratulation and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Danny Kumangai 7th Co. We love you Dan. From Kristine, Donna, Sato Jr., Herm, Ben, Mom and Dad. Also folks from Peleliu, Palau Island, W C IS.

Congratulations to Ensign Brad Flock. Many started, fewer finished but you made it. Proud of you Mom and Dad.

Congratulations, Ensign Ponseigo! We love you dearly and are filled with pride! Thank you for being you. God bless you. Mom, Dad, Allan.

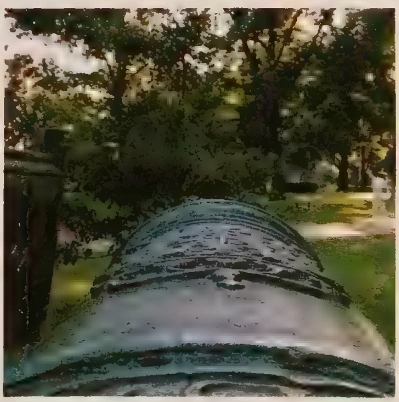
Minican wishes Ensign M. Kathleen Murray a doggone good Navy career! P.S. Fort Lauderdale dial-a-prayer thanks you for four years of loyal patronage. Congratulations and prayers, Love the Murrays and Dogs.

Congratulations and best wishes to Scott Owen Vogel. We love you Hawk, Ted, Randy, Paul, Chris, Lorraine, and Laura.

God bless the 1984 graduating midshipmen - you're the best yet! The Family of Thomas Hom 07th Co.

Congratulations to the Class of 84 and particularly to Ronda Beagle, Virginia Forehand, Allison Webster, Doug Borrebach, Andy Ponseigo, Tom Hom & Steve Clements. We're proud of all of you. Good luck & God speed! From the Beagle Family. Ron, JoAnn, Lisa & Joseph.

Eighth Company



MG Waldschmidt & Class of 84 well done! Praise, honor & God speed to all - we love you Matt - Love Mom, Dad, Laura, Mark, Melisa, Marie & Joel.

Best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of David Myre 8th Co. We love you David. From Ellen, Kate, Tad, Jane, Jon, Grandma and Mom & Dad.

To the Class of '84 - You are now prepared to begin. Good luck to Steve and all of you. From the Smiths of Indiana, PA.

Congratulations Tom Ivan 8th Co. We are proud of you. Best wishes for a successful Marine career. Love Mom, Dad, Johnny.

We share our pride with all the parents of the 8th Co. Class of 84. Congratulations and much love to Ens Paul Lluy from Mom, Dad & Mags.

Thanks for the memories of four proud years. We congratulate Ensign Ed Renda 8th Co. With love and pride Mom, Dad, Rich, JoAnn, Susan, Kathy, Liz, and Joe. Love Ya Ed.

Congratulations Alex Farrell and 8th Co. Alex, we are proud of you & your accomplishment. Job well done! Success In Nuke Power. Much love, Mom, Dad, Mark, Brian & Beth Ann.

A year well sung! Best wishes to the Glee Club from Augie's Family.

Congratulations Augie and all our friends in 8th Co. Love ya! Mom, Dad and Mary.

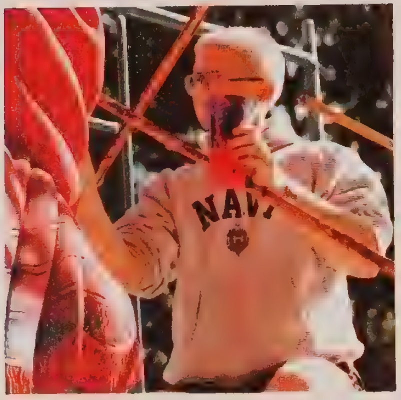
God bless the Class of '84 and especially Ens. Bernard Krueger. We're proud of you Bern! You'll go far! Love from Aunt Fran and Uncle Mike and the whole Scafur Family.

Congrats to Sam Oliver Bovington from the gang at Haps in Helena, Montana.

Yeah! Berne Krueger & Class of '84. Bill, Alice & Brent Cartwright.

Berns, wonderful four years! Proud-hearted we are! Bless 08 Co. each. God be with you, Love your Family!

Ninth Company



Congratulations Mark R. Quigley. Continue to do the best you can!! Love Mom, Dad, Karen-Anne.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of 84, from the proud family of Richard Farrell 9th Co. We love you, Richard, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Ensign Michael A. Strano, 9th Co. and the Class of 1984. Good luck and success in all your endeavors, Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulation 9th Co. from the Sakaniwa Family for all that you are and for what you have become. Ens. Mark Sakaniwa our pride and joy. We dreamed a dream, you made it come true. We love you, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Bob Hammett 9th Co. We are very proud you went for it. Love Mom, Dad, and all your family.

With great pride, love and admiration: congratulations Ensign Michael J. Nevins and our many friends in 9th Company. Continued suc- cess. We shall meet again at the tailgators. Stan, Pat, Tim Nevins, John and Ella Dowd.

God bless, best wishes and good luck to the Class of '84. From the family of Gail Haberlin 9th Co. Gail, our love and congratulations for what you have been, what you are, and what you will be.

Texas size wishes to Jane Lochner & the Class of "84". God grant you all success. The Broadston Family.

Tenth Company

Way to go '84! Mom's tremendously proud of Jarrell Dunson, 10th Co.

Clear skies and smooth sailing to Marc Plaisance, 10th Company, '84. May your determination, ability, pride and love serve you always. Love, Mom, Dad, Rachael, André, Clay, Lynn, Jon, Cara, and Gavin.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Sal Ceraolo. We are especially proud of all mids in 10th Co. We love you Sal. From Camille, Anthony, Mom and Dad. Here's to a perfect 10.

Congratulations, Steve Chachula 10th Co. & classmates - you did it! Love, Dad, Sher, Shelley and Mark.

Congratulations to the 10th. Co. and the Class of 84: To "Ensign" Scott Szymanski - "We are very proud of you" Love - Mom, Dad and Craig.

Congratulations to the Class of 84, the 10th Company and to Ensign A. Howard Hein. Best wishes for the future and your Naval career - from Bruce, Scrazi, Booge, Molly, Grama H., Grama G., and Gus, the Big O, Stiff.

Congratulations to Howie Hein and Hamp Oberle, neither one of you are a perfect "10" - From Westpoint and the Airborne Ranger - Colonel Gus - Go Army.

Congratulations Ensign Mark Cedrun. We are extremely proud and love you. Mom, Dad, Kelly, Steven and Bita.

Steve Chachula - 10th Co. 4 years at USNA went by in smoke. The life you saved was mine. Cigarettes - no regrets; nervous wreck - but oh heck graduation - exhilaration! Love, Mom.

Steve & Mids came to Orange Park, Sandy, Nick, Gerry, Joey & Mark.

Some were tall & some were skinny; Tell me, y'all, who's Pete Finney?

Chachula's crew - Shelley, Sam & Wimp.

Stevie Don: Ship-shark contest ends you win 20-yr. cruise - Luv, Aunt D.

Stavros - Good luck from a part-time Uncle, full-time fan. Phil.

Well done Mark Ehlers, 10th Co., and the Class of '84! Love, Mom and Dad.

Steve Chachula - I launched you with love, fueled you with shoe taps, & you left me half a deck. Love Gram.

Steve Chachula - you've heard my stories A thru Z, now remember to fly P-3's. Love, Tiki-Torch Chuck.

Eleventh Company

To our airborne trooper of 11th Co. We are proud of you Ginger. Best wishes and God speed to the Class of 84. Thanks for sharing the last 4 years with us. Mom, Dad, Ryan, Heidi, Iric, Kathy, Butch, Tristie, AJ and JB.

ENS. Todd Hastings 11th Co. Nothing in life is too hard to achieve if you have courage to try it and faith to believe! We are so proud. Love Mom, Dad, Brad, Laura, Kris.

With immense pride and love to our favorite mid. Christine Gromek, congratulations. Mom, Dad, Greg, Andy, Cathy, Beth.

To 2nd Lt. Edward L. Collins II, USMC, 11th Co., one of the few, the proud. May God bless you always, Ted. Our best wishes to the Class of '84. Semper FI. Dad, Mom and Kip.

Congratulations to Bill Castaneda. We are proud of you. Love Mom & Dad!

To Mark E. Porter, 11th Co., Naval Officer, poet, fencer, son, brother: your success is a vital inspiration to all. Your loved ones are most proud and thank God for you, and the Class of 1984 full steam ahead.

Congratulations and good luck to the Class of 1984, especially to the 11th Company. We are very proud of Dave Aumuller. Love from Mom, Karen, Steve, and Tess.

Twelfth Company

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Stephen Gravini. We are so proud. We love you. Mom, Gary, Denise and Ron.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of 84. From the family of Robert Oakenell 12th Co. All our love, Aunt Low, Uncle Ben. May God watch over you at all times.

Congratulations to the Class of '84, as you reach another milestone in life's journey. God's grace and peace be with each of you. From the family of Terry Miller, 12th Co. Love, Roxann, Mom and Dad.

Best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Tom Schaefer 12th Co. We love you Tom.

Congratulations and thanks for a great year to John Funk Cmdr. of D&B. It was all that fine funky music and a great show at the Rose Bowl and Army and Navy '83. Good luck John, Mom & Dad, Kathy, Aunt Mary & Uncle Ed.

We salute Doug Conkey and Class of '84. Love ya Doug. From Dad, Grammy, Dot, Stan, David and all the gang!

Thirteenth Company

Smooth sailing and best wishes to the Class of 84. From family of Terry Williams 13th Co. We love you Terry. From Roger, John, Ellie & Mom & Dad.

Well done Class of '84. We are so proud of you. Good luck, happiness, and success from the family of Harry M. Summerfield 12th Co. We love you Harry. From Mom, Granny, Renee. Jo, Ray, Liz and Patsy.

Congratulations Class of '84 and best forever to the classy 13th, from the Martinezes. Christian you can always call collect to James, Chad, May, Uncle Jim, Dad and Mum.

Congratulations to Paul (WOJ) Wojtkiewicz. Class of '84 13th Co. We knew you could do it. Love Mom, Dad, Vicki and Mikey. Happy flying. God be with you.

The Brodowicz Family congratulates the '84 graduates of the 13th Co. #24 you are super! We love you. You've always made us proud of you from Mom, Dad, Michael & Gretchen.

Congratulations Ensign Brion Martin, 13th Company and the Class of 84. We will always cherish the memories of your visits, tailgaters and accomplishments. Remember our home is always open. Love and Godspeed. Bob and June Martin.

We could not have asked for more from the Class of 84. You're great. The Lawver family.

To Sid and Lucky 13 - may your past accomplishments, which bring us such pride today, serve as standards by which you pursue and achieve future goals and happiness. Congratulations! The Hatchers.

Ensign Jeff McCreary, with love and great pride we salute you. Continued success and good luck to you, the 13th and the Class of '84. Mother and Ol' Dad.

Fourteenth Company

Congratulations to our midshipman, John M. Hemmen, 14th Co. Love Mom, Rose, Ann, and Teri.

Congratulations to Mark Dvorak and 14th Co. We knew you could do it Mark, you are one in a million. With pride and love always, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of 84. From the family of Greg Dimitro 14th Co. We are very proud of you Greg. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Mike. The Class of '84 and 14th Company have been very special to us. We will treasure many fond memories of our experiences and we wish the best of luck to all of you in the future. We love you and we are so proud of you, Mike. From Mom and Dad Allman.

Good luck Brian Murtha. We love you. Dad, Mom, Bob and Cassandra.

Way to go Tee See Mo!!

Success in the future Ricardo and 14th Co. Class of 84. The Miranda's

Accomplishing more than our dreams you continue to be an inspiration. Carry on Ensign Shawn Coulter. We love you. Dad, Mom, Todd, Heidi.

Best wishes to John, 14th Co, Glee Club, and Class of '84. Bravo, Zulu, Mom, Dad, Marci and the Clan.

Congratulations and God bless you all, Class of '84. From the parents of Art Quintong 14th Co. We love you Temie from Mom and Dad.

To: No. 35
From: No. 73
Well done! Ya May May.

Fifteenth Company

Doug Nedry & Mates! You've earned the privilege to lead & accomplish, thus, we look on to you to keep our America Free and American! Remember to keep runway in front of you & altitude below you & fuel in the tanks! Our love and God Be With You! Mom & Dad & Roberta Nedry.

Well done Class of '84 especially Ens. Robert E. Clark II 15th Co. May God bless, protect and guide you. We love you, Dad, Mom, Rhonda and Reid.

Best wishes Ensign Joanne Schmitz 15th Co. We're very proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Carol, Mary and Jim.

Congratulations - Rose Bowl class - Family - John Prokopiak 15th Co.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Larry Dion 15th Co. We love you Larry from Rachel, Sue, Dale, Mom and Dad, Uncle Larry, Lil, and Ted!

Best wishes to the Class of 1984. From the family of Glenn Murray 15th Co. Semper, Fidelis, Glenn.

Congratulations and best wishes to Phil Springer 15th Co. Class of '84. We are so proud to have a very special son like you. May God bless you always, Mom, Dad, and Family!

Well done Ensign Laurie Grammer, 15th Co. Love Mom, Dad, and Family.

Job 1, J. Nowicki 15 Co, Love Dad & Mom.

The price of victory is high but so are the rewards. We are proud of your accomplishment. Congratulations and best wishes to the class of 84. From the Family of J. Stacy Bates, 15th Company.

Sean McGinty with love, admiration and pride from Mom, Dad, et al.

Good luck to the Class of 84. From the Family of Natalie Quick 15th Co. We love you Nat, Mom, Dad, George, Valerie, Geoffrey, Georgene and Jon.

Ted - How proud we are! Love, Mom, Dad, Gingy and Rob. Go - mean 15! God bless.

Sixteenth Company

Congratulations John C. Aquilino '84. We are filled with love and pride for all you've done, all you are. Be proud, fly high, and may God be your co-pilot. We love you babe, Mom, Dad, and Deeda.

Ensign David L. Nenna and his 16th Co. coharts - the four longest years of your lives weren't that bad, now were they? Congrats from the San Diego Halfway House. Love and best wishes - Mom, Dad, and Phil.

Way to go Class of 1984 - You made it with flying colors - From the family of Dean Miller 16th Co. We love you son, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes to Mike Edwards, the 16th Co. and the entire Class of "84". We love you Mike; and we are proud of you. From; Mom, Daddy, Cathy, Karl, and all of your relatives and friends.

Dear Rooster,

Where's the cheese? Congratulations to 16th Company and Class of '84. Leslie, Allison, Corky, Mother, Dad.

Congratulations Chris. Best of luck to you and the guys of 16th Co., and the Class of '84. The Collins Family, Mom, Dad, Collen, Curtis.

Alex, the road taken has made the difference. We love you. From Mama, Daddy, Malcolm, Anita, and Nina.

Congratulations, Mark and all of the Class of '84 runners. Good luck, God bless, and thanks for sharing these years with us. May God direct your paths. We love you. All the Pattersons.

Best wishes to the Class of '84. Smooth Sailing Warren Mazanec and 16 Co. We love you. Mom, Mary & Joe.

Congratulations to our favorite mid. Mike Chase and 16th Co. We are proud! Love Dad, Mom, Beth, Kathy, Sue, Missy and Mark.

Congratulations son and best wishes to the Class of 84. From the family of Jim Foster 16th Co. We love you Jim from Mom and Harold Walter.

Seventeenth Company

Congratulations, Bud. We are so proud of you. Godspeed to you and all of our other "Sons" in the Class of '84. Love you, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to David Lihani 17th Co. and the Class of 84. May your graduation be a stepping stone to success and happiness. God bless you all. We are very proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Capt. Brian, Lt. Rob.

Hip Hip Hooray, Class of 84. Best wishes for the future. From the family of David Anderson 17th Co. We're proud of you Dave. Love Mom, Dad and all the family.

Smooth sailing on the seas of success. From the crew of Robin K. Myers, 17th Co.

CLIFF ... We are proud of you and all that you have accomplished over these four hard years. Best wishes for a rewarding future in the Civil Engineer Corps. Congratulations to you, the 17th Co. And all the Class of 84, ... All our love, Mom and Dad ... and Archie.

Words cannot express our feelings for your accomplishment. Thank you son for this moment. Your Mom and Dad loves you. Good luck to all of Class '84. Bob and Yoshi, Pasola, San Antonio, TX

Congratulations Uncle fun love Ryan, Mom and Mar, Stbe, Mark, Prusinski!

Congratulations to "Uncle Sir". Love David and Daniel. We are proud of you Gary Swain - Godspeed. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Class of 84. We are proud of our son Barry Witte. Success in your future career. Love from Dad, Mom and Cara.

Congratulations and God Bless Bill Weidenhammer, 17th Co. and Class of 84. We're Proud of you and your Outstanding Achievements - Love Mom, Fam.

With loving memories of four very proud years, we congratulate Jack Lerchbacker for a job well done. Good luck to the Class of '84. We love you. Mom and Dad.

Ens. Robert J. Gundlach - peaceful be journeys for our best friend & his proud

& fortunate, Lauren and Mom.

To Craig Selbrede, "You came, you saw, you conquered." with deep pride we salute you at the threshold of your career. Mother and Dad.

The Family of Lee Barker 17th Co. wishes the very best to the Class of '84. We love you Lee. From Mom, Dad and Glenn.

Eighteenth Company

Congrats to the Class of '84. At last you're finally through, off to see the world with a roar across the oceans blue. Best of luck, good sailing & more from Mom, Dad, Julie & Mike, Too. We know as an N.F.O. you'll soar, Scott Orren — We love you!

Cheers and good luck to Michael Shepherd 18 Co. Class of 84. Family

Your family and friends are proud of you. Congratulations Larry Clark, 18th Company and Love from Mom & Dad.

We congratulate the Class of 84. From the Family of Dan Doster 18th Co. How proud we are of you! LOVE, Dad, Mom and all the Family.

Congratulations Class of 84, Serene 18 and especially R. D. Sexton from Mom and Dad, Vick, Cecil, Tammie and Dawn.

Congratulations Ensign Gallaer and Class of '84, Love you, Dave - Mom, Barb.

To our son Thos. M. Downing 18th Co. Congratulations! Well done!! Be as proud of yourself as we are! May God bless and be your co-pilot. Love Mother, Dad and Susan. Good luck Larry, Roy & Dan C.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Paul Rosser Cochran 18th Co.

R. O. Sexton Co. 18 Congratulations! You've paid the price! From Uncle Roy, Aunte Barb and Scott Gifford.

Best wishes to Roy Sexton from the citizens of Ashland, Ky. We're proud of you. The Honorable Everett B. Reeves - Mayor - City of Ashland.

Best wishes to the Class of 84 and Roy Sexton - We knew you'd make it! God bless you - We love you very much - Be happy, Levonia and Bob.

Karpick's Kareer: 1980 Mr. Midshipman easy; 2000 Captain Courageous; 2020 The Ancient Mariner. Good luck Greg from the Karpick Krew.

Good Luck to the Class of "84". From the family of Ronald K. Darden 18th Co. From Mom, Dad, James, and Miriam.

Nineteenth Company

Congratulations to Chuck and the 19th Co. grads. Super job well done. Mom, Dad, Bill, Ann and Fred.

Congratulations Class of '84. From the family of Stuart McArthur 19th Co. Love Johnny, Dan, Donna, Lisa, Judd, Kelly, Mom and John.

Best wishes to the Class of 1984. From the family of Andrew Hale of the 19th Co. "Ad astra per aspera"

A hearty well done, William Dewey Elliott II. Best wishes and God be with you, Billy. Love, Dad, Mom, Dee, Birt.

Congratulations to Scott Rasplicka and to the 19th Co. Class of '84. We're proud of you. All of you have a home in Alabama. Love, Mom and Flo.

Congratulations to Bob Shoe, Mel, Scotty, and all 19th Co. Thanks to you all and the good Lord, Bob is joining the fleet. Best wishes to '84 and '83! Helen and Colonel Sam.

Bon voyage USNA Class of 1984 and our congratulations to the 19th Co. and the many special young men and their parents whom we have met and enjoyed comradery over these 4 years — Parents of Craig Hamner.

Much love and fair winds to our special Co., the 19th! We will never forget you guys. To our very special son, Scott, "Ya done us proud" - we love you. Mom and Dad.

A big step up the Pyramid, Ron. One small step for mankind, but a giant leap to the right stuff ... REALLY!! Because he's ... John Quinn, Company Commander! Run silent, Run deep but take time to enjoy. He's 'Smiley' because MS. EVERYTHING is climbing high to blue skies & clear flying. Smooth sailing to Ron, John, Mike & Co. 19 -

Rosella, Bob, Dave & Shari''.

Congratulations and God bless the Class of '84. From the family of David Gellene.

Marc - fools, drunkards and Graniers! We're talking proud! Congratulations to you, 19th Co. and Class of '84. Love from Mom, Mandy and Kim.

To Mark Stolarski and the 19th Co. May your future be bright with accomplishments, joy, and love. We love you, Mom, Dad, David.

Twentieth Company

The family of Matt Avilla extend congratulations to him, the class of 1984 and the crew of "Gem". Well done!

Congratulations to the Class of 84. From the family of Greg Heruth 20th Co. We love you Greg, all relatives & friends are proud. Gram, Dad, Mom, Teri, Evie - my love always, Kathy.

Chuck Bagwell 20th Co. always makes us proud. Love Mom, Brenn & Berkeley.

Mr. Cool - Co. 20 - 150's football - gold braid & God bless - Love, Deitz Fam.

Congratulations Rocco, don't open a window - may you surface as many times as you dive - Navy Davy baby we're proud of you - Dad, Mom, Ssgt Rick, Lt Jim, LTJG Chuck, Tammy, Marge.

Congratulations David Booth! 20th Company. You will always be my sailor boy! Love, Nana.

Congratulations David Booth. You fill our lives with joy and pride! God's blessing to our adopted sons in the 20th Co. Thanks for the memories! Mom, Pop, Karl, Ken, Jo.

Congratulations Willie! You strived and made it! Best wishes to the 20th Co. Class of '84. Thanks to those who stood behind you. We love you! Chris, Joe, Mom and Dad Hosch.

Ensign Wing we love you and are oh so proud, you light up our lives! Congratulations Class of '84, The Wing Family Mom, Dad, Laura.

Twenty-first Company

The Collazo Family Gladys, Ramon Sr., & Ivette take great pride in the accomplishments of the Class of '84. Ramon Jr., God bless you! Mucho love — Felicidades!!!

To America's best, The Class of 84. We trust in you to keep America free and make the world a better place. From the Family of Keith Wagoner.

A CONGRATULATIONS!
H--o Ensign Scott Gordon
o--H Navy Crew
H--o 21st Co. - Class of '84
o--H Love Mom, Dad,
V Linda and your family.

Congratulations Scott Spearing and 21st Co. You will always be #1 with us. Love and Pride, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '84. From the parents of Chuck Martini 21st Co. We are proud of you Chuck! Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Graduates of 21 Co. We love you all. Thanks for all the pride filled moments, Nick, Love Mom, Dad, Mary, Pat, Andy.

Congratulations Andy Laing and the grads of 21st Co, Navy hockey and '84. We are proud of you! The Laings.

Congratulations and best wishes to Charles B. Lynch and the Class of '84. Mom, Dad, Joe, Mary, Patrick, Bev, Michael, Kevin '80, Betty Jane, Rose Marie, Brian, Betty Jo, O'Keefe, Brian Jr., Justin, Bryan, Grandpop.

Congratulations and the best to the Class of 1984. From the family of James Tajiri 21st Co. We love you. Gordon, Larry, Mom, Dad. Do the best.

2 down, 1 to go! Congratulations to Scott Newman 21st Co. From Don Gillotti and Les Kurts.

Well Done '84! From the family of Scott Newman 21st Co. Kim, Sally, Ed, and Midn.'s Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Ensign Peter M. Mullenhard on your hard work and successes. Your accomplishments are a source of joy and pride. May they continue and God go with you always PTL. All our love Mother, Dad, Mark.

Twenty-second Company

Congratulations to Steve Blau and the Class of 84. God bless you always wherever you go & whatever you do. Love you, Dad, Mom & family.

Congratulations and good luck to Ens. Edward Achilles Flores, 22nd Co. May God bless Ed and the Class of '84 to be a strong link in defending our great country. Well done! Love, Mom, Dad and Valerie.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of 84. From the family of Sonja Soleng 22nd Co. Pride and admiration for a job well done, Sonja. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Class of 84. From the family of Colin Chaffeee 22nd Co. We are proud of you Colin! From Kevin, Melanie, Jiggs, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and good luck to the Class of '84. From the family of Joseph Sawitsky 22nd Co. Love Mom, Dad, Steve, Kathy, Judy, Maria, Anne.

Twenty-third Company

Congratulations Jim Sauer. Mom, Dad (23rd Co. '58), Sandy, Bob Jr. 83' and Grammas Sue and Regina.

With great pride, love & admiration we congratulate you, our son Kevin Astrup, your friends in Co. 23 and Class of '84. Kevin may you experience the joy you have given us. God bless you always and good luck in the Marine Corps. We love you, Mom, Dad, Peter & Patti.

Ensign Jim Collins "squeeze life", Love Dad, Mom, Tammy, Brennan, & Mike.

Richard Dohoda may God bless you always and in all ways. Love you. Mom, Dad, Terena, Patty K. and Karen.

Congratulations to our son Woodrow Wilson, III. From Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Gary, we wish you our best. Love Mom, Dad, UD, John, Robin, Paul, Bruce, Joe and George.

Twenty-fourth Company

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the parents of Brent Canady 24th Co. We are proud of you Brent. From Mom and Dad.

Best wishes to the Class of '84. With love and pride we congratulate our son, Brian Doyle, 24th. Co. Love, Mom, Dad, and Mark.

Ensign Bruce Lipphardt, we salute you and the 24th Company. Congratulations to a son who has given us much happiness and of whom we are very proud. Our love and respect always. Mom, Dad and Sandi.

This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased. Bill, 24th Co. may our God and our country always be as proud of you as we are now. Mom, Dad, Betsy, Bob Wright. Love u.

Congratulations Chris Decker 24th Co. You continue to make us all so proud. God grant success and happiness to all your tomorrows. We love you Mom, Dad, Ray, Candi, Gloria, Lee, Lori, Hillie, Ray III.

Congratulations to Gerral K. David 24th Co. Here's to a future filled with happiness and success. Much love and enormous pride, Mama, Raymond, Neal, Jamey, Papa, and Nanny.

Here's to more for the Class of 84. Good luck to George & all of you! From family & fans of Herlong #52!

Congratulations 2nd Lt Mark Heaphy. Wherever you go, whatever you do, we will always be as proud of you as we are today - Much love & God bless - Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Ensign Thomas Manley. Our love and prayers go with you for a successful future. May God Bless you always. Love, Mom, Tim, and Sara.

Congratulations and smooth sailing to the Class of '84. From the family of Michael Hagan 24th Co. We love you Mike, from Momma and Rosey.

Twenty-fifth Company

To Dan and the 26th Co. Enthusiasm is The Hand of God on your Shoulder. Carry it Always close to your Heart. Best wishes for Smooth Sailing. Love Ruth and Ron Johnson.

Congratulations Michael D. Gerhardt, "We knew you could do it." Love Mom, Dick - Jim - Paul - Sue - Oscar = Grandma & The Gerhardt's - Racek's - Hutterli's Birndorf's - Hinz's - Markley's - Karth's Cuesta's - Johnson's - Hollinger's & Barb Zaluga - Best wishes & good luck. Congratulations brother Mickey Gerhardt — Sokol Tabor - Berwyn - IL

Special wishes to Brian Goodrow and 25th Co. We love you! Good luck Class of "84". The Goodrow Family!!

Congratulations to Rick Muldoon and the 25th Co. We are so proud. Love, Mom, Dad, Mike, Susan, Mike & Pam.

Congratulations Jim Wilhelm. You have made us so proud. All our love, Mom, Dad, Karen and Bob.

Congratulations Vic Pratt, 25 Co. & Class of '84. Best wishes Vic. So proud of you & your dedication to finish the course you set for yourself. Love, Dad, Mom, Vince, Van & Moc. Good luck Brock, Eric & Mike.

Success to all of '84. Congratulations Jeff Young and friends of 25th Co. Love Mom, Dad, Greg, and Rick.

Congratulations to Ralph D. Mize 25th. Co. "I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown'. And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be better than a light and safer than a known way!" We love you Mom, Dad, and Family.

Congratulations and God be with you to the Class of '84. From the Family of Leif Dahl 25th Co. We love you Leif. Mom, Dad, Bob, Evonne, John, Sarah, Eric, Annette and Grandma Maria!

Congratulations Brian! You've made us so proud! We love you very much! Mom, Dad, and Elaine.

Heartiest Congratulations Class of '84. Jeffrey Alan, You're the pride of the family, Success always '84. The Ohio Andrews.

Congratulations and continued success to the Class of '84. From the family of George Pregel 25th Co. We are very proud and love you, George. God bless, protect and guide you. Love, Mom, Dad, Barbara Jo, Michelle and Grandma Pregel.

George A. Pregel 25th Co. Congratulations on your chosen career. Best of luck to your Co. We love you Tony, from Grandma & Grandpa Jimenez.

God speed and smooth sailing class of 84. From the family of Nelson J. Rich III 25 Co. We are proud of you and love you Nel., Mom, Dad, Marie, Jim.

Congratulations and God's blessings always to John Weires and the great guys of 25th Co. Fly Navy! Mom, Dad, Steve, & Grandparents.

Bravo Zulu to the Class of 84 and Pete Bernard from Mom, Dad, Dave, Lisa and Susie. Fly Navy.

Bill - Congratulations on completing the first step in what will be a most impressive career - We love you Mom - Dad and entire Hudak Family.

Congratulations and best wishes to Brian K. Stolley 25th Co. and all of the 1984 class. We love you, Brock, Semper, Fidelis, Mom and Missy.

Twenty-sixth Company

We knew you could do it Gerry. You have made us very proud. Good luck and God bless to you and the men of the 26th Co. - Semper Fl. From the Doyles of Andover.

Best wishes 26 Co. with love and pride to Ken Braithwaite Dad, Mom, Murray. Congratulations & Good Luck.

Congratulations to the Class of '84 26th Company. Way to go Lad! We're so very proud of you, Ensign John Hamann. Love, Dad, Mom, 'Thanx', Dave and Gram.

Jeff Grabarek, we are proud & love you very much, Mom & Dad & Family.

The best to Jim and the dynasty of the 26th Co. Love the Waugh Family.

We're very proud of 26th Co. & Jim Hirst! Love Mom, Dad, Amy, Jeff, Chris, Steve, Beth, Howard and Ferg.

Congratulations Norm Crump on the achievement of your dream. We're very proud of you. Love and God speed. Mom, Dad, Jamie and Melanie.

We are so proud of you Mike our buttons are popping! Our love and congratulations to you, 26 Co. and the Class of '84. Mom and

Dad and the whole Flynn tribe.

Congrats To Class of '84. Love to the 5-year Admiral of 26th Co. from his proud family, The O'Gara Clan.

Twenty-seventh Company

To Admiral John G. King 27th Co. You have made so many so proud, especially Papa who is smiling down upon you and all your classmates. Love Ma, Dad, Georgie, Scott and Nana.

Wishing you calm seas as you journey through life - to Mary Helinski, 27th Co. and the Class of '84. All our love - Dad, Mom, Sue, and Barb.

Congratulations to Tim Daseler and friends in the 27th Co. We are proud of you! Mom, Dad, and Laura.

Congratulations and smooth sailing Class of '84, especially our Jane, Commodore Lochner. We are proud of you. Mother, Dad (USNA '48), Grandmother and Grandad (USNA '23).

Congratulations Class of '84. Wishing you success on land, on the sea and in the air from the proud family of Larry Moore 27th Co. Comman.

Congratulations to the Class of 84. We wish each of you fair winds and clear skies, and especially to our daughter, Liz, 27th Co. Jean and Bob Young.

Twenty-eighth Company

Congrats 2nd Lt Turney A. Bruner, we share your pride and always our love! David, Eric, Mother and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '84. From the Family of Michael Mullen 28th Co. - your determination has made us very proud to be your parents. We love you Mom and Dad. My dearest Chippenmunk - Congratulations. All my love, all my life, Mary.

Congratulations Ensign Eason. We love you and are proud of you. Good luck in Navy Air. Best Wishes to 28th Co. and all Iowa Mids. You're all great Dad, Mom, Livy, Cindy.

With great pride, love and admiration: congratulations Ens. Thomas P. Callahan, the 28th Co. and the Class of '84. God bless you. Best wishes for continued success. Love from Mom, Dad, Jack, Patrick, Mary, Tim, Mike, Mo, Kate.

Congratulations to the Class of 84 28 Co. and most of all to A. J. We love you and we are very proud of you son. The family of Andrew J. Pulliam.

Congratulations and good luck to the Class of '84. From the family of David Marin 28th Co. We're real proud of you and love you lots too. Dad, Mom, Gloria, Paul, Donna and Greg.

28th Co. Class of 84, Carl Fricker, congratulations to you and your great friends, come back to sand, sea, suds, sun, surf, ABC, Holiday Inn, Dockside, Brassy's, Cocoa Beach FLA, Mom, Baba, Keith and Eric.

Congratulations to Mark Cebulski, 28th Co. and the Class of 84. We're proud of you, Mark! Love ya, Mom, Dad, MaryKay, John, Helen, Gramps and the family. God be with you.

Congratulations Class of 84 and especially to John Ennis 28th Co. All the family are proud of you Johnny, Love: Ellie, Mary & Larry, Jimmy, Eva, Dad, Aunt Helen & Uncle Walt.

Congratulations Class of 84 and especially Allan Gunnar Galsgaard, 28th Co. Job well done, we love you, Mom & Dad.

Twenty-ninth Company

John Parillo 29th Co. we are proud!! We love you. Mom, Dad, Marco, Anita!

Congratulations and best wishes to Tod Ray. We love you. From Shelia, Tari, Bobby, Trudi, Troy, Ty, and Dad.

David Alber - Congratulations and best wishes for future success and happiness. Mom, Dad, Eric and Family.

Well done! Bill Few, the 29th Co., Class of '84. Best wishes for every success in life. Your family are proud of you and love you dearly, your Mom Marcelle and Tina sis.

With immense pride we congratulate Mike McGee and the other terrific young men in 29th Co. May the Class of '84 accept the leadership and challenges provided by our great nation. We love you, Mike. From Christi, Dennis, Mom and Dad.

What a wonderful accomplishment. We are all so proud of you, Gary. Congratulations to the Class of '84. From the family & friends of Gary Price, 29th Co. Love Mom, Dad, Lesly, Greg, Lorraine, David.

Ensign Eric "Bru" Meyer Everything one could ask of a son. Ya Dun Good!

Thirtieth Company

Good luck to our Marine, 2nd Lt. Tom Gallagher. 30th Co. Class of 84. We are very proud of you, and our love is with you forever. We knew you would make it. Mom, Dad, Tim, Diane, Chuck and Monica.

Love and best wishes for your future. Rusty White, 30th Co. and Class '84. Mom, Dad, Libby, Gram.

The Lara's wish you God's speed & many successes 30th Co. & Class of 84! Jim, we love you!! Mom, Dad '61, Anne Marie, Joe '87, Mike and Tux.

We salute you Glenn J. Carpenter. Our heads got grayer the last four years but we knew you could do it. You've passed through the clouds, now reach for the stars. May God be by your side always. Congrats also, to our other friends in the 6th Co. & our adopted 30th Co. Remember Wildwood! 45 people in one house? You have a place to stay with us in North Wales when you come to the Army/Navy Game. God bless you all. Ma & Pa Carps, Sandy & Grommie.

God-speed and Happy Flying, Thank you Ensign Bill De Roche for an accomplishment that fills us with Joy and Pride, Love Mom, Dad, Kathy, Mary Ellen and Maureen.

A job well done Class of '84. Keep up the good work. Kurt, we are very proud of you. Fly safely. Love, Mom, Dad and Keith.

Much success to Class of '84: on land, sea & in the air! Congrats & love to Fred C. Adams, Jr. 30th Co. Mom & Dad, Cathy, Gary & Sandy, John, Allisòn; & Mabs Archibald.

Best wishes to the Class of 1984, 30th Company, and especially to David Hoover. You have brought pride to our family. Our best to you in the future. Love, Dad, Mom, Burr, and Raine.

Congratulations, Glen! You are now one of the few, the proud, the Marines! Thanks for sharing the good times with us and hope we helped during the not so good times. We all love you and are very proud of you. We thank all our friends in the 30th Co. for allowing us to be a part of your mid years. Love, Gino and Mary and all the Bert's!

Congratulations & God's blessings to Doug Denneny! May peace & happy landings prevail in your naval career. Your loving family T.U.S.S.!

With love and pride we send our congratulations to Mark Barranco, 30th Co. and the Class of '84. Love Dad, Mom, Carol, Tom, and Paul.

Good luck to Class of '84. From the family of Tim Birdsong 30th Co. We knew you would do it. We love you, Tim, from Mom, Dad and the team.

With love & pride we congratulate 2nd Lt. Don Schleicher. Happiness always from your family. Love Mom, Dad, Diane, and Scott.

Congratulations to Bob Broadston and the Class of '84 — You did it your way, son — and made it work. We are proud of you and love you. Keep your nose up and God as your co-pilot. Mom & Dad, Sharon, Pam Jeff & Grandparents.

Congratulations to the Class of '84. From the family of Joe Long 30th. Co. We are proud of you Joe Love Mike, Barb, Terri, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the 30th Co. Class of '84. Al Lamson we knew you could do it. With love, Mom, Dad, Pam and Bruce.

Thirty-first Company

Congratulations Class of '84 31st Co., especially John Wiggins, proud of you. Proverbs 3:5-6 much love, Dad, Mom, Daniel, Joseph, and Mary.

Pour David G. Jung: Félicitations á la classe de quatre - vingt quatre! Bonne chance! amoureux - Maman Papa Grand'Maman Deb Doreen Dahlia Julie et Bagel. Dahlia Di t et Scarlett Ha Ha Ha.

Congratulations to our son, Peter Lengyel, you've done it well. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '84 and to our son and brother Eric Von Clayton 31st Co. We're proud of you, we love you. Dad, Mom, Wendy, Kim.

With respect, admiration, and love the Molognes salute our Tim and friends of '84. The Army Mologne is proud to serve with you! Congratulations and best wishes. Mom, Dad, Lew, Mike, Mary and Amy.

Congratulations to the Class of 84 and 31st Company and Pat Nogan my nephew the Marine Lt. We are all so very proud of you. God be with you all through the fantastic journey. Love and Best Wishes, Aunt Peg.

Our sincere congratulations to the Class of '84 and may the 31st Co. go far. Parents of Mark Michaud.

David: Congratulations on a job well done. The good times will never be forgotten. Love and God's blessings. Mom, Dad, Andrea, Matt. Good luck 31 visit often the Yabos.

To Tom Calabrese 31st Co. and the Class of '84. Congratulations on a job well done! T. C. we all love you, may you always have calm seas. Rich, Bob, Scott, Jim, Pete, Jerry, Matt, Grandma, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Class of 84 and to John Lenda 31st Co. our Marine flier. We love you, Mom, Dad, and Gwen.

Our love, prayers and pride to Glen Krueger and bride In Christ always abide, Mom, Dad, (CPO Ret) Bruce (USMC).

We're so proud Pat, your hard work, perseverance, and determination made your dream of Marine Air come true. Mom, Dad, Kate, Erin, Shan, Pooh.

To all the boys in 31st Co. whom we love so well. Congratulations, Ma, Hogan, Doc and girls.

Thirty-second Company

We offer our best to the "Saint" and the rest of the class of '84, for the fame you will gain as you carry the game to the world outside mother B's door! Much love from St. Pierre Family.

With pride we salute you John C. Woods - your sailing mates - 32nd Co. - Class of 84. Love Mom, Dad, Mike, Val, Mary, Kristie, Andy, Lisa, Jeff. Congratulations John Chester Woods on yourfine accomplishment. Best wishes for success in your future career. Grandma, Aunt Sis, Uncle Art, Christie, Andrea, Brian, Aunt Dot.

Congratulations to the Class of '84. The family of Mark Storto 32nd Co.

Congratulations Class of 84. From the family of Scott Porter 32nd Co. How proud we are! Love Porter Family.

Congratulations! Handsome Uncle Peter sir! Brooke Gregg Marc et al.

Congratulations & best wishes for a bright future. Go Class of '84! From the family of Anne Marie Gillies, 32nd Co. Love, peace and prayers from each of the Gillies.

Lo que tv eres, es en don de dios lo que tv serás es tv don a dios mi kochamy ciebie Drew and your classmates Is dó ubais go maith Mom, Dad, Kim, Terry, Greg/Pat, Cyn & Tim Duff (32).

Our love and congratulations to Chris McKenna and 32nd Co. The McKennas.

Well done Mark. We love you! Best wishes to all of 32! Love, Mom and Dad Kalisch.

Anchors aweigh! Paul Hullinger, 32nd Co., and Class of '84. Here's wishing you a happy voyage home! Mom, Dad, and Andy.

Thirty-third Company

Congratulations all the best - Thank God for a Godchild like you Stanle Rasbery. Love Godmother Arcy.

Sean Sullivan Co. 33 Congratulations from Dad, Mom, Pat, Brian and Gram.

Congratulations to the Class

of 84. The family of Charles Rainey 33rd Co.wish you the best all ways and always. We love you Chuck. Mom, Dad, Chris, Doug, Ron, Linda, Lora and Jan.

Rame - you proved TWW! Congratulations to you, the Thirty Third and Class of '84. We love you. Mom, Dad, Karen & Ellie.

With pride and love we wish the best to Rudy Hacker in his quest for happiness and success. May you have returned to you all the joy and love you have given all of us - your family. P.S. Forget the Pinto - Mom.

To the Class of 84. May the roads rise to meet you and a good wind be always at your back and may the Lord keep you all well and safe. Best wishes from the family of Mark Diantonio 33rd Company.

Jim Vautier - Congratulations - we are so very proud of you. Best wishes to you and your classmates as you begin your careers. Thanks for all the good times with Navy soccer. Love Mom and Dad.

Our thanks and Gods blessings to the men and women of the 1984 USNA graduating class for their sound judgment, common sense, and understanding. From Nicholas Buck and his family. Congratulations to all.

Congratulations and best wishes to Lt. Michael C. Pitpit. May God be with you and guide you always. Love, Mom, Dad, Linda, Tricia & Ysela.

Congratulation and best wishes to the Class of 84. From the family of Anthony Ozoa Alabata 33rd Co. We love you baby and commend you for a job well done, carry on, good luck from the Ozoa Alabata Cyrcle.

Thirty-fourth Company

A hearty well-done to the men and women of the Class of '84. God keep you. We are proud of you, Kash. Love, Mom, Dad, Chris, and Jason.

Best wishes for a bright future! From the family of Kurt D. Storey, 34th Co. Great job, Kurt. With love from Pam, Scott, Travis, Gene, Mom and Dad.

With loving pride to son & brother JON R. REES, 34th Co. God grant me the Serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the Courage to change the things I can, and the Wisdom to know the difference. Pop Rees watches with pride. Much happiness to you. Mom, Dad, Jane, Julie & Jennie XOXOXOXOXOOo, Mom Rees, Granny Dot & Granddad Harry.

Love & luck James Derdall "34" MDLJJ.

Congratulations Mary Elizabeth Gwin and 34th Co. God Bless you and keep you. With Love, Mom, Dad, Bub.

Congratulations to Melanie, Club 34, God Bless you. Happy sailing, We are so proud! Consider yourself hugged always - Love, Mom, Dad, Kathy.

Congratulations Class of '84 particularly the 34th Co. Knowing all of you has enriched all our lives. Come see us - the door is always open. The Lindsays.

Thirty-fifth Company

There is a destiny that makes us brothers. None goes his way alone; All that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own- You will have a rich life, Wade Knudson. Love, Chris, Bill and Mom.

Congratulations Class of '84. You're on your way! From the family of Steven Miller 35th Co. We love you Steve. Love, Mom, Chuck, Mike, Beth and Amy.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Adam Levitt 35th Co. Love, Mom, Dad, Wendy, Mark, Hildy.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. From the family of Billy Kumangai 35th Co. We love you, Bill. From Kristine, Donna, Sato Jr., Herm, Ben, Mom and Dad, Also folks from Peleliu, Palau Is.

Len, We love you and are so proud of all your accomplishments! "May God always hold you in the palm of his hand." Congratulations and smooth sailing to you & the Class of 84 from Mom, Dad & Kinka Hamilton.

Chris, you've really done us proud, God keep you. Bye

Bye Sir! Mom, Dad, Sue, Mike, Christen, Cindy, Jim, Geno, Trish, Tim, Tracy, Bridget and Holly.

Congratulations 35th Company - especially Ensign Adrian Vagnoni. It's been long, hard and fun. There is some one dear who is guiding your way; think of him often, though he's not here today. He would be so proud of you, his son, you know his words would be "WELL DONE!" God be with you always. Love you dearly, Mama, Barbara and Bryan.

Congratulations, John! You are a master of stick-to-it-ness. From Ma and Pa Jordan and all the other little kids. You have made us very proud.

Adversity is to Man what fire is to Gold. Once faced & overcome, any thing can be done. Four years of moments and events, tho some are bittersweet, that never will be forgotten. Thanks for letting us share them with you, Ensign Creevy. To Coaches, Lou & Joe, & all Navy Swimmers & Divers. Good Luck, Beat Army !!! Congrats. & Good Luck '84. Mom, Dad, John & Gregg.

Congratulations Class of 84. From the Family of Scott Starling 35th Company. May all your dreams come true. Diane, Mark, Brian, Brad, Mom, Dad, & Josephine.

Thirty-sixth Company

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '84. Good work Glenn Keller 36th Co. Keep on building your dream. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '84. From the family of Steve Todd 36th Co., Love from Ed, Lannie, Eddie, Jeff, and J. Todd.

Congratulations to our friends in 36 Co. & Ensign C. B. Zublic Well, finally made it Charlie even though you won't be the president of C&Z, you still have a chance to be CNO with your mothers prayers, pops prodding and your natural good guy ability. You should have no trouble going to the top. Love Matt, Mike, Helen, Mom & Pop. Isaiah 44:3-6 is yours!

Congratulations Wendell Mew! We're proud of you! Mom, Dad, Cindy, Suz, Grandma, Aunty Aileen and Lionel.

Congratulations and God Bless the Class of 84. From the family of Tony Capasso 36 Co. All our love Tony. From Mark, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of 84 and especially to our son Mike Kelly 36th Co. We are proud of you Mike and love you very much. Mom, Dad, Zedie, Nanna, Julie, Joe, Tom.

Congratulations! We're very proud of you. Love and Best Wishes to our Son and Brother Mike Jones. A special salute to Pete and Chris of 36 Co. The Joneses, Vic, Mom, Dad.

Congratulations Andy Bigelow. We are proud and happy. We love you. Mom, Dad, Sarah, and Stephen.

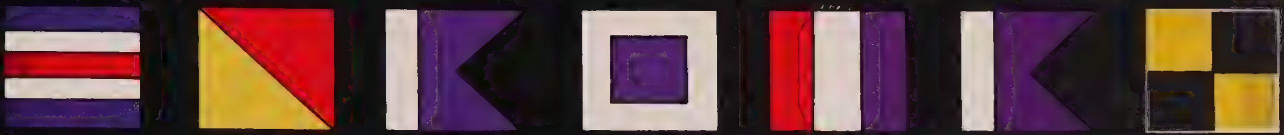
God's blessing on the Class of 84 and 36th Co. from Weistroffer Family. We're proud of you Joe - Mom, Dad, Jim, Cathy, & Paul — smooth flying.

Congratulations and best wishes to Ensign Thomas Owens 36th Co. and to the Class of '84. Mom, Dad, Kevin

Congratulations Steve and Class of 84 on a job well done. Steve, Per Ardua Ad Astra. Lt Col/Mrs. C. Jones.

Congratulations and best wishes Class 84. From the family of Danial Stoddard 36th Co., LHS Friends and neighbors, ESP Dr. John. We are all very proud of the excellent job done. We all love you, Mom, Dad and Family.

Congratulations Chris Frasse for your splendid accomplishments, dedication and spirit. You have come thru a winner. God bless you and the Class of 84 especially the 36th. Love Mom, Dad, John, Adam.



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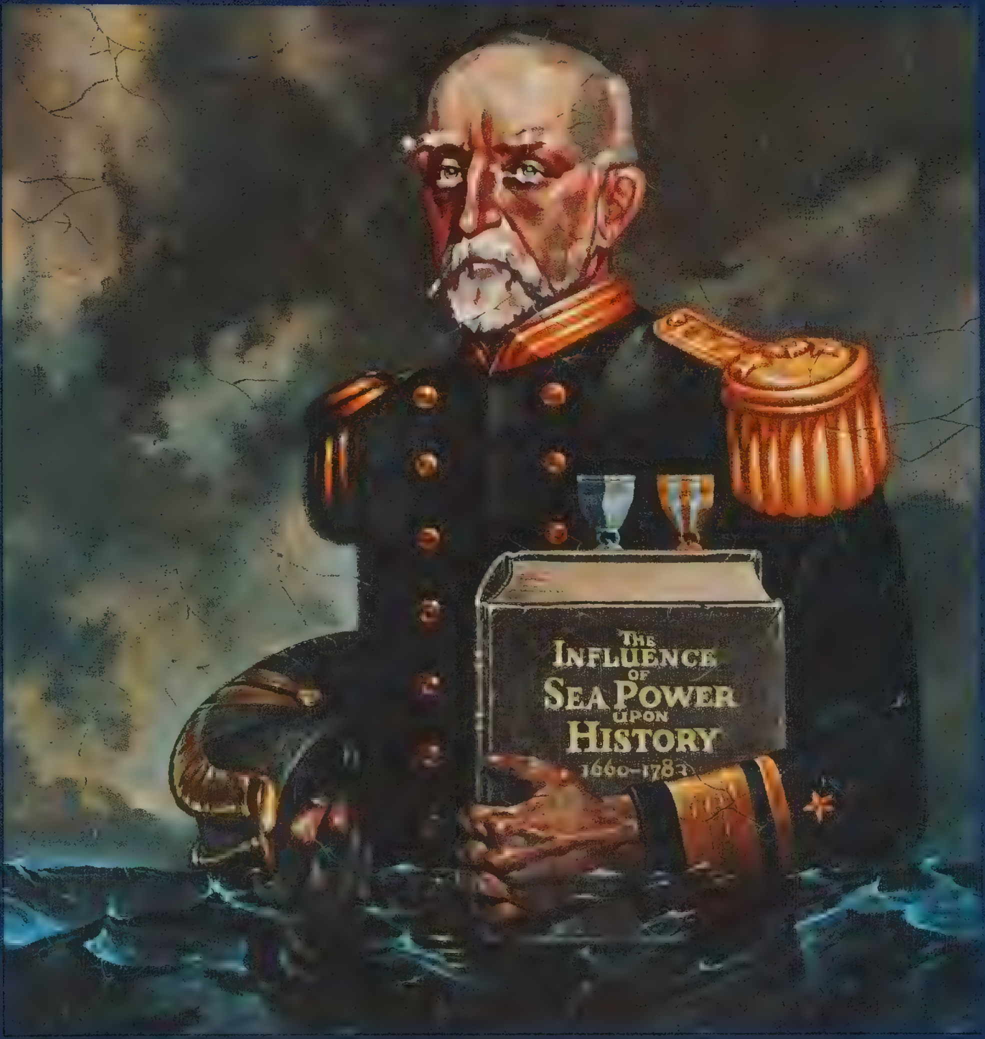

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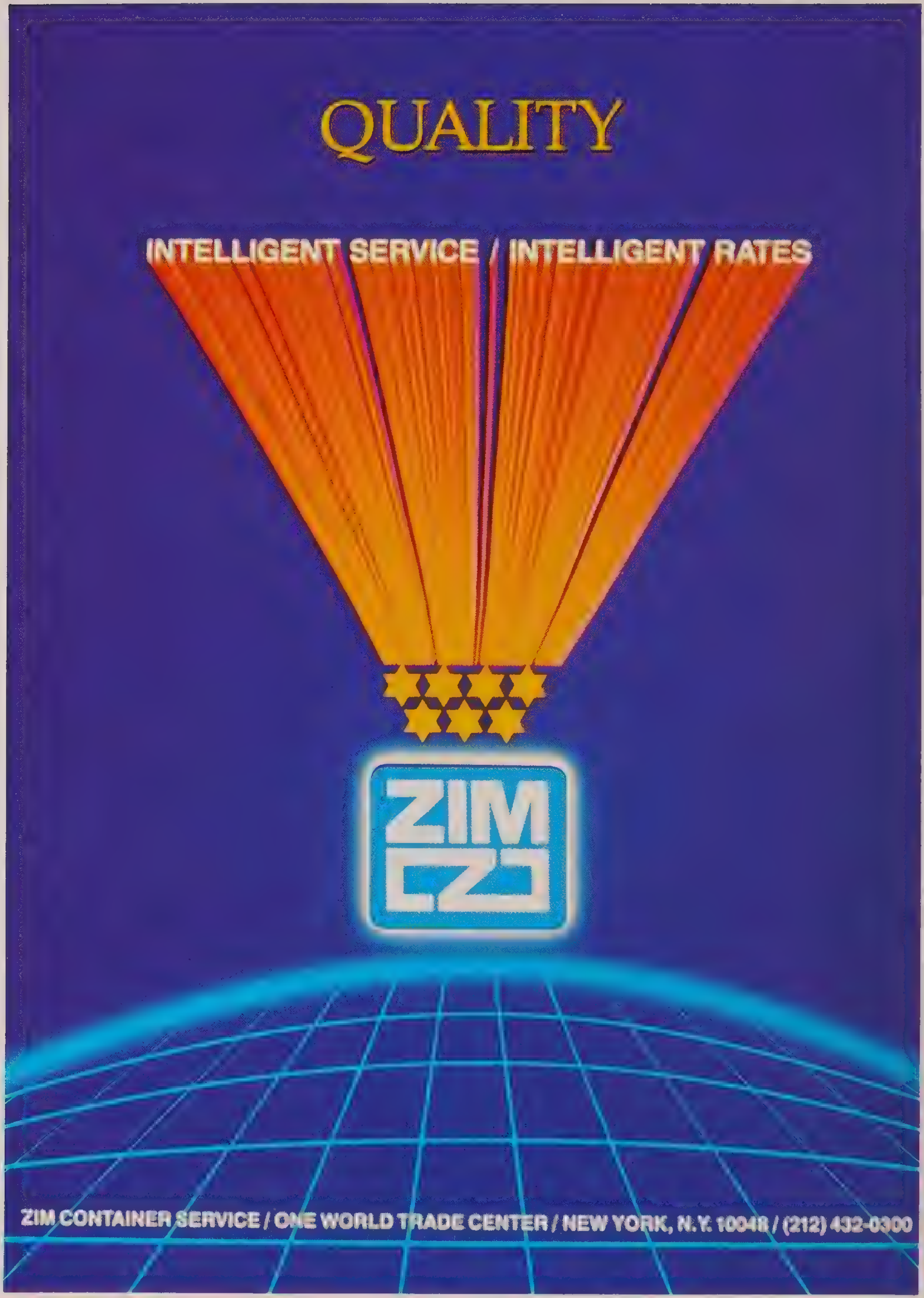
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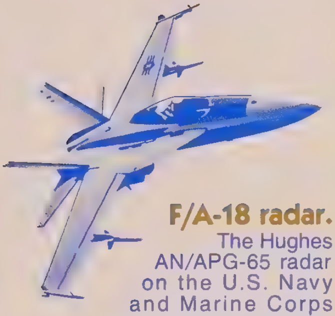
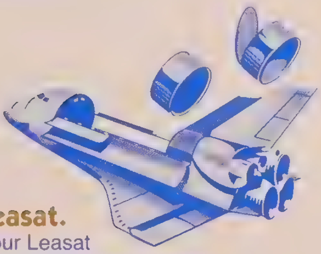
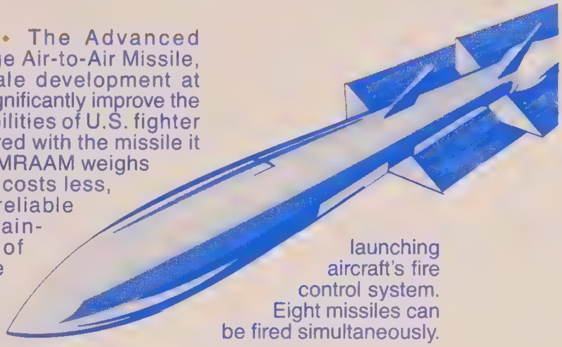


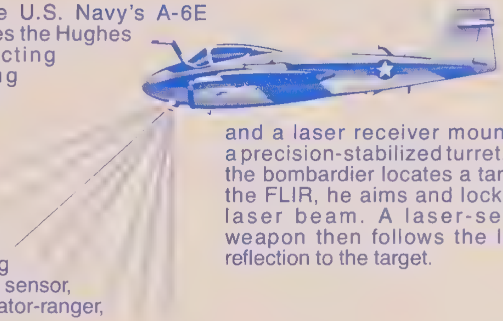
F/A-18 radar. The Hughes AN/APG-65 radar on the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps F/A-18 Hornet strike fighter is designed for both air-to-air combat and air-to-surface weapon delivery. It tracks as many as 10 targets simultaneously and creates ground maps with incredibly small detail. The heart of the system is a programmable signal processor—a high-speed, special-purpose digital computer.



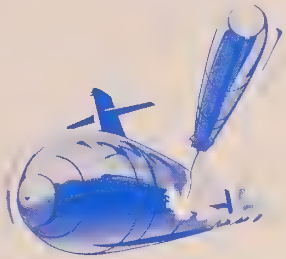
Leasat. Four Leasat spacecraft will provide worldwide telecommunications for U.S. armed forces. Leasat is the first communications satellite designed specifically for launch from NASA's space shuttle, thus taking full advantage of the shuttle's considerable launch cost savings. It will be ejected from the shuttle in much the same way one throws a flying disc. An on-board rocket motor will kick the satellite into synchronous orbit 22,300 miles high.



AMRAAM. The Advanced Medium-Range Air-to-Air Missile, under full-scale development at Hughes, will significantly improve the combat capabilities of U.S. fighter pilots. Compared with the missile it will replace, AMRAAM weighs half as much, costs less, and is more reliable and easily maintained. Most of all, its guidance system is far less dependent on the launching aircraft's fire control system. Eight missiles can be fired simultaneously.



TRAM. The U.S. Navy's A-6E Intruder carries the Hughes TRAM Detecting and Ranging Set. TRAM (Target Recognition Attack Multisensor) consists of a forward-looking infrared (FLIR) sensor, a laser designator-ranger, and a laser receiver mounted in a precision-stabilized turret. Once the bombardier locates a target on the FLIR, he aims and locks on a laser beam. A laser-sensing weapon then follows the laser's reflection to the target.



ADCAP. The Advanced Capability MK-48 heavyweight torpedo is designed for use by U.S. Navy submarines in antisubmarine warfare. The deep-diving wire-guided weapon carries a new Hughes digital guidance and control subsystem to improve its effectiveness, particularly in adverse open-ocean environments.

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—Lt. Cdr R.E. Dixon, U.S.S. Lexington, May 7th, 1942

Naval airmen aboard the "Lexington" and "Yorktown" were spoiling for a fight on May 7th, 1942, as Task Force 17 plowed through the Coral Sea on a collision course with the Japanese invasion fleet heading for Port Moresby. Well trained but inexperienced, the Americans were out to avenge Pearl Harbor and end the Japanese advance that had brought them only one step from Australian shores.

At mid-morning the airmen got their dream target: a Japanese "flattop," the carrier "Shoho." Diving through the carrier's combat air patrols and anti-aircraft fire, they struck her again and again with bombs and torpedoes. In less than an hour, blazing from end to end, the "Shoho" sank with most of her crew.

As the airmen returned the words of Lt. Cdr. Bob Dixon came through the Lexington's radio loudspeakers, words that became a rallying cry for Americans everywhere, disheartened by many months of defeat: "Dixon to carrier. Scratch one flattop!"

The Lexington was lost in fighting the next day, but overall the Battle of the Coral Sea was a strategic victory. The Americans had proved they could fight so well, they stopped Japan's southward advance forever. And for the first time Naval aircraft, not big guns, carried the attack to the enemy.

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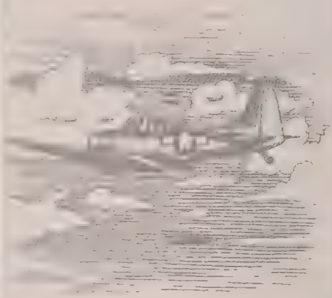

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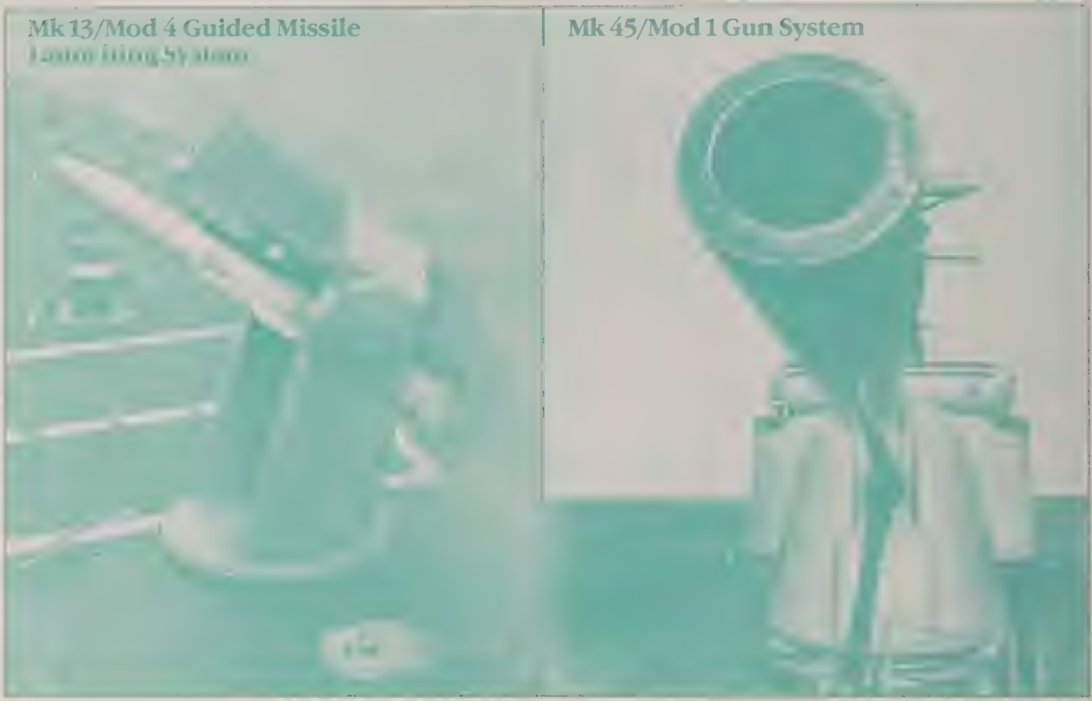

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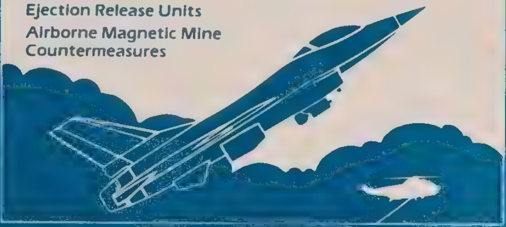

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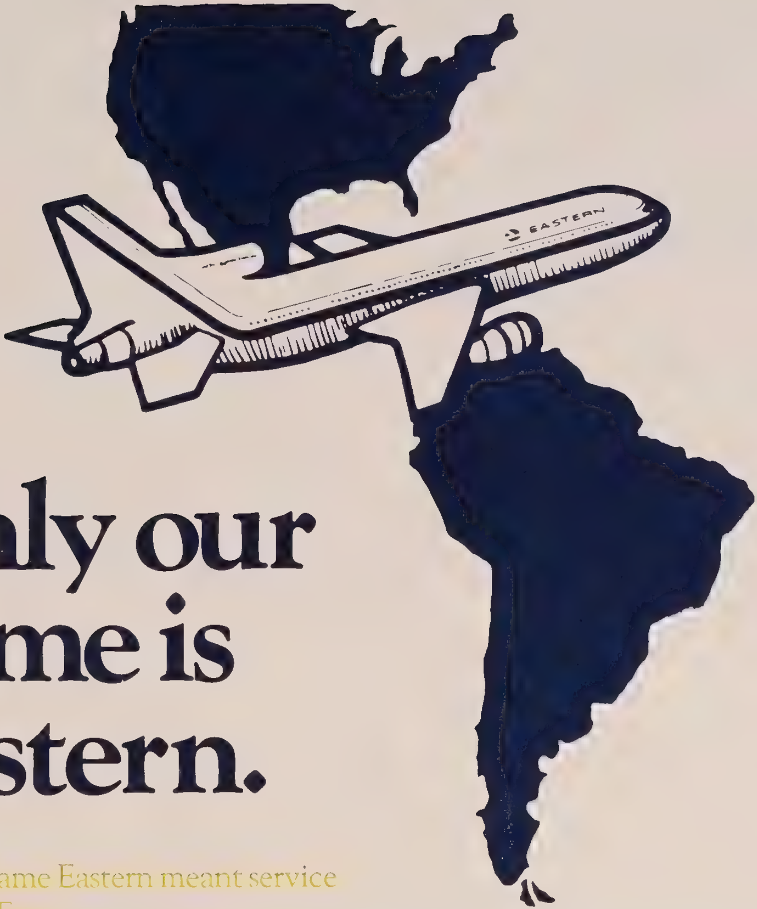

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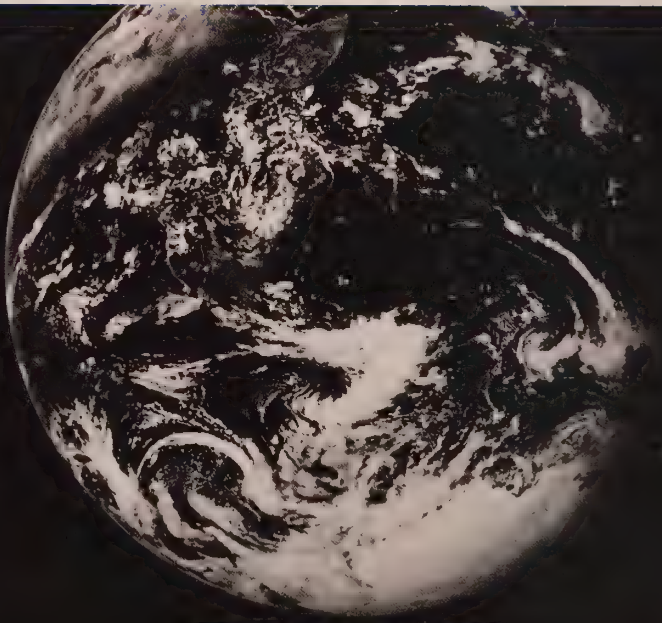

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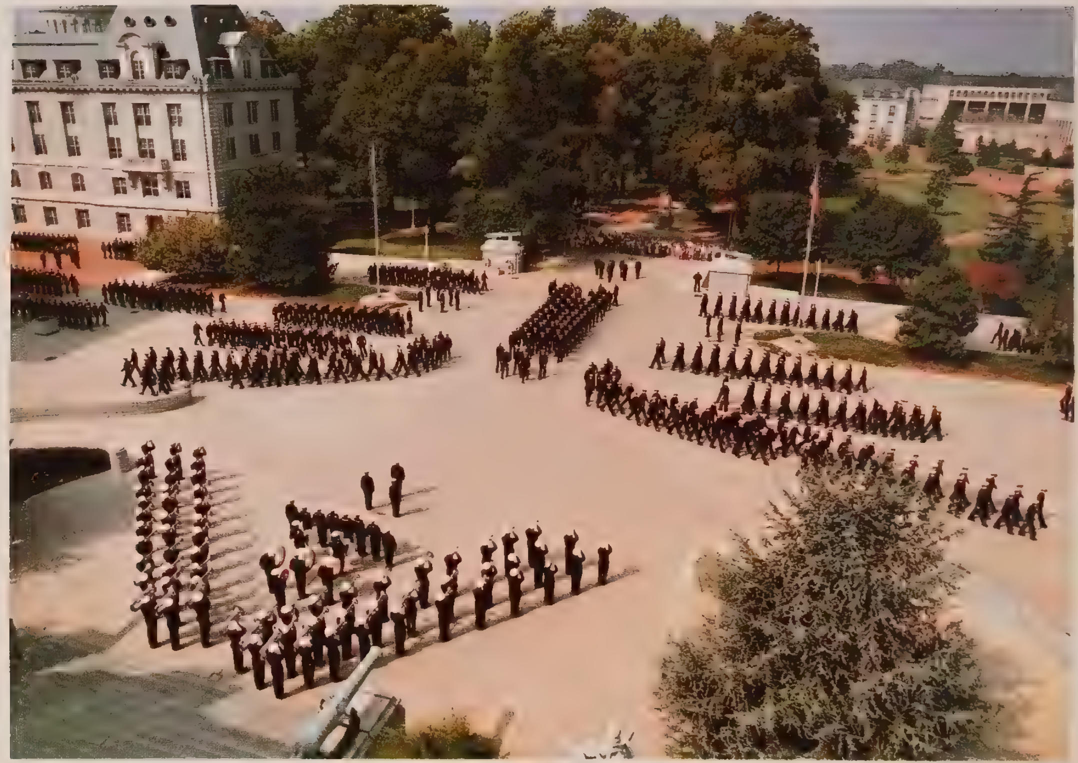

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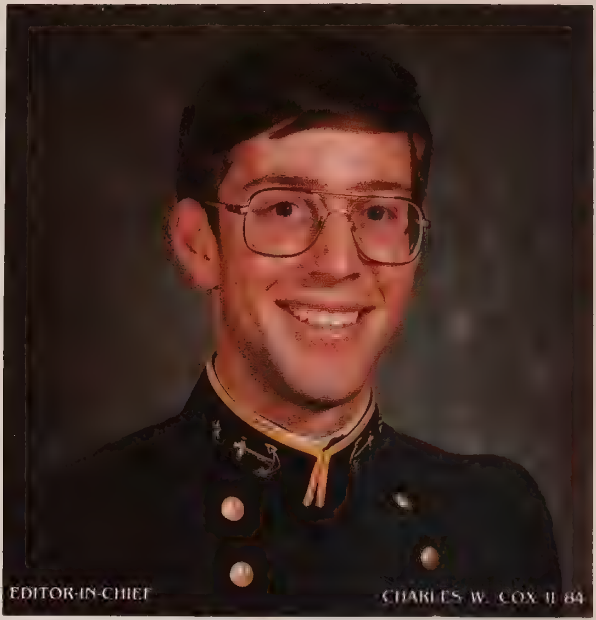
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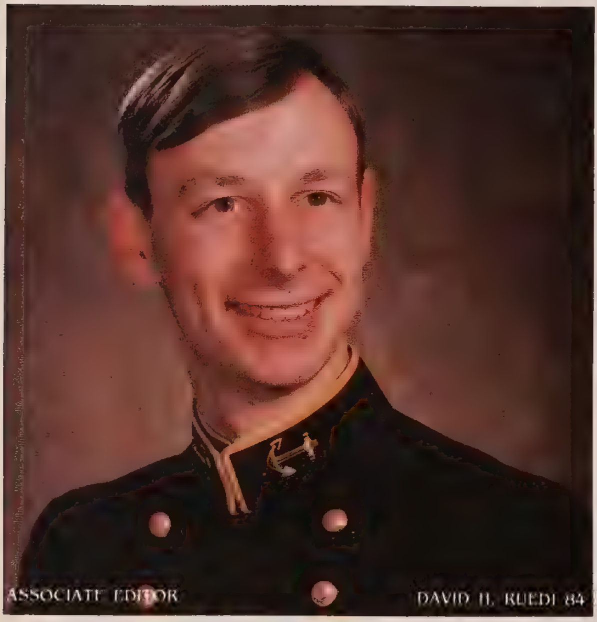
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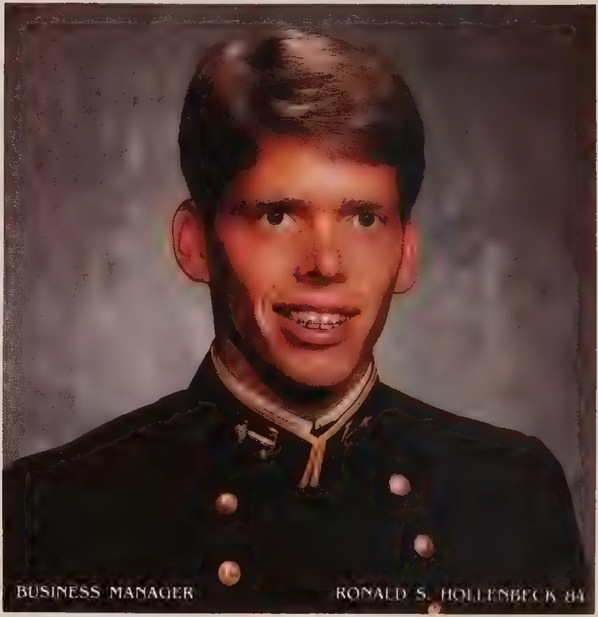
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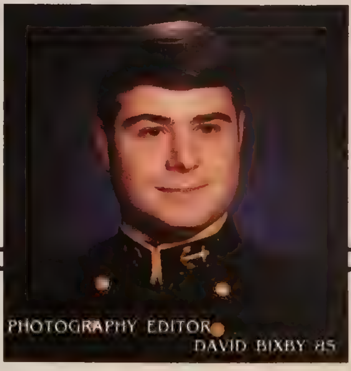
The '84 Lucky Bag would like to thank everybody who helped put this edition together. Our special thanks go to Barry Brown, Jim Logue, George Rosa III, Ens Pam Corwin, Ens Nick Buck, Moxie, the people in the Naval Academy Archives, Phil Hoffman, Joan Molter, Mr. Robert Paluzzi, and all of the helpful people in the administration. We would also like to thank the Naval Academy Athletic Association for allowing us to use the "Navy Blue & Gold Banners" for our sports copy.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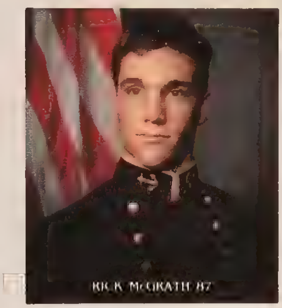
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23 May 1984

Dear Classmates,

The end of the Lucky Bag has traditionally included a few words in closing from the Editor. In this, the ninety-third edition of the Lucky Bag, I shall continue this longstanding practice. In doing so, I shall confine my remarks to three general areas: 1) remarks about the book; 2) a few special acknowledgements; and finally 3) a few general remarks in closing.

This edition of the Lucky Bag is indeed a special one. It is the largest yearbook in the country with its size of 848 pages. In addition, the operating budget of well over a quarter of a million dollars makes it a significant project by any standard. Moreover, this edition carries the added significance of being the first "all-color" yearbook ever produced by a college or university. All pictures are in color except those in the special Army-Navy section where color photographs were not available in the late 1800s and early 1900s. To give the book the "all-color" designation, my staff has added color to the section. Last, an increase in the number of pages devoted solely to candids has been added at the request of the Brigade. All the changes in the book are intended to make the book as memorable as possible for the class of 1984.

In this section, I want to make a few special acknowledgements. First, and foremost, I would like to thank the staff for their tremendous efforts. I can hope only that the visible manifestation of their arduous efforts serves as partial compensation for their many dedicated hours. Also, special mention should be made of Dave Ruedi's untiring efforts to help finish the book after graduation. Next, special acknowledgement goes to Ron Hollenbeck for keeping the book in the "black" while juggling his time between girls, electrical engineering, and his friends— I would not have been Editor without his talented efforts. Last, a special thanks goes as always to Commander Ray Herben, SC, USN for providing the staff with just about the right amount of prodding, humor and patience while serving as our Officer Representative. I hope our informal style of running the Lucky Bag ("don't worry Cdr., so what if we are way past our self-set deadlines, we are still having fun") did not cause him too many ulcers. Finally, I welcome any comments, insights or other remarks on this edition of the Lucky Bag. Please send them to:

Chuck Cox
526 Magnolia Avenue
Piedmont, California 94610

In a book of this size and scope there are bound to be some errors, omissions, or other mistakes. I take full responsibility for them and offer my sincere regrets.

Before I close, I want to thank all of my classmates for allowing me the privilege of serving as Editor of the 1984 Lucky Bag. While we may never all be together as we were on May 23, we shall all treasure the many memories of the Naval Academy—both good and bad. I know all of us join together in thanking our parents, friends, and relatives for giving us the unfailing support we needed in our moments of despair. As we all go forward in our chosen professions of peace, I hope we can all look back over the years and reminisce about the many friendships we have made. Finally, on behalf of the 1984 Lucky Bag staff, I wish all of my classmates "fair winds and following seas" throughout your Naval, Marine Corp, and Air Force careers.

May God Always Bless You,

Charles Ward Cox II
Editor-in-Chief
1984 Lucky Bag

The future is yours
in all its mystery and promise.

Know that it will offer you trials as well as treasures, tears, as well as triumphs. Walk down life's winding pathways with courage and humor and hope, savoring fully your achievements and learning from your defeats.

Speak kindly of others . . . and think kindly of yourself. Be forgiving, no less of your own mistakes than of theirs. Learn to laugh . . . learn to listen. Aspire not to an unreachable perfection, nor merely to gain approval in the eyes of your friends.

Strive instead to live to the best of your ability by those personal standards of honor and excellence which only you can set. Cherish, above all, your individuality. Glory in those special qualities of mind and spirit that make you uniquely you.

Realize always that you are capable of reaching difficult goals and exceeding them, of dreaming wonderful dreams and making them come true, of achieving the only kind of success that really matters: that of being at peace with yourself and with the world around you.

Now your moment has come . . .
that world awaits . . .
the future is yours.

EDWARD CUNNINGHAM

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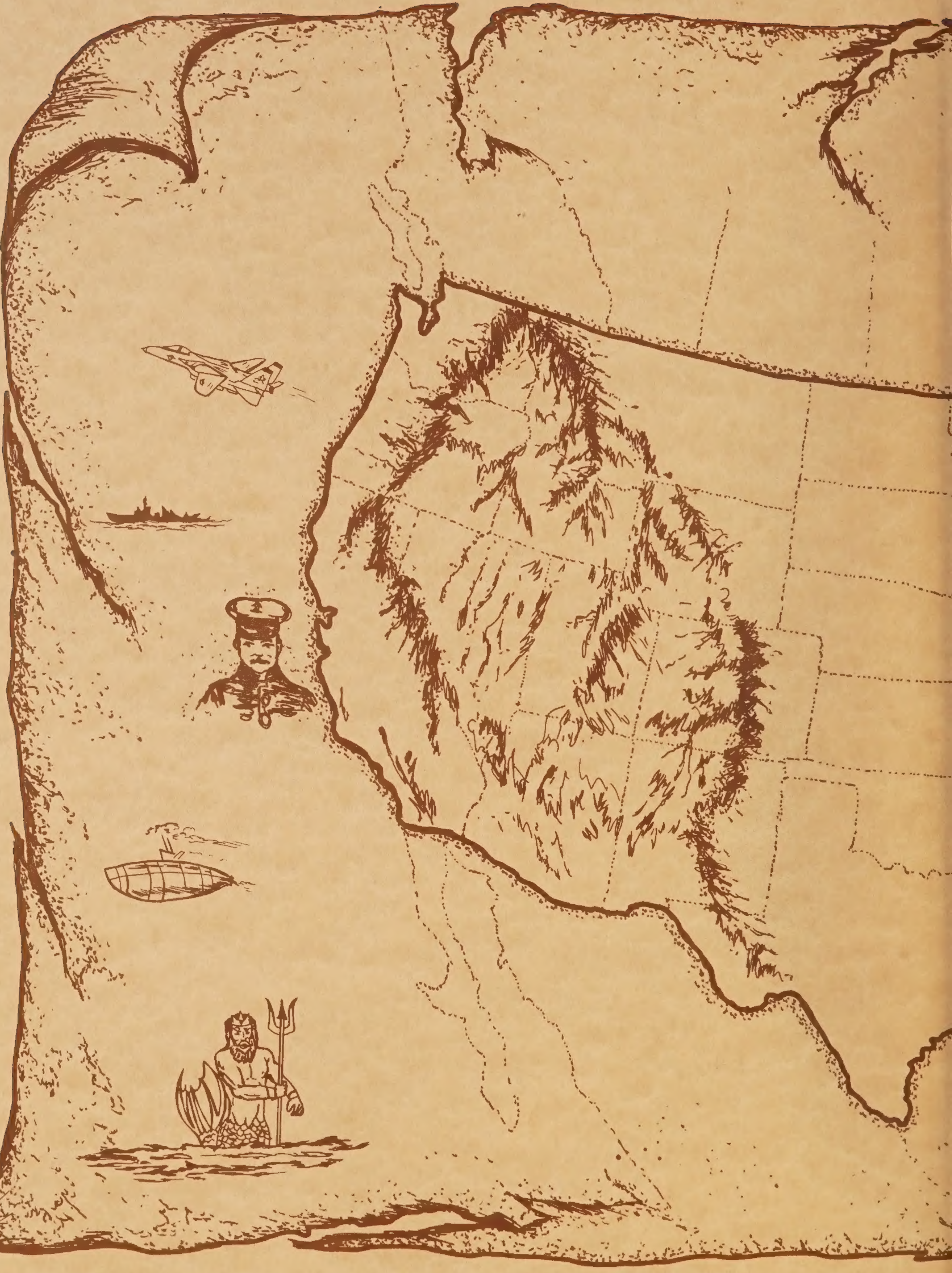

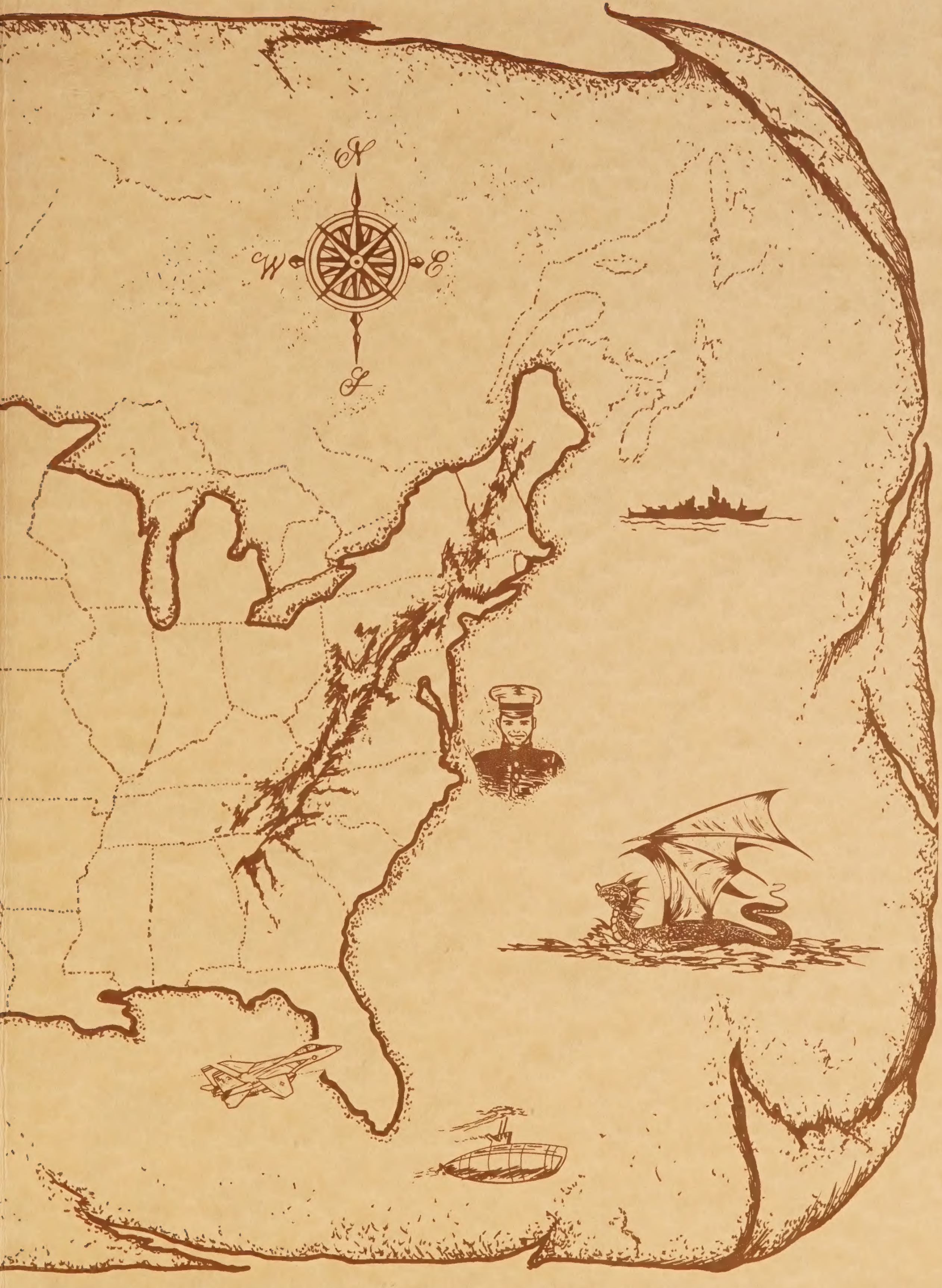
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